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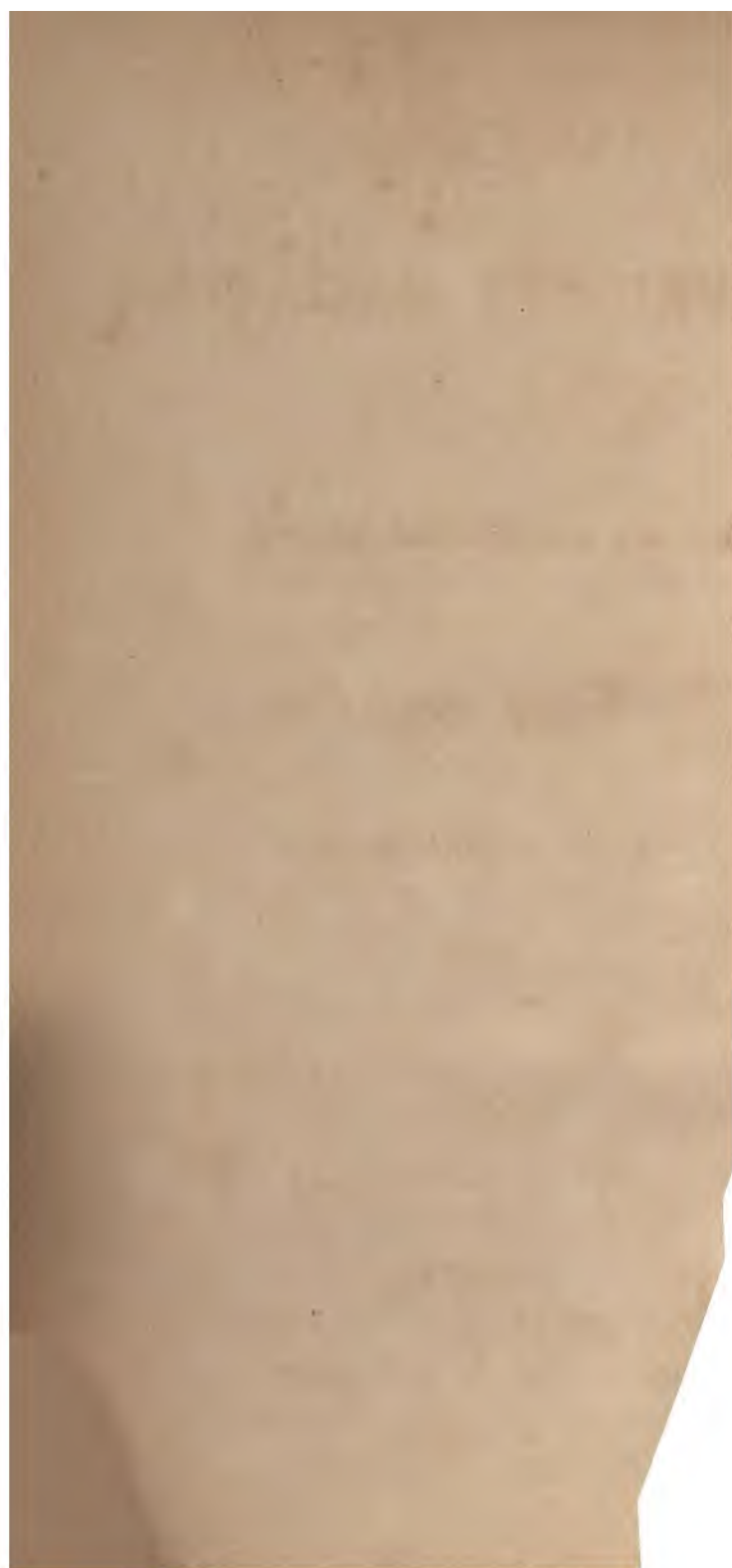
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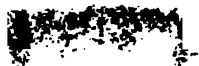
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Mr. Carleton's story of Fardorougha the Miser, which originally appeared in our pages, has just been issued in a handsome volume.

We are glad to perceive that Mr. Carleton has issued the prospectus of a new and comprehensive work on Irish life and manners, to be published in monthly parts, with illustrations, under the title of the "CHRONICLES OF BALLYMACUISKEEN." We shall look with anxiety for its commencement.

Dr. Wilde has put to press the journal of his recent voyages and travels in the East. From the high literary character which he has acquired, we look for a most interesting book.

Martin Doyle's Cyclopædia of Practical Husbandry and Rural Affairs is announced for early publication.

The whole works of Dean Graves, edited by his son, Dr. Richard Graves, will soon issue from the Dublin press, in four octavo volumes.

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THE CHURCH COMMISSION AND THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

SIDNEY SMITH AND THE BISHOPS.

OUR readers are all aware that when Sir Robert Peel held the office of prime minister for a few brief months in the years 1834 and 1835, his efforts and those of his colleagues were earnestly directed to such safe and practicable reforms, as would satisfy the reasonable portion of the country that they were no enemies to the progress of improvement. Of this truth, no sound-hearted and well-judging man remained, at that time, to be convinced; and of the general falsehood of the opposite allegation, even the most stupidly illiberal and rancorous of the whig-radicals had begun to be suspicious;—as all their efforts were directed, not against any pernicious measure either undertaken, or supposed to be meditated, by the right honorable baronet, but against the proposal to give him a fair trial, which was all that he asked for, and which many of his former opponents seemed not indisposed to entertain;—a proposal, we may well believe, which would not have been so malignantly resisted, if those by whom it was opposed were not well convinced that if conceded it must end in the falsification of their predictions.

Of the measures by the adoption of which Sir Robert proposed to prove his readiness to enter upon a course of salutary and constitutional change, which, while it was an evidence that he was not to be trammelled by any antiquated prejudice, would serve to bring the ecclesiastical establishment of the country into a condition better adapted to supply the spiritual wants

of the people, the Church Commission was, probably, the most important. By that he gave a pledge, that church property should be made available for church purposes, as far as it would go; and that what might be ascertained to be excess, or superfluity, in one quarter, should be appropriated to the supply of acknowledged deficiencies in another. Against sinecures of every description, the commissioners, it was supposed, would wage interminable war; and the removal of such unsightly excrescences, if it were only for the extinction of a topic of scandal, Sir Robert, and other well-meaning Conservative statesmen, no doubt, judged a measure by which they would procure present popularity, while they secured lasting reputation.

But at this time the reform mania had not quite subsided. The city and the village Solons had not as yet unlearned the presumptuous ignorance which led them to undertake the repairs and the improvement of their time-honoured constitution. Even Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham were still scarcely separated from the levelers, and could not be induced to declare their confidence in the new administration. Many, no doubt, were already alive to the mischiefs which must result from opening to any wider extent the flood-gates of democracy, and had even begun to feel and to deplore the rashness of heady and intemperate legislation. But, with the masses, Sir Robert Peel was still a selfish, narrow-minded, and unprincipled tory; and a vast deal of most

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malignant ingenuity was exerted, unhappily not in vain, for the purpose of convincing them, that any professions of reform with which he might please to commence his career as a minister, were but the specious pretexts by which he endeavoured to disguise an ineradicable hostility to popular institutions.

His measures and his promises, therefore, were all regarded, not as the spontaneous suggestion of an enlightened liberality, but as the tribute which he reluctantly paid to "the spirit of the age;" and it was thought by some, and argued by many, of those to whom he was politically opposed, that if, in any respect, he made a semblance of yielding to them for the present, it was only with the design, and in the hope, of thus more effectually defeating them hereafter.

Such was the difficult position in which this eminent statesman was placed, when he was called by his sovereign to the helm of a labouring empire. His enemies, numerous, active, unscrupulous, and able: his friends, a scattered and dispirited band;—"reliquias Danaum atque inimitis Achillei:" the people, either intoxicated, or crop-sick, from the deleterious spirit of reform; and the conservative worth and wisdom of the country in a state of paralysis or prostration, which afforded but little hope of such a reaction as would be necessary to arrest the career of revolution. Such were the circumstances under which he assumed the office of prime minister in 1834; and never, in our parliamentary annals, was the temper or the spirit of a responsible adviser of the crown put to a severer test, than were his during the few brief months of his administration.

He wisely thought that the good sense of the people of England must very soon be disgusted by the quackery and the empiricism of the new-light legislators by whom the people had been deluded; and that, if he were only suffered to carry on the government for a little time, he would give such proof, both of ability and good intention, by the improvements which he was resolved to effect, as must win for him golden opinions even from the most inveterate of his political enemies. Nor would he have been disappointed. Never did we witness so rapid a change as that which took place in public opinion, in the interval between his

assumption and his relinquishment of the reins of power; and had not the most dishonest and disgraceful arts of faction been resorted to for his overthrow, the country would have still enjoyed the benefit of his presiding influence; and the evils of misrule, both foreign and domestic, under which it is at present suffering, would, happily, have been averted.

We must not now dwell upon these things. Suffice it to say, such were the circumstances under which the Church Commission was appointed, by which the premier hoped to prove to all reasonable men, that he was no friend to any proved abuse, even in the most sacred and venerable of our institutions.

But while no sane man can now pretend that Sir Robert Peel is a stickler for any proved abuses, it may well be doubted whether he did not carry his compliances too far, in originating and assenting to changes, with a view to propitiate the more moderate reformers. He saw clearly that the old lines of defence, which might well have been occupied before the passing of the reform bill, were no longer tenable; and that it would be necessary to fall back upon other ground, if any effectual stand was to be made against further encroachments. And he was right. His conduct was that of practical wisdom. Far better was it to set about securing all that remained, than to spend his time vaticinating evil, and deploring whatever were lost or endangered of the safeguards of the constitution. And this, he truly judged, would be better accomplished, by the temper, the forbearance, the conciliatory spirit, by which he proved himself ready to make common cause with all those reformers, and they were many and powerful, by whom the reform bill was regarded as a final measure, than by any angry or recriminatory hostility which might only provoke them to go beyond it. That he has succeeded in securing the respect and confidence of a great number of his former opponents by such a course, is beyond all doubt; but we are not sure that it has not been at the expense of causing certain misgivings in the minds of some of the most respectable of his supporters, who imagined either that more was conceded than would be required, or that principles were admitted by which all that we hold sacred must be endangered.

It is not necessary that we should detail, at length, the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to whom the condition of the Established Church had been referred; as, in truth, they narrowed themselves to a single proposition, namely, that it was expedient to appropriate cathedral superfluities to the exigencies of parochial destitution. The grounds were plausible upon which the wise and good men composing this commission gave their sanction to this arrangement. The extent to which population had spread beyond the means of clerical ministration was frightfully great; nor was it likely that parliament, as at present constituted, would supply, by any public grant, the large sum that would be necessary in order to make the Established Church commensurate with the spiritual wants of the people. In introducing the ecclesiastical duties' and revenues' bill, Lord John Russell thus observed:—

"It did not appear that it would be possible for parliament to give any large amount out of the revenues of the state, as the university of Oxford had prayed, in order to supply the deficiency of religious instruction. He thought if such a grant was asked, the spirit of parliament, and particularly of that house, would have said, before we augment out of the funds of the public any of the small livings, before we open new incomes and new benefices, we must see whether there is any part of the *splendour* of the Church which is *superfluous*, whether or not some of the incomes of the clergy are unnecessary. Taking their own view of the subject, the Church Commissioners had examined into the state of the cathedral foundations in this country, and with respect to them they had found that those on the old foundation, the canons not residentiary, had in fact no duties to perform, or held the preferment generally on the performance of the duty of preaching one sermon in a year, or some other similar duty. There were again many others whose attendance at the cathedral was more constant, but who did not seem *necessary* for the performance of the duties of the Church. The Church Commissioners, therefore, considered whether they could provide for those things which were necessary for the cathedral service, and for the due reward of clergymen of exemplary and distinguished piety, by preferments under the crown, and at the same time secure a fund which might be available to supply the great spiritual wants of the country. Proceeding on

these grounds, they unanimously agreed that it would be sufficient to have a Dean and four *Prebends attached to each cathedral*; that by means of those clergymen and four canons of the cathedral, service might be duly and regularly performed; that these preferments would be a sufficient number of rewards, and that the rest of the revenues might properly be applied to the more pressing wants of the Church."

And Sir Robert Peel was not less strong in observing upon the number of small livings, the incomes of which it was desirable to increase, as well as the scantiness of church accommodation, which made the building of additional churches a matter of indispensable Christian obligation.

"It might be admitted that the higher situations in the Church should be filled by persons whose pecuniary resources would enable them to maintain their dignity; but was nothing to be done for enabling the 3528 clergymen to hold a decent and respectable rank becoming their character in society? Could they deny the evil that in 3528 benefices the clergy, many of them without a residence, without a glebe-house, had absolutely less than £150 a-year? Could they exclude from their consideration of this case the fact, that in London, the very city in which Parliament met, there were 34 parishes, with a population of 1,170,000, and church accommodation for only 101,000? that in those 34 parishes there were only 69 churches, and, including proprietary chapels, only a hundred places of worship in the whole; whereas, if they allotted a church to every 3000, there ought to be 379, leaving a deficiency of 279. In Lancashire there were 83 parishes, with a population above 10,000, the aggregate being 816,000; there was church room only for 97,000, or, in round numbers, about 100,000; and yet the Commissioners justly remarked that the comparison between the church accommodation and population gave no accurate idea of the provision made for the spiritual instruction of the people, because many of the chapels included in the calculation had no district assigned to them, and no minister to perform those ordinary parochial duties which in many cases were of as much importance as attendance on his public ministrations. Upon these grounds, believing it would be a great encouragement to the laity actively to exert themselves in this matter, seeing the corporate body of the Church *setting an example of liberality*—or re-distribution in some cases, confining that re-distribution

strictly to spiritual purposes—he could not *withhold his assent* to the second reading of this bill.”

It had been found, upon inquiry, that there were nineteen hundred and seventy-six livings under £300 a-year; thirteen hundred and fifty-five under £200 a-year; sixteen hundred and two under £150 a-year; sixteen hundred and twenty-nine under £100 a-year; and two hundred and ninety-seven under fifty pounds a-year;—while, contrasted with this impoverished condition of the working clergy, the revenues of the cathedral establishments were flourishing with what appeared to the superficial observer a rank luxuriance. Rochester was possessed of £5,106 per annum; Peterborough, £5,118; Norwich, £5,248; Carlisle, £5,318; Ely, £6,428; Wells, £6,579; Exeter, £7,052; Worcester, £8,479; St. Paul's £9,049; Winchester, £12,783; Canterbury, £15,982; Durham, £27,933. When it is considered that all this wealth was appropriated to the maintenance of ecclesiastics, who took no ostensible part in the work of Christian instruction, who were unburthened with the cure of souls, we cannot be surprised that a strong feeling prevailed that it should be made available, in part at least, for the supply of that spiritual destitution, the fearful extent of which had been so fully ascertained, and the continuance of which would be so deplorable.

But it is only to the superficial observer that the project of the Commissioners for the augmentation of small livings, and the building of additional churches, can appear plausible. The following passage from Sidney Smith's first letter to Archdeacon Singleton, presents the rationale of the financial part of our ecclesiastical system in so lucid a point of view, that the dullest can scarcely fail to understand it.

“The whole income of the church, episcopal, prebendal, and parochial, divided among the clergy, would not give to each clergyman an income equal to that which is enjoyed by the upper domestic of a great nobleman. The method in which the church has been paid, and must continue to be paid, is by unequal divisions. All the enormous changes which the Commission is making will produce a very trifling difference in the equality, while it will accustom more and more those enemies of the church, who are studying under their right rev. masters, to the boldest revolutions in ecclesiastical

affairs. Out of 10,478 benefices, there are 297 of about £40 per annum value; 1,629 at about £75, and 1,602 at about £125; to raise all these benefices to £200 per annum, would require an annual sum of £371,293; and upon 2,878 of those benefices there are no houses; and upon 1,728 no houses fit for residence. What difference in the apparent inequality of the church would this sum of £371,293 produce, if it could be raised, or in what degree would it lessen the odium which that inequality creates? the case is utterly hopeless; and yet with all their confiscations, the commissioners are so far from being able to raise the annual sum of £371,000, that the utmost they expect to gain is £130,000 per annum.

“It seems a paradoxical statement, but the fact is, that the respectability of the church as well as of the bar, is almost entirely preserved by the unequal division of their revenues. A bar of one hundred lawyers travel the northern circuit, enlightening provincial ignorance, curing local partialities, diffusing knowledge, and dispensing justice in their route; it is quite certain that all they gain is not equal to all that they spend; if the profits were equally divided there would not be six and eight-pence for each person, and there would be no bar at all. At present, the success of the leader animates them all—each man hopes to be a Scarlett or a Brougham—and takes out his ticket in a lottery by which the mass must infallibly lose, trusting (as mankind are so apt to do) to his good fortune, and believing that the prize is reserved for him, disappointment and defeat for others. So it is with the clergy; the whole income of the church, if equally divided, would be about 250*l.* for each minister. Who would go into the church and spend 1,200*l.* or 1,500*l.* upon his education, if such were the highest remuneration he could ever look to? At present, men are tempted into the church by the prizes of the church, and bring into that church a great deal of capital, which enables them to live in decency, supporting themselves, not with the money of the public, but with their own money, which, but for this temptation, would have been carried into some retail trade. The offices of the church would then fall down to men little less coarse and ignorant than agricultural labourers—the clergyman of the parish would soon be seen in the squire's kitchen; and all this would take place in a country where poverty is infamous!

“In fact, nothing can be more unjust and idle than the reasoning of many laymen upon church matters. You choose to have an establishment—God forbid

you should choose otherwise!—and you wish to have men of decent manners and good education as the ministers of that establishment; all this is very right: but are you willing to pay them as such men ought to be paid? Are you willing to pay to each clergyman, confining himself to one spot, and giving up all his time to the care of one parish, at a salary of 500*l.* per annum? To do this would require three millions to be added to the present revenues of the church; and such an expenditure is impossible! What, then, remains if you will have a clergy and will not pay them equitably and separately, than to pay them unequally and by lottery? and yet this very inequality, which secures to you a respectable clergy upon the most economical terms, is considered by laymen as a gross abuse. It is an abuse, however, which they have not the spirit to extinguish by increased munificence to their clergy, nor justice to consider as the only other method by which all the advantages of a respectable establishment can be procured; but they use it at the same time as a topic for sarcasm, and a source of economy."

And in the following, which we extract from his second letter, what had been suggested by Berkeley more than one hundred years ago, is very pointedly and very cleverly expressed and illustrated.

"What harm does a prebend do, in a politico-economical point of view? The alienation of the property for three lives, or twenty-one years, and the almost certainty that the tenant has of renewing, give him sufficient interest in the soil for all purposes of cultivation, and a long series of elected clergymen is rather more likely to produce valuable members of the community than a long series of begotten squires. Take, for instance, the cathedral of Bristol, the whole estates of which are about equal to keeping a pack of fox-hounds. If this had been in the hands of a country gentleman, instead of precentor, succentor, dean, and canons, and sexton, you would have had huntsman, whipper-in, dog feeders, and stoppers of earths; the old squire, full of foolish opinions, and fermented liquids, and a young gentleman of gloves, waistcoats, and pantaloons: and how many generations might it be before the fortuitous concurrence of noodles would produce such a man as Professor Lee, one of the prebendaries of Bristol, and by far the most eminent oriental scholar in Europe? The same argument might be applied to every cathedral in England. How many hundred covens of squires would it take to

supply as much knowledge as is condensed in the heads of Dr. Copplestone or Mr. Tate, of St. Paul's? and what a strange thing it is that such a man as Lord John Russell, the whig leader, should be so squirrel-minded as to wish for a movement without object or end! Saving there can be none, for it is merely taking from one ecclesiastic to give it to another; public clamour, to which the best men must sometimes yield, does not require it; and so far from doing any good, it would be a source of infinite mischief to the establishment.

"If you were to gather a parliament of curates on the hottest Sunday in the year, after all the services, sermons, burials, and baptisms of the day were over, and to offer them such increase of salary as would be produced by the confiscation of the cathedral property, I am convinced they would reject the measure, and prefer splendid hope, and the expectation of good fortune in advanced life, to the trifling improvement of poverty which such a fund could afford. Charles James, of London, was a curate; the bishop of Winchester was a curate; almost every rose-and-shovel man has been a curate in his time. All curates hope to draw great prizes.

"I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers how very much the great emoluments of the church are flung open to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let a respectable baker drive through the city from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements of Northumberland House, has his little muffin-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendour, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills? But let him drive his alum-steeped loaves a little farther, till he reaches St. Paul's Churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful fabric; it is not impossible that his little penny roll may be introduced into that splendid oven.—Young Crumpet is sent to school—takes to his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in *crum-pet* is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the University—gets a prize for an essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes an useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of

prebendary, dean, prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.

"It will not do to leave only four persons in each cathedral, upon the supposition that such a number will be sufficient for all the men of real merit who ought to enjoy such preferment; we ought to have a steady confidence that the men of real merit will always bear a small proportion to the whole number; and that in proportion as the whole number is lessened, the number of men of merit provided for will be lessened also. If it were quite certain that ninety persons would be selected the most remarkable for conduct, piety, and learning, ninety offices might be sufficient; but out of these ninety are to be taken tutors to dukes and marquises, paid in this way by the public; bishops' chaplains, running tame about the palace; elegant clergymen of small understanding, who have made themselves acceptable in the drawing-rooms of the mitre; Billingsgate controversialists, who have tossed and gored an Unitarian. So that there remain but a few rewards for men of real merit—yet these rewards do infinite good; and in this mixed, chequered way human affairs are conducted."

We are disposed to speak with all due respect of the Commissioners; but we do think their proposal liable to all the objections which have been so forcibly urged by this witty writer. We shall have a word or two to say to himself by-and-by. Meanwhile it must be admitted that he has "done good service at Shrewsbury." The sacrifice of the cathedral establishments, with a view to improve the condition of the working clergy, he has, we think, demonstrated to be little better than the project of the mountebank, who proposed to teach all men how to make a pair of shoes in two minutes. He was attended by a numerous and an eager audience, who burned with impatience to become possessed of his secret; but when he produced a pair of boots, and showed them that his plan was nothing more than cutting off their tops, they presently began to look very like April fools.

Nor is the prebendary of St. Paul's less forcible or less felicitous, in describing the certain effect, upon the character of the church, of that augmentation of small livings, which is proposed to be made out of the spoils of the cathedrals.

"The whole plan of the Bishop of London is a ptochogony—a generation of

beggars. He purposes, out of the spoils of the cathedral, to create a thousand livings, and to give to the thousand clergymen 130*l.* per annum each:—a Christian bishop proposing, in cold blood, to create a thousand livings of 130*l.* per annum each—to call into existence a thousand of the most unhappy men on the face of the earth—the sons of the poor, without hope, without the assistance of private fortune, chained to the soil, ashamed to live with their inferiors, unfit for the society of the better classes, and dragging about the English curse of poverty without the smallest hope that they can ever shake it off. At present, such livings are filled by young men who have better hopes—who have reason to expect good property—who look forward to a college or a family living—who are the sons of men of some substance, and hope so to pass on to something better—who exist under the delusion of being hereafter deans and prebendaries—who are paid once by money and three times by hope. Will the Bishop of London promise to the progeny of any of these thousand victims of the *Holy Innovation* that, if they behave well, one of them shall have his butler's place; another take care of the cedars and hyssops of his garden? Will he take their daughters for his nursery-maids? and may some of the sons of these 'labourers of the vineyard' hope one day to ride the leaders from St. James's to Fulham? Here is hope—here is room for ambition—a field for genius, and a ray of amelioration! If these beautiful feelings of compassion are throbbing under the cassock of the bishop, he ought, in common justice to himself, to make them known.

"If it were a scheme for giving ease and independence to any large bodies of clergymen, it might be listened to; but the revenues of the English church are such as to render this wholly and entirely out of the question. If you place a man in a village in the country—require that he should be of good manners and well educated—that his habits and appearance should be above those of the farmers to whom he preaches—if he has nothing else to expect, (as would be the case in a church of equal division)—and if upon his village income he is to support a wife and educate a family without any power of making himself known in a remote and solitary situation, such a person ought to receive £500 per annum, and be furnished with a house. There are about 10,700 parishes in England and Wales, whose average income is £285 per annum. Now, to provide these incumbents with decent houses, to keep them in repair, and to raise the income of the incumbent

to £500 per annum, would require (if all the incomes of the bishops, deans, and chapters of separate dignitaries, of sinecure rectories, were confiscated, and if the excess of all the livings in England above £500 per annum were added to them,) a sum of two millions and a half in addition to the present income of the whole church; and no power on earth could persuade the present parliament of Great Britain to grant a single shilling for that purpose. Now, is it possible to pay such a church upon any other principle than that of unequal division? The proposed pillage of the cathedral and college churches (omitting all consideration of the separate estate of dignitaries) would amount, divided among all the benefices of England, to about £5 12s. 6½d. per man; and this, which would not stop an hiatus in a cassock, and would drive out of the parochial church ten times as much as it brought into it, is the panacea for pauperism recommended by her majesty's commissioners.

"But if this plan were to drive men of capital out of the church, and to pauperise the English clergy, where would the harm be? Could not all the duties of religion be performed as well by poor clergymen as by men of good substance? My great and serious apprehension is, that such would not be the case. There would be the greatest risk that your clergy would be fanatical and ignorant; that their habits would be low and mean, and that they would be despised.

"Then a picture is drawn of a clergyman with £180 per annum, who combines all moral, physical, and intellectual advantages, a learned man, dedicating himself intensely to the care of his parish—of charming manners and dignified deportment—six feet two inches high, beautifully proportioned, with a magnificent countenance, expressive of all the cardinal virtues and the Ten Commandments—and it is asked, with an air of triumph, if such a man as this will fall into contempt on account of his poverty? But substitute for him an average, ordinary, uninteresting minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured; neither learned nor ignorant, striding over the stiles to church, with a second-rate wife—dusty and deliquescent—and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter: or let him be seen in one of those Shein-Ham-and-Japhet buggies—made on Mount Ararat soon after the subsidence of the waters—driving in the High-street of Edmonton—among all his pecuniary, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners. Can any man of common sense say that all these outward circumstances of the minis-

ters of religion have no bearing on religion itself?

"I ask the Bishop of London, a man of honour and conscience, as he is, if he thinks five years will elapse before a second attack is made upon deans and chapters? Does he think, after reformers have tasted the flesh of the church, that they will put up with any other diet? Does he forget that deans and chapters are but mock turtle—that more delicious delicacies remain behind? Five years hence he will attempt to make a stand, and he will be laughed at and eaten up. In this very charge the Bishop accuses the Lay Commissioners of another intended attack upon the property of the church, contrary to the clearest and most explicit stipulations, (as he says,) with the heads of the establishment."

It is melancholy to think that the interests of a great national institute like the Established Church, should be exposed to the perpetual tamperings of shallow, prejudiced, incompetent, or unfriendly advisers. What would be said if any other system or any other establishment were thus treated? If the army or the navy, for instance, or the department of the law, were obnoxious to the criticism and the control of churchmen, in the same degree that the church is at the mercy of civilians and soldiers! How would the public stare if the Archbishop of Canterbury brought in a bill for the suppression of second majors? or if the Bishop of London originated those reforms in the court of Chancery, for which, we hope, that sooner, or later, the public will be indebted to Lord Lyndhurst? And yet it is our belief that either of those prelates would be at least as competent to think soundly, and to legislate wisely, respecting the subjects to which we have alluded, as any of the lay noblemen and gentlemen who have busied themselves in ecclesiastical politics, are, or ever will be, to devise projects of safe and thorough reform for an institute, so important, so venerable, so delicate, and so complicated, as the Established Church.

But here we are stopped all at once by an exclamation, that some of our leading church dignitaries are at the head of the commission by whom the plan at present under discussion has been recommended. Softly, reader! Recommended? As how, pray? Why, as Falstaff would say, "upon compulsion!" Recommended? Ay, as the traveller is recommended by the high-

wayman to hand him the contents of his purse, when he feels that his adviser possesses an insinuating plausibility not to be resisted. We do not undervalue the recommendation of such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of London; but at the same time they must not be imposed upon us for more than they are worth. These prelates sat down to the work of reform with a full conviction that the church was in the most imminent danger. They felt themselves, and the establishment over which they presided, in a state of siege; surrounded by rancorous and impatient enemies; and that if something was not done, and that speedily, by which their adversaries might be deprived of popular topics of invective, nothing could avert the sudden and violent overthrow with which it was menaced by those whose cry was "down with it, down with it, even unto the ground." The state of public feeling, when the commission was first appointed, is thus described by the lively prebendary:—

"No man at the beginning of the reform could tell to what excesses the new power conferred upon the multitude would carry them; it was not safe for a clergyman to appear in the streets. I bought a blue coat, and did not despair in time of looking like a layman. All this is passed over. Men are returned to their senses upon the subject of the church, and I utterly deny that there is any public feeling whatever which calls for the destruction of the resident prebends. Lord John Russell has pruned the two luxuriant bishoprics, and has abolished pluralities; he has made a very material alteration in the state of the church; not enough to please Joseph Hume, and the tribunes of the people, but enough to satisfy every reasonable and moderate man, and therefore enough to satisfy himself. What another generation may choose to do is another question: I am thoroughly convinced that enough has been done for the present."

Again, in his first letter, we find the following passage, which is not one whit too strong in its description of the fancied compulsion under which the Commissioners acted, nor of the dangers likely to result from what we must call their want of firmness, while others denominate it a want of moderation:—

"I cannot help thinking that the Commissioners have done a great deal

too much. Reform of the church was absolutely necessary—it cannot be avoided, and ought not to be postponed; but I would have found out what really gave offence, have applied a remedy, removed the nuisance, and done no more. I would not have operated so largely on an old, and (I fear) decaying building. I would not, in days of such strong political excitement, and amidst such a disposition to universal change, have done one thing more than was absolutely necessary to remove the odium against the Establishment, the only sensible reason for issuing any Commission at all, and the means which I took to effect this, should have agreed as much as possible with institutions already established. For instance, the public were disgusted with the spectacle of rich prebendaries enjoying large incomes, and doing little or nothing for them. The real remedy for this would have been to have combined wealth and labour; and as each of the present prebendaries fell off, to have annexed the stall to some large and populous parish. A prebendary of Canterbury or of St. Paul's, in his present state, may make the church unpopular; but place him as rector of a parish, with 8000 or 9000 people, and in a benefice of little or no value, he works for his wealth, and the odium is removed. In like manner the prebends, which are not the property of residentiaries, might have been annexed to the smallest livings of the neighbourhood where the prebendal estate was situated. The interval which has elapsed since the first furious demand for reform, would have enabled the Commissioners to adopt a scheme of much greater moderation than might, perhaps, have been possible at the first outbreak of popular indignation against the church; and this sort of distribution would have given much more general satisfaction than the plan adopted by the Commissioners; for though money, in the estimation of philosophers, has no ear mark, it has a very deep one in the opinion of the multitude. The riches of the church of Durham were most hated in the neighbourhood of Durham; and there such changes as I have pointed out would have been most gladly received, and would have conciliated the greatest favour to the church. The people of Kent cannot see why their Kentish estates, given to the cathedral of Canterbury, are to augment livings in Cornwall. The citizens of London see some of their ministers starving in the city, and the profits of the extinguished prebends sent into Northumberland. These feelings may be very unphilosophical, but they are the feelings of the mass; and to the feelings of the mass the reforms

of the church ought to be directed. In this way the evil would have been corrected where it was most seen and noticed. All patronage would have been left as it was. One order of the church would not have plundered the other. Nor would all the cathedrals in England have been subjected to the unconciliating empire and unwearied energy of one man.

"Instead of this quiet and cautious mode of proceeding, all is change, fusion, and confusion. New bishops, new dioceses, confiscated prebends—clergymen changing bishops, and bishops clergymen—mitres in Manchester, Gloucester turned into Bristol. Such a scene of revolution and commutation as has not been seen since the days of Ireton and Cromwell! and the singularity is, that all this has been effected by men selected from their age, their dignity, and their known principles, and from whom the considerate part of the community expected all the caution and calmness which these high requisites seemed to promise, and ought to have secured."

Having thus ascertained the conviction under which such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London laboured, when they assented to and even recommended a project, which could only be consistently patronised by republican precursors, we are relieved from the pain which we should otherwise have felt in dissenting from their authority; as we fully agree with Mr. Smith in thinking that they would themselves now be well contented not to be taken at their word; and that the public should be satisfied with a less sweeping destruction of cathedral establishments than that to which they have given their sanction.

"After all, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London are good and placable men; and will ere long forget and forgive the successful efforts of their enemies in defeating this mis-ecclesiastical law.

"Suppose the commission were now beginning to sit for the first time, will any man living say that they would make such reports as they have made; and that they would seriously propose such a tremendous revolution in church property? And if they would not, the inference is irresistible, that to consult the feelings of two or three churchmen, we are complimenting away the safety of the church. Milton asked where the nymphs were when Lycidas perished. I ask where the bishops are when the remorseless deep is closing over the head of their beloved establishment?"

But who is he who is so active with his water-engine in extinguishing this conflagration, which threatens destruction to our cathedrals, and which has been kindled, he tells us, by meddling and intemperate ecclesiastics? The very man who, during his whole previous life, had been most active in accumulating around and about them the combustibles, which, even if there could be found no rash hand to cast a firebrand, must have, sooner or later, ignited by spontaneous combustion! He; the redoubted Sidney Smith; the railer against dignities in the *Edinburgh Review*; the seasoner of profane jests for the banqueters at Holland-house; the friend of Whigs and Whig measures; the admirer and promoter of the reform bill; the man to whom, as much as to any man living, it is owing, that the public were seized with that mania for entering upon untried courses in legislation, which, now that he himself is likely to be affected by them in his pecuniary interests, he so forcibly deprecates, and so feelingly deplores! Yes! It is, indeed, Saul amongst the prophets! It is painful to witness the powers which this old man possesses, and to consider how they have been wasted and abused. But it is gratifying to see that, in this one instance, at least, he has made some atonement for the errors of his youth and middle age, by staying, "*pro virili*," the hand of the innovator, whom he, perhaps, himself may first have stimulated to engage in the work of destruction. Yes; it is pleasant to see the old and wealthy prebend buckling on his armour to defend his right, and the rights of his order, which, were it not for the youthful efforts of that same dignitary, when unbefriced, and his political associates, would never, in all probability, have been endangered!

Well, indeed, may it be said, "*haud tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis, tempus eget.*" We venerate our cathedrals. We regard them as the connecting link between ancient and modern times. They bear upon their aged fronts an impress which connects us with the mighty dead; and we never contemplate them without a feeling of reverence and love for those by whom they were erected. Away with the thought that, rising, as they do, in solemn grandeur, amidst the perishable structures of ephemeral man, they do not answer a spiritual purpose. Deep and strong were the workings of those

mysterious instincts to which they owed their origin, even as deep answereth unto deep; and weighty and haunting were the religious responsibilities of those by whom they were raised and dedicated to the glory of God; nor is it possible for the most casual observer to contemplate them without respect and awe; without a feeling which is calculated to break the charm of the world, and in which time is swallowed up in eternity.*

That these establishments should be assailed by prelates whom we so truly respect as we do the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, is mortifying enough, without the super-added bitterness that one of the clerical ringleaders of the faction by whom all the institutions of the country have been brought into such imminent peril, should now, for his own purposes, appear as the most prominent of their defenders.

Just hear how the well-paid prebendary can now discourse against the rashness of those who are given to change. He is speaking of that notable

scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by which ecclesiastical property was to be taken under the management of the state, for the purpose, by some improved process, of squeezing out of it a surplus, to be employed as a substitute for the odious church rates, by which the consciences of the political dissenters were offended.

"Frequently did Lord John meet the destroying bishops: much did he commend their daily heap of ruins; sweetly did they smile on each other, and much charming talk was there of meteorology and catarrh, and the particular cathedral they were pulling down at each period; till one fine day, the Home Secretary, with a voice more bland, and a look more ardently affectionate, than that which the masculine mouse bestows on his nibbling female, informed them that the government meant to take all the church property into their own hands, to pay the rates out of it, and deliver the residue to the rightful possessors. Such an effect, they say, was never before produced by a *coup de théâtre*. The commission was separated

* How happily the poet, Wordsworth, has caught, and how beautifully he has expressed the above sentiment, may be seen in the following lines:—

"Hail to the state of England. And conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her church;
Founded in truth; by blood of martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with order'd pomp,
Decent, and unprov'd. The voice that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both,
That, mutually protected and sustain'd,
They may endure as long as sea surrounds
This favour'd land, or sunshine warms her soil.
—And, O! ye swelling hills, and spacious plains!
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
And spires whose 'silent finger points to heav'n';
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster, lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess—
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity and social love.
—Thus, never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces, unprov'd;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
Upon the throng'd abodes of busy men,
Deprav'd and ever prone to fill their minds
Exclusively with transitory things,
An air and mien of dignified pursuit—
Of sweet civility on rustic wilds."

in an instant: London clenched his fist; Canterbury was hurried out by his chaplains, and put into a warm bed; a solemn vacancy spread itself over the face of Gloucester; Lincoln was taken out in strong hysterics. What a noble scene Sergeant Talfourd would have made of this! Why are such talents wasted on *Ion* and the *Athenian Captive*?

"But, after all, what a proposition; 'You don't make the most of your money: I will take your property into my hands, and see if I cannot squeeze a penny out of it; you shall be regularly paid all you now receive, only if anything more can be made of it, that we will put into our own pockets.' 'Just pull off your neckcloth, and lay your head under the guillotine, and I will promise not to do you any harm: just get ready for confiscation; give up the management of all your property; make us the ostensible managers of every thing; let us be informed of the most minute value of all, and depend upon it, we will never injure you to the extent of a single farthing.' 'Let me get my arms about you,' says the bear, 'I have not the smallest intention of squeezing you.' 'Trust your fingers in my mouth,' says the mastiff; 'I will not fetch blood.'

"Where is this to end? If Government are to take into their own hands all property which is not managed with the greatest sharpness and accuracy, they may squeeze one-eighth per cent. out of the Turkey Company; Spring Rice would become Director of the Hydro-impervious Association, and clear a few hundreds for the treasury. The British Roasted Apple Society is notoriously mis-managed, and Lord John and Brother Lister, by a careful selection of fruit, and a judicious management of fuel, would soon get it up to par.

"I think, however, I have heard at the Political Economy Club, where I have sometimes had the honour of being a guest, that no trades should be carried on by Governments. That they have enough to do of their own, without undertaking other persons' business. If any savings in the mode of managing ecclesiastical leases could be made, great deductions from these savings must be allowed for the jobbing and *Gaspiilage* of general boards, and all the old servants of the Church, displaced by this measure, must receive compensation.

"The Whig Government, they will be vexed to hear, would find a great deal of patronage forced upon them by this measure. Their favourite human animal, the barrister of six years' standing, would be called into action. The whole earth is, in fact, in commission, and the human race saved from the flood are delivered

over to barristers of six years' standing. The *onus probandi* now lies upon any man who says he is not a commissioner; the only doubt on seeing a new man among the whigs is, not whether he is a commissioner or not, but whether it is tithes, poor laws, boundaries of boroughs, church leases, charities, or any of the thousand human concerns which are now worked by commissioners, to the infinite comfort and satisfaction of mankind, who seem in these days to have found out the real secret of life—the one thing wanting to sublunary happiness—the great principle of commission, and six years' barristraction.

"Then, if there is a better method of working ecclesiastical estates—if any thing can be gained for the church—why is not the church to have it? why is it not applied to church purposes? what right have the state to seize it? If I give you an estate, I give it you not only in its present state, but I give to you all the improvements which can be made upon it—all that mechanical, botanical, and chemical knowledge may do hereafter for its improvement—all the ameliorations which care and experience can suggest, in setting, improving, and collecting your rents. Can there be such miserable equivocation as to say—I leave you your property, but I do not leave to you all the improvements which your own wisdom, or the wisdom of your fellow-creatures, will enable you to make of your property? How utterly unworthy of a whig government is such a distinction as this!

"Suppose the same sort of plan had been adopted in the reign of Henry VIII., and the legislature had said,—You shall enjoy all you now have, but every farthing of improved revenue, after this period, shall go into the pocket of the state,—it would have been impossible by this time that the church could have existed at all: and why may not such a measure be as fatal hereafter to the existence of a church, as it would have been to the present generation, if it had been brought forward at the time of the reformation?

"There is some safety in dignity. A Church is in danger when it is degraded. It costs mankind much less to destroy it when an institution is associated with mean, and not with elevated ideas. I should like to see the subject in the hands of H. B. I would entitle the print—'The Bishops' Saturday Night; or, Lord John Russell at the Pay-table.' The bishops should be standing before the pay-table, and receiving their weekly allowance; Lord John and Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns, and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given him one which was not weight,

Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing, with his hat on, and his back to the fire, delighted with the contest; and the deans and canons should be in the back-ground, waiting till their turn came, and the bishops were paid; and among them a canon, of large composition, urging them on not to give way too much to the bench. Perhaps I should add the president of the board of trade, recommending the truck principle to the bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel-hats, sermon-cases, and such like ecclesiastical gear.

"But the madness and folly of such a measure is in the revolutionary feeling which it excites. A government taking into its hands such an immense value of property! What a lesson of violence and change to the mass of mankind! Do you want to accustom Englishmen to lose all confidence in the permanence of their institutions—to inure them to great acts of plunder—and to draw forth all the latent villainies of human nature? The whig leaders are honest men and cannot mean this, but these foolish and inconsistent measures are the horn-book and infantile lessons of revolution: and remember, it requires no great time to teach mankind to rob and murder on a great scale."

Again, speaking of the principle of confiscation, which was implied in the proposal to employ cathedral funds for parochial purposes in distant parts of the country, he thus writes:

"Suppose parliament were to seize upon all the alms-houses in England, and apply them to the diminution of the poor-rate, what a number of ingenious arguments might be pressed into the service of this robbery: 'Can any thing be more revolting than that the poor of Northumberland should be starving, while the poor of the suburban hamlets are dividing the benefactions of the pious dead? *We want for these purposes all that we can obtain from whatever sources derived.*' I do not deny the right of parliament to do this, or any thing else; but I deny that it would be expedient, because I think it better to make any sacrifices, and to endure any evil, than to gratify this rapacious spirit of plunder and confiscation. Suppose these commissioner prelates firm and unmoved, when we were all alarmed, had told the public that the parochial clergy were badly provided for, and that it was the duty of that public to provide a proper support for their ministers; suppose the commissioners, instead of leading them on to confiscation, had warned their fellow-subjects against the base economy, and the perilous injustice of seizing on that which was not

their own;—suppose they had called for water, and washed their hands, and said, 'We call you all to witness that we are innocent of this great ruin;'—does the Bishop of London imagine that the prelate who made such a stand would have gone down to posterity less respected and less revered than those men upon whose tombs it must (after all the enumeration of their virtues) be written, *that under their auspices and by their counsels the destruction of the English Church began.* Pity that the Archbishop of Canterbury had not retained those feelings, when, at the first meeting of bishops, the Bishop of London proposed this *holy innovation* upon cathedrals, and the head of our church declared with vehemence and indignation that nothing in the earth would induce him to consent to it.

"*Si mens non læva foisset,
Trojaque nunc staret. Priamique arx alta ma-
neret.*"

"'But,' says the Lord Bishop of London, 'you admit the principle of confiscation by proposing the confiscation and partition of prebends in the possession of non-residents.' I am thinking of something else, and I see all of a sudden a great blaze of light; I behold a great number of gentlemen in short aprons, neat purple coats, and gold buckles, rushing about with torches in their hands, calling each other 'my lord,' and setting fire to all the rooms in the house, and the people below delighted with the combustion: finding it impossible to turn them from their purpose, and finding that they are all what they are, by divine permission; I endeavour to direct their *holy innovations* into another channel; and I say to them, 'My lords, had not you better set fire to the out-of-door offices, to the barns and stables, and spare this fine library and veral cow-houses, of which no use is made; pray direct your fury against them, and this noble drawing-room? Yonder are se leave this beautiful and venerable mansion as you found it.' If I address the divinely permitted in this manner, has the Bishop of London any right to call me a brother incendiary?"

There is an omission here which must be supplied before we can do the worthy and witty prebend common justice. We are determined that his over-modesty shall not despoil him of his due reward. The words, "when I am thinking of something else," &c., should have been prefaced by a brief description of the nature of his pursuits, and the course of his thoughts, down to the period when, by the favour of Lord Grey, he obtained rich cathedral preferment. He should have told

us how he acted as the pioneer of the profligate Whigs, and officiated occasionally as fagelman to the sappers and miners, who, under one specious pretence or another, were carrying on their attacks against the constitution. He should have recounted his services in the cause of Catholic emancipation; his strenuous defence of the Roman Catholics against the monstrous imputation that they could ever be unmindful of the obligation of an oath; and the ridicule with which he covered the good old King, for the scruples which he entertained respecting the admission of Roman Catholics to political power, in consequence of the promises and vows which he had so solemnly made at his coronation. He should have described the general character of his political discourses and reasonings, by which he so largely contributed to that general ferment and that restless desire of change which soon made itself manifest in the insane democratic spirit which began to actuate the people. He should have taken credit for the manner in which, by menace and intimidation, the measure of emancipation was wrung from a reluctant Tory administration. He should have exulted in that triumph which his principles achieved when Lord Grey succeeded to office and power, the perpetuity of which seemed almost guaranteed by the weakness of the King and the madness of the people. Sydney should have described the moral earthquake which "frighted the isle from its propriety," under the influence of which all the institutions of the country were rocking and toppling, when he got snugly installed in his present preferment, and suddenly became possessed of every imaginable motive for saying to the tempestuous tide of revolution—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and *here* shall thy proud waves be stayed." Then, "when he is thinking of something else," totally unconscious of that "pressure from without" which compelled many upright but timid men to imagine that there was no safety for the church but in sacrificing a part for the preservation of the remainder, the very first step which is taken towards disturbing his security or diminishing his comforts in the snug berth in which he had got himself ensconced, causes him to start upon his feet, and to take an attitude of indignant defiance against the profane though mitred innovators by whom the rights and privileges of his order are thus rudely invaded. We

do not think that Sydney was duly regardful of his own great merits when he represented the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury as *wanton* and *voluntary* dilapidators of cathedrals; and did not himself take credit for the large share which he had in causing the popular phrenzy by which these amiable and gifted prelates, no doubt, imagined themselves coerced, when they proposed that the splendour of the establishment should be curtailed, for the purpose of extending its usefulness and preserving its existence.

It may be said that this old man has gathered wisdom, as he increased in years, and that in adopting the sentiments of the great and good friends of the establishment, against whom he had exhausted all the stores of his wit and ridicule during the earlier period of his life, he is but acting in obedience to the suggestions of reason and the dictates of conscience. With every disposition to judge of him charitably, we cannot think so. Supposing him to be sincere in his apprehension of danger from the manner in which the commissioners admit and act upon principles by which the security of the church is compromised, were there no previous occasions upon which such principles were avowed and advocated by his Whig friends, and which should have provoked his sturdy reclamation? Did the manner in which they proposed to deal with the *Irish* church involve no violation of principle, which should have aroused the jealousy of one whose wrath burns so furiously when the emoluments of prebendaries are invaded? The church establishment in this country has already passed through three or four stages of abortive or pernicious legislation, by every one of which its condition has been deteriorated, and its revenues invaded; and yet in no one instance has the prebendary of St. Paul's raised his voice, except to speak words of encouragement to the spoliators, from which it was clear that they had *his* sympathy, at least, in invading the rights of the *Irish* clergy.

When ten of the *Irish* bishoprics were suppressed, and their revenues appropriated to objects which were always before provided for by a public grant, Mr. Smith, although he might well have exclaimed "*proximus ardet*," never insinuated his dissatisfaction or alarm by even the gentlest expostulation. What was all that to him? The rich preferments of St. Paul's were still unscathed; and he might still enjoy

his wealthy benefice, secure of any coming ill, "like the fat weed that roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf."

A proposal was made to extinguish from eight to nine hundred livings, with a view to realise a fund which might be exhibited as a tangible product of the appropriation clause. It might be described as practical sacrilege, adopted in order to give a colour of reality to speculative spoliation. And yet the man who now roars like one of the bulls of Basan because the English Church Commissioners approach with the intention of disturbing one of the cushions of the cathedral, upon which, during an accession of gout, he was resting his great toe, was silent respecting this atrocious measure; and could see nothing but what might be well approved of by an easy and luxurious dignitary, in a proposal to extinguish in more than eight hundred parishes the blessed light of the gospel, to banish from them the Church of England services and ministrations, and condemn the entire population to the darkness palpable of the Romish superstition!

During the very last session he saw a measure pass into a law by which the Irish clergy were, at one blow, deprived of one-fourth of their incomes; and this, not for the purpose of aiding the cause of religion, by creating a fund for the endowment of livings where they might be wanted, or their augmentation where they were small; but to swell the already enormous rent-roll of the great absentee proprietors, whose incomes are spent in Paris or in London! Against this measure what saith our dignitary? Why, that he highly approves of it!—that the Irish church was too rich!—that its clergy of late have been fanatical religionists and intemperate politicians! The former, because they have made some efforts to enlighten the Roman Catholics! the latter, because they have been unreasonable and impudent enough to complain of only being robbed and murdered! Truly, we have great sympathy for the groans of the canon residentiary, who apprehends so awful a visitation as the curtailment of some of his own emoluments, when we see with what utter unconcern, if not chuckling delight, he can witness the forlorn and the desolate condition of the heavily afflicted church of Ireland?

Why do we mention these things? Because, ably as this man writes, we have no desire to be indebted to his advocacy; because, it is our fixed

belief, no credit can result to the establishment from such defenders—because, if there be a being in the world for whom we entertain an intense and unutterable scorn, it is for the gifted churchman, who, while he has dedicated himself ostensibly to the service of the sanctuary, spends his life in grasping at its emoluments with one hand, while he is sapping its foundations with the other; and having, in the end, attained his object by breaking his teeth upon its friends, is willing, when his own interests are likely to be touched by that levelling spirit of reform which he had been one of the foremost to encourage, to make a parade of his attachment by expending his slaver upon its enemies;—those enemies being no other than the weak, or rash, or timid churchmen, who had either caught the spirit, or been terrified by the menaces of the faction with which he had been long identified; and thought, no doubt, they were making good terms for the establishment, when they were sacrificing what they deemed superfluous of its property, for the purpose of securing it against the further attacks of such rude assailants.

But enough of this. We have, perhaps, been too much moved. That this man possesses great abilities—that he is an able reasoner as well as a witty writer, may be seen even in those portions of his pamphlets which have been already submitted to the reader. Nothing that he has previously said or done can invalidate the force of those objections which he now urges with so much point and spirit against the procedure of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—even as nothing that they or any of them may have previously said or done can reconcile us to their present hazardous innovations. But he must be a different man, and he must write in another manner, who is to find a remedy for the evils, and raise a defence against the perils, by which, in this our day, the Church of England is beleaguered from without, and infested from within. And our prayer is, that Almighty God may raise up for her some deliverer, by whom her enemies may be smitten with blindness and put to shame, while, instead of being metamorphosed or mutilated by the curative process that may be employed, she will be restored to more than pristine health, and rise, in the beauty of holiness, amidst the reverential acclamations of an approving people.

It is now admitted on all hands, that the best friends of the establishment

were much more frightened than they had need to be, when this commission was first appointed;—or that, at all events, a reaction has taken place, by which the friends of the church have been re-assured; and a degree of interest and vigour on its behalf has been indicated, sufficient to stay the rabid violence of the political dissenters.

In proof of this it is sufficient merely to allude to the multitudinous petitions against the insidious scheme of national education, by which the table of the House of Commons has been loaded, and which speak trumpet-tongued the sentiments of the British people against that meanest and basest, as well as most profligate and dangerous, of the projects for propitiating the most rancorous enemies of the church, which have characterised the Whig-Radical administration.

The truth is, even the best-meaning politicians were unaware of the deep hold which the Church of England had upon the feelings of the people. Indeed, of religion itself they know neither the height nor the depth; and it could not, therefore, be expected that they should appreciate, according to its real excellence, the most perfect exponent of genuine Christianity. But not so those who have waited with a reverential and affectionate assiduity upon its comforting, its elevating, and its purifying ministrations—who have listened, Sabbath after Sabbath, to “the sound of the church-going bell,” as the summons to high and holy converse, where the mind, jaded and harassed by worldly business, found its necessary solace and its suitable repose—who saw their children grow up around them, inhaling the odour of its blessedness; and witnessed the aged departing from amongst them, partaking of the balm of its consolation;—not so do they undervalue that national institute, to which, under Providence, they feel themselves debtors for such inestimable advantages; and, accordingly, not only has the cloud of public hostility which threatened to level our beloved Sion with the dust, until one stone was not left upon another, passed away; but even its timid friends, who were disposed to purchase for it a hollow truce, at the expense of what they deemed the least indispensable of its appendages, and who deemed themselves entitled to credit for their readiness to make sacrifices which they considered indispensable to its safety, have been surprised, at least, if not grieved, at

the loud and indignant protest by which their recommendations have been received, and would now, we believe, be heartily glad that they had not become conspicuous as the advisers of such suspicious and, we may add, unpopular, arrangements.

But while we thus express ourselves respecting those who use the word reformation as applied to the church, when they mean *spoliation*, let us not for a moment be understood as denying that many things were and are necessary for the more perfect working of the Establishment, and for its freer development and more ample extension, to fulfil the great end of its existence. When radicals and infidels and papists talk of reform, in the church we know what they mean. They talk of abating, a nuisance—they talk of getting rid, by any and by every means, of that which must, in their eyes, ever be an offence. There is nothing which they mean less than to prescribe for it any system of regimen by which it might, in reality, be renovated and invigorated, so as to act with a more commanding influence upon the great mass of those who constitute its members. The papist prescribes for it, because he hates it for its supposed schism and heresy; the political dissenter, because he envies it for its dignified position and its ample possessions; the radical, because of its conservative tendency, and the sacred barrier which it erects against hasty or intemperate innovation. They will, therefore, always be found united in the furtherance of any project which has for its object the degradation or the destruction of our august and venerable establishment, and *against* any measures of real improvement by which anomalies might be corrected, deficiencies supplied, and the means of spiritual instruction made commensurate with the spiritual wants of the people.

The true church reformer is not a man who would exhibit our spiritual mother in the act of denuding herself for the sake of covering her children; neither would he forestal the future and the permanent good, in order to make a hasty and precarious provision for present necessities. Our cathedral establishments, which so conspicuously inform us of what we owe to the generations which are past, also significantly intimate to us our obligations to those which are to come. They tell us, with an emphatic solemnity, that we are not to consider ourselves as the mere *life-*

renters of that system which has been transmitted to us, and which gives us richly to enjoy so many unpurchaseable blessings; they forbid us, with a beseeching earnestness, to cause or to suffer any waste or dilapidation in the precious inheritance which has been entrusted to our care; and they admonish us that we are bound by the holiest of obligations to do for others what has been so amply done for ourselves, and not to be deceived by any specious utilitarian views of present exigency or present good, into any act by which we might compromise the stability of that which was intended not more for ourselves than for our remotest posterity.

In order that the church may be a help meet for the state, in the diffusion of a sound and elevating morality, it is necessary that, in condition, it should *correspond* to the state, and present, in its several ranks and orders, a suitable counterpart to that variety of condition upon which it is expected to act with advantage. In a country like ours, of old monarchical institutions, where the throne is connected with the peasant's cot by an intermediate gradation of rank which binds and consolidates the whole mass of the community into one harmonious system, it is necessary that there should be, in the spiritual apparatus by which it is to be purified and elevated, an adaptation to this variety of aspect, and character, and position, such as may afford a reasonable hope, that, to all classes and descriptions of men, the ministrations of religious truth may be attended with advantage. In a highly educated community, it will not do to have a vulgar and an unlearned clergy. In an aristocratic society, it will not do to have a clergy who have no ample possessions, and no recognised place amongst the hereditary guardians of the constitution. A church, of which the gentry with one accord pronounce that their children must *lose caste* by becoming connected with it, can never command the same influence over any description of people, by legitimate means, which naturally belongs to that which is recognised as a dignified profession, and by a connection with which the very highest and noblest in the land feel that they only humble themselves that they may be exalted. Any thing, therefore, which impairs that condition of the Church of England which thus holds it up in the estimation of the people, should never be thought of by those

who look beyond the present hour, and who are not willing to sacrifice, to a delusive show of increased efficiency for the present, its real and permanent efficacy for all time to come.

Nor is the commission without a prelate, who, in consenting to the sacrifice of the cathedrals, reluctantly yielded to what he thought a sad necessity. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol thus writes:—

“For myself, I yield to no person living in respect and attachment to the cathedral establishments of our country. I am convinced how important it is, that a church should possess encouragements to biblical learning, as well as a provision for those who may devote their time and their talents to the study of theology and literature beyond what is compatible with parochial avocations. That *desneries* and prebendal stalls are admirably adapted for this purpose, is proved by the genuine fruits which they have yielded from the Reformation to the present day. I concur with those who deem that such dignities, occupying a position between the episcopal and parochial orders, and accessible to merit in every station of society, contribute to the symmetry and strength of the whole edifice. I have myself had opportunities of remarking how beneficial these foundations are to their cities and neighbourhoods, in the influence belonging to the conversation and example of learned, pious, and dignified ecclesiastics; the religious and literary turn which they communicate to society, is conspicuous; they form a point of union to the clergy of their respective neighbourhoods; in the support of charitable, religious, and useful institutions, they take the lead; and their endowments are generally expended in a manner eminently beneficial to the community. I feel, besides, an almost personal attachment to cathedral bodies, consequent upon my having presided over one of them during several of the happiest years of my life. You will, therefore, give me credit for reluctance to concur in any thing which could impair or diminish their usefulness or splendour. Were I to confess my own wish, without regard to circumstances, it would be, that the number of those appointments should NOT BE DIMINISHED, BUT ENLARGED, so as to correspond with the increased numbers and learning of the clergy; though this wish would be accompanied by a condition, that all such places should, agreeably to the views of the founders, be strictly confined to the reward of learning and of merit.”

In defence of the cathedral spoliation scheme, we are told, that such preferments were not intended *originally* as rewards for the encouragement of learning. Indeed! But may they not be made conducive thereto? It is still asserted that they *have not* been so employed. Not, it will be readily granted, to the extent to which they should have been; but would not the adoption of some such rule in the future disposing of them be quite as great a proof of wisdom on the part of the commissioners, as the edict which consigns them to extinction.

When it was alleged on the part of the old boroughs which returned members to parliament before the passing of the reform bill, that they were often the means of introducing young men of great talent and small fortune into the legislature, who must otherwise be excluded from it; and also, that they furnished means of a sort of indirect representation to our distant colonies, which often made their voice to be heard, and caused their interests to be attended to, when, otherwise, they might have been disregarded; no one pretended that these were not great advantages, or that they did not furnish a very plausible ground of defence, although it could not be denied that such uses, or such purposes, never entered into the contemplation of those by whom these boroughs were first enfranchised. In like manner we say, that whatever may have been the uses and purposes of cathedral preferments when they were first instituted, it cannot be denied that they have served, and that they may be made still further to serve, as encouragements to the cultivation of learning; and unless it be denied that learning is necessary, or asserted that there are abundant means for the supply of a race of learned ecclesiastics in other endowments, no attempt should be made to divert cathedral funds from so important an object.

But parochial exigencies are so great, that some sacrifices must be made to meet them; the useful must always be preferred to the ornamental; and the eternal interests of thousands of perishing souls are not to be put into competition, for a single moment, with the spiritual sentimentalism which alone can suffer when the cathedral establishments are extinguished. Now, we ask, to what extent can the proposed appropriation of cathedral funds supply the spiritual destitution for which it is so desirable to make an ample pro-

vision? Would they not be as the loaves and fishes amongst the seven thousand, but without the blessing which caused the miraculous multiplication, by which all had enough and to spare? Would they not be a mockery, rather than a boon? The tantalizing drop of water by which thirst is aggravated, rather than the cooling draught by which it is assuaged? So that while they were destroyed for any purposes of cathedral usefulness, they would be utterly insignificant for that other important object, for the attainment of which such a sacrifice would be made.

But the people will never contribute one single shilling towards such an enlargement of the means of the church, as might enable her to matriculate the whole community, and like the hen, expand her wings, and take in all her people. So says Sydney Smith. So say better men than he, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and the Bishop of London. But we utterly differ from them. We conceive that such a judgment implies a harsh and unmerited libel on the people of England; on that noble people who have never yet been found wanting when any thing great or good was to be accomplished by pecuniary sacrifices. If Sydney Smith mean that they would be very reluctant to contribute their money for the multiplication of that race of amiable ecclesiastics who love a round game of whist, or of greasy, paunch-bellied, rosy-gilled jollificators, who take their ease in their prebendal stalls, with just about as much forecast for eternity as the horse has when he stands before his manger,—he is right. They neither will nor ought to raise funds for such a purpose. They cannot be easily made to fall in love with those bloated excrescences, those whited-sepulchres, those vampires who derive nutriment to themselves by abstracting its life's blood from the fair form upon which they fasten, and who seldom leave it until the vital principle is exhausted;—who feel the same sort of interest in the preservation of the church which the mite does in the preservation of the cheese—indications, at the same time, of its rottenness and its richness. But do not tell us that the people of England cannot be made to understand, and to appreciate according to their worth, those life-giving ministrations, by which the saving truths of the everlasting gospel are brought home to men's business and their bosoms, by an humble, prayerful, labo-

rious, and enlightened pastor, who exemplifies in his life the truths which he preaches with his lips. Do not tell us that an appeal to Christian liberality on behalf of our scriptural church, accompanied by such an exposition of its claims to public support, as might vindicate its apostolic origin, and display its manifold capabilities as the Christian instructress of an enlightened people, could possibly be disregarded. We have witnessed ourselves what Dr. Chalmers, almost alone, has already done for Scotland. He has already, under Providence, been the cause of the building of more than two hundred churches in his native land; and of such a revival of the love by which their establishment was once regarded by his countrymen, as has made voluntarism, albeit before insolent and rampant, shrink from before it, and will, we have little doubt, cause it to spread and to flourish, until this great and venerable man sees his heart's wish accomplished, by the extension of Church of Scotland services to the entire mass of a rapidly increasing population. And do not tell us that a similar service might not be done for the church of England, by men similarly gifted and similarly inspired undertaking its cause in our manufacturing districts, and exhibiting the blessings of which it must be productive to the myriads who are at present brought up without any adequate sense of their Christian responsibilities, and living, to all intents and purposes, without God in the world. What! Will any man tell us that a case such as might be made out upon such a subject, could be presented to the hearts of the people of England in vain? That noble people have recently shown themselves ready to add an additional burden of twenty millions to their already almost overwhelming national debt, in order to purchase, for West Indian slaves, the doubtful boon of hasty emancipation. And shall it be said that the spiritual and eternal interests of their own countrymen are less dear to them, and touch them less nearly, than the temporal sufferings of the negro whom they have made such a splendid sacrifice to redeem from bondage? They know not the people of England who say so. They know not the intensity of interest which may be accumulated round our venerable Establishment by an adequate exposition of its transcendent excellence, who doubt, for a single moment, that an appeal, on its behalf,

to the wisdom, the sympathy, the Christian charity, of our great manufacturing communities, would not produce returns by which the hearts of its friends would be cheered, and spiritual sustenance procured for the wants of its spiritually destitute hundreds of thousands.

We know nothing more beautiful, nothing more interesting, whether to the philanthropist, the philosopher, or the Christian, than our parochial system fully carried out, so that all its advantages might be realized in every village and every hamlet throughout the country. A community, gathering round a church as their common centre, and taking their denomination from the habitation where they meet, periodically, for the worship of their God; a pastor, whom they respect because of his breeding and condition, and love "for his work's sake," taking that interest in their spiritual welfare which becomes one who is to account for their souls; the rising community duly instructed in the great truths of religion, both natural and revealed, and made acquainted with their own peculiar advantages, in that system of doctrinal truth, and liturgical piety, which had been devised and instituted for their edification;—this is, surely, an object, which could not be contemplated without a glowing satisfaction by any human being who takes an interest in the welfare of his kind;—and we need not add, that there are many parishes in which such a spectacle may be beheld; and that, if only a suitable provision were made to cause an adequate extension of church ministrations, it is one which might be universal.

But now, instead of peace, we have divisions. Why? Hear the language in which Mr. Colquhoun, the member for Kilmarnock, addressed his constituents at Port Glasgow, and learn from it how the statesman may profit by the wisdom that is from above.

"What," he asks, "is the cause of all this discontent—this muttering and heaving of the popular masses, betokening the approach of the gathering storm? Why, gentlemen, it is written in characters so plain on the moral aspect of the nation, that he who runs may read. The population, as I have told you, has swelled, in little more than a hundred years, from eight millions to twenty-four millions. Our people are day by day marching forward in increase with the pace of a giant. In our large towns they are annually extending, in

thousands and ten of thousands. And what increase have you made of those institutions which provide for the instruction of the people? Why, the fact is this, that while the population has been thus growing from eight to four-and-twenty millions, the institutions for the instruction of the people have remained stationary! How, then, can any man wonder that there should be thousands of our countrymen sunk in ignorance and prejudice, when statesmen have done nothing for their moral improvement? If it was wise in statesmen to provide the existing churches and schools for the instruction of the people, when Scotland became connected with England at the Union, surely it must be monstrously unwise in us to have done nothing since that time to add to that provision; and no wonder that these neglected people should have become a prey to the arts of demagogues. We have gone on with our manufactures,—we have gone on with our trade and our commerce; but we have not gone on to make provision for the instruction of our people, who have increased along with them. We have run our railways—we have increased our roads and canals—we have extended our shipping—we have built factories; and all this while, the human beings who have been gathering around us have been allowed to remain as ignorant as ever—as uneducated as ever, and yet we have expected they should also remain as peaceable as ever. If they are to be left in this state of ignorance, they will tear society to pieces. Our manufactures cannot stand—our commerce cannot stand, in the midst of an ignorant and prejudiced people. What course, then, you ask me, ought to be pursued? Our present ministers admit that we must have an Established Church. Why? Not because it is an old institution, but because it spreads religious truth and sound principles amongst the people. For the good of the people—that is the reason why an Established Church ought to be upheld. Don't talk to me of its being an old and venerable institution, and that therefore it must be maintained. It was instituted for the instruction of the people—it is maintained for the good of the people. That is the principle of an Established Church. Then was there ever such conduct on the part of sane men, as to keep up the Established Church in the same condition in which it was fitted, in 1700, for the instruction of eight millions of people, when that number has swelled to sixteen millions more? And when this state of things produces its natural effects in the discontent and turbulence of the neglected masses, our ministers express great sur-

prise, and wonder what can be the grievance of which they complain. They have left them in a state of ignorance and vice, and yet they wonder why they are not in a condition of contentment and peace. I don't care who the ministers may be; I am speaking of all the governments who have existed in this country within the period to which I have referred. It is all one to me whether the minister is Sir Robert Peel or Lord Melbourne. I say, when the population is growing up uninstructed, and when the minister sleeps and folds his hands in this state of things, he is like the man who sleeps and folds his hands amidst the dykes in Holland, when they are breaking up, and the water is bursting in upon him. Such is the conduct of the minister who feeds his friends, and distributes his patronage, and enjoys his place, regardless alike of the danger which threatens the national interests, and of the welfare of the people of England and Scotland. Have the ministers done any thing to redress this state of things? They have done a great deal to aggravate it. Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell were commissioners of the Church of England; and as commissioners they both admitted in their report that the destitution of that Establishment in regard to church accommodation was enormous. Have they increased the provision of the English establishment? why they attempted to commit a petty larceny on the Church of England. Instead of endeavouring to extend its provisions, and give the people more church accommodation, they brought a bill into parliament in which they attempted to peel and strip off pieces of the Church of England. And what have they done in the Church of Ireland? They cut off part of that Church, and attempted to cut off still more; and one of the members of the government—one of the confidential advisers of the cabinet—declared last session, in his place in parliament, that the Irish Church must be pulled down. What have they done for the Church of Scotland? They instituted an inquiry, and proved—proved to their own condemnation—by the report of their commissioners, that there are tens of thousands of people in Scotland totally destitute of religious instruction; and instead of proceeding as honest men to redeem their pledge, and apply the remedy, they told us they would give us no remedy whatever. They have attempted the robbery of the Church of England, the spoliation of the Church of Ireland, and the starvation of the Church of Scotland. This is the way they supply the enormous moral wants of this country,—this is the remedy they offer for the increasing ignorance of the people of this

country—this is the provision they make for its wretchedness, and degradation, and growing danger.”

Much have we to say respecting church reform, in the true sense of the word; but the space to which this paper has already extended forbids more than the briefest notice of the topics to which we would fain advert at greater length, could we do so without exceeding our proper limits, or disturbing previous arrangements.

And firstly, respecting the appointment of bishops, is it, or is it not desirable that some rules should be laid down respecting the exercise of the prerogative in that particular; seeing that, in the nature of things, the church may now be exposed to a sinister influence from popish, or radical, or infidel advisers?

Next, respecting their number, ought they, or ought they not, to be augmented, both in relation to the growing population, and as an indispensable pre-requisite for that subdivision of parishes, which should, undoubtedly take place. No one man can do the work of ten; and *that* one man is called upon, to do so when he is burdened with the cure of twenty thousand souls?

Then, respecting the manner in which appointments to benefices take place, ought there, or ought there not, to be some regulations adopted which would tend to prevent an abuse of patronage, and be a protection to the patron himself against those domestic solicitations, and those natural partialities, which often pervert the good and “blind the wise” in their discharge of such a sacred duty? And here we cannot avoid expressing the strong disgust which we experienced at seeing the grave question of the extinction of cathedral establishments, for the supply of parochial necessities, converted into a vulgar squabble scarcely superior in dignity to that which takes place between Punch and Judy. Old Sydney Smith contends, tooth and nail, for the sacred and indefeasible right of the corps of a cathedral to the disposal of all their good things, and the reasonableness of regarding them as provisions for their children or connexions. Well may he despair of getting up any force of public opinion in favour of so

stupid an iniquity. The only mode for causing church patronage *now* to be regarded as sacred, is to show that those who hold it regard it as a *sacred trust*; and the worthy prebendary may well believe, that if he and his followers misappropriate it for one purpose, the public at large will have little scruple in misappropriating it for another.

Again, respecting the learning of the clergy, ought there or ought there not, to be some fixed provision by which lettered men might be left at ease, to the enjoyment of that quiet and leisure which are so favourable to devotional contemplations; where, to use Hooker's happy words, they may “see God's blessings spring from their mother earth, and eat their bread in peace and privacy?”

But suffice it for the present to have suggested to our readers these pregnant interrogatories. All men see that the church, as at present situated, is in a position most anomalous. All that influence over it which was safely lodged with the executive, when every man must be a churchman in order to be an adviser of the crown, may no longer be safely lodged there, now that the worst enemies of the church may, at any moment, be called to the councils of the sovereign, and entrusted with the disposal of its highest preferments. This, alone, should cause every true churchman to awaken to a sense of the common danger. Already, in this country, the dreadful consequences of such a state of things is becoming awfully manifest. Baron Fortescue need only go on as he has commenced, and exercise the power entrusted to him by law, in order to work the degradation and the ruin of the establishment in a manner far more complete, than he would have been enabled to do by the most hostile proceedings to which he could be a party in the House of Commons. And if something be not done, and that speedily, to remedy this deplorable state of things, and to give the church the same exemption from hostile influence, and the same protection and the same discretion in the management of its affairs, which belongs to every other denomination of Christians, the time is not very far distant when, as a national institute, it must pass away.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIPINGS, BY HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. IV.—CRIMINAL LAW IN FRANCE—THE PROCUREUR DU ROI.

It is no more than might be expected that in two countries like France and England, where civilization has advanced more especially than in any other part of the globe, a continual rivalry should be ever kept up on the score of their individual advantages and institutions. The petty warfare of farce-writers and vaudevillists, reproaching the one as a nation of "perruquiers," and the other as a land of beef-eating sots, has most happily come to an end. Contemptible as it undoubtedly was, it still sufficed to perpetuate the old grudge between the two kingdoms, and, so long as it lasted, most effectually prevented any well-grounded intelligence between them. We well remember, some twenty years ago, when "*Les Anglais pour rire*" brought crowded houses to the Porte St. Martin, to see Potier perform the character of an English lady, with York tan long gloves, a coal-scuttle bonnet, and leather laced boots. The ludicrous blunders in English-French, and absurd caricature of our English walk and demeanour were irresistibly droll and amusing; but still the representation was intended for something more than to excite a good-natured laugh at our expense, and so was it most properly regarded by the then English Ambassador, who at once appealed to the government, and had the piece suppressed. We doubt very much if the French public would applaud it now, and still more if Lord Granville would deem it worth his while to notice it in any way; it is not, perhaps, that any much greater cordiality in reality exists between the two great rivals, but certainly a better tone of feeling, and one more in accordance with *bon usage*, has sprung up; and where we formerly sneered at and ridiculed, we are now content to argue and discuss. We, upon our sides, are quite ready to believe that the French do something else besides eat frogs, and they are equally willing to confess that the current amusements of England take a wider range than that expressed in the old caricature of Louis Dix-huit, returning to his country rubicund and lusty—when to the question,

"Que pourriez vous faire en Angleterre?"

he replies,

"Nous mangeons rost-bif, et pommes de terre."

Leaving the question of dress, equipage, and cookery to individual tastes, we have entered the lists upon more weighty and important grounds—our representative systems, our monarchies, our commercial productiveness, and our codes of law. With the latter we shall occupy ourselves for the present, reserving some notices of the other topics for a future period.

It is a constant subject of remark by foreigners, that our English laws, framed and based as they are upon our undeviating respect for personal freedom as a birthright, favour the escape of the guilty in many more cases than with them. The privilege of the accused to refuse answering all questions that might tend to his crimination, strikes them as sapping the whole principle by which crime is detected, and they scruple not to call it absurd and ridiculous—while they see nothing unfair or unreasonable in the artful cross-examination to which the Procureur du roi submits some poor unlettered and perhaps innocent peasant. Both extremes have their disadvantages; but so long as we esteem it an axiom in our code that "it were better ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer," our practice is not only more humane, but more just. Whatever right we may exercise over the persons and properties of the evil-doer, we have clearly none over the unoffending one.

It is not upon such principles as these that French laws proceed. The war of extermination against crime gives no quarter. The guilty man, or the "prevenu"—for with them it is the same—is surrounded by snares, and encompassed by spies—his habits noted, his chance expressions weighed—his looks are studied—his very sleep is not sacred. Meanwhile the law appears to slumber. Rocked into security by the hope of escape or the consciousness of innocence, the suspected man knows nothing of the mine which is ready to explode beneath him. At last the fatal hour arrives; he is committed to gaol, and, after some days' confinement, brought forth to sustain the attack of the public prosecutor—for such it really is—who invariably, in his cross-examination, pre-supposes the guilt of the accused.

Suppose him innocent, and think for an instant what his feelings must be. His position in the dock is in itself an ignominy; circumstantial evidence is brought against him which, even to himself, is staggering to his reason. His answers are, perhaps, broken and uncertain at first—then afterwards, as his inferior intellect yields beneath the practised talent of his assailant, become equivocal and even contradictory. His truth is shaken—his confidence in himself broken—what are the chances that he escape? Such is the history, in a few words, of a French criminal trial. We have witnessed many such, and always with but one feeling—that of horror and disgust. But the evil ends not here; and the very fault the practice was adopted to correct is absolutely encouraged by its employment. In the very same ratio that the innocent man is exposed, by the risk of a confusing and terrifying cross-examination, the guilty one is favoured if he be a man of cleverness, by the opening this affords to a most artful species of defence. A case of the kind lately came before my notice.

Carl Shumacher, a German physician, was accused before the "Cour d'Assises of Seine et Marne," of having caused the death of his friend, Heinrich Rheinhausen, by poison. These two persons, both men of education and family, had met at Cologne, where a controversy upon the subject of one of Shumacher's medical theories had made them acquainted. Rheinhausen had been at first a bitter antagonist; but subsequently became a strong advocate and warm supporter of the new discovery. A close intimacy followed, and Rheinhausen, who was engaged to be married to a young lady in that city, introduced his friend Shumacher to the family, where he soon became a frequent visitor. So far all went on well: the union between Rheinhausen and his *fiancée* only waited for some pecuniary arrangements, which required a few months; and it was advised that to pass the interval Heinrich should accompany Shumacher into Switzerland, where he was about to make a short tour. While these arrangements were pending, Shumacher, who was a man possessed of great conversational powers, and highly-gifted in many ways, contrived to weaken the feeling of the young lady for her betrothed husband. He affected to feel desperately in love with her, and only to be withheld from its

avowal by his attachment to his friend. In this way matters remained till the eve of their departure for Switzerland, when Shumacher made a confession of his feelings to her, and obtained in return an acknowledgment that she loved him. The next morning the two friends departed.

They had been absent about three months when they arrived at Barege. Here Rheinhausen falling suddenly ill, was tended by his companion with the utmost solicitude, who himself made up all the medicines which were administered. Rheinhausen grew worse, and on the second day after his being seized, Shumacher departed from Barege for Geneva, telling his friend that finding his state precarious, he should go for his brother, who was a *pretre* in that city, and bring him to see him. The next morning Rheinhausen died. The circumstances which attended the whole case were sufficiently suspicious to cause inquiry: an autopsy of the body was performed by order of the authorities, and it was pronounced that Rheinhausen had died of poison.

Shumacher had meanwhile left the country, and all search after him proved fruitless at the time. About six months after these events took place, Made-moiselle de Branen, the *fiancée* of Rheinhausen, left Cologne to visit some friends at Vichy, where she was soon joined by Shumacher, who was quite unknown there, and who had been in constant correspondence with her ever since their parting—she never having heard any rumour of his imputed guilt whatever. Their acquaintance continued for some time, and at length he proposed to marry her. He was accepted, and the day fixed—when, walking one morning in the promenade of the town he was arrested by the commissaire of police, and thrown into prison.

These affairs march rapidly in France. He was brought to trial; and then came forth that most ingenious species of defence, in allusion to which I have mentioned these circumstances.

All the efforts of the Procureur du roi to throw even discredit upon his conduct failed utterly. He represented himself as having treated his late friend upon their own mutual system of medicine, in which alone they had any confidence. He acknowledged that prussic acid had been largely administered, but asserted that the greatest benefit was always the result. His very desertion of Rheinhausen he ap-

pealed to as a proof of his attachment, as having undertaken a long journey merely to relieve his mind. He adverted to his return to France as a proof of his innocence—such a course being certain, if he were guilty, to prove his ruin. Finally, his letters to Mademoiselle de Branen were produced, in which expressions throwing out vague hopes of one day realising his wishes respecting her, were frequently met with. These he explained by an absolute and direct reference to the "*Dictionnaire de l'Academie*," where the signification he pretended to have put upon them was really found, and gave a very favourable view of his meaning. This, being a German, was a most admirable explanation, and the effect upon the court strongly in his favour. His examination lasted above five hours, and when it concluded there was scarcely a single person in the crowded tribunal who did not believe him innocent; and yet, in the face of all this, evidence came out subsequently from other witnesses, that Rheinhausen had been poisoned, and that he himself knew it; and Shumacher made a confession of his guilt by a letter to Mademoiselle de Branen the evening preceding his appointed execution, when he committed suicide in the gaol.

Now, it may be replied that every portion of this defence might have been made according to our English laws by the system adopted in our criminal trials; but, mark the difference. Here the accused stood forth in the beginning, not charged as with us by a long indictment setting forth his crime, and supported by evidence, as witness after witness came forward and attested to each portion which came under their cognizance. He stood not under the weighty impression which imputed guilt conveys, but at once by putting his own construction upon every tittle of the charge, established a character before the jury of the greatest consequence to his chances of escape. And this a clever and ingenious man, however guilty, may always do; while the ignorant and uninformed, however conscious of his innocence, may break down by the artful attack of a Procureur, who numbers his triumphs, like an Indian savage, by the scalps of his victims. And thus we return to our former assertion, that this mode of conducting a trial not only is prejudicial to the chances of the guiltless man's assertion of his innocence, but also, and in nearly as great a proportion, strongly

favours the really criminal, if he be endowed with cleverness, to effect his escape. The former is the butt of a brow-beating and insulting attack: the latter, from his superior ability, is treated with a caution almost bordering on respect, for it is a gladiatorial combat, in which the strength and dexterity of the antagonist are well weighed and pondered over by his assailant.

So much for one side of the picture. Let us now turn to the other. Chance and that spirit of inquiry, which Paul Pry excuses in himself by calling it the characteristic of the age, once led us to visit the lunatic asylum of Charenton. Amid the many sad and afflicting instances of debased and degraded humanity we met with, one man struck us most particularly. He was about five-and-thirty years of age, tall and well-built, with a lofty forehead and a deep-set penetrating eye. The whole character of his head was highly intellectual; but the expression of his features was melancholy and depressing beyond any thing my words can give an idea of. The face was deadly pale, and marked by small blue veins; and the dragged mouth and downcast look bespoke utter despair. He never noticed the persons about him, but stared fixedly at vacancy, and muttered constantly in a broken and supplicating voice, as if entreating forgiveness of some great and heinous crime.

"Will he recover?" said we, as we turned to leave the spot.

"Never," said the keeper. "his is a madness never curable."

On our return to Paris M. E——, the celebrated physician, who had accompanied us to Charenton, gave us the following brief account of this man's case:—

Monsieur Eugene S—— had so brilliantly distinguished himself in his career at the French bar, that, at the early age of twenty-eight he was named Procureur du roi, an office in many respects similar to that of our attorney-general. To a great knowledge of his profession, rarely attainable at so early a period of life, he united the gift of a most convincing eloquence; and, stranger still, a thorough acquaintance with human nature in all its shapes and phases, which seemed absolutely incompatible with his habits of close study and seclusion. There was no art nor "*metier*" with the details of which he was unacquainted; no rank or walk in life, whose feelings and prejudices he could not dip into,

and identify himself with. The very dialect of the lowest classes he had made his study, and from the patois of Normandy, to the outlandish jargon of the Gascogne, he was familiar with all. Talents like these were not long in establishing the fame of their possessor, and before he had been four years at the bar, it was difficult to say whether he was more feared as a rival by his colleagues, or dreaded as an accuser by the criminal. This to a French *avocat* was the pinnacle of professional fame.

As his practice extended, his labour at home became much greater; frequently he did not leave his study till daybreak, and always appeared each morning at the opening of the court. The effect upon his health was evident in his pallid look, and his figure, formerly erect and firm, becoming stooped and bent; the life of excitement his career presented, left neither time nor inclination for society or amusement; and his existence was thus one great mental struggle.

All who understand the nature of a trial for life and death in France, are aware that it is neither more nor less than a drama, in which the *Procureur du roi* plays the principal character; and whose success is estimated by but one test—the conviction of the accused. There is no preparation too severe, no artifice too deep, no plot too subtle for the advocate upon occasions like this; he sets himself patiently to learn the character of the prisoner, his habits, his feelings, his prejudices, his fears; and by the time that the trial comes on is thoroughly familiar with every leading trait and feature of the man.

In combats like this our advocate's life was passed; and so complete a mastery had the demoniacal passion gained over him, that whenever, by the acquittal of a "*prevenu*," he seemed to be defrauded in his rightful tribute of admiration and applause, the effect upon his spirits became evident; his head drooped; and for several days he would scarcely speak. The beaten candidate for collegiate honours never suffered from defeat as he did; and at last to such a height had this infatuation reached, that his own life seemed actually to hang in the scale upon every trial for a capital offence; and upon the issue, threatened death to the advocate or the accused. "*Laquel de deux*," said an old barrister, at the opening of a case, and the words became a proverb concerning Monsieur S—.

This mania was at its height when the government directed him to proceed to Bourdeaux to take the direction of a trial, which, at that period, was exciting the greatest interest in France. The case was briefly this:—A gentleman travelling for pleasure, accompanied by a single servant, had taken up his residence for some weeks upon the banks of the Garonne. Here the mild urbanity of his manners and prepossessing address had soon won for him the attention and good will of the inhabitants, who were much taken with him, and in an equal degree prejudiced against the servant, whose Bretagne stupidity and rudeness were ill calculated to make friends for him. In the little village where they sojourned two new arrivals were sure to attract their share of attention, and they were most rigidly canvassed, but always with the same judgment.

Such was the state of matters, when one morning the village was thrown into commotion by the report that the stranger had been murdered in the night, and that the servant was gone, no one knew whither. On opening the door of the little cottage a strange and sad sight presented itself: the floor was covered with packing cases and chests, corded and fastened as if for a journey; the little plate and few books of the deceased were carefully packed, and every thing betokened the preparation for departure. In the bedroom the spectacle was still more strange; the bed-clothes lay in a heap upon the floor covered with blood, and a broken razor, a twisted and torn portion of a dressing-gown lay beside them; there were several foot-tracks in the blood upon the floor; and these were traced through a small dressing-room which led out upon a garden where they disappeared in the grass; the servant was no where to be found, neither could any trace of the body be discovered. Such were, in few words, the chief circumstances which indicated the commission of the dreadful crime, and in the state of public feeling towards the two parties, were deemed sufficiently strong to implicate the servant, who, it was now discovered, had been seen some leagues up on the road to Bourdeaux early that morning.

The commissaire of police set out immediately in pursuit; and before night the man was arrested. At first his usual, stupid, and sullen manner was assumed; but on hearing that the death of his master was now proved,

he burst into tears and never spoke more.

The most diligent search was now made to discover the body, but without the slightest success. It was no where to be found; a hat belonging to the deceased was taken up near the river, and the general belief was, that the corpse had been thrown into the river and carried down by the current which is here very rapid. The indignation of all parties who were never kindly disposed to the servant, rose to the greatest height, that he would never acknowledge what had been done with the body, although now no doubt remained upon their mind as to his guilt.

His trial at length came on; and Monsieur S—— arrived "special" in Lyons to conduct it. The great principal in English criminal law, that a conviction cannot be held for murder until the body be found, exists not in France; but in lieu of it, they require a chain of circumstantial evidence of the strongest and most convincing nature.

To discover this where it existed, to fashion it where it did not, were easy to the practised advocate; and the poor prisoner, whose reasoning powers were evidently of the weakest order, and whose intelligence was most limited, offered an easy victim to every subtle question of the lawyer; he fell deeper and deeper into the snare laid for him; he was made to say that though upon the road to Bourdeaux, he knew not why he was there: that the watch and keys in his possession were his master's he acknowledged; but why they were in his keeping he could not tell: every hesitation of his manner, every momentary indication of trouble and confusion were turned against him; and even when a fitful gleam of intelligence would shoot across his clouded brain, it was anticipated by his torturer and converted to his injury. The result may be easily guessed; he was condemned to death; and the following morning, as the advocate received at his levee the congratulations of the authorities upon his success and ability, the prisoner was led to the guillotine amid the execration of ten thousand people.

Two years after this trial took place our advocate was passing through Amiens on his way to Peronne. There

was considerable bustle and confusion in the hotel, from an incident which had just occurred, and which shocked all the inmates. A gentleman who had arrived the evening before, having attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, and was found two miles from the town upon the high road, where it appeared he had fallen from loss of blood, having walked thus far after his intended crime.

"His name is Lemoine," said some one in the crowd, as they carried him bleeding, and nearly lifeless into the house.

"Lemoine!" said Monsieur S——, musingly; "the name of the man murdered at Lyons by Jean Labarte."

"And what is most strange," said another, not hearing the muttered observation of Monsieur S——, "he is now perfectly sensible and most penitent for his attempt, which he ascribes to a passing insanity that he has been liable to from a boy; the impulse is first to destroy, then to conceal himself."

"That is indeed singular," said Monsieur S——, "but there is no combating a monomania."

"So the poor man feels, for he has already essayed the same thing several times—in the last he nearly succeeded when living on the Garonne."

"The Garonne — Lemoine —" screamed, rather than spoke the advocate—"when—where—the name of the village?"

"La Hulpe," said the stranger.

"Great God, I am a murderer!" said S——, as he fell upon the pavement, the blood streaming from his mouth and nose; they lifted him up at once and carried him into the house; but the shock had been too much. The face of the murdered Jean Labarte, as with stupid look, and heavy inexpressive gaze, he stared up from the dock, never left him after; and he passed his remaining days in Charenton a despairing, broken-hearted maniac.

It subsequently came out that poor Labarte, knowing that his master was threatened with an attack, had packed up all he possessed, and set out for Bourdeaux to procure a physician, trusting that from his precaution no mischief could accrue in the meanwhile—one razor was unfortunately forgotten, and gave rise to all the circumstances we have mentioned.

CHAP. V.—THE POLICE AND THE LIVRE NOIR.

How little do we know—most happily for us—in England, by the word police, of what is meant by the same phrase in France? With us a certain mixed and confused notion is formed of sundry old gentlemen called magistrates, presiding in very dusty and pestilential dens, assisted by various emissaries in blue uniform, with enigmatical letters on their collars, engaged in transmitting vagabonds to their parish, and sending artful dodgers to the house of correction, their highest function being a brow-beating committal to the tread-mill, or a panegyric upon their own merciful leniency in pardoning a pickpocket. This, with an occasional dry, judicial jest—for as Mr. Weller would observe, “they have very nice notions of fun”—constitute at once their duty and delight. Long may they enjoy such pleasing pursuits, say we with all our hearts, and still longer may they live in all practical ignorance of the more complicated engine which our neighbours *outré mer* have called by the same name—police.

The preventive system which is carried on in France against crime, wonderfully reminds us of the treatment so profitably practised by the late St. John Long upon his patients: taking it always for granted, that there was something wrong in your constitution, he “established a raw” upon your back to get rid of it: if you *were* afflicted with any malady, then he pronounced the application indispensable to your cure; if you were not, why then the more luck yours. This is precisely what takes place in France; your house may be searched, your papers ransacked, your very pockets scrutinized as evidences of some imputed offence against the laws; and all the satisfaction you get on proving your innocence is “*ce’est tant mieux pour vous.*”

Read the accounts of the inquisition in Spain, study the records of the “Heilige Wehne” in Germany, and I defy you to point out a more iniquitous system in either than that which now exists in the police of many continental countries.

When using the phrase police, we would expressly stipulate that we mean not thereby that lazy and inefficient appanage to every city and town abroad, who, under the direction of the municipal authorities, parade the streets in cocked hats and broad

swords, under the pretence of preserving the peace; but who, upon every occasion of riot or disturbance, are seen flying from the spot with a valour of which discretion is the strongest feature. Bless their hearts, they are as little warlike as a battle-axe guard, or a college porter, and a terror to none except some vagrant urchin who strays from his nurse’s guidance to cross a plot in the Tuilleries garden, or [the park in Bruxelles.

No, no—what we mean is very different, indeed; and as in the Austrian states, there are two species of coinage denominated by the same name *florin*, one of which is worth about two shillings sterling, and the other eight pence, so on the continent, and pretty much with the same intent, are these two orders of the government called by the one word police. “I can see nothing to grumble at in the police of France,” says a newly arrived traveller to a French *table d’hôte* acquaintance, alluding of course to the innocuous tribe we have mentioned. The other eyes him with subtlety, and assents; he himself being an “Agent de la police” in coloured clothes, who dines in public every day, mingling in the conversation, grumbling at the government, condemning the ministry, and enacting a species of foreign Joe Hume to entrap some single-minded and inexperienced traveller into some expression of his opinions, which, if once pronounced unfavourable, or even suspicious, he gets a private hint from the *Ministre de la police* that he had better have kept his politics for England, and that his passport is waiting for him to leave the country in twenty-four hours. Such, perhaps, is all fair and reasonable; at least there are persons who insist, that as we are only guests in a foreign country, we should rigorously abstain from disturbing the economy of our host’s household; and in this we perfectly agree; we only see any thing reprehensible in the means adopted for detecting, in some cases, creating, the expressions complained of.

These secret agents of the police are a large body in a continental state culled from every rank and walk in life, and exercising with this their hidden “*metier*,” different trades, professions, and occupations; sometimes the agent is a mere “*flaneur*,” keeping his cab, living at a first-rate hotel, drinking

champagne every day most ostentatiously at his table d'hôte, which, be it observed en passant, is an almost invariable mark of bad taste, rarely practised except by inferior Englishmen, and every Russian calling himself Count, and waited upon by a servant in a grotesque livery of green, gold, scarlet, and blue, which is thought by his master to be strictly English, and "en jockey."

This person is usually accredited by certain introductions, and obtains a kind of a half admission into society, where he at once, by the instinct of his caste, singles out his victims, cheats them at play for his own amusement, and entraps them in politics for that of his government.

This is a very frequent species of the tribe; but there is no trade nor calling that he may not profess; he is a newspaper editor, a Jew money-lender, the croupier at a gambling-house, the conducteur of a diligence, and perhaps most frequently of all the spy of the government is the danseuse at the opera.

It is said by those who know or should know these matters well, that there is scarcely a figurante in the ballet that is not salaried by the police. Whether this be so or not we cannot affirm; but an anecdote we have heard of one of that class greatly disposes us to speak with all leniency of them.

It was during the empire that the General G., chef de division, and aide-camp to Napoleon, became suspected of carrying on an intrigue with Austria. Fouché had long watched him, but without obtaining the least clue which might establish his suspicions. The general was a Saxon of grave and retired habits, mixing little in society, and having but few intimates, therefore there was great difficulty in securing his confidence. It was observed, however, that a little Saxon girl that danced at the ballet at the opera attracted much of his attention; she was at once brought forward, and being instructed in her part, was told how to interest the general in her behalf by the ties of "Faterland," so strong with every German. The plan succeeded, and she became his mistress. Napoleon, who had watched the progress of the intrigue with some impatience, at once expected the fruits and was greatly disappointed at not immediately obtaining the information he desired. The deliberate caution of Fouché wearied and disgusted him,

and tired of suspecting a man he saw daily about his person, he dismissed him abruptly from his staff, and ordered him to leave Paris in forty hours.

The general, who had no conception of the snares by which he was surrounded, was horror-struck at the news, but at once prepared to set out, and proceeded to take leave of his friends. Great was he surprised to find that by no one was his misfortune more felt than by Stephanie, who at once resolved to accompany him into exile, and share his lowered fortune wherever he went. This from one of her class was a sacrifice he never looked for; and amid all his affliction comforted and sustained him. That night they set out for Geneva.

This was the moment that Fouché had long looked forward to, when, in disgrace and exile, separated from his friends, removed from all observation, the general would surely betray himself if he were really guilty, and with this intention Stephanie was engaged to accompany him to watch all his movements, observe his very slightest expressions, and report by every post to the minister the events of each day; for months long Stephanie had little else to tell than that the general spent whole days in his study writing, that he saw no one, and that he left the house rarely at all.

Fouché himself at last, grown weary of the slow progress of discovery, and the time being at hand at which it could alone prove valuable, determined upon a last great effort; he wrote to Stephanie herself, inclosing her a paquet of keys, by which any lock could be opened, desired her to secure all the general's papers and letters, and start for Paris immediately; to stimulate her zeal he also sent a long promised, and by her eagerly desired present, "a diamond aigrette" of the value of three thousand francs. Think of the feelings of the poor danseuse as she looked upon her prize. What were all the false glitter of the gems of the "property room" when compared with the rich lustre of the oriental stone. She placed it before her, and as she gazed, thought over in her mind the triumph such a possession would ensure her over her less favoured rivals; she placed it upon her bosom and felt her heart beat more proudly beneath; her cheek glowed, her eyes filled with tears of delight, then suddenly growing pale as death she paused for a moment, and snatching up the etui and the letter

she ran to the chamber where the general was writing, burst open his door, and holding out the packet in her hand, fell senseless and fainting at his feet.

That same post brought a letter from the general to the minister of war demanding his "*retraite*;" and the week after saw him on his way to Dresden, with his wife, for he had married Stephane, where he has ever since lived in a happy retirement.

* * *

The idea of that *imperium in imperio*—a police within a police—originated with Fouché, who selected for his agents men of high families but ruined fortunes. The description which Salust has given us of Cataline can alone convey a just idea of the bribery by which men were seduced from the path of honour and virtue to crime and infamy. Was a young man ruined at play, his resource was ready: the alternative to suicide was to sell himself to Fouché—was a rich man bankrupt in a great speculation, Fouché would engage him—were any man's tastes and habits more costly than his means to procure them, an occasional interview with the minister of police—a conversation he had listened to repeated—a private letter shown, and his credit rose once more at his bankers. From the prince to the beggar there was no safety. The guest at your table—the servant behind your chair, were frequently but spies upon your conduct.

Let us now turn to another feature of this state engine. And here we would ask a question of you—Have you ever heard of the "*LIVRE NOIR*?" We might almost anticipate your answer. Few of even the travelled—scarcely any of those who have not travelled—know of its existence. Let us, then, explain.

In the bureau of the secret police, guarded from all human eyes but those of the minister himself or his député, in whose charge it is, lies a massive and padlocked volume, whose contents, if known, would thrill the blood and pale the cheek of even the most pampered votary of romance. What would be all the horrors of Balsac, or Victor Hugo, or Hoffman, or Maturin, when compared with the narratives writ upon those pages? What all the highly wrought and much laboured stories which human talent or genius have ever devised and planned, when

placed beside the short and stunning annals of crime and misery, vice, misfortune, and condemnation that dreadful book could lay bare?

The *Livre Noir* is the registry of the lives of criminals, from the cradle to the grave—from the child conceived in sin to the suicide taken in the "*feûts de St. Cloud*," or exposed upon the table at la Morgue. His every incident is there—from his first step in iniquity to his second—from his early chastisement to his severer punishment—from the trifling offence to the graver crime, all is registered; and his foot-track can be traced as he went on from the penitentiary to the prison—from the prison to the galleys—from the galleys to the guillotine; or suppose repentance to have seized him, and that he resolve to "*sin no more*"—it matters not. The deed which perhaps rashness or poverty suggested, is stamped indelibly upon the inexorable page; and the brand upon his brow bears no more damning evidence of his crime than four brief lines of a pen. Conceive, if you can, any thing more horrible than this. Fiction cannot exaggerate—imagination cannot exceed it; and yet in the city, where it is boasted civilization holds paramount sway, this still exists. But the mischief ends not here. All are inscribed herein—natives, strangers, the sojourner for a week, the passer through for a day—their every action, their intentions, their plans. Walk if you will, with a port erect and bosom high, proud in your personal liberty; but not a stir you give, not a whisper you breathe, but is noted and chronicled here, to be referred to and brought forward whenever suspicion may attach to you. Then is the page turned to—the finger points to the passage, and your condemnation follows. The peace, the fortune, the honour of the first houses in France are dependent upon the secrecy of these pages—to open it were to spread a civil war through the land.

Let us draw from the store of one of the cleverest tale writers of the day some of the extracts by which he illustrates this terrific volume, which will convey a clearer notion of it than any description, however laboured:

"La Comtesse D'Abeille, in every society; deep in the Greek loan, and several companies of insurance; has issued six hundred thousand francs of false money—protected by Prince S—."

"Madame Antoine de Vieux Preal—goes every year to the waters of Barege with her confessor and her doctor; madame in perfect health; is in league with Spain; her confessor is a gend'arme of King Ferdinand, her doctor a monk.

"Marquis de Audelaure—well received at court; spirited, clever, and agreeable; spy of the Emperor of Russia; spared because he is more useful than otherwise; all his letters from Russia opened before they reach him.

"Aygimaine, chief of an emigré club, who pass all their evenings since '92 in devising 'infernal machines;' they are twenty-eight in number, of whom fourteen are agents of the police; not worth the cost of the superintendence.

"Beigh, a foreigner who counterfeits perfectly the air, look, and attitude of Napoleon; he affects to have made his escape from St. Helena, and is now organising a conspiracy among the students; he derives his means from the police; but as being a stranger, he requires watching; the

duty is performed by a false Dauphine, whom he watches in his turn; thus the two aspirants for the crown are mutual spies on each other.

"Camille, seduced at sixteen; Maquise at eighteen; at twenty died at the Bicetre.

"Catherine, surnamed the pretty-armed, seduced at twelve; crowned the 'rosiere' at fifteen; died at Poisy at twenty-five, in the 'Maison de force.'

"Celeste (the 'prude') sold by her mother to an Englishman; changed afterwards for an Irish horse; now dame de Compagnie at Frescati, and a baronne.

"Carl Bac, the printer of 'Les Gueux'—his press concealed in an arch of the Pont de Jena; the papers in a pump at the Isle de Louviers; now printing a song against M. Mole, written by the prefect of the police; wait till June, and then condemn him to the Bagnes de Brest."

Such is the "LIVRE NOIR" of the French capital. Long may it be the only city where such a record is found.

CHAP. VI.—ENGLISH MINISTERS ABROAD—TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS.

WITH your good permission, my dear reader, we shall leave Paris for the present. The sun upon the Boulevards this morning reminded us of Jamaica; the ices at the Café de Paris are at 30 degrees of Rauma; the theatres are like ovens; the restaurants like furnaces—there is, therefore, no time to be lost ere we get on the road.

Which way will you go—to us it is perfectly alike—we are equally prepared to be your guide to the waterfall of Trollhatten, or the cascade of Tivoli—from "Indus to the Pole," we are yours; whether your taste be with the worthy old lady, converted by the "Tonga Missionaries" to "eat a roast child," or, on the other hand, to sip your pekoe on the wall of China, command us and we are ready to obey. If, however, less ambitious in your views, you are satisfied with a summer ramble, let me book you for a place in our coupé, and we'll start for the Rhine to-morrow. Now then for a passport.

Apropos of passports—what good-tempered men Lord Palmerston must pick out for our English ministers abroad. We have seen and heard much of them, and can with safe con-

science aver, that a more pains-taking, long-suffering class does not exist. It may seem at first a little strange, that I should thus characterize men whose most ostensible duties would appear to be the possession of some thousands per annum, and a very enviable position in society; but then please to recollect for a moment the annoyances and *disagremens* to which they are daily, hourly, and half-hourly subjected during the entire six months of every year, when England pours forth upon the continent its myriads of tourists and travellers. The impertinent curiosity of some, the offensive and pushing vulgarity of others, the troublesome selfishness of all, have but one rest, or one outlet—the British Ambassador. He, poor man, is a kind of safety valve for every imaginable explosion. If the traveller, utterly ignorant as he in nine cases out of ten is, of the language of the country he travels in, lose his way, or his portmanteau, he deems it an international question, and expects redress from his minister. Is he charged too much at his table d'hôte, the ambassador shall hear of it is his immediate remark, and he keeps his word. While if on the other

hand, not content with passive endurance, he sports the habits of St. James's, and the customs of the west end, and amuse his leisure hours by smashing lamps, beating waiters, and wrenching off door bells—he is wonderfully surprised and scandalized that his minister is not prepared to back him in such peaceable amusements, and rescue him from every consequence of his offences. Think, then, for a moment, what must be the qualifications of the man who represents our sovereign or our government at a foreign court.

In the first place, his position as envoy for so great a nation involves duties, and requires capacity of a high order. Of these we shall not at present stop to speak; but let us regard him in his relation with his countrymen. His mornings are spent returning calls and paying visits to all that interminable tribe of travellers, who, driven by some frightful disease peculiar to our country, can never exist at home. There are sentimental tourists, who must visit every spot, and see every monument upon which they can string a sonnet, or insert a rhapsody. Court-hunting travellers, who, without any pretensions to be admitted into society at home, deem it a right to be immediately presented at a foreign court, and dun their ambassador for a dinner. Poor-law and education commissioner travellers, eager for reports upon the dietary of a work-house, or the number of urchins daily flogged at the national schools. Vertuosi travellers, who are determined to pick up Vandykes for thirty shillings, and Correggios for a crown. Sickly travellers, who mistake the ambassador for their physician, and state the case of their liver to him every morning of their stay. Idle travellers—a large class—without any object or butt, who, feeling *ennuyé à la mort*, esteem it a duty to waste their tediousness upon others. These are but a few of the peculiarities which distinguish our amiable countrymen and women, as seen abroad; and, generally speaking, your regular traveller is a compound of all the preceding. Well, then, conceive a daily levee of this incongruous mass, all expecting attentions and civilities, dinners, balls, breakfasts, soirees, concerts, introductions, theatre tickets, horses, carriages, and daily visits—not to speak of the innkeepers who are to be abused, the couriers scolded, the post-masters corrected, and foreign cus-

toms to be apologised for—and all this by one man, who, Mr. Hume, will tell you, is a lazy sinecurist, preying upon the vitals of the state. Think, too, of the requisites for such a position, and can you conceal your surprise that in all the length and breadth of our favoured land, men are found capable of fulfilling it.

He must be a courtier, a linguist, a connoisseur, conversant with every species of invention, in all its details and working; strong upon statistics rich in reports, able to pronounce upon all, from an antique table to a treaty, from a vol a vent to a Velasque. And such is the man who is thus exposed to all the pitiless pelting of vulgar annoyance from Leadenhall-street and the Minories, and who, under the penalty of being abused from Norway to Naples, must affect good humour under all this insufferable endurance. Would you rather, then, be a “minister plenipotentiary,” or his not only nominal but virtual antipode, an “independent” one?

Let us draw breath for a moment, for we confess this canter has “blown” us—; and having said this much of our representatives, add a word on those who misrepresent our nation abroad. The old school of English travelling is completely superseded by something far more offensive. Formerly one only felt amused at the eccentric nationality of the man who came abroad only to rail at and abuse all he saw and heard, and institute comparisons always favourable to his own country. The Englishman that we once met at Versailles, and who good-naturedly informed us, “that the French were a stupid people; for although he had been eight years living in the same hotel, not one of the family could speak English,” afforded us immense pleasure. The cool *insouciance* with which he overlooked the fact that he had not acquired any knowledge of French in that time, was a beautifully national trait. But now our traveller would be found with nearly as much ignorance, but an infinity of pretension, taking his unintelligible French to every body, upon every occasion, even when they understand his own language equally well with himself. There is this essential difference between the English traveller of five and twenty years ago and the present day. The former vented all his ill-temper upon every thing which differed from his habits at

home—the latter, having picked up some crude and corrupt notions of the continent, evidences his having travelled, by abusing all that is English.

The *genre* of the English resident abroad may be generally guessed at very closely by the place he has chosen to pitch his tent. At Boulogne, it is the fear of the fleet, and her majesty's writs have recommended his abiding place—at Caen, he is an economist, passing rich with two hundred pounds per year—eating veal for eight months per annum, and seriously in danger of being eaten by wolves in the remaining four—at Bruxelles, the education of his children, so very cheap, and the many comforts of his own country so readily met with, are his inducements—at Paris, pleasure, play, and dissipation of every sort, with that greatest of all advantages, the power of doing as you like, unwatched and unobserved, are the recommendations—at Nice, the climate—in Switzerland, the scenery—in Dresden, the cheapness—in Munich, the stupidity—for even of this there are votaries—at Florence, Rome, and Naples, the fashion. At Boulogne the traveller wears a green Newmarket cut coat, a loose neckcloth, and shepherd's plaid trowsers—smokes in

the streets, stares at ladies, plays billiards all the morning, and dines at the table d'hôte of the Hotel du Nord, where he has very much the air of being proprietor. At Caen he is a middle aged man, in a blue frock, tightly buttoned—a military cut whisker, and a thirty-two inch stride, that bespeaks the parade and the drill. He may be always met with at the market, about six o'clock in the morning, cheapening fish or bargaining for a melon. At Chamouni he wears a shooting jacket, with forty pockets, carries an Alpine stick, and a botanical box on his back, and tries to jaudle like the Tyrolese. At Nice he has a cough, a pony carriage, and a doctor. In Paris a cab, a liason, and a box at les Italiens. Such are a very few of the chamelion traits of the English abroad, as seen from without. In their "vie intime" we shall look at them hereafter.

In our next we shall take you up the Rhine, and we have already engaged apartments for you at Baden for August, where, under our safe guidance, you may walk fearlessly amid the more than St. Anthony temptations of lively intrigantes and most fashionable swindlers.

GERMANY, BOHEMIA, AND HUNGARY.*

IN whatever view, literary, political, or religious, the present position of Europe may be regarded, there undoubtedly is no country in the condition of which we Britons are more interested than Germany. France—our antipodes in literature and religion—ever hitherto our political foe, and never more so in feeling or more likely to become so actively than at the present moment; Russia, in literature and religion thoroughly barbarous, with political interests and aims adverse to the independence of all other governments, and to none more than ours—there remains this vast but ill-united empire, whose literature is the offspring of our own, which was the cradle of our Protestantism, which has the same political

foes as ourselves, and with whose true political interests ours are identified. Whatever may be the result of that momentous conflict of opinions where-with Christendom now shakes to its very centre—by the ruin of Germany our strength must be diminished—in her true prosperity ours must find additional security. While the curiosity of an inquisitive age could hardly permit our neglect of the most extensive and fairest portion of civilized Europe, our interest ought naturally to enhance the anxiety with which our inquiries are prosecuted.

It is so much of course, now-a-days, that every one should make the modern grand tour—should take a view of Germany from the deck of a Rhine

* Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, visited in 1837. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. 3 vols. London: J. W. Parker. 1839.

Germany—the Spirit of her History, Literature, Social Condition, and National Economy. Illustrated by reference to her Physical, Moral, and Political Statistics, and by comparison with other countries. By Bisset Hawkins, M.D. Oxon. London: J. W. Parker. 1838.

steam boat—of France from the *coupe* of a Geneva diligence—and all within the compass of one summer; it is so much of course that a moiety at least of these tourists should publish the "Elegant Extracts" of their notebooks in one or other, or all of the approved forms—"Prose, verse, and epistles," that the quality of information concerning Germany is a thing much more to be desired than the quantity. We speak of such information as is accessible to general readers who may neither have the means or inclination of consulting books in a foreign language, or of the graver and therefore duller kind.

The name of Mr. Gleig will naturally attract the majority of those readers who seek to be entertained. They will not, we think, find themselves disappointed; and with the entertainment they will also find combined no small mass of important information in an agreeable shape and in general of sound and wholesome digestion. It must, indeed, be admitted, that Mr. Gleig's experience in book-making has not been wholly thrown away; we have long descriptions of magnificent scenery, grand panoramas, splendid dioramas, and so forth on every fourth or fifth page. We have a narrative of the campaign of 1813, a history of the Calixtine controversy, with here and there a spell of legendary lore; and finally, we are told that which every guide-book will tell by the way of not being told it, because it is what every guide-book will tell. Once, however, admit the necessity of manufacturing three volumes, and the certainty, for certainty it is, that three volumes could not, under the circumstances, be otherwise manufactured; and we have only reason to be thankful, that the artist is one capable of making the inevitable evil as light as may be, of causing dullness to be less dull, and infusing some interest into a thrice told-tale.

Mr. Gleig having sailed with his wife and family from London to Hamburg, on the 31st of March, 1837, crossed the Prussian frontier on his route to Berlin, on the 8th of April.

"From the instant that our carriage-wheels touched the soil, of which the black eagle that surmounts an obelisk of granite seems to be the guardian, we felt as if we had entered upon a new state of society. The villages through which we passed were all of them neat and clean

—the towns bustling and prosperous. Every where new buildings were in progress. We felt, indeed, that we were in a land where the government was strong, for soldiers and revenue-officers swarmed round us; but we saw likewise that the strength of the government was exerted, to promote what it believed to be the best interests of the people. From the border-line of Prussia all the way to the capital, and from the capital till you touch the border-line again, there is no such thing as languor in any department. Fields admirably tilled bespeak an industrious peasantry, shops well supplied and well frequented, testify to the presence of a spirit of commerce; nay, the very excess of uniforms, though at first it may startle, if it fail to offend, the English traveller, is not without its influence in commanding at least his respect. He sees that the country is not only great and prosperous, but that its rulers are determined to keep it so."

In common with all other travellers, Mr. Gleig is much struck with the magnificent appearance of Berlin. A more intimate acquaintance, however, does not realize the anticipation which the first appearance has excited. A city not gradually increasing with the increase of its population, or adapted in its varied forms to the varied purposes of human life by the combined experience and taste of those who need its accommodations; but rising as if by magic at the command of a despot on an area limited by the will of One, and after a plan devised by One's imagination, can hardly be supposed to exhibit that "busy hum of men," which, in the towered cities of older growth, seems to make the life that reigns there almost an attribute of the very buildings themselves; or to excite those numberless associations which enable the artificial beauty of a town to hold equal sway in many a mind with the simple beauty of nature. The city of Berlin, indeed, with its splendid edifices, its military regularity and dreary magnificence, seems no unapt symbol of the Prussian government itself, the most perfect specimen of a civilized despotism which perhaps ever existed.

"There can be no doubt whatever that Prussia presents, in all its departments, the visible marks of what is called generally, and perhaps justly, a well-regulated state. Its government, though strong, is rarely oppressive; that is to say, the amount of practical liberty enjoyed by the subject is as great as men need desire.

No human being is restricted from going to and fro at pleasure; for the passport which is necessary to bear him harmless with the police, the authorities never refuse, unless the party applying for it be known as a mischievous character. The privacy of no man's house is ever wantonly invaded. Whatever the bent of his genius may be, each citizen is free to indulge it, so long as the community takes no hurt from its indulgence; and life and property are every where as secure as an efficient police can make them. Moreover there no longer exists that odious line of demarcation between the man of noble birth and the plebeian, which, at a date not very distant, restricted the enjoyment of offices of honour and trust exclusively to the former class. The mechanic, by dint of industry and skill, may now raise himself to distinction; the merchant may purchase land; the boor may attain to rank in the army; governments, secretaryships, the administration of departments, judgeships, ay, and a share in the king's confidence and councils, all are open to be competed for by talent, and integrity, and zeal. I do not mean to say that, in point of fact, the nobles do not continue to engross by far the larger share of these preferments. It is quite natural that they should. But the theory of the constitution recognises no such generic difference between the noble and the peasant, as that the latter should be cut off from all hope of prizes which lie within the reach of the former—though the noble in Prussia, just as in England and elsewhere, enjoys advantages in the race, which, in nine cases out of ten, enable him to leave his more humbly-born competitor behind.

"Again, the anxiety of the ruler to diffuse intelligence through all orders and degrees of his subjects, is striking and praiseworthy. The people are not only encouraged but compelled to send their children to the schools, with one of which each parish is provided; and the slightest irregularity of attendance on the part of the pupils is sure to bring down punishment on their parents. Nor is it to the conferring of the mere elementary branches of education—to the care with which it is provided that no Prussian shall lack the opportunity of learning to read, and write, and keep accounts—that the attention of the government is restricted. The capital, at least, contains seminaries in which young men are gratuitously instructed in the principles of the art or trade which they design to follow; and the results are, that in many mechanical operations, particularly in the casting of iron, modelling, and such like, they have attained in Berlin to a degree of excellence

which we shall scarcely find equalled elsewhere.

"In all this we perceive the exact intermixture of liberality and arbitrary power, which we might expect to find in the proceedings of a government, anxious, indeed, to promote the well-being of its subjects of every class, yet nowise disposed to abate one jot of its own claim to unlimited and unquestioning obedience. Knowledge, for example, is not only rendered accessible, but it is forced upon the people; they must learn something, because it is the will of their rulers that they should not be wholly ignorant. But while the law interferes only so far as to render the acquisition of the humblest species of lore obligatory, the munificence of the monarch affords every conceivable facility to such as may desire to prosecute their researches further. In the *Gewerbe Schule* and Architectural Academy, the ambitious mechanic will find ample means of gratifying his thirst for improvement; in the University the means and appliances of study have been afforded, without any regard to expense. The collections in botany and mineralogy, the anatomical preparations, the museum of natural history, and the zoological specimens, are all perfect in their degree, and all stand open to the inspection of the students. And as these various helps and aids to learning would be useless, were competent masters wanting to direct the studies of the youth, so no efforts have been spared to bring together such a body of professors as should ensure to Berlin the distinction, which she actually enjoys, of taking rank, though the youngest, at the very head of the German universities."

Again—

"In the regulations which affect men's civil callings and professions, in the administration of justice, in the management of commerce, the most prying eye will fail to discover in Prussia the slightest bias in favour either of classes or of individuals. Some of these regulations may appear to us impolitic; others, perhaps, ludicrously absurd; but there is nothing in them which can convict the government of a disposition to deal loosely with the rule of right. For example, whatever walk of civil life a man may desire to follow, it is necessary that he should obtain a license, and he pays for it, on a classified scale, a fixed annual tribute to the government. We may smile, if we please, when we are told, that the physician, the notary, the carpenter, the slop-seller, the butcher, the brewer, the baker, and the vendor of drugs, are all, like hawkers and pedlars among themselves, required to take out licenses. We may come to the

conclusion, that in abolishing the system of guilds, it would have been more wise, as well as more liberal, to have done so absolutely, than to supplant it by a device so clumsy as the present. Still, nothing can be charged against the impartiality of the government, which takes every species of civil occupation alike under its care, and causes the member of a liberal profession to be registered, and certificated, and licensed, with the very same strictness which it applies to the worker in a common trade.

"Nothing can be more pure, nothing more free even from the stain of suspicion, than the administration of justice, whether in criminal or civil cases, throughout Prussia. Among the provincial judges and magistrates there may be, here and there, a deficiency of intelligence; for the provincial judges and magistrates are elected by the people, and hold office for three years only. But against their integrity I never heard that a charge was brought, or that their behaviour, in any case, laid them open to it. In Berlin, on the other hand, we find not only a thorough acquaintance with the law, but an immoveable purpose to be guided by it in all their decisions. And though the appointments there emanate directly from the crown, and are known to be revokable at the will of the minister, it does not appear that this consideration has the smallest effect upon the minds of the persons holding them. The fact, indeed, is, that in Prussia, as well as in England, it must ever be the policy of the government to keep the great stream of justice undisturbed. Cases may, perhaps, occur in both countries, where an arbitrary monarch or minister might desire to crush an enemy, or obtain possession of an estate; but these, in the nature of things, must be of rare occurrence; and for their occurrence, in the adjustment of a matter so important, no provision can be made. He would be a very foolish, as well as a very wicked prince, who could wish to see the judgment-seat filled, except by persons proof against the influence, as well of intimidation as of bribery. Of the exact amount of salaries awarded either to the supreme or the inferior judges, I cannot speak. I only know that the former are paid out of the treasury, while the latter derive their emoluments from the rents of the borough lands.

"It will be distinctly understood that in thus eulogizing the Prussian courts of justice, I speak only of those which take cognizance of cases in which politics are nowise mixed up. For political offenders I am afraid that there is not in Prussia, more than in other absolute monarchies,

any law whatever. He who is suspected of plotting against the government—he who is accused of disseminating dangerous opinions, may be, and is, arrested without the pretext of a process; and even if the established tribunals pronounce him guiltless, his release or farther confinement depends on the mere will of the minister. In like manner I offer no opinion as to the working of the Code Napoleon, which still exists in the Rhenish provinces, and is by them warmly admired. But the ordinary tribunals of Prussia Proper are all, as I have stated, free from taint; and as such, command the respect of the people to the full as much as they secure the approbation of a strictly honest sovereign."

We cannot, we confess, perfectly coincide with Mr. Gleig's notion of impartiality, which appears to consist in treating all classes as slaves alike—an impartiality, to conceive which the power of abstraction may, doubtless, be adequate, but certainly by a process not very easy to British minds. Our present business, however, is to be thankful for Mr. Gleig's information, and not to quarrel with his sentiments.

Her military system is that of which Prussia is most proud. Its object is to enforce a certain quantum of military education on all her subjects; and so far it would appear to be perfectly successful. All young men between the ages of 18 and 26 years are liable to be drawn, and all, when drawn, must serve. Each serves for three years, and the discipline maintained during the time of service is at once mild and effective. Mr. Gleig, however—a very competent judge, and who enters into the subject *con amore*—doubts, and it would seem with reason, the probability of making good soldiers within this short period of training. This is a most important consideration in estimating the power and stability of Prussia. Her strength, as that of every despotic government, must be in her army; and if the effect of making all her subjects soldiers be to have none good, then, however submission may be enforced at home, still the only intelligible compensation for domestic slavery—security against foreign foes—is, in point of fact, sacrificed to the procuring that which it, and it alone, can make in any degree desirable.

Mr. Gleig is much inclined to defend the commercial policy of Prussia, which seems to be formed, as far as circumstances will admit, on the enlightened

model of China. She has agreed with several other states of Germany to establish one same scale of duties—to get rid of all intermediate custom-houses—to divide among the states thus united, the accruing profits in proportion to the population of each—and, finally, to impose on manufactured goods imported from abroad a duty far exceeding in amount that which is imposed on a similar species of goods manufactured at home. This, it will be seen, is, in effect, to confine, as far as possible, the consumption of goods to those of home manufacture, and to exclude, as far as possible, those of other nations—at once to deprive the subjects of this union of the benefits of foreign art and foreign enterprise, with all the consequential benefits of foreign intercourse, and to irritate other nations by excluding them from a commerce alike beneficial to themselves and to the states with which it might be holden. This system, Mr. Gleig conceives, is unjust to nobody, and he thinks he has shown this, because it is at least perfectly “impartial” to the states with whom Prussia is confederated, and of those with whom she is not she takes, as she ought to take, no account. We are no friends to what is called a “free trade” under the present circumstances of the world; but we certainly do think that in cases of this kind some regard might be paid to the individuals which compose a state as well as to its government, and some consideration had of those ties which connect the members of all states as members of one family—the human-kind.

Despotism is never so unhappy in its success as when upon its proper principles it seeks to enforce religion and morals upon its subjects. The system of Prussia is of a piece throughout, and there is no one chapter in the whole of Mr. Gleig’s valuable work more important than that on the moral and religious condition of Prussia. The tone of Mr. Gleig’s remarks is, in general, thoroughly and wholesomely British, and honourable alike to his feelings as a Christian and a man. It is well worthy of what, we fear, from the nature of things, it never can have, the honest attention of the friends of what is called ecclesiastical reform and a cheap religion at home—and as worthy of what we trust it will have, the thankful attention of every true friend of the interests of religion and

morality. We shall now give some extracts:—

“I do not wish to represent the Prussian government as in any respect discountenancing religion, or the Prussian people as utterly depraved. I believe, on the contrary, that the wishes of the first are all sound and wholesome, and that the last, considered in the mass, are quite as moral as most of their neighbours that belong to the same great family. Intoxication, for example, is the reverse of frequent among the Prussians, and even the street-quarrels of the lowliest classes generally evaporate in words. But in other respects I do not find that the moral tie holds them with too tight a pressure. I had occasion to inquire of one whose opportunities of judging were excellent, how Berlin and indeed Prussia in general, might in this respect be accounted of? and I received an answer, which I give almost in his own words:—‘Berlin,’ said he, ‘is a scene of constant intrigue. We don’t all drink, we don’t all play—but we all intrigue. From the prince to the peasant, each has his *affaire d’amour* in hand, and we care very little though all the world should know it. Of the rest of Prussia I am less competent to speak; but you will probably find that what takes place in the capital, takes place in the provinces also.’

“Startled by an avowal so candid, I became naturally anxious to ascertain to what causes my friend attributed a state of things, the evils attending which he did not scruple to deplore. In this respect, however, I found him either less willing or less able to be communicative. I hinted at the mischievous tendency of the law of divorce, but he would not agree with me. ‘It was better,’ he said, ‘that every facility should be afforded for the dissolution of the marriage contract, than that persons should live together unhappily.’ I asked, whether there was no principle of religion in the land, to operate as a check upon the indulgence of men’s vicious humours. ‘Oh yes,’ he replied, ‘we are a very religious people. Don’t you see a church in every parish? But our religion takes no heed of such matters as these, and we should soon quarrel with it if it did.’

“‘And your clergy,’ continued I, ‘are they without weight enough to make their example felt, even where their precepts may fail in securing attention?’

“‘Our clergy,’ replied he, with a smile—‘why, yes, they are very excellent people in their way—very good men, without doubt; but really no human being pays the slightest regard either to what they say or what they do.’

"Well, but the gospel on which your religion professes to be founded—is it quite held at nought among you?"

"My answer was another smile, of which I could not, without real pain, stop to analyze the import. He immediately added, however, as if conscious that he was treading upon delicate ground, 'The gospels are by no means slightly estimated among us. We all admit that the code of morals taught in them is perfect—but—but—we don't profess to be guided by it.'"

* * * *

"In Prussia the clergy are universally poor. The living of Spandau, one of the richest in the kingdom, brings in an annual revenue of only two hundred Frederic d'ors, or one hundred and fifty or sixty pounds of our money. In the country places, such is the depressed state of the clergy, that they are obliged, in many instances, to eke out their slender incomes by working in the fields like day-labourers. Again, though the state religion of Prussia be Protestant, (for the distinctions between Lutheran and Calvinist are now forgotten,) such is the liberality of the government, that in parishes where the majority of the inhabitants profess the Romish faith, a Romish priest draws the stipend, and occupies both the church and the glebe-house. Here, then, we have the two great evils already referred to—a clergy universally pauperized, and a state religion not fairly countenanced by the state. What is the consequence?"

"If the Prussian clergy were far more learned than they are—and I am willing to allow that there is a prodigious mass of learning among them—if their habits of life, instead of being those of the reclusive, were, in point of activity and energy, all that their office requires—it seems next to impossible, that, labouring under such palpable disadvantages they should ever acquire the smallest influence within the domestic circles of their parishioners. Cut off by their poverty from associating with the higher classes, and separated from the lower by the superior cultivation of their intellects, they may be eloquent in their pulpits, and able, and even orthodox at their desks, yet produce little effect for good upon the public mind, or the public morals. For it is neither by their preaching, nor by their writing, that the ministers of religion most effectually serve the purpose for which the state provides them with a subsistence. It is in the daily intercourse of life—in the domiciliary visits which they pay to the cottages of the poor—by the tone which they give to general society wherever they join in it, that the best

opportunities are afforded to them of moulding the opinions of those around them, because it is in such situations that they best succeed in earning the respect of their neighbours; and I need not add, that the precepts of religion never carry with them half so much weight as when they come to us from those whom we both know and estimate rightly. But this can never be the case in a country where the political position of the clergy is such, that a noble house would feel itself disgraced, were one of its poorest scions to enter into holy orders; where the emoluments of office are so wretched, and the condition of the pastor so humble, that the very peasants scarce look on the last with respect, or to the first as an object of ambition. It is better, however, to describe in detail, than to go on with a general line of reasoning. The following is a correct sketch of what befell when I paid a visit to the incumbent of a country parish, certainly neither the poorest nor the most secluded within the limits of the Prussian dominions:—

"The parsonage-house stood close to the parish church. It was a straggling, old-fashioned edifice, with a paved court in front, and a garden and orchard behind. The walls were very dingy, and both they and the tiles gave evidence that the hand of repair seldom touched them; and the court-yard was neither clean nor well kept. When I entered, I found two women, one elderly, the other young, feeding some poultry. They were dressed in the humblest style, as if accustomed to such operations, and I naturally concluded that they were the pastor's servants. I was mistaken. The one was his wife, the other his daughter; and as the good man kept no domestic, except a little girl, by them were all the menial offices of the household performed. I entered. German houses, in general, are not what we should call well-furnished; that is to say, you need not expect to find, even in the palaces of the nobility, carpets on the floors, or an air of luxurious ease any where; but this poor man seemed to have hardly any furniture at all. His room—and it was a spacious one—contained a chest of drawers, a small round deal table, a few chairs with wooden seats, and a porcelain stove. He had just finished dinner, for it was one o'clock, and the remains of the feast stood before him; namely, a large basin of the thinnest soup, something which I mistook for suet dumplings, a morsel of bouille done to tatters, and a plate of sour crout. His drink was a mug of beer, and his pipe was already in his mouth. The good man begged me to take a seat, and cheerfully answered such questions as I chose

to put to him. I forget what was the precise value of his benefice: I only remember that it was inconceivably small; yet he assured me that there were many of his brethren poorer than he, and that he was contented. 'For my garden is very productive,' continued he, 'and I am yet strong enough to cultivate it myself.'

"And have you any society at hand?" said I. 'Are your people attentive and kind to you?'

"I have nothing to complain of among the people," replied he; 'they attend church tolerably well, and when I do join them of a Sabbath evening in the public garden, we smoke our pipe very socially together. But we don't see much of one another.'

"I soon found, on pushing my inquiries farther, that the relation between pastor and flock is, in Prussia, a very different affair from what it is among us. Nobody ever thought of applying to the pastor of —, in case of difficulty, for advice. No sick person besought him to visit him or her in sickness; the poor found him not their advocate, nor expected so to find him. The bower-man sent him no little presents—eggs, or poultry, or fruit, in token of attachment. With the great proprietor, one of whom had a schloss in the parish, he held no intercourse; indeed, he was, except in his own family, entirely companionless. Again, it was not his wont, nor the custom of his brethren, except on stated occasions, to catechise the young, or to exhort the aged. He lived, in short, a life of mere routine, and had no inclination to step beyond the circle. How is it possible that a man so circumstanced can have the slightest power to mould the opinions, or lay down rules for the conduct of those around him?

"The errors, then, with which the Prussian government seems to be chargeable are these:—first, that it is not, in the proper acceptation of the term, in alliance with any particular church or creed whatever; and next, that it has not provided for the ministers of religion such a maintenance as the nature of their office requires. For it is beside the question to argue, that if the clergy be poor, they are at least on a level, in that respect, with the members of other professions. It can be no object to the government whether the physician and apothecary shall have influence over the minds of his patients or not, or the lawyer be able to bend them to any given purpose. If the government have a wish in reference to these gentlemen at all, it probably is, that they shall possess neither the inclination nor the will to sway the moral

opinions of the people; but with the clergy the case is different. If they be incapable of accomplishing this end, they are clearly inadequate to perform one of the great purposes for which the state undertakes to maintain them. And I need scarcely add, that men are nowhere so humble-minded as to listen with deference on the most important of all subjects, to the precepts of those whose condition renders all approach to general companionship impossible. Such, however, is precisely the state of things in Prussia; which is the more to be lamented, that the government piques itself on the efforts which it makes to discover latent talent in other walks of life, and to foster and reward it. It is in the church only that no prizes are bestowed, and that no pains are taken to ensure for the work of the ministry, at least, a fair share of the shining and influential genius which everywhere abounds in the community.

"I come now to another class of defects, for the existence and continued operation of which the church, considered as a spiritual body, is entirely responsible. I allude to the absence of all discipline, all controlling power, over the religious opinions of the clergy, such as shall ensure an uniformity of doctrine in the public teaching of those to whom the people are to look for instruction in righteousness. I am not, indeed, ignorant that the doctrines set forth in the Confession of Augsburg, are those to which the Lutheran Church professes to adhere. Neither have I forgotten, that for some time after the Reformation, subscription to that document, as well as to Melancthon's Apology, and the rest of the symbolical books, was required of all candidates for holy orders; while of the labours of the old German divines, distinguished alike by their erudition and their piety, I am not willing to speak, except in terms of profound respect. But besides that the symbolical books were, from the outset, at once too voluminous and too controversial to be rightly used as a confession of faith, the practice of subscribing to them arbitrarily was soon laid aside, and in its room a habit was adopted, which, in point of fact, rendered the act of subscription nugatory. As soon as men were permitted to declare their acceptance of these books, only 'so far as they agreed with Scripture,' the utility of the books themselves, as a test of orthodoxy, ceased to exist; for such qualification clearly left each minister free to believe and to teach whatever his own fancy might dictate. With respect, again, to the Reformed Church, as the other great branch of Protestantism came to be called, it is extremely doubtful whether

any test of orthodoxy was in it at any period applied; but it is certain that for a long while back nothing more has been required of him who offers himself for ordination, than a promise that he will teach the people, according to the Scriptures of God.

Again, though there have been from the outset, in most of the reformed churches, forms appointed for public prayer, and the administration of the sacraments, it has never been the custom to require from the ministers a rigid attention to those forms. Some used them—others did not; and hence, even in the offering up of their devotions, the people were liable to be guided right or wrong, according to the humours or peculiar views of the pastor. Now where there is neither a confession of faith, sanctioned by competent authority, nor a liturgy, according to the spirit of which the worship of the people shall be directed, there is clearly no power any where, of determining what shall, and what shall not, be the doctrine of the church. Bishops, or superintendents, or synods, or ecclesiastical courts, may be competent to restrain or to punish immoral practices in the clergy; but not having any acknowledged standard, according to which opinions may be tried, how can they interfere with men's doctrine? And if in doctrine a church fall away from the simplicity of the gospel, what reason have we to be surprised, if the moral principle become likewise vitiated? I have ventured to assert that Prussia is not a religious and a moral country. Let me remind the reader of certain truths which bear upon the points now under consideration, and he will probably agree with me in thinking, that a different result was not to be expected."

"I hold it to be a mistake of the most melancholy kind to imagine, that by the mere cultivation of their intellectual faculties, you render a people either wiser, or better, or more happy. The first object to be attended to by a ruler surely is, or ought to be, that the people committed to his charge shall have reason to be contented with their condition. And as it belongs to humanity that the great mass of men must, in every age and country, work hard and fare roughly, the education which fails in affording to them such resources as mere learning cannot always bestow, is wanting in the very point where it ought most to give proof of its usefulness. I do not wish to insinuate aught against the righteous intentions of any body; but this much is certain, that the people of Scotland,

for example, are, even in the rural districts, less moral and less happy now than they used to be within my own recollection. Yet education is carried on in Scotland, by means of the parochial schools, far beyond the limits which formerly circumscribed it. Why should such apparent contradiction be? I answer, because it is one thing so to educate as that the poor shall grow up to habits of industry, integrity, and contentment; another, to sharpen their faculties till the edge becomes so fine as to wound the moral principle itself. There may be excess even in education, when applied to masses, the great bulk of whom must eat their bread scantily in the sweat of their brows.

"It is the pleasure of the Prussian government that its subjects shall be universally educated; and the pleasure of the Prussian government is not to be gainsaid. Education is, therefore, as widely diffused through the land as the most enthusiastic believer in the perfectibility of human nature could desire. Of the machinery which is employed in order to effect this end, it is not necessary that I should speak much at large, because M. Cousin's report is in the hands of every body; and, as far as accuracy of detail goes, I have nothing to say against it. But from the inferences which he draws, and the conclusions to which he arrives, I am forced, in many instances, to dissent; and I think that there are signs in the political horizon of Prussia, which go far to justify me in so doing. Let me explain the grounds on which I venture to take so bold a step, even though I be compelled to say, imperfectly, over again what he has already said, and said well, before me.

"It seems to be the design of the Prussian government, that over the intellectual, not less than over the physical energies of the country, its own influence, and none other, shall extend. Accordingly education, which, every where else, takes its tone, more or less, from the bearing of the church by law established, proceeds in Prussia on a principle so purely laic, as well nigh to merit the distinction of being pronounced military. Thus it is the voice of the law, and not the moral influence of the clergy, which, from one extremity of the fabric to the other, sets all the wheels of the machine in motion. The law determines the age at which children shall go to school—the law decides when they shall leave it. The law points out what shall be done at school, from hour to hour and from day to day. The law drives the truant from his idleness under the escort of a policeman, and punishes the parent through

whose carelessness or want of taste the truant may have been encouraged in his bad propensity."

From Berlin Mr. Gleig proceeded through Potsdam to Dresden. Saxony, every one knows, had her revolution after the French fashion in the great revolutionary year 1830—the result of which may be very briefly stated in the complaint, which Mr. Gleig found to be nearly universal, that the people had now three hundred and fifty monarchs to maintain instead of one. Amongst other rights claimed by the sovereign people since this glorious era, is that of choosing their own executioner, and the office seems to be one possessing very peculiar privileges.

"Since 1830 the people claim the right of electing their own executioner; yet such is the force of habit that the son, provided he be duly qualified, is almost always chosen to succeed his father. Once chosen, moreover, the headsman takes rank, in some sort, as a gentleman. He inhabits a house, which, as well as a portion of land, is allotted to him by the department. All horses and cattle that die a natural death within the department become his property; and out of this perquisite he not unfrequently derives more substantial advantages than might be supposed. For the bouerman is entitled, when his horse falls sick, to sell him to the executioner at a stipulated price; that is, provided he judge it more expedient to get rid of a dying animal, for a trifling gain, than to give away the dead carcase for nothing. The process is this: The farmer's horse is taken ill. He believes it will not recover, and having hung on to the last moment, he comes to the conclusion that his wisest course will be to sell it to the headsman. He must remove it, however, for this purpose, to the headsman's paddock. If the animal be strong enough to carry a rider to the gate, the farmer demands, and must receive for it, a dollar. If it be too far gone for this, he leads it to its new owner, and is paid with sixteen groschen. The headsman gains little or nothing in either case, provided the animal die; though he is never the loser, because hide, and heels, and shoes, are always worth a dollar. But the horse sometimes recovers—and then he may sell for fifty dollars an animal which he purchased for one."

The Lutheran Church in Saxony is in much the same condition as that of Prussia, and Mr. Gleig does not speak

more favourably of the religion and morality of the Saxons than of that of their neighbours.

From Dresden Mr. Gleig went through the district known by the name of the Saxon Switzerland to Schandau, where he appears to have fixed the summer quarters of his family, the remainder of his tour being accomplished by himself and his son, a youth of thirteen, and partly on foot. As illustrative of the state of the Saxon Lutheran Church, and the religious feeling of the people, we insert the following description of a Whitsunday passed at Schandau:—

"I will take as my model a communion day—the festival of Whitsunday, which every where throughout Christendom, except among our own dissenters, is religiously observed. At ten o'clock in the morning, the congregation assembles within an edifice, which, from the effect of the first glance round, you might easily mistake for a Roman Catholic place of worship. Towards the east stands the altar, a gorgeously-ornamented pile, with paintings, and statues of angels and saints; and gilding and a crucifix reared above it on the screen behind. The table itself was covered this day with a rich velvet drapery inlaid and fringed with gold; over which, at one corner, was drawn a white damask cloth. Two gilded candlesticks of great size, containing lighted tapers of appropriate dimensions, stood one at each extremity of the table. Two china vases, piled up with all the flowers then in season, came between them, while, more in front, were the chalice, paten, cup, &c., all apparently made of silver-gilt. Moreover, along the walls on either side, rude paintings were set up, of various passages in the life of our Lord or his servants; such as the austere spirits of our Covenanters would have condemned as enticements to idolatry, and which the eye of taste could not behold with any degree of approbation.

"Along the body of the church are arranged rows of open benches, which are all distributed into separate sittings, as each sitting is marked with the name of the individual for whose use it has been set apart. Here the women congregate, without any man being allowed to mix with them; and there they sit in their holiday attire—the heads of the young being bare, the married wearing oddly-shaped caps, but all agreeing in this point, that each carries one, if not more, pocket-handkerchiefs in her hand. A pocket-handkerchief displayed seems, indeed, to be essential to the full-dress of a

Saxon woman of the humbler classes. Meanwhile, the men take possession of the galleries, which are carried round three sides of the building, and arrange themselves upon seats which rise, as in our own churches, like the benches of an amphitheatre, one above another. Not that pews are wholly wanting. Beneath these galleries, and glazed, and set round more like boxes in a theatre than any thing else, are recesses, within which the magnates of the township are accommodated; and where, to do them justice, the burgomaster, the stadtschreiber, the commandant of the jagers, and the other officers of state, seemed, with their wives and families, to join heartily in the celebration of public worship.

"In conducting this, the first thing done is to sing a portion of the Psalms, not from any metrical version, but from the version which is attached to the ordinary service-book. The psalmody is upheld, with might and main, by all of the congregation that have musical voices, and by very many who have not; but here, at least, there was no accompaniment of instruments. By-and-by, the minister, who had not yet made his appearance, came, fresh from his robing-room, in a black Geneva cloak and cap, without removing the latter of which, he bowed reverently before the altar. Then he began to chant, the people continuing silent all the while, and many of them kneeling; till in a few minutes he turned round, and blessed them. The benediction was succeeded by a renewal of the congregational singing, during which the minister disappeared, that he might return, however, when the psalm was ended, and go on with the service. This time, he read some prayers from the service-book, himself standing all the while with his back to the altar; and then moved, while the people sang again, towards the pulpit. From it—for there is no desk—the collect, epistle, and gospel for the day were read, the reading having been prefaced by a brief extemporaneous explanation of the nature of the festival which they had met to celebrate. Last of all, the gospel was taken as a text, and a discourse delivered on the benefits which accrued to the world from the descent of the Holy Spirit; and finally, at its termination, and it did not exceed a quarter of an hour, a concluding hymn was sung.

"Such was the order of the morning service; over and above which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was this day administered, and I remained, of course, as multitudes did besides, who, without partaking, seemed desirous of witnessing the ceremonial. The number of communicants was exceedingly small; they

amounted, in all, to eighteen, and no more; that is, to eight men and ten women, out of a population in the parish of three thousand souls. They advanced by pairs, the men first, and the women following, to the left side of the altar; and having made two or three low obeisances, stood erect. The minister approached with the paten in his hand, and they, holding out their tongues, received each a wafer. This done, they passed round the altar to the rear, leaving the next pair to go through the same ritual; and then, when all had received the wafer, all appeared again, in pairs, to partake of the wine also. When they had drunk, (and the minister held the cup to their lips,) they bowed reverently, and retired.

"We are never fair judges of the solemnity of religious rites which are presented to us for the first time; but I must confess that the whole routine of the Lutheran church struck me as being a good deal deficient in decorum. The people, for example, sit to sing the psalms; and appear to count as much on the noise which they make, as on the melody that arises out of it. One circumstance, however, in the ceremonial of the day, affected me a good deal. For about eight minutes there was a profound silence throughout the building, the minister having exhorted his congregation to seek God in secret prayer; and as they knelt, many of them with their faces sunk in their hands, I could not but feel that I was looking upon a congregation of worshippers. Alas! the delusion did not long continue; but let that pass. Of the minister I can truly say that he seemed much in earnest—a great deal more so, as far as I at least could judge, than the people to whom he addressed himself.

"With this same worthy clergyman I made a point of forming an acquaintance. I found him, like his brother functionary in Prussia, very poor, yet nowise dissatisfied. He had held his benefice three-and-thirty years, and expressed himself abundantly pleased with his parishioners, though a short cross-examination led to the discovery that very little or no familiar intercourse took place between them. When I add that the principal friend and companion of the pastor's daughter was the girl who served us in the capacity of housemaid, the sort of station in society filled by a Saxon country clergyman, will be fully understood. And there will not, I suspect, be required any tedious argument to demonstrate that such a man can have slender influence among his people."

Mr. Gleig describes the Saxon Switzerland with all the feelings of a genuine lover of the picturesque, and with the pen of a practised writer. Descriptions of this kind we do not ourselves pretend to admire very highly, and we are sure that they suffer by being extracted. Take, however, as a specimen of Mr. Gleig's powers in this way the following account of the far-famed Bastei:—

"Let the reader imagine, if he can, a straggling village, running along the foot of a green hill. Through this he passes, and then, by a gradual ascent, he arrives at a spot where the scene all at once changes its character, and there, by an impulse, to analyse which he has neither the power nor the inclination, he is constrained to stand still. He occupies now a sort of projection on the mountain's base, whence he looks forth upon a deep, dark, and wooded basin, around which are gathered a semicircle of rocks, loftier, bolder, and more gigantic in their proportions than any which, even in this land of precipice and cliff, have as yet come under his notice. Unlike the area of the Kuhnstall, however, the basin of the Bastei is narrow in its dimensions; I do not think that its diameter can exceed a thousand yards. But any thing more sublime, any thing more deeply, darkly desolate, it is hard to conceive how even nature herself could produce. The very pines that wave in the abyss look like haunted things; and there are some so completely overshadowed, that the sun's rays never reach them.

"Having gazed upon this wild panorama till he is satisfied, the traveller resumes his progress, and winding continually upwards, is carried, at last, to the summit. The scene which had been grand before, becomes here absolutely terrific, for the Bastei consists of a ridge of serried rocks, which are connected together by wooden bridges, each overhanging a gulf, to look down upon which, without turning giddy, requires almost more than a common share of nerve. Close under these rocks, on one side, is the Elbe, diminished to such a degree, that a boat which lay on the shore seemed like a child's toy, while the noble river himself had dwindled to a very mill-race. On the other side, again, is that dark, deep gorge of which I have already spoken, with here and there a columnar mass projecting out of it; and the tall, graceful pines climbing every where like parasites, till soil even for them fails, and the rock stands forth in its barren magnificence. It is quite impossible that, by description, any idea of such a scene can

be communicated; I doubt whether the pencil, with all its creative powers, might hope to do it justice.

"Over these dizzy platforms we made our way, halting from time to time as each conducted us to some new wonder, till from the very pinnacle of all we looked forth upon a view at once the most extensive and varied which in this land of beauty we had yet obtained. We were now at an elevation of eight hundred feet above the Elbe, and from the brink of a precipice which projects beyond the bed of the river, we beheld a wide plain, which, broken in upon here and there by large columnar masses, gradually lifts itself into an irregular amphitheatre. For, directing your gaze down the course of the stream, the great valley of Dresden is before you, with its waving corn-fields, its quiet villages, and the domes of the fair city projecting from amid a screen of foliage; while you need but to turn round, and a change takes place, the effect of which, to be understood, must be experienced. There cultivation is not, indeed, shut out, but it seems dependent for its very existence on the good pleasure of the countless hills, each of which lifts up his isolated head as if to protect his own domain from insult. And finally, the eye, after delighting itself with these things, ranges far away among the mountains of Bohemia, which, conical and bold, yet woody, and of most graceful formations, leave the imagination nothing to desire."

From Schandau Mr. Gleig, with his son, set out on a pedestrian expedition into Bohemia. For this mode of travelling, at once the most independent and most favourable to minute observation, he appears to be, as well by nature as previous experience, perfectly fitted. It is impossible not to admire the enterprising spirit, singular good temper, and unflinching cheerfulness which seem to have accompanied him throughout—nor is it uninteresting to observe how gradually, and, as it were, unconsciously, the habits of "the subaltern" appear to have returned and mingled with, without degrading the seriousness and sobriety of the Chelsea chaplain. We cannot, of course, pretend to follow Mr. Gleig through all the turns and traverses of a pedestrian tour with the same minuteness as we have attended him hitherto. The remainder of his work will be, we are sure, found the most entertaining part to general readers; but it is as a whole that it will be found so; and we feel that by continuing our extracts at the

same length as hitherto, we should be departing from our own duty—which is to exhibit results—as well as injuring the effect of Mr. Gleig's interesting narrative.

In Bohemia the feudal system, which appears to have existed there in its perfection, has been almost entirely abolished. A species of formal jurisdiction is, indeed, left to the great landowners, attended with no real power, though with considerable expense; while the system in effect substituted is that which constitutes the great engine of despotic governments, and which consists in the exercise of the whole supreme power, through ministers having no common interest with the subjects whom they rule, but, like the inferior officers of an army, mere machines to carry into operation the dictates of the court. The effect for the present is tranquillity; for power, in an age of civilization, cannot, except in extraordinary circumstances, be for any length of time grossly abused; but it is not content or happiness: so much, indeed, the reverse, that Mr. Gleig seems strongly persuaded that the day of "Bohemian regeneration" is not far distant.

In Bohemia, as in all the Austrian provinces, education is under the complete control of the government; and though every where very ample provision appears to be made not only for supplying the people with learning, but for forcing it upon them, the attempt seems not to have issued in either a genuine love of truth among the learned, or in any improvement of morals among the inferior classes.

Bohemia presents the curious contrast of a country which, having been one of the first to contend with indomitable sternness and resolution, against the corruptions and unhallowed power of Rome, has now become thoroughly and contentedly popish. The Austrian government holds, indeed, it would appear, a very strict hand over that branch of the Romish church with which it is connected; and to the toleration enforced throughout the Austrian dominions, as consistent with the authorized operation of the papal hierarchy, Mr. Gleig not obscurely refers those murmurers at home who affect to dread the consequences of the great measure of Roman Catholic emancipation. Mr. Gleig needs to be reminded that this is not the first instance in the history of that long warfare which the papacy has waged with the civil power

in which the latter has succeeded in gaining a temporary superiority. The fact which he has observed, proves that a perfect civil despotism *may*, during its continuance in a state of perfection, keep down the monster with an iron hand; but this subjection can exist only during such continuance, and *we* need not to be told that such continuance is always precarious, and that even if it were not so, it is always undesirable. The experience of ages has shown that nothing but an exercise of force, inconsistent with the genius of a free government, can ever effectually restrain the Roman church where she is allowed any thing beyond a mere toleration. Oaths cannot bind her, treaties cannot bind her—those ties by which other bodies are restrained, she will burst like threads from her arms; and till the locks of might in which this giant trusts have been shorn, there can be no hope of peace or of security.

Mr. Gleig appears to have found the Bohemians of all ranks kind and hospitable in the extreme; they seem to have all the virtues and all the vices of a half-civilized people, except turbulence. There is superstition in its lowest form, with little genuine religion or morality. Their system and implements of agriculture are of the rudest and most primitive kind. The following is an amusing instance of their ignorance of some of the commonest improvements of civilized life. Mr. Gleig and his son carried fishing-tackle with them, and were engaged in their favourite sport on the Iser, near Eisenhammer:—

"In the course of four hours which we devoted to the sport, we caught upwards of ten pounds of trout; the number of fish killed being at the same time only eleven—a clear proof that the Bohemian Iser deserves just as much praise as Sir Humphry Davy, in his charming little book, has bestowed upon its namesake near Munich. But killing the trout constituted by no means the sole amusement which we that day enjoyed. An English fishing-rod and English tackle were objects quite as novel to the good folks of Eisenhammer, as they had been to the citizens of Gabel; and the consequence was, that we had the entire population of the village and hamlets round in our train. And the astonishment of these simple people, first at the machinery, and then at our mode of using it, I have no language to describe. When first I hooked a trout, there was a general rush to the river-side—the movement being

produced, manifestly enough, by alarm lest the line should break; and though the animal was floundering and springing about in twelve feet of water at least, two or three young men could scarcely be restrained from jumping in. But when they saw the monster, and a very large fellow he was, after running away with some fathoms of line, and bending the rod like a willow-wand, gradually lose his strength, and sail reluctantly towards the shore, I really thought they would have gone crazy with delight. They jumped about, swore, and shouted like mad people, and made such a plunge into the shallows, to bring him out, that we had well-nigh lost him. The scene was altogether quite irresistible.

"There was no work performed that day in the iron foundry. Every soul belonging to it, from the superintendent down to the errand-boy, came forth to swell our train; and we walked up the Iser, attended as never Highland chief was, even in the good old times of heritable jurisdictions. Nor was this all. A religious procession, that is to say, a numerous body of peasants from some of the villages near, bound on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James in Starkenbach, happened to descend the hill just as I was playing a fish, and the effect produced upon them was quite as miraculous as could have been brought about by the saint himself. The sound of their psalmody ceased; the crucifix was lowered; and man and woman, boy and maiden, breaking loose from their ranks, flocked down, *en masse*, to ascertain the cause of so strange a phenomenon. I suspect that St. James received but a scanty allowance of worship that evening; at least, I am sure that the number of his votaries became sadly diminished; for when the chant rose again, and the crucifix was uplifted as a signal for moving, the retinue that attended it, came short by at least one-half of that which had followed, with all imaginable decorum, as far as the banks of the Iser."

Mr. Gleig appears to have been greatly struck by the appearance of Prague; but we must refer our readers to the pages in which he has very vividly described the impressions and associations excited in his mind by that time-honoured city. We shall content ourselves with quoting his description of the Jews' Quarter.

"Let the reader imagine to himself, if he can, the effect of a sudden transition from the pomp and splendour of a great capital into a suburb of mean and narrow streets, choked up with the litter of old

rags, broken furniture, and cast-off clothes hung out for sale; where are aged women asleep in their chairs—young ones nursing infants, or, it may be, perfecting their own unfinished toilets; men, squalid and filthy, with long beards, flowing robes, and all the other appurtenances which usually belong to their race; children in a state of nudity; turbaned heads, features thoroughly Oriental; tarnished finery, books, music, and musical instruments, scattered about; every thing, in short, whether animate or inanimate, as entirely in contrast with what you have just left behind, as you might expect to find it, were you transported suddenly into some region of the earth, of the very existence of which you had previously been ignorant. I have passed through the classic regions of St. Giles, the Seven Dials, and Rag Fair. I have gone, in my youth, under the escort of a police officer, the round of all the most degraded corners of London; yet have I never beheld a sight, which, in all that is calculated to bewilder, if not to outrage, the senses, could bear one moment's comparison with what the Juden Stadt brought before me. I confess that the first feeling excited was a vague idea, that to proceed further might compromise our personal safety. Yet I defy any one who has penetrated but a few yards down the passage, to abstain from going on. There is about you, on all sides, an air of novelty, such as it is impossible to resist; and you march forward, wondering, as you move, whether you be awake or in a dream.

"The establishment of a Jewish colony in Prague is said to be coeval with the foundation of the city itself. From age to age moreover, the sons of Israel have inhabited the same quarter—namely, a suburb which, running in part along the margin of the Moldau, is approached from the Alt Stadt, by the street of which I have just spoken. Here dwell they, to the number of eight or ten thousand, in a state of complete isolation from the Christian myriads which surround them, inhabiting flats, and in many cases, single apartments, by whole families; and appearing to rejoice in the filth and neglect to which the Christians have consigned them. The streets in their suburb are all narrow, and mean, and devoid of ornament; the stalls, with the articles which the chapmen expose upon them, are scattered up and down in utter confusion; the shops—mere recesses—have Hebrew inscriptions over them, and the entire population, when I went among them, seemed to be abroad. One building, and one only, does indeed deserve to be visited; I allude to the synagogue, the

oldest of its class, perhaps, in Europe; a strange edifice, above the floor of which the soil has gathered to such a height, that to enter it you are forced to descend a flight of steps. I must endeavour to describe it, though conscious that description must utterly fail to convey a correct idea of the original.

"The Old Synagogue, as it is called, a structure of the twelfth century, is essentially gothic in the leading points of its architecture, but so loaded with Byzantine ornaments as to resemble no other edifice of a similar date which I, at least, have seen in Europe. It is thoroughly Oriental in its character, fantastic in its proportions, and little likely to be mistaken, under any circumstances, for a Christian church. The interior is not less remarkable, whether we look to the productions of the builder's skill, or to the arrangements which have been made for the purposes of worship and study. A lofty vault supported upon three Gothic pillars, which spring from the middle of the area, and meet in pointed arches at the roof, it is lighted only by a range of lancet-shaped windows, which being elevated above the floor to the height of forty or fifty feet, throw down a few broken rays upon your head, just sufficient to render the darkness visible, but not to dispel it. By this uncertain glimmer, you perceive, after a while, that walls, and pillars, and roof, are black with the dust of ages; and that every thing around you bears testimony to the gloomy nature of the reverence which these stubborn Israelites pay to the God who has discarded them. Beneath the arch of the pillars there is a raised platform, where desks and stools are placed for the accommodation of the rabbins, and the pupils who come hither to study the law. At the extremity of the vault stands the altar, the silver candlestick, with its many branches, surmounting it, while from the roof hang seven silver lamps, to 'give light,' according to the divine injunction, 'over against the candlestick.' I exceedingly regretted to find that the day on which I inspected this pile was not a holy season in the *Juden Stadt*. Some doctors and students there were on the platform, whose attention seemed engrossed by the occupation in which they were engaged; and their picturesque dresses, flowing beards, and stubborn and haughty expressions of countenance, accorded well with the localities by which they were surrounded. But the business of prayer was not in progress, and the sacred Book of the Law lay hidden.

"From the Synagogue we passed into the old cemetery, which lies contiguous

to it, and looked round upon a picture of desolation more stern than the dream of the poet has perhaps ever conjured up. Extensive as the plot of ground is, there is not, throughout its compass, one foot of level soil. Graves trodden partially down, pointed grave-stones that are sloping and falling in every direction—these, with a wilderness of alder trees, which, whether planted by the hand of man, or sown by the winds of heaven, overshadow the crumbling tombs, constitute altogether a fitting monument to the desolate condition and broken fortunes of the Hebrew race. Yet may you easily enough distinguish, from the devices that are engraved on each of them, the rank and condition of many of those who sleep beneath these grave-stones. The lion of Judah, the upraised hands of the house of Aaron, the Nazarite's bunch of grapes are all here; while the graves of the rabbins are, as elsewhere, adorned, each with a sort of cenotaph. The Jews have, for some time, ceased to bury in this mass of human dust. It was filled, and filled, till it could contain the bones of no more; and now their dead are carried to a new cemetery, removed a short distance beyond the city walls."

On his return from Bohemia, through Silesia, Mr. Gleig stopped at the celebrated settlement of the United Brethren, or Moravians, at *Hernhut*. He seems to have had little previous knowledge of the history or condition of this interesting people; he seems not to know that they have in England three settlements of some extent, besides one in this country, and congregations in several parts of the united kingdom; he seems to have heard nothing of their almost marvellous missionary exertions, and to be wholly mistaken as to the character of their late ordinary, Count Zinzendorf. We cannot stop to correct his errors—but from the almost invariably unfavourable account of the religious and moral condition of the Germans, which these volumes supply, it is truly pleasant to turn to Mr. Gleig's account of this hallowed spot:—

"*Hernhut*, in every sense of the term, a missionary settlement, offers to the eye of the curious and the reflecting, a spectacle as striking as can well be conceived. Here is no diversity of opinion on religious subjects, no indifference, real or pretended, to religion itself, no postponement of duty to convenience, no deference to police regulations which is not paid to a higher principle. Religion is in *Hernhut*, what

law and custom are elsewhere, the main-spring of people's actions. They work and play, they associate together, or dwell apart, they go out and come in, rise up, and lie down; they perform every office of life strictly, or at least avowedly, under the sanction of the faith of which they are the professors. There may be hypocrisy in all this, though I could discover no traces of it, for human nature is a curious compound at the best; but at least there is a moral courage which commands our unqualified respect, inasmuch as every thing is done without parade, without moroseness, without the utterance of a single expression which can convict them of a desire to be admired of men, far less of undervaluing or mistrusting the motives of others."

* * * *

"The people inhabit a town, cleaner, neater, and in every respect more attractive, than any of a similar size, which I have visited in Germany. They own a considerable tract of country round it, which they cultivate with excellent skill; and they carry on among themselves all manner of trades and professions. Civil magistrates they have none, for the supreme government has not forced such upon them; but their affairs are regulated by a synod, in which all the clergy, with a certain number of lay-elders, have seats. The law, again, to which they profess to pay obedience, is that of God. Whatever contradicts the morality of the gospel is, by them, accounted illegal, and they punish the guilty by spiritual censures, and at last by excommunication. This latter amounts, in fact, to expulsion from the place; for an excommunicated brother or sister finds no one with whom to maintain a correspondence. I found, indeed, by the presence of a gendarme among them, that the government did not leave them absolutely unobserved; but his duty seems to be very light, and his manner is singularly subdued and respectful.

"In this place, remarkable every where, there are one or two points, to which the visitor is conducted, as more than others deserving his attention. Foremost among these are the Broder-house, the Schweister-house, and the Predecher-house—the latter being the name which the Hernhunters think fit to bestow upon their church, or house of public worship. The Broder and Schweister-houses are, as their names denote, asylums, within which a certain number of men and women, members of the church at Hernhut, find shelter. Not that the inmates of these well-regulated abodes are all paupers. On the contrary, you meet in the Schweister-house persons belonging to every

class of life, from the decayed or friendless gentlewoman down to the poor worn-out laundress; and the state of the Broder-house is, in every respect, the same. But one roof covers them all, and though their treatment beneath it may vary a little in regard to the lodging, diet, &c. afforded them, they are treated by one another, as well as by their fellow-religionists who visit them, strictly as brothers and sisters.

When, for example, the portress opened the door of the Schweister-house to us, and found that we were foreigners, she stated that Sister Handman could speak French, and to Sister Handman's apartment we were forthwith conducted, nothing loth to follow. We found it furnished with great taste, and the lady herself, well-bred and intelligent; yet the humblest person in the house called her only *Schweister*, and she did not appear to desire or to look for more.

"The Schweister-house contains one hundred and thirty females, of all ages, from seventy and eighty down to twelve. For the younger members of the community, there is a school, where they are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, French, sewing, embroidery, and music—of all which branches of education, members of the community are the teachers. The elders employ their time a good deal in needle-work, and knitting; chiefly in the fabrication of pretty little articles, such as purses, shirt-collars, tapestry coverings for chairs, work-bags, &c. all of which are sold for the benefit of the institution, to visitors; or sent off from time to time, to London, Berlin, the United States of America, and other places where the Hernhunters have established missionary stations. There, it is said, they obtain ready customers, and the money so earned is faithfully applied to missionary purposes. Of course the more essential, though less elegant departments in the management of a household, are not neglected. Among the sisters, there are matrons, housekeepers, cooks, chamber-maids, scullions, laundresses, and even errand-women—all of them accustomed from their youth to more or less of manual labour, and all supported out of common funds of the institution. Such persons, as well as a large majority of those on whom they attend, pay no board. The Schweister-house is their home; which they are free to quit, however, at pleasure; and they all live on a footing of perfect equality. One large room serves as the common eating-hall; one, which engrosses an entire front of the building, is the dormitory; while a chapel, where there is an altar, sees them assembled every morning to sing a hymn, to the accompaniment of

a harpsichord, and pray with one of the ministers who attends them."

Mr. Gleig's next visit was to their cemetery.

"And truly it would be hard to imagine a spot of earth, within which the enthusiast—ay, and even the man who, without being an enthusiast, has ever so slight a tinge of romance in his nature—would more desire to sleep out that last slumber.

"A sort of oblong square, it is girdled round by a well-trimmed hedge of limes, from which, at intervals, pollarded trees shoot up; while the corners are thickly woven each into a shady arbour, where seats are arranged for the accommodation of the contemplative. It is, however, after you have passed beneath the arch, that the holy quiet of the spot strikes you most forcibly. Laid out with singular good taste into parallelograms, and having the paths which divide them one from another, shaded by limes, it presents to your gaze no confused heap of irregular mounds, overgrown with nettles and other noxious weeds, but well-kept, yet unornamented plains, where, side by side, each covered by a flat stone—the record of their births, and death, and nothing more—the deceased brothers and the sisters of this singular community lie at rest. Even here, however, in the grave-yard of a people studious to preserve, as far as such a thing is possible, the primitive equality of man with man, some distinction is paid to the ashes of the great—not because in their season of mortality these ashes made up a noble family, but because the family in question have been mighty benefactors to the sect. In the centre of a wide road which separates the cemetery into two halves—and on the right of which the males are buried, while the portion on the left is devoted exclusively to women—repose all that was once seen among men of Count Zinzendorf and his kindred, covered over by nine stone tombs, on the elevated lids of which their titles and designations are inscribed. The Count himself, to whom Hernhut owes its prosperity, and in some sort, its character, occupies the central position of all; and he is supported on either hand by the graves of his descendants. Nor will the number of these graves ever be increased. The family of Zinzendorf has become extinct; and no other relics of humanity may hope to be honoured as they were, by the simple, yet reflecting members of the Hernhut community.

"We lingered in this beautiful spot a good half-hour, and quitted it, at the

termination of that period, 'wiser and better men,' at least for the moment. Altogether different from the Père La Chaise, or any other cemetery which I had ever visited before, it struck me as constituting the very beau ideal of a burying ground—grave, yet not severe—neat, yet free from every approach to gaudiness—well kept, yet bearing about it no impress of the hands that trimmed it, and in its situation and arrangements perfect. Here are no clumsy pillars, nor urns, nor sarcophagi, no, nor even crosses. Flowers are utterly unknown, and garlands tabooed. But the arrangement of the pollarded limes, which both surround and intersect the square, is, as it ought to be in such a place, at once formal and appropriate, casting each of the gravel-walks into a pleasant shade, while between them all lies open. With respect, again, to the graves, these are distinguished from the general level of the ground only by the small, flat, heavy stone which is laid over each, and they seem to be about four feet apart from one another."

In order to obtain permission to pass into Hungary, Mr. Gleig found it necessary to proceed to Vienna. In this great capital, however, he spent but one week, and has added nothing to the observations of former tourists. Mr. Gleig represents the sudden change in the appearance of things on approaching the Hungarian frontier as very striking.

"I had been prepared by all that fell from those, who, having themselves penetrated into Hungary, were obliging enough, both in Dresden and at Vienna, to give me hints as to my own proceedings, for a state of things, both animate and inanimate, very different from that which had met me in Germany. I knew that the people were much less civilized than the Germans; and that for one, who proposed to wander as I did, alone, and, wherever it might be possible to do so, on foot, arms might be found convenient, perhaps necessary. Yet I did not expect to see a change so complete, in every point of view, as that which became perceptible even before we passed the frontier. There began to meet us, a little way in advance of Deutsch Altenburgh, troops of those Torpindas, whom, in the ignorance of our hearts, we had, in Bohemia, mistaken for gipseys. There they were, with their hosen and coarse cloaks, their broad sombrero hats, and matted locks, trudging along, in bands of twelve or fourteen and looking up with a

glance of half cunning, half curiosity, from beneath their shaggy eyebrows. By-and-by came herds of cattle, quite different both in colour and form, from any which we had previously encountered; and then pigs—monsters of the first class—whom men, evidently but one degree removed from barbarism, were driving before them. My young companion and I looked first at one another, and then at the pistols and other weapons which hung about our persons; and, as if the thoughts of each had wandered into the same channel, we smiled and said nothing."

In Hungary, and Hungary alone, of all the Austrian provinces, the imperial power has its limits. The Hungarians are fond of likening their constitution to the British, and Mr. Gleig is content to perceive some resemblance. It is the same species of sovereignty which theoretically belongs to the monarch in Britain, that practically belongs to him in Hungary. Hungary, moreover, has her two houses of parliament; one consisting of the higher nobility and prelates, the other, of the lesser nobility and representatives of towns. Little or nothing of importance is, however, really transacted in their assemblies. The government is in fact a sort of feudal aristocracy. Each of the nobles is a sort of sovereign in his own territories, and the likeness is rather to what England was before the civil wars and the abolition of feudal tenures than to what she now is.

The narrative of Mr. Gleig's adventures in Hungary is full of interest as illustrating the genius and character of the people, and the appearance of the country; but further extracts would lead us from our purpose in this article, and we fear that we have already trespassed too long upon the attention of our readers. In spite of all representations of the hazard of such an attempt in this wild and barbarous country, Mr. Gleig more than once had the hardihood to travel for short distances as a pedestrian. On one of these occasions he chanced to come upon a settlement of a curious tribe called *Torpindas*.

"It was a long, but narrow glen, studied at intervals with some twelve or fourteen huts of the most primitive architecture, and laid out, throughout its recess, in fields of rye and buck-wheat. We moved on, and presently a whole troop of dogs rushed barking and furiously towards us: this was not exactly the sort of reception for which we would

have bargained, for even the common sheep-dog of Hungary, and these were nothing more, is a very savage beast; but we put a bold face upon the matter, and levelling our rods kept the enemy at bay. We were not, however, left to maintain, without support, what might have proved in the end so unequal a combat. From the nearest of the huts, several women came forth, and the dogs being called off, we were permitted to move forward. We looked round and round, but saw no men. Women and children there were in abundance, but their fathers and brothers seemed all to be absent; and we came to the conclusion, that chance had conducted us to one of the settlements of the *Torpindas*. We were not deceiving ourselves, this was a *Torpinda* settlement; and in every thing within and around it, in the order of its society, the condition of the individuals of whom it was composed, it agreed entirely with the description which Mr. De Butts had given.

"As was to be expected, we were quite as much objects of curiosity to the inhabitants of that glen, as they could be to us. At first, indeed, they seemed somewhat afraid of us; for after calling off their dogs, they withdrew to their own doors, and continued to stare at us without making any advances towards acquaintanceship. Our gallantry of course took the alarm; and by a variety of signs we endeavoured to convince them, that we came with no hostile intention. The women appeared to understand us, but the children clung about their mothers' knees as we advanced, and the dogs were by no means inclined to deal kindly by us. In spite of the hostile demonstrations of the latter we moved on, and were soon within conversational distance; but alas! conversation, except by gestures, was out of the question. Not a word that we uttered was by them understood, nor were their words one whit more intelligible to us. We were desirous of entering one of the cottages, and accordingly pointed to our mouths as if we had been hungry. The person to whom we addressed ourselves evidently guessed at our meaning; for she turned round and said something in a loud voice which brought to the door another woman a good deal older than herself, and a brief consultation appeared to take place between them. The result was, that they beckoned us to come in, and we passed the threshold.

"The hovel into which we thus introduced ourselves, though very poor and very filthy, was at least equal to many which I have seen, both in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland. The walls, to be sure, were made of the

branches of trees, plastered over with mud; the floor was earth and the roof thatched; but the windows, and there were two, though very small, had glass in them; and there was a fire-place with a chimney at one of the extremities. The furniture consisted of three rude beds, two settles or forms, one longer than the other; a huge chest, and a couple of stools. There were some shelves under the roof, on which stood various articles of crockery, some brown, others a dingy white; and a churn in the far corner seemed to indicate that the occupants kept either cows or goats, and knew how to make butter. That they were rich in milk, was indeed made manifest by the production of a pitcher full; which the younger of the two women placed, with a loaf of black rye bread before us; and both her own manner, and that of her companion, satisfied us that they were not anxious to spare it. We ate and drank a little, rather to gratify them, than because we were in need of refreshment; and were well pleased to observe, that their only wish seemed to be that we would eat and drink more.

"We had observed, while we were conversing by signs in the open air, that there had been a great stir in the settlement. The inmates of every cottage came forth, and now one after another they poured in, till the room was inconveniently crowded with them. We were much amused with the grotesque group before us, and particularly struck with the change which advancing years seemed to make upon the individuals composing it. The children, for example, were generally pretty; dark, indeed, and sallow in their complexions, but healthy-looking. Of the younger women, the appearance of some was tolerable; but all those who had attained to middle age, or passed it, were hideous. Their dresses again, seemed not to vary either in form or material, after they attained to early youth. As infants, and for a few years beyond infancy, only a few rags of coarse linen covered them; as women, whether young or old, they wore short woollen petticoats, jackets of the same, and their hair wrapped up in handkerchiefs; but they were universally squalid and filthy.

"We were amused, as I have already said, by the grotesque groups that faced us; for the children came with their mothers, and old and young appeared animated by the same feeling of eager curiosity to examine us; but a sense of the ridiculous gave place, ere long, to satiety, and we rose to depart. A few small silver coins, which we gave to the younger branches of the family, were accepted

with a lively demonstration of gratitude. I do not believe that such a compensation for the bread and milk was expected; indeed, at one time, I thought that the women would have declined to receive it; but the Torpindas are a money-loving race, and their reluctance, if they really experienced such, to be paid for the hospitality which they had dispensed, was not proof against the glitter of the precious metal. They kissed our hands, by way of thanking us, and we left them."

Having heard much of the military counties which lie between Croatia and Hungary, Mr. Gleig proceeded thither. His account of the singular government of this armed frontier is one of the most curious parts of Mr. Gleig's work. He seems to think it may serve as a hint for the establishment of something similar on our American border; but we fear that it would induce a state of things to which it would be impossible to reconcile British freemen—it might perhaps do for the Yankees.

In passing from these military counties through Croatia to Fiune there occurred the only interruption of a serious kind to which Mr. Gleig was exposed during the entire of his adventurous journey. This adventure, in which we are sorry to say that he was severely injured, has all the attractions of a romance; he appears to have conducted himself with great presence of mind as well as temper, and to have been no way in fault throughout the whole affair.

We close these interesting volumes with feelings of no ordinary concern—the picture which they present of the state of religion and morality throughout Germany is melancholy in the extreme. In an age like this, the stability of such despotisms as Austria and Prussia, the present virtual sovereignties of Germany can never, with all their imposing appearance of power and outward show of efficiency, be counted on for a moment; the very solidity of these baseless fabrics would but precipitate their ruin; but amid the wreck we shall look in vain for those high and sacred principles which can alone enable men to construct and enjoy a system of true liberty. Still as in the season of the great French revolution, Britain, as a nation, is the sole asylum of Christianity and freedom. But even her condition now is not what it then was. In that tremendous conflict which is and is to come, not only can she expect no aid from Protestant Germany, but

even in her own home the literary* and religious schools of that country are exercising a baneful influence; and this influence is felt not only in the exertions of the disciples of Pantheism and Rationalism, but of their antagonist admirers of a romantic Catholicism. The worst danger is to be apprehended from the meeting—no improbable matter—of extremes. With many adaptations to it, the outward paganism of antiquity was never thoroughly connected with her philosophic pantheism; but the paganism of Rome, with all the same adaptations, presents not one of the same obstacles to such a union—a union which could be no otherwise filtier described, than as the last,

worst form of apostacy, "man as God sitting in the temple of God, showing himself to be God." Now, too, we shall look in vain for "the pilot that weathered the storm," for those firm and enlightened statesmen, who, knowing the true interests of the country, and never despairing of her resources, conducted her in triumph to the very summit of renown. How different in every respect our condition now is, we will not pause to say. One hope there is, if as would seem to be the case these countries are still the sole abode of Christian Protestantism, and it be God's will that this shall be preserved, its continuance among us may be a sign that we are to be the instrument of its preservation.

* Mr. Gleig says little of the literature and learned men of Germany. In the other work whose title is appended to this article, and of which we have occasionally made use, the reader will find a quantity of information of every kind concerning Germany, collected apparently from the most authentic sources; and amongst the rest, the substance of the lectures on German literature, delivered by Professor Schlægel, at the university of Bonn.

BURBIDGE'S POEMS.*

We are not among those who consider the advance of science, and rage for physical improvement which characterises the present age, to be inconsistent with the influence of poetry over the public mind. Those who would narrow her dominion to any given set of subjects and materials, have very inadequate ideas of poetry. Like religion, her sphere is every where and every thing; nor is there any state of society to which she cannot adapt herself. The true poets of any age are those whose genius is employed in this adaptation—this extension of the empire of poetry over the new objects and materials, the new phases of society, the new modes of feeling and thinking presented by each successive period. Others may for a time please and amuse, but the only poets who can hope to exercise any permanent influence over mankind are those whose works thus bear the impress of the times in which they were written.

Things are poetical or not, entirely from the manner in which they are treated; and a true poet can, with Midas-touch, convert every thing he handles into poetry. Most "fashionable poets" and writers in ladies'

albums, probably imagine that there are some subjects which belong essentially to poetry, and cannot help being poetical even in their hands. Their productions supply abundant evidence to the contrary. There are images which, though as old as Homer, have always a freshness in the hands of a true poet. If with these such writers have succeeded in sickening us, what does the fact prove, but that such objects do not belong essentially or necessarily to poetry? "A primrose by a river's brim," is "a yellow primrose, and nothing more" to Peter Bell. But though no objects are in themselves poetical, there are scarcely any which are incapable of being made so. Does the reader (in his blindness) imagine railroads to be anti-poetical? Let him purchase a guide to the London and Birmingham railway, lately published by Wyld of Charing-cross, where he is in every page reminded of the "iron-hearted and fire-breathing monster," which is (whenever the traveller approaches a tunnel) "treacherously hurrying us into the gloomy den of some hideous ogre!" But seriously—is there nothing capable of affecting the imagination in the heaving piston of a large steam-engine? We have

* Poems, Longer and Shorter. By Thomas Burbidge, of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Pickering. 1838.

heard it compared to the writhing of some mighty being in torment—the slow movement of intense agony. Is there nothing capable of poetical adoption in steam—that wonderful element of modern civilization—with its whirlwind sound and “cloudy machinery,” alike indefatigable on the seas, on rivers, at the surface, and in the bowels of the earth—which is lifting, carrying, pumping, excavating, weaving, spinning, and printing—which carries a floating palace over the great Atlantic against wind and tide—and of whose powers of abridging time and space we seem only to be beholding the first imperfect developments? Wordsworth, at least, is so far from considering these to be unfit subjects for poetry, that he has expressly welcomed them for that purpose in a sonnet. But it is a common opinion that the discoveries of science are undermining the very ground-word of poetry, by showing to mankind the causes and true natures of many things, the established poetical usage of which originated in some popular misconception. A late number of Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal* contained an article on the Heart, the writer of which being as he imagined, farther-sighted than ordinary mortals, amuses himself with tracing the anticipated triumph of science over poetry; and as a single instance, he collects a number of expressions in which the heart is spoken of as a seat of feeling, all of which, he says, are at once and for ever abolished, now that the heart is known to be nothing more than a “forcing-pump!” Such a matter-of-fact genius had better for the future leave poetry to those who are capable of comprehending it.

The notion scarcely deserves a serious refutation. Are thunder and lightning less grand, because we have some knowledge of the nature of electricity?

“O, painted clouds, sweet darlings of the sky,
How I have loved your motion and your rest!”

is the joyous exclamation of Clare, the Northamptonshire poet. Would he love them the less if he were made acquainted with all the theories of meteorologists? Does Wordsworth's heart the less “leap up when he beholds a rainbow in the sky,” for all the optical formulæ which bemaze the plodding candidate for Cambridge honors? Does an acquaintance with the philosophy of secretions make us feel a drop of dew on a flower, or a tear on a cheek, to be less beautiful? So, then,

ignorance is a higher and more imaginative state than knowledge! Truly if this were so; if science did indeed rob us of all the beauty which God has strewn over his works, it might well be questioned whether the gain were equivalent to the loss; and whether it were not, upon the whole, “folly to be wise.”

The present condition of society in England is one in which the influence of poetry is peculiarly beneficial. We are living in times of busiest excitement, when the hurry of politics, or the exclusive pursuit of science monopolizes many of the noblest minds of the age. Over a large and increasing body of our countrymen, the fever of commercial speculation, and the engrossing occupations of manufacture, are casting a hard and deadening influence, whose daily tendency is to shut up the mind in its own selfishness, and to render it indifferent to all that is noble, pure, and elevated in feeling. This being a most fertile source of political evil, the attention of every one who wishes well for his country must be directed to the remedies for so unpromising a state of things. In religion, no doubt, the true remedy is to be found; and in multiplying churches and ministers of the gospel, we are providing a counter-influence, the effect of which is to make men seek their happiness beyond this world, and find pleasure in advancing the physical and moral well-being of others. But of religion we consider poetry a most essential handmaid. True it is that there have not been wanting those who, determined that there should be no exception to man's capacity for converting good into evil, have employed even this glorious gift of God in the cause of wickedness. But almost all our greatest poets have devoted themselves to the noble task of elevating the character of their age, and stamping it with the impress of pure and lofty thought. They have strewn the path of virtue with their choicest flowers, and thrown over the common duties and employments of life a bright and exhilarating atmosphere. A poet is, to use the language of Mr. Burbidge, “Earth's interpreter unto the dull of ear;” taught by him we find lessons of comfort and wisdom in every object which meets us in our daily walks, in the humblest weed, or the meanest insect. By the indirect influence also of poetry upon the mind—by the habits of looking within which

it engenders—by its elevating and softening effect upon the character—it thaws the hard ice of selfishness, and prepares the soil to receive the good seed of Christian truth.

If we examine the poetry of Wordsworth by this standard, we shall find much to commend. The very spirit of kindness, of meekness, of affection, seems to breathe through all his writings.

"The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless"—
"Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts,"

are earnestly enforced upon all. The duties of the rich to the poor are forcibly urged—and the capacity of the lower orders for all virtues and all enjoyments is constantly and feelingly asserted. But his love for homely subjects, and his claim to the discovery of a new vein of poetry in the passions, hopes, and fears of humble life, (in which he has formidable competitors in Burns and Crabbe,) have occasionally led him to a faulty excess. If poetry was degraded by the insipid rhymes and unnatural conceits of the imitators of Pope, (for the blame has been most unjustly cast upon Pope himself,) she is no less degraded by the studied vulgarities of Harry Gill or Betty Foy. If poetry had before been elevated upon stilts, it is not therefore necessary that she should now be made to crawl on all-fours. It is gratifying to find that the very deformities which the disciples of Wordsworth have thought themselves bound most stoutly to defend,

have to a great degree been rejected by the maturer taste of the poet. His theory, too, respecting poetic diction, as it was unknown in his earliest, so it appears to have been abandoned in his later compositions.

Many of the poems in the volume before us have evidently been composed after Wordsworth's model.* They were written, as the author informs us, "between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two." On the commonness of the poetical (or rather, perhaps, of the versifying) power in these days, a remark of Moore is mentioned in Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, to the effect that verses may now be read in any magazine, which in former times would have made a man's fortune, (or reputation—the difference is material, but we forget which.) Whether the present volume would have charmed our ancestors or not we are unable to say :—we rather think that it bears the marks of the 19th century too much for that ;—but we can venture to assert that it contains poetry of no common order, and exhibits powers from the maturity of which much more may be expected. Although Mr. Burbidge evidently belongs to Wordsworth's school of poetry, yet his imitation of him has nothing servile ; he looks at nature in his master's spirit, but he selects his own objects, and views them through the medium of his own mind. Take the following little poem as an example ; where the last stanza is remarkable for simplicity of expression and pensive feeling, (p. 311) :

" My window bower is green and bright,
Though something of an autumn light
Is hiding in the leaves,
A lustre warm and rich, yet clear,
That hints the tender season near
Which smiles as it bereaves.

" My fuchsia buds grow somewhat pale,
And should a harsher air prevail
Than lifts June's lazy boughs,
Silently circling down the breeze
A leaf or two from yonder trees
The warning voice allows.

" So sang I—when the Summer leant
On Autumn's breast in gay content,
And felt no deeper care

* Mr. Burbidge calls Wordsworth "last and best of England's quire of bards," (p. 226,) though he had just before styled him "of all England's bards save one the greatest," (p. 225.) We are thus left in some doubt ; but from another passage in which this poet is denominated "the perfect apex of heaven's perfect plan," (p. 224.) we conclude that the first encomium conveys Mr. Burbidge's real opinion.

Than gratifies a happy soul,
If thus at times the suitor stole
A lock of her bright hair.

"I have lived round the year: I saw
The summer loveliness withdraw,
The winter blank succeed;
The heart that gleams as it should glean,
Will know what nature's warnings mean,
And listen and take heed."

We think the concluding stanza peculiarly happy, in suggesting, rather than expressing, the thoughts which are meant to be produced on the reader's mind. The poem entitled "The Gipsy Beggar," (p. 249,) strikes us as a nearly perfect imitation of a somewhat different style, with some of those harsh touches which are characteristic of Wordsworth. The Beggar is thus described:—

"His was an ancient Roman's face,
So statue-like in shape, and yet
So viperous in eye, the grace
Of that calm outline keen gave place
To its continual fret."

He states that he is alone in the world, having neither wife nor children; his eye, meanwhile, giving sundry suspicious glances—"ten separate darts,"

"Upon an imp, that wildly broke
From out a hovel door.

"I looked upon the boy and him,
'Twas clear to me they were akin:
Only the younger was less grim
To see, his cheek more dewy-dim,
And of a finer skin.

"But in the lips and lofty brows
'Twas evident that they were one,
And in the eye, its sudden close
And quick expansion; now, who knows
But they are sire and son?"

Mr. Burbidge, however, thinks it impossible that the gipsy can be guilty of so deliberate a falsehood, and is upon the point of pulling out his purse, when

"The imp went dancing down the lane,
And never saw us standing there,
When suddenly he fell; amain
A horrid cry—a cry of pain
Rang shrilly on the air!"

The beggar upon this flies with all speed to lift up the fallen "imp"—

"Three leaps had borne the hasty man
To where the urchin lay."

By this it is pretty evident that they are "sire and son" after all; and as soon as the father has succeeded in appeasing the urchin's outcries, (who, it appears, is more frightened than hurt), he returns to the wondering poet, and with unblushing effrontery confesses to having *five more*.

"Then up to me—he saw me smile—
He led the boy so fair and young;
'Five more I have, sir'—I, meanwhile,
For the heart's faith, forgave the guile
That was but of the tongue."

This subject, we think, is handled very much as Wordsworth would have handled it, though few, perhaps, would think the incident worth describing.

The extracts we have hitherto given will not convey an idea of the remarkable power of language and rich-

ness of expression exhibited in some of these poems, combined with a fine perception of metrical harmony; qualities of great promise in a young writer. The following stanzas are from a poem describing a Vision of the Poets, (p. 146):—

—————“a mystic harp, twined round
With delicate flowers, no growth of common earth,
Stood next before me. Silence most profound
Held it at first; then fitfully gushed forth
Mysterious echoes of melodious mirth;
None knew their wherefore save himself who gave
With his wild hand the wondrous music birth,
An ancient man, to whose wild glances clave
Light cheer, like grasses green gladdening a secret grave.

“Thus saw I Coleridge. Then again a change:
A goodly pile I saw, upbuilded high
Into a stormy heaven; in many a range
Arch above arch ran up into the sky,
A mound of building; terraced gorgeously
Were its inclining sides, and tree and flower
Varied its face, as oft you may espy
Upon great Indian palaces: each bower
Lived, but the frame was clay, and shrank with every shower.

In such an emblem Byron did I dress;
But my thought changed yet once again, and now
Upon a flowery plot in quietness
Sate an old man with calm and reverent brow
And eyes, which looked into the flowers, as though
They held unto his gaze a written book;
And thence he read, in words most sweet and low,
Tales hidden of earth's common things; the brook,
Lake, and inspiring hills, and soothing forest nook.

“And this was Wordsworth, earth's interpreter
Unto the dull of ear;”

* * * *

The longer poems are three in number—the Bridal of Ravenna, Mnemeion, and The Madman's Day. In the first of these we find much care bestowed on a wild and not very agreeable tale. It is for the most part

written with great melody of versification, and contains passages which every reader of taste will admit to be poetry of a really exquisite kind. Such are the following (p. 8):—

“Hush! let night repeat her tale,
Hear the answering nightingale!
Far and near the throbbing song
Rises, sinks, or floats along!
Low or loud, serene, sedate,
Plaintive, peaceful, passionate;
Shyly threads the darkened alleys,
Walled and roofed with scented leaves;
Echoes down the swarded vallies,
Climbs the feathered mountain-cleaves
Till upon the waters falling,
In its sweet and sad decay,
Dies in silence more entralling
The delicious roundelay.”

The beautiful and well-known Oriental image of Love is painted in the following graceful lines (p. 13):—

"They picture Love, in Indian tales,
An infant on a milk-white flower,
That down the sacred river sails,
At evening's quiet hour;
There nestling in his pearly bont,
For ever lies the power afloat;
And all his play is, half asleep,
To break the waves with frolic finger,
Or hunt the twinkling orbs that linger
Reflected in the soft blue deep."

We have here a description which breathes the very freshness of a Summer morning (p. 17):—

"'Tis morn—the morn; at dawn of day
The Italian sky, a sea of mist,
Of curling mist and vapours grey,
Above the earth in silence lay;
Then softly, slowly, ray by ray,
The sun those vapours kissed,—
Kissed into gold and rose-tints gay
And purpling amethyst.
And then the wind came up the south,
And on its way with balmy mouth
Breathed on the flowers, and every bud
Gave sweetest answer as it could;
Faint odours some, but full and free
The fragrance of the orange tree."

The poem called *Mnemeion* bears the appearance of hasty writing; and Mr. Burbidge would have done well to have submitted it before publication to the hand of some unsparing pruner. It is a rambling and wearisome composition, consisting of few materials, but those few worked up into every possible shape, and dressed in every conceivable variety of metaphor. It is, in fact, wholly made up of descriptions of the night (with frequent and extravagant addresses to the moon and stars), and of invocations of an unnamed lady, whom we cannot help strongly suspecting to be, like Dante's Beatrice, a vision of the author's imagination. We may be wrong, but to us the whole poem bears the appearance of fantastic display, rather than of real feeling. That Mr. Burbidge *can* write feelingly, his poems contain abundant evidence; but here the feeling, if any exist, is smothered beneath the mass of artificial decoration; so that the entire piece, instead of presenting the grand and touching simplicity of a Grecian temple, exhibits the effect of an edifice on which ornaments, often beautiful in themselves, are heaped with so little taste or meaning, that the eye wanders over their endless repetitions, vainly seeking to discover the archi-

tect's purpose or connecting principle of design.

The idea of "The Madman's Day" appears to have been taken from the story called "a Madman's Manuscript" in the *Pickwick* papers. It supposes one who was once a maniac, but now in his right mind, to describe one of those fierce workings of frenzy which once possessed his brain. The attempt to describe the irresistible impulse which ran like fire through his blood, hurrying him he knew not whither, may be considered a tolerably successful one: but it must be confessed that his mode of narration, necessarily violent and impassioned, leaves some alarming doubts of his complete restoration upon the reader's mind, as it must have done on that of his poor wife, who sits listening to his tale.

In the shorter poems there is much variety; and many of them are devoted to drawing thoughts and morals from the contemplation of nature. In these we meet with many pleasing and original ideas, but the thoughts are not always clearly expressed, being obscured by a redundancy of words and metaphors, which often materially weaken the general effect of the conception. His descriptions of nature are often fresh and vigorous, and prove

that he possesses observation and taste sufficient to ensure success in this department, if he proceeds to discipline his eye and hand upon right principles. Living, as he informs us, (p. 260,) in Warwickshire, he has but very ordinary scenery to employ his muse upon; but this is no disadvantage. The common objects of a quiet English landscape can never become hackneyed or common-place. They can no more be exhausted in poetry than in painting. The true poet will always find in them all, and more than all, he wants. But in order to describe nature with any success, Horace's rule must be remembered—*Ut pictura poesis erit*. As it is undoubtedly true that every great painter is essentially a poet, so he that would be the poet of nature must be a painter likewise. Their functions and qualifications are the same—the powers of imagination or of fancy are similarly exerted in each. Both are sharers of "the vision and the faculty divine." They possess the same power of summoning before their mind's eye, not the vague and shadowy outline, not the dim and confused recollection, but the clear and distinct image of whatever they may wish to represent. The glorious conceptions of a great painter do not copy nature, but absolutely surpass her; inasmuch as they represent that which nature seems ever striving after, without ever quite attaining. Thus much of the previous process in the mind—it is precisely the same in each. In what remains—the depicting so as to convey to the eye or mind of others the image thus created, both ought to be guided by the same principles. The various parts of which the piece is to consist must be grouped with a view to their effect in combination with each other; the colouring must be

heightened or subdued, according to position, light and shade, or distance. The picture must not be overwrought; not a stroke permitted which does not contribute to the general effect. There must not be distortion, by the undue prominence of subordinate objects; there must not be incongruity, by the immediate juxta-position of what is noble with what is mean. We do not mean to assert that the great poets worked by rules which their own instinctive and unerring taste rendered needless; but let the pictures in Homer, for example, be examined with this view, and it will be found that the principles of their composition are such as we have described. The poet, therefore, must look at nature with a painter's eye; and like him, his aim must be not to paint with minute accuracy every vein in the leaf, every ripple in the stream, but to convey the *spirit* of nature herself to the mind of his reader. Let him leave something to be filled up by the reader's imagination, which will supply it in the manner most agreeable to itself.

These plain principles, the violation of which would be intolerable in painting, are sometimes, we think, unheeded in modern poetry. Some of Mr. Burbidge's pictures lie open to the charge of disproportion; in others the objects are too separate and detached; we want those masterly touches necessary to throw back, as it were, and combine the whole into one picture.

The volume comprises a great number of sonnets; in which difficult style of composition Mr. Burbidge's success, if not complete, is such as to warrant us in auguring well of his future productions. Of the following we need say nothing; by its simple pathos and gentle flow of language it will recommend itself:—

"MADINGLY CHURCHYARD.

"Three sides a grove of yews, a gloomy grove,
Hung with their viscid fruit; the fourth the church,
A fane with yellow walls and scribbled porch,
Where rests the mouldering bier: around, above,
The sky, and a still air of peace and love,
Informing the green turf with gentler green
Than lies without; and shadow not unseen,
And coo clear-heard of meditative dove;
'Tis death's serenest garden: would that here
Many were laid, the blessing of whose graves
Is lost to me—thou chiefly, mother blest,
Mother, own mother! whose unbroken rest
Is taken where the city's noisy waves
Roll loudly, and the busy tongue chafes near."—(p. 234.)

Under the title of "Darkness Departed" are classed some poems, which the author tells us were written "during that unsettled state of mind which, I suppose, most men some time or other in their lives pass through; a state which, however morbid in itself, may be necessary to the formation of a sure and settled health." That most men pass through an unsettled state of mind may be true; but that it is necessary at any period of life to be sunk in the depths of despair—that a kind of mis-

anthropic measles are to be undergone in order to attain a settled health of mind—we are disposed to deny. We think, on the other hand, that contentment, and, consequently, happiness, is at all times within our reach, if we seek it rightly. We are truly glad, however, that these days of darkness are at length "departed;" though we regret to notice in some of the other poems, traces of a similar unhealthy state of feeling. Mr. Burbidge asks in *Mnemeion*, (p. 50.)

"Now wherefore is it that the mute world changes;
Even as we change?—that we must ever fling,
From grief to grief, as our vexed spirit ranges,
Our own black shadow on each happy thing—
Throw darkness on the lustrous eye of spring,
And with the echo of our own sad voices
Instruct the little summer birds to sing,
And dull with our grave tread all merry noises,
At which old Autumn laughs, and Winter's self rejoices?"

Why, indeed? the reader may well ask. We will answer Mr. Burbidge out of his own mouth—(p. 284.)

"Off with the petted gloom—the toy
Of wilful boyhood tired of joy!"

• • •
The heart which hath no inner blight
Is to itself its own delight,
And makes its bliss at home."

The "observations" at the end of the volume are devoted to a refutation of an anticipated objection to some of the poems, as "too open revelations of private feeling." These, the author contends, must be judged of by the faculty exerted in their production, viz. the heart alone. "Here then," he proceeds, "is no room for criticism, and to one, I think, who feels the solemnity which surrounds every phase of a human soul, there is still less room for disgust."—(p. 346.) We think the apology unnecessary; it being generally acknowledged that by writing in poetry, we become privileged to speak of feelings which could not, without ridicule be revealed in prose. But the privilege is far too high and sacred a one to be trifled with as it has been in modern times. For a man to publish for the world's instruction every slightest shade of emotion which passes over his mind—every thought, wise or foolish, which the most trifling object may chance to suggest—this has, to say the least, an appearance of ostentation. For the idea must be, that all this must needs interest the public in the same degree in which it is interesting to the

individual himself. We are far from quoting Mr. Burbidge as a complete example of what we have been saying; but it appears to us, that from feeling intensely, and from the habit of pondering over the workings of his own mind, he ascribes a degree of over importance to slight sensations, which leads him to write and publish such sonnets as that which we shall presently transcribe. There follows, moreover, another evil: this habit of constant and minute watching, places the mind under a species of restraint, which is fatal to the healthful and natural play of thought. There can be no such thing as free action under this system of surveillance; and the mind becomes strained into an unnatural liability to excitement from the most trivial causes. The result is, that the poet, continuing to look into his own inmost mind as the mirror of all true feeling, and finding there nothing but distortion to guide him, wanders farther and farther into error and absurdity; and thus, what is in fact self-deception, appears to the majority of his readers to be affectation. From such consequences as these, we hope that Mr. Burbidge's

good sense will preserve him ; but we are bound to state that we have noticed some symptoms of the disease in his

volume, among which the following sonnet is perhaps the most alarming.—(p. 216.)

" Let Fancy make her journey as she wills ;
Yea, if she will, spread out umbrageous wings
Beneath the sun, until all earthly hills,
Green grass, and spiry hedge-rows, and quick rills,
Be smit with sadness and a blank damp fills
The hollow of the blue and brentling sky.
In mood as wild, the other morning I
Traversed with comrades twain the Charnwood hills.
One with transparent eyes and beaming face
Looked into mine, a balmy look of bliss
That made me hope—the other held away
His hoary beard, as angered mortals may.
Who were they gave me such offence and bliss?"

Who does the reader imagine ?

" The angel Michael that, the Patriarch Joseph this."

Whether any profound meaning be hidden in this singular piece of extravagance, we are unable to say ; but if " the solemnity which surrounds every phase of a human soul " is to be admitted as an excuse for the publication of every grotesque absurdity into which our runaway fancy may lead us, we know not where the matter is to end. We are quite sure that the droll combinations which occur to us every night in dreams may assert an equal claim with Mr. Burbidge's oddly-matched pair of companions ; indeed we think that in point of " solemnity," night-dreams have decidedly the advantage over day-dreams. With regard to language, Mr. Burbidge has shown a judicious preference for words of Saxon origin. He has also gone back to Spenser and Shakspeare—those " wells of English undefiled"—for some very useful and musical words which had fallen into disuse. We think, however, that rather (the positive of rather,) pight for pitched, pleach (interweave,) and frose for frozen, are,

perhaps, a *little* too antiquated ; nor do we consider it desirable to increase the number of Latin words with which Johnson deluged the language, by reviving the use of such words as *untre*, *amenity*, and *umbrage*, in the sense of *shade*.

But it is time to close our notice of these poems, which we have endeavoured to view with the indulgence claimed by the first publication of a young and talented writer. If we have found in them some matter for censure, we also find much to praise ; especially in the freshness and originality of thought which so favourably distinguishes them from the common run of new poetry. The extracts we have selected will convey to our readers a fair notion of the contents of the volume ; and if these, as is not unfrequently the case, have proved the most interesting parts of our article, let the public remember to whom they are indebted for the pleasure afforded by them, and act accordingly.

DR. BURTON'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.*

EMPIRES have fallen, and nations have perished, as century has followed century in weary progress, amidst the drunken revelry, the sensual enjoy-

ments, the tears, and sufferings of a world groaning because it loves the revolt in which it has joined of a mighty, though mean and degraded

* Narrative of a Voyage from Liverpool to Alexandria, touching at the Island of Malta, and from thence to Beirout in Syria ; with a Journey to Jerusalem, Voyage from Jaffa to Cyprus and Constantinople, and a Pedestrian Journey from Constantinople, through Turkey, Wallachia, Hungary, and Prussia, to the Town of Hamburg, in the years 1836-37. By the Rev. Nathaniel Burton, L.L.D., late Assistant Chaplain to the Garrison of Dublin, and to the Royal Artillery. Dublin ; John Yates, Grafton-street ; Curry and Co., Upper Sackville-street.

spirit against his Creator; yet one nation, "peeled and scattered" hitherto, still survives. The blood of the faithful patriarch, who went forth at the summons which called him from the ties of kindred and of home to wander in reliance on promises which were to leave him on the *earth* a weary pilgrim, has swelled into a mighty tide, and told the world the faithfulness of the blessing which appealed to the myriad fires of the midnight sky, and the countless sands which girdle the ocean, as its everlasting witnesses. That blood is still pure, and distinct from the tribes amidst which the descendants of the father of the faithful have been driven in their mysterious dispersion: for though there have been ages, and climes in which they have pined beneath pangs as bitter as wrung the bosom of the first murderer, and pangs, too, like his, retributive of a brother's blood—yet have they borne up, and continued a distinct race, refusing to seek a shelter from their woes by blending with the Gentiles. Vengeance has been upon them; and a fearful proof have they given to every rebel within God's mighty realms that the lapse of time alone does not bring the decay of the fires of His wrath. "Blood is upon them and upon their children."

At tua congestæ tumulant holocausta ruinae:
Quid mereare Titus docuit.
Extirpata per omnes
Terrarum pelagique plagas tua membra feruntur.
Exiliis vagus huc illuc fluctantibus errat
Judeus, postquam patriâ de sede revulsus,
Supplicium pro cæde luit, Christique negati,
Sanguine respersus commissa piacula solvit.

They have been deaf to the voice which has pealed through the world in which they have been homeless, and which sounded first from their own Sion. We must be pardoned, but we cannot resist using the numbers of the Christian poet, addressed to the Jew—

Audiit adventum Domini quem solis Hiberi
Vesper habet roseus, et quem novus excipit
ortus.
Laxavit Scythicas, verbo penetrante pruinas,
Vox evangelica. Hyrcanas quoque fervida
brumas
Solvit, ut exutus glacie jam mollior amnis
Caucasæ de cote fluit Rhodopelus Hebrus.
Mansuevere Getæ, feritasque cruenta Geloni,
Lacte mero sitiens, exanguia porcula miscet,
Libatura sacros Christi de sanguine potus.
Novit et Atlantis pridem plaga perfida Mauri
Dedere crinitos ad Christi altaria reges.

On the Jew, however, the spectacle has made no impression; and, with a heart steeled against Christianity, yet thrilling to the hope of the restoration of his tribes, he stands before the generation that now lives and breathes, a wonder and a warning. Yet there has been a change in the feeling of the Christian world towards the Jew—all unchanged as he is in his infidelity. Many within the Church have begun to feel deeply that no peculiar depravity has been the lot of the Hebrew nation, and that every crime against their God—even the last dreadful crime against the sacred person of His incarnate Son—might have been, if the perverseness and rebellion of their own hearts had been visited as they deserved by the withdrawal of the softening influences of the divine grace, the crime of their own souls. Christians have begun to think and feel, that if Judah justified her gentile sisters, typified by the guilty cities which the black flood of the Dead Sea covers, her gentile sisters, cleansed though they have been by the holy waters of baptism, have gone far in a career which may, perhaps, justify the "treacherous Judah." Has Christendom no idol shrine? Have living temples been undefiled within her pale? Has "no covering cherub" within the church, like the prototype archangel in heaven, stained his beauty and his brightness, and sought to scale the throne which can only be filled by the Son of the Most High. Christians feel more vividly than for many an age they have felt, the words of the Apostle—"Beloved for the fathers' sakes," and "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." Their minds dwell on the mysterious words, "for if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the recovery of them be but life from the dead?"

The land which "the rivers have spoiled" seems to wait for the descendants of him to whom the awful oath of God promised it. The crusades have poured their hosts into Syria—the noblest blood of Europe has crimsoned the soil of Palestine—the heart of Christian chivalry never trembled before the infidel; Rome, which loves to treasure every relic, would delight to possess the sepulchre of Christ. Mahometanism is feeble; yet there the Christian, as if on the soil of the Holy Land Christ must be in bondage while its people are in vassalage, must wait the pleasure of the rude Moslem

soldier to approach the tomb of our Saviour; and on the holy mountain still stands the faue of the Eastern Antichrist.

We have been led into these observations because the feeling towards the people of Israel, which we have mentioned, is one which breathes through almost every page of Dr. Burton's singular and interesting narrative. He never beholds a Jew but he remembers that of his people according to the flesh, He came, who is, over all, God—blessed for ever! Palestine is to him a sacramental land—the type and symbol of a state of everlasting blessedness—yet the spot whence that blessedness shall flow forth to the children of men, for there shall stand the feet of the Lord of Hosts incarnate—there shall letter and spirit blend, and the Sion of our earth be united with that heavenly Sion which can never be separated from its *King*.

Dr. Burton sailed from Liverpool on the 16th of October, 1836, for Alexandria. The vessel touched at Malta, and reached Alexandria on the 23d of November. Malta and Alexandria have been so often described, and are so thoroughly known, that with respect to them we shall only say that Dr. Burton has given his own lively impressions in a lively and entertaining manner. We hasten to Palestine, whither he went in the true spirit of a Christian pilgrim, and of one ever remembering that he is a graft on the olive tree of Israel. From Alexandria our traveller sailed to Beirout, in Syria, (the ancient Berytus), where he arrived on the 10th of December. Here he was doomed to the misery of a lazaretto; and our readers who may meditate a journey to the East may prepare themselves for enduring the lot which awaits them.

At Beirout Dr. Burton resolved to proceed to Jerusalem, making the whole journey by land; and for that purpose he contracted with a proprietor of mules for two of those useful animals—one for himself, and one to carry his luggage. He was to be conveyed to Jerusalem for 250 piastres (about £2 10s. of our money.) The old Arab muleteer is described as a "hale old man, near seventy years of age, middle sized, strong-built, with an Irish old man's face, cunning eyes, and a gurgling voice, ready to justify himself or complain—still not a bad disposition."

The land of Israel, as the traveller

enters it from the borders of Tyre, is thus described:—

"Jan. 19.—We descended from the eminence on which the fortalice was built, into a plain, and now perceived the hills of the land of Israel. These hills are, for the most part, of an equal height, and can be rendered serviceable even to their summits. The whole country consisted of amphitheatres of round hills, sheltering rich plains, some of which were extensive, some small. The hills were lime-stone rock, and reminded me in many respects of the county of Clare; but those in the Holy Land were not of such continuous rock, for they could be cultivated in the interstices. Many of them had been terraced with earth and stones, and had olive and fig-trees growing even on their summits, but from the negligence of the present tenants of the soil were covered with loose round stones. Nevertheless, olive orchard succeeded fig orchard, and fig, olive."

Dr. Burton passed through Nazareth, and was hospitably entertained by the friars of the Latin convent.

While he had been at Beirout, an earthquake which was there slightly felt, had at Saphet and Tiberias been most fatal, and many had perished—many had been reduced to poverty. At Nazareth, he says—

"The monks, who seemed not to have quite recovered from the shock of the recent earthquake, showed me several great fissures which divided the walls from top to bottom. Four persons were dashed to pieces, who had taken refuge on the roof of the building; they informed me those who fled to the sanctuary escaped unhurt. After my bivouacking at night since my departure from Beirout, it was a comfort to me to find myself at Nazareth, in a wholesome apartment, in which was a good bed and snow-white sheets. The monks had already dined, but I was served with a collation in my own room. It happened to be Friday, and they brought me the head of a fish that had been taken in the Lake of Tiberias, some fine Italian macaroni, of a very broad shape, grated cheese, poached eggs, bread, and a pewter flagon of wine, with another of water."

About four o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, the 24th of January, 1837, Dr. Burton entered Jerusalem by the Damascus gate, and repaired to the Latin Convent, where he was lodged

and kindly received for thirty days, the period allotted to pilgrims. With "due feet" he first visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, beneath the roof of which are the tomb of our Saviour and Mount Calvary. Here, on this sacred spot, Latins, Armenians, and Copts have their oratories. Divided as they are by the lamentable schisms which have afflicted the church, here they meet; and here Faith keeps her vigil by the tomb of her risen Lord—not "seeking the living among the dead," as some carping spirits, misapplying the angel's words, have been disposed to say, but strengthening herself by the sight of that spot which must needs have a tendency to bring more vividly before the eye of the mind the great events of our salvation, and to impress them on the heart. In the communities from various and remote quarters of the Christian world, which watch this holy place—in the succession of pilgrims, which from the first have visited it, the infidel is warned that the sufferings, the death, the resurrection of our blessed Lord are "no cunningly-devised fable."

We were reminded of Mary's box of precious ointment of spikenard by the following passage:—

"Under the principal altar, which is tabular, is a hole into which, it is said, the cross was inserted. It is surrounded by a plate of ornamented gold or silver gilt. I put my hand into this aperture, and felt the natural rock; some pious person seemed to have perfumed it with otto of roses."

The approach to the Church of the Sepulchre is thus described:—

"The yard in front of the Church of the Sepulchre, which appears to have been formerly roofed from the bases of broken columns which are still in the ground, reminded me in some respects of what Christ's church-yard in the city of Dublin formerly was—a mart for all sorts of commodities, but especially beads, various articles of mother-of-pearl, crosses, medals, &c.; the entrance also is similar, through a narrow covered passage from the street. A number of persons wait every day at the gate of the church, which they frequently kiss, signing themselves with the cross, till the Turks open it, when they rush in to visit and kiss with reverence the holy places."

During his stay at Jerusalem, Dr. Burton visited Bethlehem, accompa-

nied by an English gentleman whom he met in Jerusalem. As the convent and the sacred place which it contains have been so often described by preceding travellers, we forbear to extract Dr. Burton's description, though our readers who wish to refresh their remembrance will find it and the sacred scenes at Jerusalem well described in Dr. Burton's pages. We must, however, extract the following passages: they are illustrative of the spirit in which our pilgrim journeyed through Palestine:—

"The Latin Christians of Palestine have long breasted an ocean of persecution, and amidst the ruins of their sanctuaries have preserved their fidelity: in many places impoverished, and nearly extinguished, they yet cling to their hallowed walls, and, in the patience of Jesus Christ, await the triumph of his empire over every hostile power; they have now some relaxation, and participate in the fruits of that liberality which is diffusing itself through Syria; the 'highway' is opening by the ordinance of just heaven, and the rolling waters of mighty Euphrat are in the process of exsiccation, that the way for the kings of the East may be prepared.

"Scarcely a quarter of a mile to the east of Bethlehem is the cave where Joseph concealed the Holy Family, whilst he arranged matters for their flight into Egypt. It is more in its natural state than other honoured places, and is used as a chapel by the Greek Christians. A little farther in the same direction is the village of the Shepherds to whom the Angels announced the joyful tidings of the nativity; it crowns a small craggy hill lower than those which surround it, and in the glen below is some good arable and pasture land. My friend and I sat for some time in this vicinity, and endeavoured to rally our thoughts to reach the grandeur of the events—a spot predestined in the councils of the Eternal—patriarchal Boaz, the stripling rustic David, and a host of astonished angels, wise men from afar, and the infant God-man; and if, in the consideration angels are lost in amazement, the intellects of an initiatory existence must wait and adore in silence. I repeated aloud the anthem, 'Behold I bring you glad tidings,' endeavouring to reconcile the adoration of the Christian world with the scene around, which, alas! has now a contracted, dreary, and desolate appearance. An interesting boy kept close to us all the time, kissing my hands to show me he was a Christian. There was an innocent subdued manner about him, a kind of silent expression that

a covenant of peace existed between us; this, in some degree, was a redemption for the spiritless state of this important place. Christianity, after all, justifies its heaven-born original, however degrading the circumstances may be in which it is placed."

The following account of a pilgrim's fare in Jerusalem may interest our readers. We beg them, however, to admire the stoutness of the heart which could contemplate a state of exchequer such as that here described, on the eve of such a journey as awaited Dr. Burton:—

"As I before mentioned, whilst in Jerusalem I catered for myself. Two or three green-turbaned Arabs (the descendants of Mahomet) sold warm milk in the bazaar, at four or five paras the bowl, according to the size. This they ladled out with sufficient dignity, and with some Arab bread, hot from the hearth, I contrived to make a wholesome breakfast. Sometimes I boiled a little coffee in my own apartment. The coffee is very good—it is ground between two large stones; eggs also, are very reasonable. But I chiefly depended for my dinner on the kabobs, which are small bits of mutton chopped up with its fat and some herbs, and roasted on a small iron skewer over a fire of charcoal. They are sold at three or four paras each; so that for twenty paras (a penny or three halfpence of our money), a moderate man may have dinner. There is also a good supply of large radishes. In the oriental towns they have walking auctioneers, who go up and down the bazaar with an article slung across their shoulder; this they propose for sale with a loud voice for so much, walking along at a smart pace. When that is sold, which may be a coat or embroidered Turkish jacket, it may be perhaps succeeded by a large copper brazier for charcoal, which is disposed of in the same way.

"Having now fully determined on my departure, though possessed of not more than five sovereigns in cash, I disposed, at a loss, of some of my effects, making presents of others, in order to reduce them to such a size that I might carry them on my back in my projected peregrination to England. How I tried my pack on my back, and strutted about my cell in Jerusalem, to try what weight I could carry! My prospect of reaching home was not of the most lively description; yet God had so providentially led me, that I felt an assurance in committing myself into his gracious hand. Most of the books and manuscripts I had I gave

to the American missionaries, and wrote a Latin letter to the monks of the convent where I resided, presenting them with a curious Latin Bible, printed in 1525, together with a small Turkish gold coin. The Bible they kept, but sent me back the coin, saying that they took no money in the Holy Land."

From Jerusalem, on the 24th of February, 1837, Dr. Burton set out for Jaffa, which he reached the day after. We would willingly, did our space permit, pause at Jaffa; but we must proceed, and can only say that the reader will find our traveller alive to the many associations which Jaffa is fitted to awaken. There a certain hakim, or wandering physician, was Dr. Burton's fellow-lodger in the khan, and a very finished and amusing portrait of this worthy has been the consequence.

From Jaffa Dr. Burton sailed to Scala di Lanarka, in Cyprus. Here he was detained for eleven days, and in very trying circumstances—anxious to reach Europe, and there commence his arduous and toilsome journey on foot—the only mode suited to his scanty finances. He was unexpectedly and providentially enabled to reach Constantinople with as little pressure on his purse as might be, and generously treated on his passage by a young Venetian captain, in whose ship he went. Constantinople has been so often and so recently described, that we cannot afford room from our rapidly diminishing space for Dr. Burton's sketch of that imperial city. Here we behold him, with less than four sovereigns in his purse, setting out on his perilous enterprise—a solitary journey through Turkey, Wallachia, and Hungary, to Vienna, and thence to Hamburg—Hæmus to be scaled, the flood of the Danube to be passed, the Mahometan bigot, the rude Wallachian, the jealous Austrian to be encountered. With no frame steelled by early hardships, he was suddenly to be tried with toil and difficulty. Right gallantly, however, was the feat performed; and perhaps a more dashing tramp there has never been since the days of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Pennyless. We must give Dr. Burton's picture of himself and of his appliances at his departure from Constantinople:—

"But now, my dear readers, behold me, after having been brought up tenderly, a mother's care, her youngest

child—having had my mules and muleteer from Beirut to Jerusalem, about to undertake a hazardous journey, on foot, through the heart of Europe, and some of the least civilized parts. There was no man, I am persuaded, who ever performed the same circuit which I have done but must have been better provided, in every respect, for such an expedition. Even those articles I had to contain the few things I intended to carry with me were ill calculated for the purpose, and of an awkward description, viz. a purse basket which I had procured in Cyprus, and a carpet bag that I brought from England. It would appear as if I courted inconvenience and difficulty. Into these I put as many of my beloved trifles as I could cram; for my affections clung perhaps to a small plate, an egg-cup, or a pipe-head, which had accompanied me through my journey, and, above all, had been in Jerusalem. I had also a small stone, or some relic, from every place of note I visited in Palestine. Truly, I valued such things more than the actual necessities of changes of raiment; a greater proportion of the former than of the latter constituted my baggage. I could have borne the loss of a shirt or pair of stockings with greater equanimity than that of one of these relics. I had, however, three or four shirts and pairs of socks, together with a few books, including my journal.

"I tied the basket and carpet bag by their loops at top with a piece of rope I purchased in the bazaar at Jerusalem, so that I could suspend them across the back of the neck and over the shoulders, and, on Thursday, the 20th of April, 1837, at about half-past twelve at noon, took my departure from the Jewish inn where I lodged, accompanied by a Russian Israelite, a hanger-on in the family, to convey my baggage outside the gate called *Tope Capi*, my point of egress from Constantinople."

The carpet bag, however, and the basket were afterwards shifted so as to hang over the breast—the bag from one shoulder, and the basket from the other, and so carried till our traveller reached Hamburgh. Fountains of pure and delicious water are of frequent occurrence in Turkey. Their erection is considered an act of piety; and were Gregory the Great toiling on foot through Turkey, under a hot sun, he might be tempted to do for the charitable Moslem what he did for Trajan.

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey."

Dr. Burton often halted by these

fountains or a green knoll by the wayside. Each day he read a chapter of the Bible. The Bible and the Liturgy book of the United Brethren were the only books he used, and "certainly," he says, "they afforded me comfort in many a weary hour." The spotted pestilence, too, crossed his path: the plague was at Adrianople, through which he passed; and before he reached that city—at Bukechekmijee, not far from Constantinople—he was in peril, in a scene and circumstances which are thus spiritedly described:—

"On the 21st of April, just as the sun was sinking into the sea with gilded honours, I arrived at Bukechekmijee, a truly rural spot, looking well at a distance, like most Turkish scenes, assisted by minarets, wood, and water; but on a closer survey presenting the appearance of melancholy and decay. Here, in a *café*, amongst a number of persons, sat a handsome-looking, hazel-eyed derwish, discussing some hard-boiled eggs, young onions, and bread, and drinking water from an earthen pitcher, keeping up an animated conversation with those around, with any thing but heaven beaming in his eyes—not but what I have seen a few of his order as respectable and merciful-looking as heart could wish, but it was in places where it behoved them to be on their good behaviour. After taking a cup of coffee, I inquired for the khan, and was directed to a place which had once been a *café*, but was now in a neglected state, the windows stuffed with rag, and the boards of the divan appropriated to rest full of large rat-holes. On the ground lay another derwish, apparently in a dying state; he pointed downwards, intimating to me that he was going the way of all flesh. Just as I had ensed my shoulders of my baggage, and was considering how I should act, when a young green-turbaned Turk came to the door and signified that the unfortunate man had the plague buboes. My dear friends may imagine my consternation. I rushed out, and having taken some wine in the shop of a Christian, I hastened from the village by a long stone bridge, resolved to pursue my journey even through the night. About midnight I arrived at a black-looking ruinous hamlet close to the sea. The Roman road for a time appeared, but it soon merged in the deep sand, which was now my only path. The khan was shut up, and in vain I knocked for admittance; so, after performing my ablutions in the sea, and spreading my quilt on the ground, I struck a light and smoked my pipe, walking like a sentry before my baggage; soon after I decried a little old Turk advancing

towards the water, where he performed an ablution. He discovered me, and seemed a good deal disturbed, but approached in the manner of a person who would wish to appear not afraid; and I, most anxious to remove his apprehensions, soon explained myself, so that I never saw a little fellow in greater delight than he was at the extraordinary rencontre.—Though extremely talkative, I did not understand one word that he had been saying. We, however, jogged on together, and being most anxious to obtain some rest, I was happy at length to learn from him that one hour from that place there was a *khan*. The old man, having only a small bag on his back, moved lighter than I could; I allowed him, therefore, to go on before me. To my great joy I now perceived a friendly light; my little Turk was the first to light me into a comfortable well-lighted *café*, with painted panels, sweetmeats ranged in glasses, and coffee preparing. The whole was like the enchantment of Oriental fable, where at the midnight hour I looked for nought save the sandy beach or the tenantless moor, swept by the chill whistling wind, to find myself so agreeably housed when least expected. I took a glass of *arech* and a cup of coffee; beside me sat a fat Turk of the better kind, smoking and drinking coffee; his horse was led out, and he soon took his departure. I ascended the *divan*, and am persuaded never slept so soundly in Turkey—the place was clean. The proprietor, a Christian, seemed much gratified at the commendations I could not withhold. I said his *café* was *a la Fringi*, which he several times repeated; and seeing me looking at my tablet, took care to impress on me that the name of the town was *Plavatus*, in order that I should make known the excellence of his establishment.

"On awaking in the morning, behold the *café* transformed into a barber's shop. The lather was already in different stages, on sundry bald round heads, which seemed as if stuck in a pillory, when I gazed around. This is a common case in Turkey, that a *café* is also a barber's shop. In decent ones at Constantinople I have seen the razors ranged round the walls of the apartment."

While Dr. Burton was "plodding his weary way" through Bulgaria, the Sultan was at Silistria, and a road was in preparation, or rather an emendation of the rude tracks which perform the functions of roads in the Turkish dominions; and the reader will, we think, be amused by the following sketch of Turkish operatives:—

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"On the 12th I passed through a country beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and perceived at a distance a number of figures in white, moving up and down in a body, as if engaged in some ceremonial—I conjectured either a marriage or a funeral—who did not stir from the same spot. When I drew nearer I discovered that they were Turkish workmen with white turbans, on the road designed for the Sultan, prostrating themselves and rising up again every moment, it being their hour of prayer. They were formed in two lines on the road, one man in front like a fagelman acted as chanter, singing hymns to *Ullo*, to which they responded. Strict Mahometans, let their employment be what it may, leave off at the hour of prayer, and betake themselves to their devotions. This was the first body of Turkish workmen I met employed on the road—the Christians are the principal operatives. The Turks would all wish to be gentlemen, and as long as those under them pay them tribute and respect, and permit them to have their pipes and coffee, they (regardless of the volcano ready to explode under their feet) will allow them to do what they please, now that their empire in Europe is waxen old, and ready to decay. The road which was making for the Sultan was very superficial; in some places it consisted in merely removing the sod: along the way-side posts were erected, having small flags at the top, I suppose to honour his progress through the country."

Dr. Burton, five days after, met the Sultan himself:—

"On the 17th of May, while traversing a large plain, within five hours of Rutuke, an immense motley crowd appeared at a distance. Outriders galloped past; small carts came next with officers of the court; in a green drosky, closely covered, sat Sultan Mahomet; I could barely see that an individual or two were in it. Such variety of rude vehicles followed as baffles description: besides Mahomet's there were two or three European carriages, rather the worse of the wear. A number of horsemen hovered round the Sultan, and a body of lancers riding at ease brought up the rear; the whole concourse was more mob-like than orderly. I took off my hat as he passed, and I thought the attendants seemed gratified at seeing a European pay respect to their sovereign."

Dr. Burton, unfortunately for himself, appears to have sought but little information respecting his route at Constan-

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tinople, and an unhappy imagination about a bridge over the mighty Danube, between Bulgaria and Wallachia, appears to have sorely haunted him, and to have been the cause of many a painful wandering. In fact, the only information which he received at Constantinople was a list of places taken down by him from the lips of a Jew merchant who had often journeyed from Constantinople to Vienna, and a repetition of the sounds according to his recollection appears to have been his mode of inquiring for places on his march. The whole period between his reaching Rutuke and his arrival at Silistria, was spent in search of the unlucky bridge, that seems to have converted the space between these two towns into an enchanted maze, from which, for a long time, there was no escape.

After leaving Rutuke he seems to have fancied himself already at the other side of the Danube, by a bridge, we apprehend in fact, crossing a river which at Rutuke flows into the Danube, and, lo! found himself, after all, again in the town which the Turks imagine is to be the gate by which the Russians are to enter to overthrow their empire. During these weary wanderings two scenes were encountered which we must present to our readers :

"On the 22nd of May, in order to make up for my loss of time, and the wrong course I had pursued, I seldom halted, and made good progress. The country was level, and in some parts well wooded. As night approached, I passed a village, but did not remain—resolved to make the most of my time, and expecting to meet with other places where I might rest for the night. This was, however, the last habitation I saw; and, to add to my discomfort, the thunder began to mutter, and the leaden-coloured clouds to gather, and that where no shelter was nigh. Night and rain came on together, with vivid flashes of lightning. I was soon wet to the skin, and found myself walking on the long grass, having lost the imperfect track. To complete my misfortune, I fell at almost every step, frequently dropping a pipe-tube, purchased in Jerusalem, that I carried in my hand; to secure which, I forgot my forlorn condition, and groped diligently till I found it, notwithstanding the torrents of rain and the thunder's roar.

"I now resolved to follow where I heard any barking of dogs (for which one needs not wait long in Turkey.) This opportunely occurred, and, soon after, I

came to a sheep-pen, the fence of which was composed of large reeds. Two shepherds appeared, who drew off their dogs, that had already seized me by the cloak. The younger had the broad-leaved, low-crowned hat worn by the peasantry of Wallachia, his raven hair falling at each side on his shoulders, with such an apostolical appearance that I supposed him incapable of deceit. The elder shepherd wore the black sheep-skin cap. Their hut, also constructed of reeds, and of a conical form, stood close by; yet, frail as this reedy habitation was, with large apertures towards the top, it nevertheless had a good wooden door, furnished with lock and key. Whilst they were kindling a fire, I spread my quilt and cloak—my travels having taught me to make myself at home wherever I came. The shepherds looked upon me as a person who had dropped from the clouds, for it certainly must have been an unexpected visit to them. They, however, began to prepare their supper by putting coarse flour into a pot with water, boiling it to a consistence, and then turning it out upon a low table, in a state half pudding, half bread; after which, they cut it into quarters by placing a string under the mass and drawing it up through it. This, with the 'shepherds' homely curds,' constituted our repast.

"The covetous eyes of the younger fellow observed a gold ring on my finger, which certainly was inconsistent with the pilgrim character I had assumed; he asked to see it, and, unsuspecting of his intent, I handed it to him. Never before did I find such difficulty in drawing it off my finger—thus warning me, as it were, of the disastrous consequences. At first he wished merely to exchange his clumsy silver ring for it, which I, of course, declined, and at length became so charmed with his acquisition that I could neither get my own nor his. I regret to say, this fellow was a Christian; and I was thus wounded in the house of my friends. Such treatment I never experienced from a Turk, or even an Arab. To excuse his conduct, he would not allow me to be a Christian; and, pointing to my Bedouin cloak, said, 'None but a Turk would wear such a garment.' He also objected to my ignorance of Turkish, Romanistic, and Hungarian;—in short, seemed to consider me fair game for his predatory spirit. Had I not shown some determination, he would have opened my baggage, (in which were some silver spoons,) and plundered me to the utmost. No redress was near; and I was compelled to leave my valuable ring. He very kindly pointed out my route in the morning, and set the dogs after me. In

this rencontre, there were two against one; and 'even Hercules himself must yield to odds.'"

The other was at a wretched village not far from Sillistria.

"A miserable wine-house received me—the only khan in the place, which was kept by two bachelor-brothers; one of whom was a fat man, that remained at home and dealt out *arech* to his peasant customers, whilst his brother attended to the extern affairs of this establishment.

"I spread my quilt on the clay floor of an apartment where the fowl had the same access as myself, and through the roof of which the rain gently descended. The room adjoining was open for company, where, amongst the dignitaries of the place, sat the village *popas*, crossing himself, playing cards, and drinking *arech* from morn to dewy eve, both revered and laughed at by those around. Had it not been for his cap (which was much dinged) I should not have distinguished him from the peasantry. Like many of them, he wore a white woollen tunic, girded with a black leather belt, short drawers of the same, but neither shoes nor stockings. The brothers permitted him to do as he pleased, and thus he had the *arech* bottle at his entire disposal. In the evening they closed the doors, and even these unnurtured persons seemed happy at the exclusion of the noisy, vacant throng which frequented their house during the day. When thus left to themselves, they appeared to advantage. The fat brother was a devotee, but far from unreasonable, and represented to the other that the essence of Christianity was the same amongst all its professors. Thus extending the cords of the tabernacle, that I might also be received in its kindly embrace, we sat down to a supper of Russian sauce, made of fish, in which to dip our bread, together with boiled eggs, on a table five inches from the ground: after which, a door opened which I had not observed before, and in this wretched cottage appeared a neat apartment furnished as a sanctuary, where the fat brother performed an evening service, whilst the other went through the house with a small box of incense, repeating the word *Christian* when he presented it to my nose. The one who officiated as priest was such a character as in Ireland would be designated 'a man that understands his religion.' I confess I was by no means displeased with what I saw in these two amiable persons; who, though proprietors of an *arech*-house, yet kept its frequenters within bounds, and,

in the closing of their doors at night, shut out the publican character, whilst a higher tone of feeling triumphed over its disguise."

Dr. Burton does not seem to admire Wallachia much—and is inclined to give the preference to Turkey, which does not, either, occupy any very high place in his esteem:

"Wallachia is at present a nominally independent principality, much under Russian influence; its inhabitants are Christians of the Greek church; except for the groups of seven clumsy, wooden crosses which we every now and then passed on the way, I saw no difference between Wallachia and Turkey; in truth, the preference might, without injustice, be given to the latter country, the landscape of which is so much its superior; exerting herself to rank with European powers would make the traveller expect more, and yet not even a road, the primary evidence of civil association, facilitates his progress.

"The inhabitants have a thievish, black look, with large, low-crowned hats; perhaps the occurrence of the loss of my ring may have prejudiced me against this costume, but I am informed they are not over exact as to how they treat the property of others. Besides this broad hat of puritanical form, they wear the tunic reaching to the knees, with a girdle, to which is attached in front their tobacco pouch, pricker, and implements for striking light: they have short drawers and sandals, the thongs of which tie round the leg and fasten on a kind of woollen leggings, they have also long hair and mustachios, but the beard has gone entirely out of use, except with the *popas*, or some very old persons in remote parts of the country; a few of the inhabitants wear a dress of dark-brown cloth, consisting of a loose jacket, wide breeches, and a sheep-skin cap; you may also see some with the Turkish jacket, ornamented on the back, and the Turkish slippers—these, with the large hat, have an incongruous appearance; they, however, combine the costumes of Europe and Asia. One would almost suppose the Wallachian was puzzled what habit to assume, and thus you see Europe and Asia maintain in him a constant conflict. On advancing into the interior, however, the broad hat, tunic, belt, drawers, and sandals, most of which he inherits from his Dacian ancestors, seem to obtain the ascendancy. A Wallachian peasant sometimes appears in a shaggy, sheep-skin cloak, from which you see him, like a bear, shake the heavy drops after a

shower; and united with this, let my readers imagine the aforesaid broad hat, knowing, low, round crown, and long black hair. I regret much that I was in no mood for sketching, otherwise my friends should have had a rich variety of Wallachian costume; but my spirits were sunk; I had a journey before me that I was uncertain how I should accomplish; and now trust that the description will satisfy my indulgent readers.

"These people speak a very corrupt Latin, called Romanisti, which I think in many respects approaches the Italian. This circumstance I was not at the time prepared for, and was not a little surprised when I first heard their language, and the sentinel in the lazaretto at night, calling out every half hour, 'ausculta,' (hear,) evidently the Latin word *ausculta*. The Wallachians affirm, (and I believe with some truth,) that their race has been blended with the Roman legions who were encamped amongst the ancient Dacians, to subdue them. The language is, however, now mixed up with a number of Turkish and Greek words.

"Wine-houses flourish much in this country; their recurrence by the wayside is much more frequent than the huge, logwood-coloured crosses; a bunch of shavings, a bottle, or a small hoop, are the signs by which they may be distinguished; some of these houses were wicker roofs over an excavation in the ground.

"I consider Wallachia more objectionable than Turkey, since it affects to rank itself with European polity, and professes Christianity; yet how lamentably is the traveller disappointed at finding the same backwardness, the same indolence, and the same filth, in most cases even worse than in Turkey; they seem a selfish and boorish race—in short, things had only changed their name, but not their nature."

We would willingly extract Dr. Burton's description of the Wallachian capital, Bucharest, emerging from Ottoman sway, and attempting to take its place among the cities of Christendom; pause with him at the last lazaretto, that of Kinneen, which, for a lazaretto appears really to have been comfortable; have caught a sketch from Transylvania; a picture from Hungary. But we must draw to a conclusion. We can well conceive the home associations which crowded on our traveller's mind when at Hermanstadt in Transylvania, on what was once and recently the border of Christendom. For the first time since leaving home he "beheld with delight the spires of

churches, and heard the solemn pealing of their bells." Dr. Burton says—

"As I viewed this city at a distance, it reminded me strongly of Shrewsbury. The inhabitants of Hermanstadt, and a widely extended district, are a colony of Saxons, and profess the Lutheran faith: they still adhere to the language and manners of their forefathers. Sometimes you hear the Romanisti, and sometimes German, from the same individual; but there is a neatness and order in their habitations and farms that evince a superiority to those around. In the villages where they dwell, their church spires vie with those of the parochial fane—the latter being only distinguishable by the cross that crowns its summit."

Our traveller still footed it through Pesth to Vienna, thence through Prague, Dresden, Berlin, and to Ham-burgh. At Ham-burgh he embarked for London, and reached the Tower stairs on Monday the 16th day of October, 1837, in the same month, and on the same day of the month in which he had sailed from Liverpool in the preceding year. Before we have done we must make two observations; one is, that we fear Dr. Burton's mode of addressing the Jews may have (though, we are sure, quite unintentionally on his part) a tendency to lead them to think, that to be of the Hebrew blood is every thing, and to lead them to forget, that though a national restoration should await them, to participate in it, an humbled and penitent heart, a delivery from blood-guiltiness, through the acknowledgment of a crucified Saviour, and the cross which all must bear, ere peace and the deliverance from every enemy can be our lot, are necessary for each individual. The other observation is, that no where are there any traces, in Dr. Burton's book, of a disposition, which we think sometimes appears in our Protestant missionaries in the east, to treat the Oriental churches as destitute of all light—to undervalue their apostolical succession—and as, in one instance which we remember to have read of an English clergyman reproving a Greek prelate for calling the blessed Virgin the mother of God, to incur the peril of leading the Greek Christians to imagine that the Church of England is infected with the Nestorian heresy. But the mode of dealing with the Oriental church would be an extensive subject; our time is come, and, like other shadows, we must depart.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. XV.—WETZEL'S POEMS.*

FIRST NOTICE.

WHEN one enthusiast takes up the cudgels for another, men witness a more than usually apt instance of the zeal that lacks discretion. Herr Zachariah Funck, we venture to predict, will not redeem the reputation of his late friend, Frederick Conrad Wetzel, from the oblivion into which it is fast falling, by taking upon himself the editorship of his poems. People may sometimes bear to be lectured into the belief that madness is inspiration, but certainly never where the lecturer is himself a madman. Paine was patronised rather to the detriment of his own celebrity by Cobbett. Hunt's glowing eulogies of Shelley have not tended to dissipate the cloud that rests upon the latter's character. We do, therefore, apprehend that the sober-minded Germans will continue to discountenance the poetical and political extravagances of Wetzel, notwithstanding Editor Funck's tempestuous vindication of both, and the scalding hot tide of invective in which his indignation finds vent against all who happen to be prosaic and apathetic enough to feel no sympathy with either.

But with this we have nothing to do. The sole regret that the publisher's choice has caused us is occasioned by the absence from the volume before us of any biographical details respecting the poet. The verbose rhapsody that does the duty of preface to it talks of "culmination-points," "halls of immortality," "paracentric æsthetics," "objectivity," and so forth, and denounces the age in a dialect that illustrates the vast advantage of having a dictionary at one's elbow; but it does not tell us where, when, why, or how it came to pass that Wetzel was so unfortunate as to die—as we understand was the case—a neglected poet and a broken-hearted man. On these points we wanted to gain as much information as we possibly could; and on these points Editor F. has given us as little information as he possibly could, viz. none whatever. He talks instead—being obliged to talk of something—of the signs of the times, and the melancholy

prevalence of an anti-mystic materialism in modern poetry. We desire facts, and he treats us to disquisitions, as "germane to the matter" in hand as an air by Neukomm might be to a problem in algebra. His mode of establishing his *protégé's* claim to the title of poet strikes us also as rather inconclusive. "Dasz Wetzel," he demands, "ein rechter Dichter war, wer vermag das zu bestreiten?" "Who will dare to dispute that Wetzel was a genuine poet?" No argument is attempted; no evidence is tendered; the interrogatory is put, Who will dare, &c.; and so the matter is decided. One might, however, tolerate any little deficiency his logic exhibits for the sake of its brevity: the shortest follies are the best. But, alas, for his interminable metaphysics! their only recommendation is the strong probability that, as they are wholly and hopelessly incomprehensible, they must, after the first glance given to them, perforce compel the reader to pass them over altogether: the cloud that envelopes them is in fact the densest we have come into contact with since our first acquaintanceship with Kant, and as completely veils the writer's meaning from ordinary apprehension as the volume of smoke which filled the room while, pipe in mouth, he went through with his task, shrouded the characters he scrawled from his own eyes.

His favourite theme of panegyric is the poet's soul, which, nevertheless, he describes as loaded with rubbish—somewhat like his own meerschau— and the poet's spirit, in reference to which we have a vivid picture of a Bedlamite escaping from his keepers. Hear him blow the trumpet. "Die mannichfaltigsten Fesseln lähmender Erdgewalten, Schutt und Staub der erbärmlichsten Prosa, legten wie Berge sich auf seine Seele, und doch vermochten sie nicht seine Dichterkraft niederzubeugen, geschweige seinen Genius zu begraben. Sein junger, freier und kräftiger Geist durchbrach jeder äussern Zwang, machte sich Platz mit seinen gewaltigen Adler-

* F. C. Wetzel's gesammelte Gedichte und Nachlasz. Herausgegeben von Z. Funck. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1839.

F. C. Wetzel's Poems and Remains, complete. Edited by Z. Funck. Leipsic: Brockhaus. 1839.

schwungen, entfloß der niedern Erde, reinigte mit raschem Flügelschlage die verpestete Luft und flog, dem ewigen Phönix gleich, dem Lande seiner Geburt, der Sonne, zu!" "The most multitudinous and multifarious manacles of the crippling and shackling earth-authorities, the rubbish and dust of the paltriest prose, cast themselves like mountains upon his soul, and yet prevailed not to bow down his poet's might, far less to sepulchre his genius. His young, chainless, and powerful spirit broke through every external barrier, made room for itself with its stupendous eagle-pinions, soared above this base earth, purified with the rapid rushing of its wings the pestilential atmosphere, and flew, like the eternal Phoenix, to its native clime—the sun!"

If this be true, "that other great traveller," Munchausen, is left far behind, for he visited only the moon—the account of the voyage to the dog-star being now generally admitted by the learned to be spurious. Poor Wetzell! the coolness of his reception upon earth was indeed such as might naturally enough have induced in him a wish to exchange his habitation for warmer quarters. While, however, we lament his destiny, we do not go the length of blaming the world for it. No: Wetzell was a man of mere middling genius—and one fate alone awaits such men. Themselves are unsought, their books unbought; so was it always; so will it continue; it must be thus; there is no remedy for it. People somehow will not purchase an inferior article when they can have a superior one as cheap. If Herr Funck and a few like him mistake crockery for porcelain and potatoes for peaches, they have no right to fall foul of others for being better-sighted.

Nay, even supposing the public in the wrong, these are still the best judges of what pleases themselves. This is a truth so obvious as to force itself upon the commonest minds; and they who abuse the public because of their taste or want of taste prove themselves either very splenetic or very irrational. We pity a man of talent, like Wetzell, for his sufferings—in conscience we can afford to do no more. If we thought his deserts to be such as to have made the treatment he received unjustifiable we should perhaps be almost as indignant as Orator Funck himself. He is dead; the grave has closed over him; and, whatever his defects may have been, we can have no wish to quarrel either with his memory or his executors—even though he gained little fame, and made less money, and has got an editor to edit him who assumes that the secret of his want of success lay in the paramount sublimity of his genius—that is to say, that he was so magnificent and so fascinating a writer—and so grandiloquent and so "up-soaring," and so "down-diving" a thinker that—nobody cared to read him.

We believe it were as well, to preclude any misconception with reference to the point, if we at once gave the reader a few samples of the poems. None of them are certainly of a worse order than any we have hitherto published; and some of them may perhaps be of a better. Our own anti-poetical modes of thought and tendencies of mind, indeed, license the likelihood that we see in them blemishes which to those better qualified for understanding them may be invisible. We give one dozen of specimens; not extracting at random, but selecting the best that offer.

I.

Bamberg:

A DROP-SCENE.

Du herrlichsten von Allen,

O, my own mother-city,
I could laud thee day and night,
Thy women are so pretty,
And thy wine is so bright,
And thy nightingales in cages
Warble songs of Paradise—
One would swear in ancient ages
They were angels in disguise!

Thy river keeps a-flowing
Very pleasant to behold,

And to-day thy roofs are glowing
 In the noon like yellow gold,
 And thy happy gardens blooming
 With pied fruits and flowers,
 And the Summer sun illuming
 All thy lover-haunted bowers !

There's thy New town and Old one,
 Each a darling in its way ;—
 True, the last can hardly hold on,
 Though so graceful in decay ;
 Indeed I don't know whether
 I can well compare the two ;
 Still I love them altogether,
 Both the Old and the New.

No hateful walls begird thee—
 Here Nature hath her part,
 And deems it not unworthy
 To ally herself with Art :—
 Thy walls are mighty mountains,
 The cradles of the vine,
 From which, as from fountains,
 Outgushes purple wine !

Here winds a marble alley ;
 There gleams a singing rill ;—
 Here spreads a rosy valley ;—
 And yonder, on The Hill,
 As large as life, or larger,
 Sits Adelbert the Grand
 On his blue metal charger,
 With his blue sword in hand !

And oh ! the lighted altars
 Of thy Church, beneath whose dome
 The piety that falters
 May revive as though at Rome !—
 While visitors in numbers
 Throng the long aisle beyond,
 Where our Kaiser Heinrich* slumbers
 By his virgin Cunigond.

Then a gay population,
 But withal rather stout,
 And of keen observation
 From the lord to the lout,
 May be seen in Summer walking
 Through thy rural thoroughfares,
 Smoking meerschaums, or talking,
 All in fours, threes, or pairs.

O, were I a musician,
 I would spend a many days
 On a moving composition
 Altogether in thy praise !

* Henry II. Emperor of Germany, and founder of Bamberg, who, although married, lived in celibacy to the time of his death. His Empress was deservedly canonized for her sanctity and virtues.

Could I paint as fine as Titian,
 The universe should see
 That my first fond ambition
 Was to sketch a view of thee !

All blessings on thee always,
 My own mother-town !
 And be it mine, in small ways,
 To trumpet thy renown,
 And declare all cities dim in
 Comparison with thee
 For singing-birds and women,
 Flowers, wine, and *cau-de-vic* !

This was written at an early age, him in those habits of castle-building
 and before disappointment had com- which make the only luxury of the
 pelled the poet to take refuge from wretched. We find him in after-years
 the harshnesses of the world about thus recording his aspirations :

II.

My Home.

Kennt ihr das schöne Eiland.

Morn and Eve a star invites me,
 One imploring silver star,
 Woos me, calls me, lures me, lights me,
 O'er the desert Deep afar
 To a lovely Orient land,
 Where the sun at morning early
 Rises fresh, and young, and glowing,
 Where the air is light and bland,
 And the raindrops fall so pearly—
 Therefore am I going, going
 Home to this my lovely land,
 Where the sun at morning early
 Rises fresh, and young, and glowing,
 Where the airs are light and bland,
 And the rain is warm and pearly !
 All unheeding, all unknowing,
 I am speeding, I am going,
 Going home to my, to my land,
 To my only, lonely island
 In the desert Deep afar,
 Yet, unknowing and undreaming
 Why I go, or How, or Whither,*
 Save that one imploring star,
 Ever burning, ever beaming,
 Woos me, lures me, lights me thither !

Some German poets are singularly fond of trying to pass themselves off as persons who ought to be shut up in deserts and transported to desolate islands. Scattered through their books we encounter occasional mysterious allusions to certain dark incidents in their lives—much meeting the eye and more being meant for the mind. Now this is disgusting affectation. It is a claptrap unworthy of intellectual men. Byron tried it and got credit for sincerity from some half dozen persons, of whom Goethe, poor old man, was one. Yet Byron's was a wild life, and he *might* have done something to "plunge his years in fatal penitence." Where he failed to pass for worse than

* *Weisz nicht auch Wohin und Wie*: I know neither *whither* nor *how*: the *wohin* here is of course used in reference to the geographical position of the island.

he could be, who is likely to succeed ? With that silvery voice, those courtly manners, does Tieck stand any chance of being regarded as a villain at heart ? Can a man so brimful of the milk and water of human kindness as Kerner have poisoned his mother-in-law and set the Spree on fire ? Who will believe that the delicate lemonhued handshoe of Klügen is assumed only to hide such an accusing stain as might "the multitudinous sea incarnadine ?" These follies, however, are peculiar to a few. Our friend Wetzel does not pretend to be a very *mauvais sujet* :

he has nothing to confess ; he "sleeps in spite of thunder." He is, in fact, "more sinned against than sinning"—wretched only, not guilty—he weeps blood, but has drawn none—writes daggers,† but never brandishes them. His characteristic fault is that of talking *à la* Jacob Boehmen—

"His thoughts are theorems—his words a problem—
As if he deemed that mystery would ennoble 'em."

Tell us, for instance, who can, the meaning of the first two stanzas of this little piece—

III.

Libe.

Und o ies schwille Bangen.

O, this vast weight that stifles
The beatings of my breast !
This Giant-thought that rifles
My stormy nights of rest !
O, swindled soul, that starvest
In Fancy's richest lands,
Must then thy golden harvest
Be reaped by robber-hands ?‡

O, anguish ! wordless anguish !
When Space hath room for stars,
Why must the *Lion* languish
Behind his cage's bars ?
§ *Freiheit* in sunbright letters
Is blazoned on the sky,
And, bound in triple fetters,
I can but see, and sigh !

Yet,—Up ! No dungeon narrows
The orbit of the soul !
Forth ! Take thy bow and arrows,
And chuse thy mark and goal !
No giants shalt thou slaughter,
As in the olden years,
Nor wade through fire and water
To dry a virgin's tears.

Life now hath colder duties,
And Man hath sterner toils
Than freeing spellbound beauties
Or gathering knightly spoils :
Dark Earth is disenchanted
By Want, and Thought, and Pain,
And nought is phantomb haunted
Except the Poet's brain.

† Noted weapons, *en passant*, with "all the tribe."

‡ Perhaps it occurs to us as we write) some rascally bookseller in Hamburg
may have been at the time pirating one of his works.

§ Liberty.

Crush Self, the necromancer !
 Call Reason from the tomb
 Where Passion, worst entrancer,
 Still holds her chained in gloom !
 Sustain a drooping brother !
 Ere action, understand !
 Revere the Church, thy Mother,
 And, love thy Fatherland !

A ballad entitled *Die Dreiödter im Harlkoll* reminds us of Kerner's "Four Idiot Brothers," but is less effective than that graphic emanation of genius, from causes that will be obvious by a comparison.

IV.

The Three Dead Men of Harlkoll.

Auf dem Harlkoll, da bei Schweidnitz,

Where Harlkoll's cliffs rise bare and steep
 Are still seen the walls of an old Prey-tower :*
 The crag beetles darkling over the Deep ;—
 And a legend is told
 Of those ruins old
 Which I wove into verse in an idle hour.

Some ten good lustres, or more, ago,
 A Palmer from Syria was tracing his way
 Through the Prey-tower's roofless rooms of stone,
 And the mouldering hall
 Where weeds rose tall ;
 And the time was noon, on the Lord His Day.

Strange tales were afloat of this Robber-pile—
 But the Pilgrim had ceased to hold parle with men ;
 He leant on his staff to rest him ; and while
 His eye glanced around
 He marked in the ground
 A chasm,—the mouth, as it were, of a den.

It was deep, and dark, yet not blackly dark,
 For the Pilgrim anon descried a gleam
 Through the gloom adown, like a vagrant spark,
 Or a dying star :—
 It shot from afar,
 And the wind gushed up in an icy stream.

Sayde the Pilgrim then, In abysses yet lower
 God reigneth ;—and, crouching, he entered the cave ;
 And the gleam led him on to a chancelled door ;
 And thrice he knocked ;
 And the door, self-unlocked,
 Swang wide, like the grated approach to a grave.

And lo ! the intruder envisaged a cell,
 In midst whereof stood a brazen table,
 Around which sat, as tranced by a spell,
 Three Men Unknown,
 With features of stone,
 And tarnished garments of silver and sable.

* *Raubschloss* ; a castle held by robbers, from which they sallied forth to plunder the surrounding country.

And the chill quenched eyes of each were fixt
 On a time-worn volume with clasps of gold,
 And characters dark and flaming mixt ;
 While in lamps inurned
 Three waxlights burned,
 Like funeral candles in tombs of old.

Pax, fratres, vobiscum ! the Pilgrim said—
 But the accentless answer was, *Hic non pax !*—
 —In JESUS' name, are ye living or dead ?
 Then answered one,
 Seven ages are gone
Since Eternity kindled yon lights of wax !

The Wanderer glanced at the Book they redde,
 Whose letters of gloom and flame alway
 Won tow'rd's them, like loadstars, the eyes of those Dead ;
 And he saw at a look
 That the name of the Book
 Was, *Liber Obtentivæ*.

And what are ye now ?—awakened, he asked :
We know not ! Three Sinners erst held this Tower.
 And what do ye here ? To what toil are ye tasked ?
 And the Three replied,
 We silently bide
The Unknown Day and the Unknown Hour.

The Hour ? Of Deliverance, brethren ? *Of Doom !*
 And dread ye the time ? *We know not ! But see !*
 And a curtain rose in the rear of the room,
 And the Pilgrim espied
 All who whilome had died
 By the bloody snares of the Barbarous Three !

They were ranged by the wall in skeleton rows,
 And their bones were incrust'd with hueless gore :—
 Ask'd the Pilgrim then, Ye remember those ?—
 And they answered and said,
 The Three that are dead
Will remember them ruefully evermore !

And the Three that are dead, did they Evil, or Good ?
They did Evil.—O, Horror !—and ye—ye are they !
We know not !—And weep ye not then for the blood
 Here savagely shed ?
 And the Questioned said,
We are shadows ! We weep not ! We breathe not ! Away !

When the Palmer came forth into day-light agen
 The 'live earth around him seemed trebly blest,
 And he prayed aloud for the Children of Men—
 God ! Give them to know
 Their own weakness and woe,—
 That their souls may hereafter find solace and rest !

The following measured burst of feeling is, or ought to be, from a lady. The matter-of-fact reader will be good enough to be fanciful enough to take "A historian is never of any sex," it or mistake it as the response to a said Mrs. Macauley : it appears that request for an epithalamium or an a poet may be of both sexes at once. *acrostic :*

v.

Stanzas to *****

Nein, ach nein, es kann nicht seyn, mein Herz,

Oh, no ! no !—my heart can sing no lays !
 No ! I swell no more the minstrel through !
 Oh, no ! no !—the grief that on me preys
 Darkens all my light of song !
 Love may glad *thy* breast, and gild thy brow,
 Coloring Earth with Eden's hues for thee ;
 Chant its bliss, then,—hymn its triumphs thou !
 I must weep its perfidy !

Lightly on us lies the weight of woe
 While the Lamp of Hope has leave to burn ;
 Dewdrops for our souls are tears that flow
 Over joys that may return.
 Loves betrayed, crossed hopes, forgotten powers,
 Ah ! these, these it is that wake the sigh !
 And fond hearts, alas ! like Autumn flowers,
 Seem but born to droop and die !

Ere as yet her lover's treachery prints
 Deep in Woman's mind its cankering wrong,
 Fancy paints its woes in rainbow tints,
 Passion robes its griefs in Song ;
 But, when captive to a darker doom,
 She who loves, loves, longs, despairs in vain,
 When her last slain hope lies in the tomb,
 She but weeps—not sings—her pain.

The apology is a bull—but let that pass. Now for a lighter lay—one which
 no inveterate weeper, female, or male, need attempt to sing.

vi.

Song.

Wenn die Rosen blühen.

When the roses blow
 Man looks out for brighter hours ;
 When the roses glow
 Hope relights her lampless bowers.
 Much that seemed in Winter's gloom
 Dark with heavy woe
 Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
 When the roses blow—
 When the roses blow—
 Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
 When the roses blow.

When the roses blow
 Love, that slept, shall wake anew :
 Merrier blood shall flow
 Through the springald's veins of blue ;
 And if Sorrow wrang the heart
 Even that shall go :—
 Pain and Mourning must depart
 When the roses blow—
 When the roses blow—
 Pain and Mourning must depart
 When the roses blow.

When the roses blow
 Look to Heaven, my fainting soul !
 There, in stainless show,
 Spreads the veil that shrouds thy goal.
 Not while Winter breathes his blight
 Burst thy bonds below !
 Let the earth look proud and bright !
 Let the roses blow !
 Let the roses blow !
 O, let Earth look proud and bright !
 Let the roses blow !

The rudeness of our versions generally is a fair presumption for their faithfulness. We know that we have been charged with paraphrasing and even travestyng our originals ; and the charge may be true or false ; we neither admit it nor deny ; but good-natured judges will perhaps be inclined to consider that we are as literal as the difference between the structure of English and the structure of German allows us to be. In reality there is no reason that we should perpetrate paraphrases. Translations are considerably easier. To give the words of an author as he has given them himself is obviously less of a task than to be at the trouble of inventing for him words that he never intended to give. The *dolce far niente* of literal rendering must in any case be preferable to the supererogatory fatigue

of circumlocutory wantonness. Moreover, a paraphrase, palmed upon the public as a translation, is an imposture, and the palmer is an impostor ; and the character of an impostor is one that no man assumes for nothing.

The privilege of individual opinion, however, we have always respected ; and on that account we decline to offer any formal exculpation of our Anthologies. Were we to pledge our word of honor that we have not deceived the public they would be in a manner coerced into the adoption of a particular belief with regard to the question at issue. We deem it more eligible to leave them the unshackled exercise of their proper judgment. It is the course that liberal feeling dictates ; and we disdain precedents.

And so, to go on as before :—

VII.

☉, My Heart.

Im Fass singt mannichfaltig der Geist.

Ye have heard of the Dweller in Rudesheim Cellar !
 The Gnome of the Quartz (bottle) Mine !
 An imp from the Mountains !—in fine,
 A spirit !—the fiery Spirit of Wine !

Whom hoops of iron round glass environ,
 Imprisoning and pressing him tight ;
 For he burns to burst forth in his might,
 And drink his fill of the upper light !

Ah !—how he resembles the rebel that trembles
 To break through this dungeoning breast !
 Strange struggler ! Art master, or guest ?
 Wilt rest thyself, or let *me* have rest ?

Thou too art prisoned, nor better seasoned
 To brook Life's *iron-hoop* rule—
 Grow, grow so, refractory fool !
 Slack thy fire ! Still thy throbs ! Thou art yet but at school.

Are forty Winters such faint imprinters
 Of Age on a thing of thy mould ?
 O, shame that thou waxest not old !
 Why, saucy one ! *worlds* are Time-controlled !

But the worm is Man's brother—and one way or t'other
 Thy sport will be finally spoiled :—
 Though the lock on Life's Gate may be oiled
Death strikes but the surer where *Time* is foiled !

Though the lock, &c. viz. : Death is necessarily the more sudden and startling when no visible decay or decrepitude of the frame precedes it.
 A truth, by the way, which our next extract appositely illustrates.

VIII.

The Best Blessing

Ach Kinder, liebste Kinder mein,

The Church-bell rang at the dawning grey ;
 Uprose from her bed the mother slowly—
 ' My son, I would visit the church to-day,
 For Easter-morn is holy,
 O, Easter-morn is holy !'

' Nay, dear mother mine, but bide where you are :
 You are stricken in years, and feeble and sickly ;
 And the morn is chill, and the church is far,
 And the way is thronged so thickly !
 The way is thronged so thickly !'

' Though the church be far, and the morn be chill,
 And the way be thronged, my feet shall not falter :
 And if I am old, and feeble, and ill,
 I will pray for strength at the altar,
 For strength at the holy altar !'

The widow went forth with her sighing child,
 And she leaned on his arm the whole way going ;
 And the sky was dark, and the way was wild,
 And a sorrowful wind was blowing,
 A sorrowful wind was blowing.

And she prayed at the altar :—' Thou Holy One !
 My grave is yawning, and Death is pressing
 These eyes,—but grant, I implore thee ! my son
 Heaven's best and choicest blessing !
 O, grant him its choicest blessing !'

When Mass was done she arose and looked round :
 ' O God !—my son !—am I then forsaken ?'
 For her eye met him not, nor could he be found,—
 And her soul was fearfully shaken !
 Her soul was fearfully shaken !

But, trembling her way to the churchyard wide,
 She saw him, stretched under a yew, a-sleeping ;
 And clasping her shrivelled hands, she cried
 ' My child, I have sought thee, weeping !
 My child, I have sought thee, weeping !'

Till, drawing yet nearer, she gazed in his face,
 And a shriek died away on her lips unspoken—
 Her prayer had been heard at the Throne of Grace,
 But her heart was for ever broken !
 The heart of the mother was broken !

We must reserve for a second notice two other legendary ballads—*The Minstrel-Kaiser*, and *Sir Adolf of Berne* ;—but the following "ghost-conceit" is not of sufficient length to justify us in withholding it at present :

IX.

Lobe in Death.

Liebchen, woher so spät zu Nacht?

“ Ah! whither away,

Ah! whither away, Beloved, so deep in the night?

Oh! long and longing I watched for thee;

The hours trailed like Eternity!

And I saw in a foul black dream thy starry

Eyes, methought, turn dim as Night!

And now thou art here, and wilt not tarry!

Ah! whither away,

Ah! whither away, Beloved, so far in the night?”

“ My dreary way,

My snake-haunted way lay over wild and waste,

Lay over wilderness and wave,

Morass, and swamp, and tombless grave;

In the dull dusk time I left my lair;

And the light whereby my path was traced

Was the glow-worm's lamp and the moon so bare,

As I passed on my way,

On my snake-infested way through swamp and waste.”

“ And how, Beloved,

How foundest thou thus thy way to me to-night?

When evening fell I barred my gate—

None ever before came hither so late—

See! The sunken moon is drained of light—

And the low and listening winds could win

No sound from thy steps as thou glidedst in—

How, oh, Beloved!

How foundest thou thus thy way to me this night?”

“ Hush! hush!—the winds,

The low and listening winds have ears to hear!

Warm Love can melt even brazen bars—

True Love's own eyes are more than stars—

Though her brow be bound with the white death-wreath

The maiden that loves can feel no fear;

But, more than this I may not breathe,

For the winds can hear,

The low and listening winds have ears to hear!”

“ Then, Dearest, Good Night!”

She went, they say not how, and he slept till morn.

The sun rose red, and the grey clouds wept;

The sun sank red, and the youth still slept.

Three days he slept, so marble-browed,

Till his mother and sisters came and clothed,

With tears, his corpse in a milk-white shroud;

And they laid him beside his dead Betrothed

Till the Judgment-Morn;

He will sleep by her side till the dawn of the Judgment-Morn.

Didactic poetry, we know, is not we shall confine ourself to a very in-
popular; and though Wetzel has con- significant sample of his ability in that
tributed his share to the general stock, *genre d'écrire*.

X.

Resolte.

Nur Ernst und Kraft vor allen Dingen!

“ The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence.”—*Holy Writ.*

Before all things, O, soul of mortal,

An earnest Will!

The Cherub still
 Stands with the flaming sword at Eden's portal.
 Him thou must overcome in deadly strife!
 The Tree of Life,
 Luxuriant in its golden growth,
 Yet yields no fruits to palsied Sloth;
 Showers not its treasures on the Weak;
 Though many an apple falls
 Inside the wardened walls
 Those only gather them who dare to seek!

Before all things, O, soul of Man,
 An ardent Hope, an earnest Will!
 The magic wand* is slow to scan
 The spot where hidden treasures lurk,
 But Hope is more than wizard skill,
 And Perseverance crowns the work.
 Thou must buy Peace with thine own blood:
 Up, then, and act, lest thou despair,
 When, coming down like Night upon thy life's thick wood,
 The prowling Fowler† takes thee in his snare!

Frederic Conrad Wetzel, Gentleman, was the personal enemy of Napoleon Buonaparte, Esquire—we beg pardon—the Emperor Napoleon. Yet, it is probable that Buonaparte accomplished more for France than Wetzel, under any circumstances, could have achieved for Germany—and, take him for all in all, was a more illustrious man than the Bamberg poet. And, now that the bones of both are crumbling

to dust, it is a mournful—but we check ourself. Time grows precious with us, and so does Space. Here are two patriotic effusions; the first meriting no particular comment—the second somewhat remarkable, as well for the peculiarity of its metrical structure as the odd and incongruous mixture of platitude and bold conception, prosaic ideas and poetical, of which it is compact.

XI.

The Mighty Dead.

Wir wissen was die Chronika.

We know what the Chronicle-ballads rehearse—
 How the Huns, in days of old,
 Came down like tigers bloody and fierce,
 On the peaceable Saxon fold.

To Wehrstadt city, wealthy and fair,
 They crowded in truculent swarms;
 And they swore by God that they would not spare
 The babe in its mother's arms!

Three days, as the Wehrstadt Chronicle runs,
 The burghers held the field,
 But the countless hordes of the murderous Huns
 Must needs have made them yield.

When—suddenly bursting their coffin-bands,
 In the graves through the burial grounds—
 The Buried, with swords in their fleshless hands,
 Rise up from their hillocky mounds!

And, Slay! Slay! Slay! is their thrilling cry—
 And the triumph of the butchers is o'er;
 Aghast with unutterable terror, they fly;
 And they trouble that city no more.

* The divining-rod.

† Death.

And so have Ourselves in that memorable year,
 One thousand eight hundred and thirteen,
 Seen the graves of our sires agitated far and near—
 That marvel hath Germany seen!

And had not Germany's living sons
 Then chased the Invader's band—
 The Dead would have risen, as they rose against the Huns,
 And avenged their Fatherland!

XII.

Germany.

Mit Gott begann' ich.

In the Name of God I began,*
 In the Name of God I close.

In Him alone
 The spirit of Man
 Shall find repose.
 Peace, Purity, Love,—
 A holy zone!—
 Encircle His throne:
 The three are eternal
 In Heaven above.
 But, as for Earth—
 Travailing Earth!—
 Ere the wreathful vernal
 Summer of Peace
 Can bloom for Earth,
 Ere Tears can cease,
 And Hope have birth,
 And Happiness blossom,
 The plough of the sword
 Must rend her bosom!
 The share of the sword
 From East to West
 Must pierce her thorough,
 And the blood of her Best
 And Bravest be poured
 In each thirsty furrow!

Long, long, too long we wandered
 Bewildered abroad;
 In madness we squandered
 The high gifts of God
 On Vanity's toys!
 The Pest that destroys,
 The blasting breath
 Of the French Simoom,†
 Blew hot on our souls—
 Amid flame and gloom
 We trod the Dell
 Of the Shadow of Death;
 And He who controls
 The Legions of Hell
 Was nigh to us then,
 And mighty to shield,
 Had we rather appealed
 To Him than to Men;

But, drunk with Pride,
 We still relied
 On the Knowledge that blinds—
 On our own weak minds—
 And not on the Light
 That comes from above—
 Which alone can guide
 A nation to Might,
 And alone unite
 Her sons in the bands of Love.

Therefore was given to the Enemy
 power
 To blight and devour,
 And to smite with the sword,
 And to scatter black Dearth
 Through our fruitfulest bowers,
 And to rain poison-showers
 On the green things of Earth,
 That all might acknowledge that God
 is the Lord,
 And, shivering to dust the dark chain
 Which a torpor like that of the grave
 Had flung round them to deaden and
 dim,
 Might call upon Him
 Who is potent and willing to save,
 In the day of Disaster and Pain.

And We call on the God of our Fathers
 now!
 We have sworn a vow
 Whereby we will stand,
 To battle for God and our Fatherland
 To the latest gasp!
 With the Cross on our breasts,
 And the Sword in our grasp,
 We are stronger than cuirassed in
 vests
 Of charmed steel.
 Up, Brethren, then!
 To God we appeal!
 We have sworn by His Name
 To win deathless fame,
 Or gory graves!
 Up, Brothers, then!

* This forms the last of a series of poems, called *Kriegs-Siegs-und Feuerlieder*.

† The Revolution of 1788.

We are Saxon *Men*,
 They hireling *slaves*.
 Forget not the Faithful Dead*
 Who have nobly striven!
 Remember KÖRNER!
 Remember WERNER!
 Remember TELI!
 Remember him who rose and fell
 Like a meteor sped
 From central Heaven—
 The Unexampled
 In old Romance—
 The hero born—
 ANDREAS HOFER!
 Who terribly trampled
 Beneath the heel
 Of his crushing scorn
 The Dragon of France!
 And whose wont was to kneel
 As he sang like a gallant scoffer,

*Though all Hell's hosts in storm
 and fire
 Rose at the Tyrant's nod,
 We'll strike him down, we'll
 strike him down,
 We'll strike him down through
 God!*

And while We also, made strong by
 God,
 Strike down the Insolent-hearted,
 And stamp on their banners, ICHABOD!
 THE GLORY OF FRANCE IS DEPARTED!
 Let thoughtful men
 In Council assemble,
 And build anew,
 No more to tremble
 And rock and reel,
 The House of the Commonweal,
 The Empire-Dome,
 As the People's home,
 And fortress it high,
 And bulwark it well,
 That, triply fenced, it
 May even defy
 The Gates of Hell
 To prevail against it!

And already the Corner-stone is found:
 That Corner-stone
 Is found alone
 In an isle renowned
 As the Isle of the Free,
 Where Strength presides,
 And Wisdom guides
 To the Temple of Liberty;
 Where the will of the Many
 And Few is one,†
 And the rights of none

Are assailed by any;
 Where the humblest in birth
 Are sceptred sovereigns,
 And the One who governs
 A God upon Earth!

By a model so glorious and bold,
 Yet curbed in its parts and controlled
 By German skill
 And German art,
 By the German Will,
 And the German Heart,
 And the German Soul,
 Be that Structure begun—
 One be the Whole,
 And the Whole be in One!
 No bungling! No cobbling!
 No piecemeal work!
 Else Ruin will lurk
 In each column and arch,
 And Corrosion be troubling,
 With treacherous march,
 The heart of the Pile,
 Till all be a void,
 And weeds will defile
 The high pride of the walls
 That decay, undestroyed,
 And the doors of the curse-rotted
 halls,
 Lying open as whilome,
 Give traitors and robbers asylum.

And heed, more than all, that ye place
 The worthiest one
 Of the German Race
 On the German Throne!
 Let him, the Strongest,
 Reign over the rest
 Who was tried the longest
 And loved the best!
 And away, from the first,
 With those foes of the Free,
 Those drags on the Throne,
 The gods of whose curst
 Idolatry be
 Themselves alone!
 For all must feel
 And all must act for the Common
 Weal!

And ye, too, be wise,
 Ye Princes! ye Regal!
 And look that your duty be done!
 For other eyes
 Than those of the eagle
 Have come to see spots in the sun!
 Remember that they
 Who in HERMAN'S day

* *Vergisst die treuen Tödteten nicht!* Forget not the faithful Dead!—the inscription over the arched avenue that leads to Körner's mausoleum.

† If the isle alluded to be England readers must recollect that this description was written in 1813.

Gave, as History* sings,
 Your fathers power
 To rule and to reign
 As Kaisers and Kings,
 Are renewed in the men
 Who by sword and pen
 And sweat sustain
 Their sons at this hour!
 Ye Guardians! Ye Royal Shepherds!
 On you devolves
 The care of the Popular Fold!
 Give not the lambs up to the leopards!
 Betray not the flock to the wolves!
 Abuse not the high trust ye hold!
 But rigidly chase
 From the Council-chamber
 The plotters who clamber
 To power and place
 By the window like thieves,—
 With whom Cunning is Mind,
 And who, serpent-like, wind
 Themselves into your graces—
 From such turn your faces!
 Their counsel deludes and deceives!
 Choose your friends from the Frank,
 From the Generous in deed—
 From the Noble in spirit!
 Make Talent, not Rank,
 Make Conduct, not Creed,
 The criterion of Merit!
 Encourage well-doers!
 Give scope to the plans
 Of the Liberal and Wise—
 Remembering that Man's
 Cause is bound up with yours
 By the same holy ties!
 And nurse the rekindling
 Love of the Arts
 Which German hearts
 Are prompt to cherish;
 Nor suffer to perish
 The daily dwindling
 Though muscular tongue
 Of the Heroes and Masters†
 Who battled and sung
 When darker disasters
 Than any that bow
 The Wavering now
 Hung over the land.

So only, ye Rulers, can henceforth
 stand
 Your thrones unassailed!
 And ye rear them on sand
 If ye lay not the warning to mind;

For Time has prevailed
 To couch the eyes of the hitherto
 blind!
 The nations at length
 Are awake to their strength,
 And the voice of a Questioning Crowd
 Grows deep and loud,
 Like thunder behind a lighted cloud!
 And they ask one another,
 "Is this Combination
 Of brother with brother,
 This fierce preparation,
 This wrath without measure
 Against the Destroyer
 Meant merely to pleasure
 A Royal employer?
 Or,—do we not strike
 With our gallant swords
 In defence alike
 Of ourselves and our lords?"‡
 And the need is the greater and nigher,
 Each rapid year brings
 The need still the nigher,
 That, blent in affection,
 Both peoples and kings
 Coalesce for protection
 Of all that sublimes
 And greatens Existence—
 The need is the nigher
 The more the years roll,
 For troublous times
 Are looming in distance,
 And every soul
 Shall be tried with fire;
 And though millions shall die,
 The blood shall not dry
 On the slaughtering steel!
 Let both, then, unite,
 Till the struggle be done,
 That in woe, as in weal,
 Their path may together be trod,
 Their cause may be common and
 one—
 The Path of Right,
 And the Cause of God!
 That struggle shall be
 For no earthly crown,—
 For no hollow renown—
 That struggle shall be
 For the things of ETERNITY,
 And shall lie betwixt
 The Best and the Worst
 The Blest and the Curst,
 The Good unmixed

* The Saxon Chronicles, which were mostly in verse.

† *Die Held-und Meistersprache*: the dialect of the Heroes and Masters, viz: Minnesingers.

‡ A query of a somewhat similar character appears in *Childe Harold*:

Gaul may champ the bit,
 And foam in fetters, but is *Earth* more free?
 Did nations combat to make *one* submit,
 Or league to teach *all* kings true sovereignty?

And the Evil unmixed,
Then, Sons of HERMAN!
Who honour the land
Which vaunts itself German,
Reck well that Ye
Be found in the band
Of the Good and Free!
And ever, meanwhile,
Keep watch and ward,
With lights in your towers,
And weaponed and girt,
As men on their guard
Against the wiles
Of Unhallowed Powers,
Alive and alert
To work them dole
In body and soul!

Described by the name
Of APOLLYON in Greek,
And ABADDON in Hebrew,
Lies vanquished and trodden,
O! then let us all
Repair to the Temple,
The Holy of Holies,
And joyfully praise
Our God and Redeemer,
Who ransomed us out of
Affliction and prison,
And made us partakers
Of that divine Freedom
Enjoyed by the Children
Of Light ere the Earth
Rose from Nought, and the Morning
Stars shouted for joy!

*And when the great work is achieved,
When the World-polluter

In the Name of God I began—
In the Name of God I end.

As we have now given the number
of extracts we promised, our task for
the present may be appropriately con-
cluded by the following Farewell to

Poetry, which Wetzel, we presume,
regarded during the rest of the week
in which he wrote it as final and binding
on his muses.

Good Night, Good Night, my Lyre!
A long, a last Good Night!
In ashes lies the fire
That lent me Warmth and Light.

With Love, Life too is fled;
My bosom's blood is cold;
My mind is all but dead;
My heart is growing old.

Soon will my sad eyes close,
O, Lyre, on Earth and Thee!
I go to woo Repose
In God's Eternity!

• Unrhymed (also) in the original.

AUSTRALIA—THIRD ARTICLE.*

WESTERN AUSTRALIA, OR SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.

IN former papers we have given some account of the two earliest settled Australian colonies, whose progress has been greatly accelerated by the abundant supply of convict labour, and the enormous colonial expenditure such a system entails on the parent country. The prosperity of the penal colonies may be compared to that of an individual who becomes rich by selling wine made from grapes reared in a hot-house, while the glass, fuel, and abundance of labour are supplied to him free from all expense. In the two younger colonies

we cannot anticipate such a rapid progress; but their foundations being laid on a basis of sound morality, their prosperity will be permanent and increasing, and will exert a greater degree of influence on the mother country, with which their relations will be more intimate and respectable. If any evidence could be required to prove the inherent superiority of morality over wealth, it would be the fact, that the youngest of our colonies—that of South Australia—is more the subject of conversation in the mother country, and more

* [We now resume our series of articles on Australia, which were interrupted by domestic affliction and pressing avocations.]

works are written concerning it, and more discussions have taken place regarding it, than concerning the two older and penal colonies, with their far superior riches and population. Hence also the two new colonies of Western and South Australia, with all the amount of preliminary hardships which the absence of convict labour occasions, are preferred by emigrants to the superior facilities which Sydney offers to the emigrant capitalist. The prosperity of the new colonies will be steady and certain, while in the older ones a social and economical revolution must take place before the present unstable condition of society be properly adjusted. But if the moral and intellectual characters of the old and new colonies be so very different, their physical and material conditions are very similar. In all the three Australian colonies we find a similarity of character—none of them possess any large and navigable rivers similar to those of India or America, or indeed of Europe. The streams are comparatively unimportant, and chiefly valuable from the alluvial soil which has accumulated on their margins, which forms the granary of the district, while the greater part of the land is dry and sandy, or open woodland, better adapted for pasturage than for agriculture. As, however, the general features of the country are modified by local causes, it will be necessary to enter into some details in speaking of the different districts which are now occupied by our enterprising countrymen.

The Swan River colony is the most northern, and consequently the nearest to the equator of any of the Australian settlements. The difference, however, of latitude is not so great as to impress upon it so much of a tropical character as to distinguish its vegetable and animal productions in any remarkable degree from those of Sidney or Adelaide. In short, the climate is nearly similar to that of New South Wales or the Cape of Good Hope, which last country it greatly resembles not only in dryness and adaptation for supporting cattle, but also in the analogy which exists between many of the vegetable productions of the two countries. In the Swan River colony, or Western Australia, we have a narrow line of sea-coast, separated from the interior by three parallel mountain ranges which run in a north and south direction, and are consequently also nearly parallel to the coast. In this respect the

country has much resemblance to New South Wales, as it also necessarily has in its natural irrigation. Of these mountain ranges the eastern or more inland is the loftiest; the second goes by the name of the Darling range. The direction of the mountains determines that of the rivers, which have an easterly or westerly course according to the inclination of the country; but in no case are they navigable, or of much value as a means of inland communication. From the small elevation of the mountains they only supply a moderate amount of moisture to their streams, while the evaporation from the heated surface of the land is very great; and during the dry season the rivers are merely a series of pools, which, during the rainy season, become torrents, overflowing the alluvial flats, as the rich plains of Egypt and Bengal are annually laid under water by the swelling of their respective rivers. From the elevation of the land in Western Australia running nearly north and south, it derives a constant supply of moisture carried inland by the prevailing westerly winds, and is therefore less exposed to droughts than the country around Sydney. The prevailing rocks are said to be primitive, consisting of granite with quartzose substances, and the soil is usually dry and sandy, better adapted for sheep-feeding than for growing corn; and it is only on flats along the rivers and lakes that rich soil is found capable of bearing heavy crops of corn.

The coast of Western Australia possesses certain peculiarities which it is of importance to notice. Among these the number of little estuaries or fiords is a curious feature. Ten of them occur between Swan River and King George's Sound, and they vary from five to ten miles in length, and from two to three in breadth. The most important circumstance connected with the position of Western Australia is its proximity to the populous isles of the Indian Archipelago, and in short to all the important commercial emporia to the west of Australia. This fortunate circumstance does not depend on being near in point of absolute distance only—for in this respect its superiority to South Australia would not be very great—but from the nature of the prevailing winds, which give a very great advantage to ships sailing from Swan River. The north-west winds prevail in the eastern seas from March till September, and during that season vessels

from any of the eastern ports of Australia have the utmost difficulty in beating to windward up the west coast of New Holland. In this attempt they are frequently unable to get round Cape Leuwin, and are obliged to return and sail round the east coast of New Holland, and to encounter all the dangers of Torres Straits. On the other hand, as Swan River is to the windward of Cape Lenwin, a passage may be made to India during the whole year.

As Western Australia is thus by far the nearest to India of all the Australian colonies, this advantage will no doubt exert a most important influence on its commercial prosperity, and also tend to the polish of its society. Already government has procured several hundred horses from Sydney for mounting the cavalry regiments in India; and it admits of little doubt that this branch of traffic will fall into the Swan River colonists as soon as they are able to supply the demand—for in this case every thing depends on the shortness of the transit. But still more important advantages must accrue from this facility of intercourse with India, for the new colony may become the resort of Indian officers, and a commodious place for the education of their children, and an asylum for the invalid. Already an attempt was made by some gentlemen from Calcutta to form an establishment in Western Australia; but the vessel in which they embarked unhappily foundered at sea, and all the crew and passengers perished. The intention of those gentlemen was, to purchase property and form establishments which would serve as retreats for themselves and families during the unhealthy season in India. There is another and most important point of view in which the relations between India and Western Australia may be considered. One of the most painful circumstances attending the vocation of an officer in the Company's service is, that the family can seldom be kept together. The children require to be sent to England at an early age, not merely to preserve their health, but to keep them from the contamination of Hindoo servants, and to enable them to acquire English habits of thought. The result often is, that to obtain these indispensable advantages, the children removed to England in infancy often attain the age of 14 or 15 before they see or become acquainted with their parents. The new colony will offer an asylum where the invalid may recover

his health, and where his family may be educated without incurring the heavy expenses which a voyage to England and residence there require. The various means of education can easily be transported to the new colony, and indeed many of them exist there already; and the advantage of such a relationship as this system will produce in tending to keep up an improved state of society in the new settlement is sufficiently apparent. The early settlers who emigrated to Western Australia belonged to a higher grade in society than such as usually retire to an infant colony; but much of their accomplishments will soon be lost amid the incessant demands on their time from the necessary attention they must devote to agricultural and commercial pursuits. The resort of Indian officers for the recovery of their health, and of their families for the purposes of education, would exercise a most desirable influence on the social condition of the new settlement, by keeping within it the means of high intellectual improvement, in which the colonists will, of course, participate.

It will now be of advantage to turn from considering the future prospects of the colony to examine its history and present condition. In the year 1829 several wealthy and enterprising individuals, among whom were J. Peel, Esq., and J. P. Macqueen, Esq., agreed to form themselves into an association for the purpose of founding a new colony on the western coast of Australia, without any pecuniary aid from the government. These spirited adventurers agreed to carry out at their own expense ten thousand emigrants in four years, and in return for this they required a grant from government of four millions of acres of land; and of this grant they promised to bestow two hundred acres rent-free to every male emigrant. In addition to this they were to furnish provisions to the colonists for some time, and to maintain two or three vessels to keep up a communication with Sidney. This project did not meet with the approbation of the government, which soon after issued one of its own—much inferior, in our opinion, to the one which was rejected. By the new plan land was granted on condition that a sum of money equivalent to one shilling and six pence per acre on the entire purchase should be expended in improving the land. If the terms of the agreement were not fulfilled within a

stipulated time, government were entitled to withdraw the grant. If the colonist took out labourers along with him, he was allowed two hundred acres for each individual, including those above ten years of age. The governor obtained a grant of 100,000 acres, and Mr. Peel obtained 250,000, on condition of taking out 400 settlers, with the privilege of increasing his grant to a million of acres on the same terms.

In consequence of these regulations land could be obtained with the greatest facility, and in very large quantities; and thus, at the very outset, the colony was founded on erroneous principles. On this system of free grants and conditional improvements, nothing was easier than to obtain a very extensive but valueless property, which gratified the ambition of being an extensive landed proprietor, while the stipulated improvements were contingent and remote, and even when fully acted upon, inefficient for the purpose contemplated—that of promoting the rapid prosperity of the settlement. One evil attending this system of granting land was, that many individuals were tempted to obtain more than they had the means of improving, and were at a subsequent period happy to dispose of a portion or even the whole of their land to some succeeding emigrant. All this might have been avoided by selling the ground to the highest bidder, which would have ensured a degree of foresight which the system adopted was not calculated to produce. The extensive grants to the early settlers, placed along the margins of rivers, and other alluvial tracts, tended to keep the settlers too far apart, and deprived them of many of the benefits which proximity and co-operation might have produced. The rich but limited quantity of alluvial soil was soon occupied, so that after the first year it was with the utmost difficulty that valuable land could be obtained. The best tracts had been already occupied, in many instances, by those who had neither capital nor talent to turn them to advantage; and thus those districts which, from their fertility and proximity to the coast, ought to have been the most thickly settled, and the property more subdivided, were of little advantage to the colony. Even as early as 1830, when the colony was scarcely a year old, Mr. Moore complained that “the only available land for present

purposes is on or near the banks of rivers. All this is now allotted on both sides of each river almost to their source.” This serious evil tended, however, to produce its own remedy; and this curative process was aided by several judicious regulations. Many settlers were compelled to part with a portion of their unmanageable property, to save the remainder. Those who could not comply with the very moderate condition of investing 1s. 6d. per acre of the price of their farm on its improvement, had to surrender it up to government, or to obtain aid from some new settler, to enable them to fulfil their contract. The usual plan was to sell half the grant, on condition that the purchaser expended on improvements a sum sufficient to prevent any of the property from reverting to the government.

Another mischievous circumstance was the extent of river frontage allowed to the earlier settlers. The immediate as well as great prospective value of such property rendered it the policy of every settler to cause as much as possible of his ground to extend along the margins of the rivers, and thus exclude the other settlers from access to markets or means of transport. Fortunately this glaring absurdity was not allowed to be perpetuated, and the judicious arrangements of the governor established a just and moderate ratio between the amount of land possessed and the extent of river frontage. This was followed up by another equally wise and necessary measure, by which a settler can in future obtain only a small portion of river land, and must select the remainder of his grant in the interior of the country. It will result, however, from this arrangement that the same colonist will often possess two farms remote from each other, and managed on different principles—the one being a corn, and the other a sheep farm—a system which is not likely to be permanent: for, as the colony increases, a subdivision of employments will no doubt take place. A still more important and beneficial system regulating the disposal of land has been introduced since 1832. The system of free or conditional grants has been completely abolished, and all crown lands must be sold to the highest bidder, at a minimum price of 5s. the acre.

Like most young colonies the Swan River settlement suffered severely at first from the want of provisions, which

of course greatly embarrassed the proceedings of the local government, by occupying much of its attention in procuring supplies for the urgent wants of the colonists. From ignorance of the proper seasons for sowing, and also from the inexperience of many of the settlers in agricultural occupations, three years elapsed before they could, in any degree, depend upon their own resources for support. Another oversight was, that no regular plan had been concerted for supplying wants and remedying difficulties, the certainty of whose occurrence must have been foreseen. In this respect there is no blame to be attached to the colonists or the zealous and excellent governor; but surely the Colonial-office was to blame, especially as the occurrence of a scarcity of provisions was anticipated and provided for in the original plan which the office had rejected. Even as late as the year 1836 the supply of provisions was very precarious, and the price of wheat often enormous.

The great price and difficulty of obtaining labour has been a very great obstacle to the prosperity of the new colony, and has been severely felt. As the supply of labour is far below the demand for it—that is to say, wages high and servants scarce—it is no wonder, nor any reasonable ground of complaint, that they should sometimes be insolent and addicted to spirits: we might as well be angry at the scarcity of rain or any other natural phenomenon. The proper investigation is, how to obviate or mitigate the evil.—When we reflect that the wages of household servants, besides food, cost about thirty pounds a-year, and that a labourer may earn from five to seven shillings a-day, it is easy to perceive that the small capital of the settler must soon be exhausted under such an exorbitant price for labour—the commodity with which he cannot possibly dispense. Even the system of taking out indentured servants must prove a failure, from the various chances of abuse to which it is liable from both the parties interested in it. At present the labourer has much stronger inducements to break his contract than his employer. He arrives in a country where he sees people in the same grade of society as himself earning enormous wages if industrious, and obtaining abundance of spirits, if dissipated; and he of course feels impatient to become an independent labourer, and has a direct and palpable interest in getting

free from his engagements, or, if that be impossible, of giving as much annoyance as possible to all around him. Under these circumstances the irritated and injured colonists deserve no small praise for never having cast a wistful eye to the convict labour of Sidney, or the still more tempting supply to be obtained by the kidnapping of hill Coolies from India. In New South Wales they are less scrupulous; and as the proportion between convicts and labour will every day diminish, and render labour more difficult to be procured, a stop will be put to the overgrowth of that anomalous colony. The sagacious gentlemen of New South Wales have already anticipated this result, and already have directed their attention to the unfortunate Coolies, who appear destined to be the scapegoats for the negroes. The following quotation is from a Sidney paper:—“We understand that a number of gentlemen have entered into arrangements with Mr. M'Kay to land eight hundred Coolies here immediately. Independently of these, twelve gentlemen have subscribed and sent on for two hundred and fifty. This is the proper plan whereby to obtain an immediate supply of effective labourers. It will at once place the settlers in a proper situation to meet their increasing wants, and render them independent of emigrant or convict labour.”

We have alluded to this circumstance with the earnestness which its importance requires, as we hold that a light and dark coloured race cannot live together except in the relations of master and slave, and that it is beyond the powers of any legislation, which could not change negroes into whites, to obviate this unhappy tendency. It is, therefore, imperative on every friend of humanity to prevent this evil, already so great, from taking root in other lands where it is yet unknown, and can only be forced into existence by the sanction of England. If any thing was necessary to prove the degrading influence of convict society on the mass of a community, it would be the cool and unblushing manner in which the proposal for importing Coolies was proposed and acted on, and the readiness with which the *gentlemen* made arrangements to import Hindoo slaves. It is the more important to notice this infamous proceeding, as the example might readily spread to Western Australia, where the temptations for such a procedure are far

stronger. Such a result must be deprecated by all, as it would inevitably change a colony destined, we trust, to become eminent for morality and intellect, into a state of society little better than what exists in Carolina or Alabama. It is not merely the social depravity which would be perpetuated for centuries along the western shores of Australia, but that young colonies, which, under present circumstances, are destined to become sources of light and civilization to the Indian Archipelago, might render each of those beautiful islands another Texas or a den of outlaws and pirates.

If the new colonies must advance more slowly from the want of convict or slave labour, they have the advantages of a sound morality and a most healthy state of society; and the importation of English labourers will increase as the colonies are better known, and the advantages they offer to the labourer and mechanic better appreciated. The northern colonies of the United States, which are now the first in the Union for civilization, wealth, and industry, were developed without the aid of compulsory labour; and, to all practical purposes, New England was as remote from the emigrant a century and a half ago as Australia is now. In the paper on South Australia, the consideration of the due supply of labour will be more carefully considered; for we know of no want so urgent as to require to be supplied by immoral means.

A few colonists in King George's Sound were so ill advised as to have applied to government for a supply of convict labour, under the plausible ground that such assistance was necessary for the construction of roads, and opening a communication between King George's Sound and Swan River. In this case, it is justice to state that such an application was not encouraged by the majority of the colonists, and, fortunately for the applicants themselves, they were not cursed with an answered prayer. It is evident that the absence of convict labour is attended by many counterbalancing advantages: they have the blessing of the full enjoyment of English laws and trial by jury, which, in the perverted community of New South Wales, has rather been an evil than a security, and has often guaranteed impunity to the offender. The young colony may also anticipate, and reasonably claim, a charter of self-govern-

ment as soon as its population is sufficiently numerous to require it, while, in the penal colonies, a representative assembly would only be the addition of another element for evil in a society where the germs of honesty and mutual confidence scarcely exist, if they have not yet to be implanted.

The present state of Western Australia does not, however, indicate a rapid progress in wealth and population, and its rate of advance appears to be very slow, especially when compared with the newer establishment of South Australia. Some of the causes of this have been already pointed out, but will be still more apparent when we consider the different system followed in the newer colony. The following is a statement of the condition of the different settlements in Western Australia:—Freemantle is a small town at the entrance of the Swan River, and contains several hotels, which are so well conducted as to please even the fastidious taste of the Indian invalid. Perth, the capital of the new colony, is about ten miles further inland, and passage boats ply regularly between the two towns. About seven miles farther up the Swan River, is the little settlement of Guildford, and beyond the Darling range is the small settlement of York, which is situated in one of the most valuable pasture districts of the colony. The only remaining settlement deserving of notice is that of King George's Sound, it being the most southern station in the colony, and a most desirable one on account of the unrivalled excellence of its harbour; but the resources of the colony must be much better developed before the value of this part of the country can be properly estimated. The land in the neighbourhood of King George's Sound is, perhaps, the best in the colony; but as the Sound is to leeward of Cape Leuwin, it is much more disadvantageously situated for voyages to India during six months of the year. A most important undertaking for the benefit of the colony, would be a road between Perth and King George's Sound; but many years must elapse before a land communication between two stations two hundred miles apart can be undertaken. The colonists in Western Australia are, therefore, chiefly settled on the rich alluvial soil on the banks of the Swan River and its tributaries; while the towns of Freemantle, Perth, and Guildford, are so many stations connecting this narrow belt of

settlers. The remote settlement of York, beyond the Darling range, is analogous to the settlement of Bathurst, beyond the Blue Mountains, in New South Wales ; and in both cases the surrounding district is well adapted for colonization. The remote and unconnected settlement in King George's Sound may be considered as having as intimate a dependence on Adelaide as on Perth.

The population of the colony is very limited, and does not appear to be increasing from any influx of emigrants. It is an unfortunate circumstance, that although ten years have now elapsed since the colony was founded, still the population scarcely exceeds two thousand, while the population of South Australia is more numerous in a fifth of the time. In the year 1832, the population amounted to only 1510, while in 1836 it had risen nearly to 2032 ; and this increase has taken place, not from emigrants but from births, a conclusive proof that the colony is at best stationary. The state of its revenue affords the same results as the stationary condition of its population. Its revenue amounted in 1837 to £4,568, while the expenses of the colonial government was aided by an annual parliamentary grant of £6,000. The value of the exports appears to be increasing more rapidly than could have been anticipated. In 1834 their value amounted to upwards of £1,000, and in 1837 the sum was little short of £7,000. Whatever causes may have contributed to this result, it cannot be traced to any physical inferiority of the soil or climate : on the contrary, the balance of advantages appears to be on the side of Western Australia. Its exemption from droughts, owing to its exposure to the westerly breezes, and its easy access at all times of the year to the regions to the west of New Holland, give it a considerable superiority over New South Wales ; and in nothing is it inferior to South Australia. In the respectability, wealth, and intelligence of its settlers, Western Australia ought to take, perhaps, the first rank among her neighbours, and their resources were very considerable ; and still we must admit, that although the settlement will continue to advance, yet, in the meanwhile, it has proved a failure. Many causes have concurred to produce this unfortunate result, and some of them we have already alluded to, and others may be briefly stated

now, although they will become more apparent after the history of South Australia has been investigated. We have already mentioned the absurd system followed in disposing of land, and also the failure of the plan of taking out indentured servants ; so that in the two circumstances of prime importance in establishing the colony, there was a want of foresight in obviating very obvious difficulties. Above all, in founding a new colony, much depends on the success in the first instance, or at least in anticipating and providing for every possible contingency. Of these difficulties, which could scarcely avoid being foreseen, was the undoubted fact that for one or two years the colonists would require to obtain provisions from extrinsic sources ; and the first scheme of colonising the Swan River appears to have prepared to meet this difficulty, and in the plan which was adopted, the government expressly warned the colonists that no supplies were to be procured for them. The result of this improvidence was, that while within fifteen days' sail of Batavia, and twelve days' of Hobart Town, the colony was frequently on the verge of famine, during the three first years of its progress. The anticipation of such a state of things, and the adoption of the obvious remedies, might have prevented much misery in the settlement, and, what was perhaps of equal importance, have prevented many prejudices which still exist against the colony, as a place where the settlers have to struggle for years with the most serious privations. On the first intelligence of the hardships of the new colony, the stream of emigration was put an end to, which otherwise, if supplies of food could have been purchased, might have flowed on in an uninterrupted manner. This difficulty was, perhaps, increased by another circumstance, resulting from the very excellence and superiority of the colonists above those who usually break ground in such an undertaking, being mostly professional men ; and with a scarcity of mechanics or men bred to agriculture, it is no wonder difficulties were encountered, which might have been avoided had there been a larger proportion of emigrants of the quality alluded to.

But, to trace all these misfortunes to their source, they originated, we are of opinion, in the want of a systematic plan of proceeding, and in having no

body of men resident in London to urge their interests and anticipate their difficulties on all occasions. In this respect the South Australian colony has been got up in a more artist-like manner, and to this a great proportion of its prosperity is owing. The commissioners for the colony of South Australia had as strong motives as the colonists themselves to promote its success. Their character as men of prudence and foresight was at stake, and the responsibility they incurred was of a most serious nature, and, what is not without its weight, their pride as philanthropists and political economists was stimulated to acquit themselves well. In the new colony no complaints of famine have been

heard. Preparations had been made for the reception of the emigrants as they arrived, and the high price of land prevented them from diffusing themselves over the country before their society had attained any degree of stability. In addition to this, the South Australian commissioners have most perseveringly kept their institution before the public; its principles have been discussed in every newspaper and magazine; and while it is advancing with unexampled rapidity in population and wealth, its superior reputation has tended powerfully to deflect emigrants from Western Australia, when they might settle in the latter colony without encountering any of the difficulties which embarrassed the first settlers.

A PAIR OF IRISH BOOKS.

1. CROKER'S POPULAR SONGS OF IRELAND.*—2. LADY CHATTERTON'S RAMBLES.

" 'Tis the beautifullest country that ever yet was seen,
Where they're hanging men and women for the wearin' of the green."

THE engaging Miss La Creevy in *Nicholas Nickleby* has satisfactorily shown that there are but two schools of portrait painting in existence—the serious and the smirk. Whatever is not one must inevitably be the other of these—middle course there is none. Now, without for a moment detracting from the originality of the observation, I would beg to observe that the manner in which poor Ireland has been painted for years past has long since suggested such a thought to my mind; and I would appeal to the mayor of Cork, Mr. Nolan, my curate, and several other respectable individuals, if I have not frequently, in conversation with them both before dinner, and after, made the remark.

With one class of writers we are all miserable, wretched, half-starved creatures—our only pastime, till the crop comes in, being piking a Protestant or roasting a Rector, without any, the vaguest ideas of law or justice—living ever in debt, and dying "like a horse, with our shoes on."

With the other we are industrious, intelligent, happy-minded, and honest—grateful for kindnesses and long-suffering under misrule—our greatest failing consisting in the fact, that we are satisfied with little, and occasionally very happy with less. Such are our

portraits as sketched by all the artists to whom we have been sitting for centuries; and I would challenge you to produce one who has not painted us, either "serious or smirking." One expends every epithet of the language to represent our country as a kind of Elysium upon earth—and the other, like our great national poet, pronounces Ireland a beautiful country to live out of.

For ourselves—and in our neighbourhood we are reckoned no mean authority upon many subjects—our mind is not made up: we have long been of opinion that we have great capabilities—that, is a whig phrase we learned at the assizes—and are often disposed to indulge in a sanguine vein, as we contemplate the increasing peace and prosperity of late years, influenced, doubtless, by the resistance to rent and tithes—two shameful imposts—and those generous gaol deliveries of our never-to-be-forgotten viceroy. These, indeed, appear to us the great secrets of governing Ireland, whose evils we firmly feel are agrarian, not political—not agrarian in that absurd sense of Sadler and Inglis, who, in their ignorance, raved and ranted about "short leases and cottier tenements." No such thing. The evil lies in the exaction of a rent—the sweat of the poor

* The Popular Songs of Ireland. Collected and edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. London: Colburn. 1839.

man's brow—that goes to pamper the rich man's meal. What, we would ask, did my Lord — do for farmer Doyle, that he should give him his potatoes and wheat: and the same of tithes. And as to that vile infringement of personalliberty—imprisonment in a gaol—talk of British freedom after that! Besides, just think of the grand jury rates those same gaols cost. When we were a gossoon, some five and fifty years since, we well remember holding an argument with Darby Hanigan, our schoolmaster, on this head. Darby used to enforce the payment of a half-penny entrance for every boy, for his share of the birch rod, whose benefit he was sure one day to reap, we argued that we preferred spending the money in gingerbread, and declining all claim, and lien, upon the rod then and in future. Make the application of this principle to the gaols, and think of the saving to the poor man, not to speak of the comfort.

My Lord Ebrington, you have just landed, they tell me, and if you are not going away soon, will you make a trial of these methods a little longer? for besides being a "heavy blow and a great discouragement to Protestantism," as your friends say in the House, you will find that they will bear very heavily on property altogether. Nothing will remedy absenteeism so soon as a man's having no receipts from his agent—there is one evil remedied. Nothing will make men feel the miseries of Ireland so soon, or so effectually, as a little fellow-suffering. Let Lords Donoughmore and Mount Cashel go to bed supperless for a few evenings, and we will hear them then on the state of the country.

You'll not have then to complain of a long calendar at the assizes—for there will be no jails. Nor any backwardness to convict in the jury—for they will be no prisoners.

Think, only think, then, of what a figure you'll make in the House, if any troublesome fool like Lord Roden or Devonsher Jackson gets up and asks for papers respecting the state of crime in Ireland. "There are none," says you.

"No papers?" "Devil a one."

"Nor trials?" "Devil a trial."

"Nor prisoners, nor commitments, nor hangings, nor any other diversions for the grand jury?"

Maybe you'll not triumph over the Tories that day.

Reflect for a moment upon the channels through which you will be

diffusing the blessings of peace and plenty. There will be no parsons, nor tithe proctors, nor education societies, no stipendiary magistrates, no peelers, no coroners. I am drawing no delusive or imaginary picture of happiness in all this. Where is real pleasure, fun, and joviality to be found, if it be not in an Irish fair? What with whiskey, spoliawn, (broiled beef,) fighting, kissing, singing, yelling, fiddling, hugging, and crying, the whole population is engaged. Such, upon a great scale will be the state of the country at large, from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear. It will be all Donnybrook, and Donnybrook too, without any lord mayor, or alderman to meddle and interfere with it. God forgive me, but I cannot contemplate such a picture, like a loyal subject of the present day, my heart yearns for such blessings upon my poor, distracted country. The great reproach that all travellers have heaped upon us is, that, however other nations are progressing, Ireland is Ireland still. Follow up the hints of your dear, departed predecessor, my lord, and the devil a man will throw this in our teeth, for they'll not know us from South Sea Islanders. Those who amused themselves by tracing our origin from the Phenicians, had better lose no time, for there will not be many tracks to guide them a few years hence; for as the quarts and tumblers dance and set to each other as the table shakes, in the chorus of a drinking song, so will the very round towers tremble in the general hilarity of the island. But why indulge such dreams of happiness? English influences still prevail over and disgrace us, and the very books upon our table are in that language. But what is all this? —we have upset our tumbler of punch upon Lady Chatterton—so, while we are drying her ladyship, let us have a peep at little Crofton Croker, for a pleasant bit of a leprechaun he is. "Popular Songs of Ireland," he calls his book. The phrase is half a tautology, for what songs are not popular songs in Ireland, except the "Boyne Water," and "Croppies lie down?" and even these, they say, there are some depraved wretches who sing also.

Croker begins his book by a rambling, straggling preface—half historical, half-critical, all nonsensical—about where he has got his melodies. The only difficulty we could ever see in the matter is, where to stop collecting. The songs of Ireland might be published, like the abridgment of the

statutes, in fifty volumes folio, and after all we would engage to supply an appendix of ten more. The praises of St. Patrick come first. Church and State, says the ritual; but why not begin with the ladies, Crofton? "*Place aux dames*," we used to say at St. Omer's, when we were studying the Humanities; however, we must take him as we find him. Of the three canticles in honour of the saint, the only really good one is that by Maginn, and formerly published in Blackwood's Magazine. This is indeed an excellent chant, and nothing can exceed the verse in which the tastes of the people at this day are traced to an ancient miracle of the church.

"You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes, in a manner most antic,
He marched to the County Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence, not to use water for drink,
The people of Ireland determine:
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,
And vipers, and such other stuff!"

We shall not track our author through his twaddling and tiresome eulogies upon shamrocks and potatoes, but come at once to the true source of Irish inspiration:—the mountain dew. And here let us once for all enter our protest against the spirit and style of Crofton's volume. This chapter, the most important one of the volume, commences with an extract from Barrow—Wheel-Barrow, as he is called, most properly, for his racketty, car-driving, and most absurd tour round Ireland in three weeks, or something like that. What an authority upon potteen—what an opinion upon punch. The poor, innocent Cockney, that could not tell the difference between parliament and the small still, is referred to, and by an Irishman, too, on such a subject. Shame upon thee, little Crofton—have ye no decency?

But it is evident that he knows little or nothing of the matter himself by the selections which follow. We find none of those racy, mellow, old songs, that gladden the heart and warm the life's blood. Far from it: the few he gives are poor, washy, slip-slop concerns, that never were, never could be, popular in Ireland or any where else. Where is that glorious old chant "The Jug of Punch?" where the "Cruiskeen Lawn?" breathing a sentiment so natural and pious withal, as that in the verse—

"And when grim death appears, in a few but
pleasant years,
And tells me that my glass it is run,
I'll sing—Begone you knave, for great Bacchus
gives me lave
To take another Cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn,
Lawn.
To take," &c.

Compare this and the other verses, which we know you are singing to yourself by this time, with the trashy stuff about "joys of wine," "sparkling juice," and the other beastly nonsense he quotes, and then read the following:—

"There seems a natural and instinctive fondness in the inhabitants of damp and mountainous places for ardent spirits; and, perhaps, every where, in vacant and unemployed minds, there is similar fondness; for a love of sensation seems the strongest appetite or passion of our nature. For the purpose of speedy intoxication *whiskey is superlative*; and when, to physical and other general causes, are added the more powerful moral ones of his condition, it is little wonderful that the Irish peasant should seek, in the Lethæan draught, oblivious happiness; and regard the inventor of his beloved liquor as a greater benefactor than Ceres and Triptolemus put together."

Oh, blessed Virgin! to think that any man, at the present civilized period of the world, should set about an explanation of why "people like whiskey." Like whiskey!

Crofton, my friend, "you are not"—as my esteemed old companion Maxwell would say—"you are not the man for Galway;" and if you can do no better than this, we'll never borrow money to drink with you. I wish you heard old Major Wemyss, the district paymaster at Cork, sing any one of his two hundred and eighteen staves in honour of strong drink, and you'd never have written this—or Hewson Nixon, of Kilkenny, that pleasant fellow that sings better and rides harder with foxhounds than any man in his own good county, stone blind though he be. It is a mercy to him that he never can see your book, and we hope no one will be cruel enough to read it to him. Long life to you, Hewson; and here's your health in my fifth tumbler. We wish we could season it by hearing you once more sing your own beautiful ballad beginning

"Arrah, Prince Esterhazy,
Now can't you be easy,"

to the tune of "Teddy ye gander." By the by, who is "Teddy?" In Croker "non inventus," I'll be bound? What is this we have got here?

"I'll never get drunk any more."

Compare this empty and contemptible boast with the beautiful piety and humility of the following:—

"And when I'm dead and in my grave,
No costly monument I'll crave;
But make my grave both short and deep,
And a jug of punch at my head and feet."

Chorus—"Oh! a jug of punch," &c.

Crofton, if it wasn't that I can't disoblige the editor, who asked me as a favour to praise you, I could not go on after this. And this, he gravely informs us, was sung with great applause at a temperance society, by a man named Egan. Without stopping to inquire further of the habits of such low, contemptible associations, what, let us ask, does he mean by "applause?" A great jingling of tea-cups and rattling of pewter spoons, doubtless; but for a hearty, full, soul-filling chorus of warm hearts and merry voices, the poor, pale, sickly, dyspeptic devils hadn't it in them. Long would it have been ere Maginn, or Mahony, or Maxwell would have included such a whine among the "Popular Songs of Ireland."

In his note upon "Barney of Macroom," Croker remarks, "it is difficult to form a correct estimate of the quantity of whiskey punch which may be comfortably discussed at a sitting." We sincerely trust it is. At least, we should be sorry to sit down twice with the man that kept a score of it. Put a fire under the pump, said old Giles Dackson, and be perpetually bringing up hot water. We never heard of any other gauge attempted than this one. To think of an allusion to a temperance society in a work called the "Popular Songs of Ireland!" It is fortunate for our old friend T——, the rector of Carrickmacross, that the Lord sent for him before he read this. He never would have held his head up after. Poor T——, his testimony in regard to strong drink would not have supported Crofton's. I must tell ye a story about him. When the Duke of Richmond—the only lord lieutenant, after all, we ever *really* had—was making one of his little excursions in Ireland, he chanced to spend some days with Lord Blayney. Now, though the lord himself was a very respectable

pull at the decanter, he was nothing at all compared with the duke. "What will become of me?" says Lord Blayney—"there is no one here fit to drink with his grace, and I'll be ruined entirely if he goes to bed dry. Major Hitchcock is laid up in the barracks, with leeches on his head, and T——n, they tell me, is at the visitation."

The more he thought of it, the more puzzled he was; till at last he determined to send an express for the rector to Armagh, where they caught him just going to dine with the primate, for he preached the visitation sermon that morning.

His reverence knew what was meant, and, making an excuse to the archbishop, set off with all speed to Castleblaney. He just got in when they had finished dinner; but little he cared for that; there was plenty of port, and and some very crusty old hermitage, and he soon consoled himself. Well, a pleasanter evening never was heard tell of than they passed. T—— told some of his best stories, and the duke laughed so heartily that he nearly cried, and at one time he fell down, and they were all frightened, thinking it was apoplexy, for he was nearly blue in the face; but it was only laughing; and small blame to him to laugh, for Billy T—— was sitting upon the hearth rug, singing Lazarus and Dives in such a way as would half kill the chapter and all the prebends if they heard him.

Well, at a little after two o'clock they were all under the table, except his grace and the rector.

"Now, Mr. T——," said the duke, "you know the ways of the house. Could we have a little of something warm?"

"By all manner of means," said the other, ringing a private bell in the corner of the room, which was always a sign for spirits and hot water—"and I was only waiting for your grace to say the word, for I'm getting a little husky. Port is a mighty dry wine."

The materials came in, and at a little past four his grace gave in, and lay down on the carpet, and T—— went home across the fields, looking as fresh as a rose, and with a great appetite for breakfast.

Well, this went on for three evenings, and the duke at last, who never was beat before, could not help feeling surprised at the rosy colour and pleasant looks of the rector, when every

body else about him was suffering from the late hours and hard drinking.

"T——, you're a wonderful man," says his grace. "Upon my conscience you ought to be a bishop."

"Ah, I don't know, your grace," said T——, timidly.

"But you ought, though. Do you know, you're the only man that ever drank me down. And ye have a beautiful voice. We must see about ye. But mind, you must not go on this way: no health, no constitution could stand it."

"Mine is getting very used to it by this time, my lord."

"But are you never the worse for any thing you take?"

"Never, my lord."

"Think, now, for a moment—never is a strong word, and you must have had some stiff bouts of it in your time. Pray, now, which do you reckon the hardest night you ever had?"

"Let me see. Well, then, the severest drink I ever took was with his lordship's mother there, rest her soul, for she's in glory."

"With *my* mother," said Lord Blayney, starting up. "Why, T——, what are you at now? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Perfectly well, my lord, and I repeat it, that was the hardest night I ever got through."

"By Jove, this is good," said the duke. "Now, T——, give us the account of that same evening, for I'm rather curious about it."

"Willingly, my lord, and briefly, too. I was dining here one day after a very hard day's hunt—we were just in our fifth bottle of claret, getting comfortable and warm, after the fatigue of the day, when a servant came to say that some one wanted to see me at the door."

"Send him off, then," said my lord, "this is no time—"

"But it may be parish business," said I.

"The more reason, you can't do any thing now."

"I wager ten pounds it's some news of Cathogue," (one of the best hounds in the pack, that strayed from us in the morning,) said old Nicholson.

"Maybe your right," said I, jumping up at once, and rushing out of the room into the hall, where I was prettily annoyed to see my old sexton with a cock-and-a-bull story of a funeral. I was so vexed at the time, that as I turned to go back, I mistook my way, and instead of reaching the dining-

room, found myself, after some serpentine, in Lady Blayney's boudoir, as she used to call it. There she was, all alone, drinking tea at a little table, as comfortable as might be.

"Oh, how kind of you, Mr. T——," said she, as I came in; 'you've left the dining-room early. May I offer you a cup of tea?'

"I never, somehow or other, could refuse any thing like drink. If it was an apothecary, I believe, himself, who asked me, I'd pledge him in senna mixture—out of habit, I suppose. So I said with the greatest pleasure, and down I sat; and sure enough, we both set at it in right earnest. I never drank fairer in my life; filling up and clearing off, just as if I was in the dinner-room. Sixteen cups of tea my lady finished that evening; and when I saw that she was hard aground, I called for the seventeenth, and took it off in a bumper. But, will you believe it, that night's hard drink I never recovered for three months; but then I have a safe conscience about it, *for I always drank fair.*"

Now, Crofton, there was a picture of a pleasant man, and a good; that was a real *Biblical*, and liked his tippie; and not one of your modern, whey-faced, thin-nosed generation, that pray for the end of the world, and petition for the "bitther observance of the Sabbath." Rest his soul, he's gone now. I hope and trust they put up the monument to him they promised in Armagh cathedral, which, after enumerating his titles, virtues, &c. concluded in the beautiful language of Giles Dackson, "Ye might drink with him in a coal-hole, with your face to the slack."

But to come back to Croker; he gives us next a very Maudline chapter upon what he calls "local songs;" quoting one from Dr. Brennan, of whom we did not believe so tame a thing was extant. Brennan was a droll dog, and could himself, if he were not more than half-drunk, have written a far better book upon the Popular Songs of Ireland—ay, and sung them, too—than our small friend Crofty:

"A Connaught man
Gets all that he can,
His impudence never has mist-all;
He'll seldom flatter.
But bully and batter;
And his talk's of his kin and his pistol.

"A Munster man,
Is civil by plan,
Again and again he'll entreat you;

Though you ten times refuse,
He his object pursues,
Which is, nine out of ten times, to cheat you.

"An Ulster man
Ever means to trepan,
He watches your eye and opinion;
He'll ne'er disagree
Till his interest it be,
And insolence marks his dominion.

"A Leinster man
Is with all cup and can;
He calls t'other provinces knaves;
Yet each of them see,
When he starts with the three,
That his distance he frequently saves."

The last thing we heard from the doctor, was one day we met him in Sackville-street, a short time before his death. A very well-known Dublin shopkeeper, with his very tawdry spouse, were passing at the moment, neither looking to Brennan's eyes at least, very remarkable for neatness or propriety.

"Look at K——," said he, "look at K—— and his wife, with the Liffey before their door, and their shop full of soap, and they're the dirtiest pair in Dublin."

Brennan was a hard-tongued fellow, but never severe without being witty. It was he that called his colleague Dr. Ireland—from a certain laudatory tendency he indulged towards his own acts—"Erin go *brag*." But one of his best hits was observing of another practitioner, not too famed for unlimited hospitality, "Do you see that fellow there—well, now, the cat would get the rheumatism any day in the year in *his* kitchen grate."

Brennan, they say, was educated for the priesthood; but we can't answer for the truth of it. The story goes, that old Bishop Plunket pronounced unfavourably upon him in these words—"I have probed him in *teology*, and found him mighty *dewicient*."

Talking of local songs, where is that first-rate one,

"Oh! Kilmurray, Mac Mahon's a place you might bless,
Where whiskey costs nothing, and buttermilk less?"

We have been looking for it in vain this half hour, and stumbled upon nothing better than the "Kilruddery Hunt," which, after all, is the only hunt alluded to in the entire volume. The "Queen's County Hunt," that beautiful old song, is never mentioned; and we wager a keg of Cork whiskey the author never heard of Mudderidero

in his life, and yet it is a sweet ballad, and a moving—

"Kneel down there, and say a prayer,
Before my hounds shall eat ye."
"I have no prayer," the Fox replied,
"For I was bred a Quaker."

Then comes poor Reynard's will, disposing of all his effects and chattels. At last he concludes with

"My teeth so sharp, I here bequeath
To the reverend Simon Palmer;
His wife has a tongue that will match them well,
She's a devil of a scold, God d—n her."

Where is that sweet and melting little song—

"Adieu, ye shining daisies,
I've loved ye well and long?"

Where, in fact, are the thousands and tens of thousands of popular songs illustrating the habits of the people, their feelings, and their affections—which every country road and every mountain "boreen" ring and re-echo with. Every striking and prominent feature of the land seems to be passed over in his selection, and the whole body of the priesthood has not one ode in their commemoration. We wish we had him for a week at Carrigaholt, before his second edition be called for, and we'd try and read him a few. Did he ever hear of—

"Oh! Father Molloy's the sprig of a boy,
At chapel on Sunday morning
You might see that divine, in vestments so fine,
His reverend person adorning.

"Do you ever think of any young man?
Tell me the truth, I charge ye;
For if you do, it's a carnial sin,
Ye only should think of your clergy."

"Oh! Saint Agnes invoke, give your stomach a stroke,
Say a pater and two Ave Maries"—

But the rest is professional. Meanwhile, why has Crofton omitted everything complimentary to us as a people, "great, glorious, and free" as we are? Not a single patriotic effusion can we detect in his book worth the mention. We must certainly send him a copy of old Finucane's song for his next edition.

"Perhaps a recruit
Might chance to shoot
Great General Buonaparta."

It's a sweet thing when well sung;
meanwhile we must hasten on. Once

more, then, we protest against a volume of popular songs of Ireland, in which "The night before Larry was stretched" is omitted from motives of refinement. What was ever more popular in Ireland than this song, unless it be the writer of it. The idea of the book was certainly a good one, but the execution should have fallen into far different hands. Where was Carleton, or Lover, when it was thought of?

We have done now, and sorry we

are to have so done, for our talent is for praise, not the opposite; but just at this moment, with a poor law and new tithe act hanging over us, we would have gladly hailed any effort to dispel our melancholy; "but still," in the words of the great poet—

"——we must only do the best we can,
With our prattles, and our whiskey, and our
agitating Dan,"

and hope for the best.

2. LADY CHATTERTON'S RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.*

WE now come to Lady Chatterton, whom, owing to our libation, we have neglected all this time. There are few things we like better—"priest though we be"—than a tour by a lady. There is a freshness, an originality, a delicate observance of all the smaller and finer traits of human nature in woman, which no man ever possesses—besides that, from a higher tone of moral feeling and that abstraction from the conflicting influences of society, they come to the consideration of their subject with fewer prejudices, and those of a far better and more exalted character. We exclude from our present dictum all such people as Frances Trollope, (who we hear, is a man,) Miss Martineau, &c., and speak only of what the late Mr. Coyle called "female women."

"Rambles in the South of Ireland"—well, Lady Chatterton, here's your very sincere good health, and long life, and many very rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little Chattertons to ye, for even the title of your volume, "Rambles in the South of Ireland!" It is no small praise to you that you have had courage to break through the absurd routine of the travelling mob, who are seen on every day of the week from May till October, thronging the Tower Stairs, with a consul's passport and John Murray's hand-book, on a crusade up the Rhine, or down the Danube, to be cheated by Jew money-changers, laquais de places, hotel-keepers, and guides, and come back pennyless, with a smuggled lace on your night-cap, and a French dancing master for a son-in-law. We are far, very far, from underrating the advan-

tages of foreign travel: we rambled a little ourselves, and liked it. We give every credit to the increased powers of observation, the greater tact in society, the more liberalised views of those who have seen and lived in other lands; but for the mere purposes of summer recreation—for the simple intention of passing a few summer months with pleasure and improvement, we would humbly suggest that the map of Ireland should occasionally be had recourse to as well as the "Guide to Switzerland," and that the traveller who possesses no facilities of foreign language (and there are a few such) should at least weigh the advantages on the side of an excursion where human intercourse and converse are attainable, with that where he is led about by a cheating commissioner, like a muzzled bear, to stare and be stared at, and whose most solid results are in the fact, that he sees what his guide-books set down for him, and believes his laquais de place.

But to return to Ireland. If the traveller's object be scenery, where, let us ask, can he find finer or more varied? He must be, indeed, fastidious who cannot rest content with the calm and serene beauty of Killarney, the awful and stupendous grandeur of Connemara, or the wild and fantastic form of our coast from the Causeway to Fair Head. Hear Lady Chatterton upon this head:—

"I am particularly struck with the rich and vivid colouring of the scenery in Ireland: when the sun shines after one of the frequent showers, the whole landscape resembles a highly-finished and freshly varnished picture, not by any well-

* Rambles in the South of Ireland during the year 1838. By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

known master, for the composition, to speak technically, is totally different, though I think quite as fine, as any ideal imagery of Claude, Hobbima, or Poussin. The varieties of green are particularly lovely; yet there is never too much: the eye is always relieved by masses of rock of a dark purple or reddish brown, which harmonise perfectly with the light green tender moss or darker coloured grass."

Not that we entirely subscribe to the whole of the passage. We have seen features and figures in Irish landscapes that might have been, either for colour, grouping, or effect, the subject of Salvatore Rosa; and we well remember a sunset on the Shannon, below Kilrush, where the dim mistiness of the Kerry shore—the long golden light upon the sea—the clear reflection of the green island of Scattery, perfectly brought to our mind the great Claude of the Dresden gallery.

Where, then, to the shrewd observer of human nature is there such a field? Where is the book of the human heart laid so open before him as in Ireland? Where do passion, feelings, prejudices lie so much on the surface? and where is the mystery which wraps her anomalous condition more worthy of study? Where, amid poverty and hardship, are such happiness and contentment to be met with? Where the natural and ever-ready courtesy—the kind and polite attention—the freely-offered hospitality, as in the Irish peasant? In a word, where is self most forgotten, in all this wide and weary world? We answer fearlessly, in the cabin of the poor Irishman. We have travelled in most countries of the old continent, and much of the new, and we say it advisedly, we know of nothing either for qualities of heart or head, to call their equal.

"I wonder," says Lady Chatterton, "that those who like to see and study something very original and strange do not visit Ireland;" and so do we join in the surprise. But still more are we amazed, that those whose time, purses, and pursuits would permit such a visit, do not in many cases prefer such a pleasing recreation to their profitless summer ramble on the continent. We particularly address ourselves to that portion of the travelling world who limit their conversation abroad by the vernacular, and ask them—though Killarney sound not as imposing as Chamouni, nor Croagh Patrick as Mont Blanc—do you not think that

there is something in the fact, that you understand and fully comprehend all around and about you in the one case, and that you are a very ungifted and helpless creature in the other? We know, and know thoroughly, that, setting aside the prospective enjoyment of recounting to their friends on their return their adventures on the "Pyrenean or the river Po," that their foreign tour is any thing but a pleasant one to half of them. They detest the cookery—they abuse the travelling—they grumble at the cheating—they rail at the coinage, and are dissatisfied with every thing; yet they return the following year to the scene of their miseries and mishaps, impelled but by one impulse—to say they were at Venice or Vienna, at Paris or Naples; and this consoles them for all. They refuse to eat of the roast sirloin that they like, and which suits their tastes and constitution, and call for the "omelette soufflé" that they abhor, but which they hear is fashionable. Such is exactly the practice of those who turn their backs upon the nearer beauties of Ireland and Scotland to explore the well-travelled Simplon and the Bartholomew fair of Lausanne.

As we intend to return to this subject at greater length and in another form hereafter, we shall now proceed to notice the volumes before us, which abound in useful illustrations in support of our argument.

We pass over most of the early part: we detest legends as we do weak punch. They always remind us of the annuals, and the *Court Journal*, and those slip-slop publications, where fairy tales, told in bad English and worse "Irish," are esteemed true pictures of manners and feelings; and the names of Brian Oge, O'Donoghue, &c. bring a cold perspiration over us. In what age the great O'Donoghue flourished, says Mr. Weld, (whom, by-the-bye, her ladyship writes "Wild,") is not easily determined. We are sincerely glad of it, and the man that gives himself any pains to make it out will have no thanks of ours. We would far rather hear something of the times we live in. For instance, the following picture of Tralee is amusing:—

"Tralee is a large, and apparently a thriving town—although I observed a most beggarly set of idlers about the inn, who seem to exist upon the amusement afforded by the constant arrival and departure of jaunting cars and coaches.

We had written to bespeak two cars and horses, to take us on to Dingle; but, as usual in Ireland, nothing was ready when we arrived. So I sat at the inn window for nearly one hour, looking at the figures beneath, admiring the smiling philosophy with which the poor wretched beggars endured their ever recurring disappointments. Multitudes of dirty hands were constantly thrust out in begging attitude to all comers and goers, but few were the pence that gladdened the dingy palms! A very honest and unselfish spirit pervades Irish beggars. However small the sum may be that one of them receives, I have always observed, that it seems to be regarded as a contribution to a common stock, to be divided between them; and this even when there has been no stipulation to that effect by the giver. A penny bestowed on one miserable object always causes the departure of four or five others, to purchase whiskey or potatoes; and if sixpence be given, it generally clears away the whole crowd. After numerous benedictions of 'long lives,' 'happy deaths,' &c., have been uttered, off go the clamorous throng."

What an amusing fraternity they are to be sure, and how droll and humorous amid all their rags and wretchedness! Naas was the greatest "*reunion*" we ever recollect of them round the coach when changing horses. What figures were there!—blind, lame, halt, hump-backed, one-legged and no-legged, fat and lean, saucy, simpering, bullying, insinuating, joking, coaxing, and occasionally cursing. "Maybe the ould lady wid the glasses is not going to give me something; she's her hand in her bag." "Hould yer prate, Moll, it's his honour in the red whiskers that'll do it; glory to ye, and send us a halfpenny; I've nine orphans, and their father out of work this ten weeks."

"The heavens be your bed, master, and give us a little sixpence."

These and such like are the addresses on every side, mingled with an occasional scramble, and sometimes a fight, as a few pence are thrown among the crowd. A favourite pastime with the young attorneys on circuit here was, throwing out halfpence heated nearly red hot upon a fire shovel, which being eagerly caught at and speedily relinquished, gave rise to most bloody battles.

DINGLE, which she introduces by a very pretty and picturesque description, she mentions as having neither a resident doctor, nor yet an attorney.

As regards the former, it is not singular, being only the more like "Gilead," of which we are told in Scripture—"There is no physician there!" The other deficiency, we believe, has few parallels, and more's the pity.

Then follows some account of the state of law and justice in the good town, that appears wonderfully primitive:—

"'Law, Sir,' repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright, 'Law, Sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us; and let me tell you, Sir, that if every court were so conducted, there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy.'

"'But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?'

"'I'll tell you what I did myself,' was the reply to this apparently perplexing question. 'When I was deputy sovereign, two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' says he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the King,' said the crier, and then I left them all; and 'I assure you,' he added, 'that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and please God we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honour and honesty of the cases that come before us.'"

We remember something far better than this on our circuit formerly. Old Mills that used to go the north-west for the Chief Justice occasionally, always decided the cases alternately for the plaintiff and defendant. It saved him a deal of trouble, and he believed he was dispensing "equal" justice. Johnston one day, however, was counsel in a case for a plaintiff, and the preceding trial having been given in favour of a plaintiff, he of course knew he must lose his cause. So he addressed the bench, and begged a prorogation, which being refused for want of sufficient ground, he said, "Your lordship

having just decided for a plaintiff, I know your lordship's sense of impartiality will lead you to pronounce *now* for the defendant; and so we had rather wait one turn more." The judge laughed heartily, and all the court, and the plea was admitted.

The native politeness of the peasantry is repeatedly alluded to in these volumes, and always instanced by what is ever the true test of good breeding—the total oblivion of self. The following short description of a mountain ramble is both strikingly illustrative of this as well as of the light and sketchy style in which the whole book is written :—

"That I might have plenty of time to make drawings of the objects and inscriptions I started off at half-past eight. My conveyance was a little jingling non-descript vehicle, drawn by a rough pony, whose solemn pace and philosophical contempt for the whip, showed that he was little accustomed to convey parties of pleasure to view antiquities. We, or rather he, (the horse) was driven by our grave friend the waiter, a sort of matter-of-fact, yet good-humoured man of all work to the inn; who clambered up the little dickey, and perched himself on its narrow summit, with a degree of trembling caution which made me apprehend he would find as much difficulty in keeping his own seat, as in driving the horse. I expected this the more surely, from having seen our experienced and able jingleman from Tralee pitched off his box, and deposited under the wheels of the jaunting-car, by one of those tremendous jolts which are of such common occurrence on these roads.

"However, to-day our route, for the first two miles was along the high road to Tralee, and by dint of sage advice, which I suddenly felt competent to give relative to the noble art of driving, by often telling my charioteer not to hold himself so tight on by the reins, just at the moment of administering a sharp whipping to the horse, &c. &c., we got on three miles the first hour without accident.

"But beyond this the good road did not last; we came to a narrow stony track, with a deep ditch full of black water, on either side, in one or other of which the pony seemed much inclined to take refuge. We then came to a broad but apparently shallow river, over which there was no bridge.

"Are you sure this is the way to Kinard?" I inquired of the trembling waiter, who looked with great dismay upon the rushing stream that barred our passage.

"At this moment of dilemma, when I saw by the grave blank visage of our waiter-coachman that he knew nothing about the matter, a countryman came galloping along the river side. I inquired of him whether we must pass the river to get to Kinard; he did not understand a word of English, but the waiter made him comprehend in Irish what we wished to know.

"The countryman was evidently much surprised, and wondered what could induce a lady to visit such a remote place as Kinard. He pointed to a little village half way up the rugged mountain before us, and gave our driver to understand that we must cross the river to get there.

"Now, though I was willing to be jolted or to walk any distance on dry land to see my favourite Ogham stones, I did not relish the idea of encountering that rough stream, and being upset in the water. The countryman, who, like most Irish peasants, was both good-natured and quick of apprehension, soon divined my fears; and to show that the water was not so deep as to float the carriage, he rode over and back again, at the same time making me a sign that there was no danger. But the water appeared deep and full of large stones, and I therefore inquired if there were no foot-bridge over any part of the stream. Of course there was none, for what would this primitive bare-footed population want of a dry passage over the river?

"The poor countryman, who saw that in spite of all his representations I still feared to cross the stream, made the driver ask me if I would like to ride over on his horse, which he would lead through for me. I gladly accepted the poor man's offer, and mounted up into one of the empty panniers, which were slung over the horse's back. But what was now to become of my man and maid servant, whom I had brought with me in the jingle?—and then, unless the vehicle could get over the river too, I despaired of being able to walk all that way up the mountain to Kinard.

"However, I went, feeling confident that my energetic friend would devise some means of getting the whole party across. I was not wrong. He first led the jingle over empty, to prove it would not upset, and then took it back for its terrified driver and my servants. For this service, and the long delay it caused him, the tattered peasant would accept no money! With a profound and respectful bow, and a smile which would not have ill-suited a gallant of the court of Louis the Fourteenth, he mounted his horse and galloped off."

Now, though we thank Lady Chatterton for commemorating so slight an incident, which marks a trait in our poorer classes, yet right sure we are that the peasant hero of this little adventure felt a swelling pride at his heart, as he bore his precious burden beside him, that left all other reward as mean and contemptible in comparison, and differed most markedly from the gallant of the *Vieille Cour* in this simple fact, that for his service and devotion he asked nor thought of other recompense than his own innate sense of "devoir" to a lady.

As we are perfectly convinced that this ramble will be the means of inducing many others to take the same route; and why, be it asked *en passant*, should not Lady Chatterton become the patroness of the wilds of Kerry with the same happy results that Head has met with in describing the far less picturesque, and, we firmly believe, far less healthful scenery of the Nassau springs, we cannot better prepare the future traveller in those regions for the "rubs" he may meet with, than by quoting the passage which follows:—

"It was market day at Tralee, and we had great difficulty in getting through the streets, so great was the concourse of people, carts, horses, geese, turkeys, and pigs.

"And now, after having passed in safety through many Irish towns on market-days, and started with a great variety of horses and post-boys, I, the most timid and nervous of all foolish women, would address a few words of encouragement to those who may happen to be placed in the like predicaments, with the same feelings of fear.

"Never be afraid of an Irish start, even if the leaders come quite round to the carriage door. Never be afraid of having your carriage smashed, even if the narrow street of a little town be (as it generally is) so full of cars, people, pigs, poultry, and horses, that you cannot see the remotest possibility of a passage being obtained for the carriage through the dense mass. Do not be afraid either for yourself, or that any of the swarming population will be run over. The cars, the people, the pigs, &c., will indeed remain in the way, till the leaders which draw your carriage actually touch them. The whole scene looks in most dreadful confusion. The horses rear—the post-boys look as if they could not keep their seats, and had not the least power over the restive horses. The populace halloo, the pigs squeak, the jingle-men vociferate

in Irish—jabbering it quicker and more vehemently than ever. But again I say it—do not be in the least afraid, for no accident ever happens.

"There seems, indeed, a peculiar providence over Irish drivers, horses, and all the noisy occupants of a crowded street. Drunken men reel about on foot and on horseback, without ever seeming to do themselves or others any harm. At Bandon, I recollect seeing a drunken man gallop down the steep street, and as the horse turned short round at the bottom of it, the rider was precipitated off upon his head; but he very deliberately got up again, and endeavoured to lead his horse away by the tail!"

There does in reality seem a special providence expressly provided for Irish men, women, and children, without which, what with fires, floods, burnings, house-fallings, car-upsettings, &c., there would not be a whole bone in the island. "I have been doing my best to drive over a child in this town for the last eight-and-twenty years," said an English mail-coach driver to his friend on the box, "and never could do it!" The risks that are run, the hazards encountered in every excursion by land or by water by these dare-devil people, would astonish and terrify their more civilized and cautious neighbours. At the top of one of the steepest mountain-roads in the west of Ireland Lord Guillemore stopped the driver of the chaise he was seated in, proclaiming his intention to walk it down rather than proceed in the carriage—the rather as one of the horses, a young, long-tailed chestnut, had given, even on the level road, some very unequivocal signs of hot temper and unsteadiness.

"I'd rather get out here," said the Chief Baron.

"Anan!" said the postillion, purposely turning a deaf ear to what he conceived a slur upon his coachmanship.

"I'll get down—open the door, my man," reiterated his lordship.

"True for ye, it's a fine bit of road, yer honour," said the incorrigible fellow, still pretending to mistake what was said, and all the while approaching slowly and insidiously to the verge of the hill. "Now, hold fast," said the wretch, as he laid the lash first over one, then over the other of his horses, and set off down the mountain at a most furious pace. The horses both flying out at either side from the pole, and the chaise spinning and bumping

through ruts and over stones that every minute threatened annihilation—the long-tailed chestnut contriving, even in his top speed, to show both his hind hoofs very near the judge's nose as he sat in the chaise, the postillion springing with wonderful agility from one side to the other, to avoid kicks that threatened every instant to smash his skull. Down they went, the pace increasing, the windows broken by the concussion, and one door flung wide open, and increasing by its banging noise the confusion of the scene. The road terminated at the foot of the mountain in a narrow bridge that led off at a very sharp angle from the line; and here the terrified judge expected as inevitable the fate that he had hitherto by miracle escaped. Down they came, the hot chestnut now half-mad from excitement springing four and five feet every bound, and dragging along the other horse at the most terrific rate. They reached the bridge—round went the chaise on two wheels, and in a moment more they pulled up in safety at the opposite side, both the horses being driven, collar-up, into a quickset hedge. Before the Chief Baron had time to speak, the fellow was down mending the harness with a piece of cord, as leisurely as if nothing remarkable had happened.

"Tell me, my fine fellow," said his lordship, "was that chestnut ever in harness before?"

"Never, my lord; but the master says he'll give eight pound for her if she'd bring your lordship down this bit of Sliev-na-muck, without breaking the chaise or *"doing ye any harm."*

On their way to Coom-croun the little party of whom the authoress made one, and of which, we dare to wager, not the least agreeable member, were joined by a talented fellow, who offered to be their guide, and who, they were wonderfully surprised to find, was a mathematician.

"We did not give him credit for much acquirement in this branch; however, to ascertain the point, one of my companions asked him if he knew the 5th proposition of the 1st book of Euclid, known in school as the '*pons asinorum*.' He was so perfect in this, and in the 47th proposition, that the inquirer would not venture any further, lest he might get out of his depth. We have remarked that the peasantry here are exceedingly disinterested and obliging, and much more intelligent and enlightened than in many places of greater resort. Our intelligent guide had also a considerable knowledge

of Irish history and superstitions. As we walked along he picked up a sprig of shamrock, and said, 'Sure, thin, ours is a beautiful emblem, and beats the rose and thistle all to nothing.'

"'Why so?' inquired one of my companions—the rose is certainly more beautiful."

"'It may be so to the eye,' replied the poor man; 'but it doesn't represent the Holy Trinity, as ours does. A blessed thought it was of the holy Saint Patrick to explain that great and wonderful mystery by this little bit of three-fold leaf.'

"When, after a long walk, we reached the cliffs which overlook Dingle Bay, our guide observed, 'the day was far spent, and he must leave us,' having much work to do for his master before evening. He evidently did so with reluctance. He resolutely refused some money that was offered him, and though in tatters, and evidently poor, we saw that it would hurt him to press it. He was a very fine-looking man, with one of the most 'mind-illuminated' faces I ever saw. He told us he was only twenty-five years of age, but that he had a severe illness last year, which he said made him look much older, and that since then 'he had lost his countenance.'"

Now, this is really excellent. A better hoax there never was played off since he did pretty much the same thing with Archbishop Magee: the talented poor fellow in this case being no less an individual than Miles Fitzgerald, of Tralee, that is always fishing up in the mountains, and told us a few evenings after, how he humbugged the party, adding at the same time that his examiners in Euclid took his explanation of the 47th proposition to work out the 5th: just as the gentleman who bet, his friend could not say the Lord's Prayer, and listened to the creed instead, believed he had lost his wager, saying, "Why then, I didn't think you could do it."

But enough—we must conclude, though we have not said one-half of what we wished or could have said about these volumes. For a truly amiable and kind-hearted delineation of a romantic people in a picturesque country, they are unrivalled, neither disfigured by cant, nor biassed by political rancour, they bear the stamp of good sense, good feeling, refined taste, and a thorough and heartfelt appreciation of scenery, so that while we admire the book we cannot divest ourselves of a still warmer feeling of interest in the writer.

JIM SULLIVAN'S ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT SNOW.

BEING A NINTH EXTRACT FROM THE LEGACY OF THE LATE FRANCIS PURCELL,
P.P. OF DRUMCOOLAGH.

JIM SULLIVAN was a dacent, honest boy as you'd find in the seven parishes, an' he was a beautiful singer, an' an illegant dancer intirely, an' a mighty pleasant boy in himself; but he had the devil's bad luck, for he married for love, an' av course he never had an asy minute affther. Nell Gorman was the girl he fancied, an' a beautiful slip of a girl she was, jist twinty to the minute when he married her. She was as round an' as complate in all her shapes as a firkin, you'd think, an' her two cheeks was as fat an' as red, it id open your heart to look at them. But beauty is not the thing all through, an' as beautiful as she was she had the devil's tongue, an' the devil's timper, an' the devil's behaviour all out; an' it was impossible for him to be in the house with her for while you'd count tin without havin' an argument, an' as sure as she riz an argument with him she'd hit him a wipe iv a skillet or whatever lay next to her hand. Well, this wasn't at all plasin' to Jim Sullivan you may be sure, an' there was scarce a week that his head wasn't plastered up, or his back biint double, or his nose swelled as big as a pittaty, with the vilence iv her timper, an' his heart was scalded everlastinly with her tongue; so he had no pace or quietness in body or soul at all at all, with the way she was goin' an'. Well, your honour, one cowl'd snowin' evenin' he kim in affther his day's work regulatin' the men in the farm, an' he sat down very quite by the fire, for he had a scrimmidge with her in the mornin', an' all he wanted was an air iv the fire in pace; so divil a word he said but dhrew a stool an' sat down close to the fire. Well, as soon as the woman saw him, "Move aff," says she, "an' don't be intrudin' an the fire," says she. Well, he kept never mindin', an' didn't let an' to hear a word she was sayin', so she kim over an' she had a spoon in her hand, an' she took jist the smallest taste in life iv the boilin' wather out iv the pot, an' she dhropped it down an his shins, an' with that he let a roar you'd think the roof id fly aff iv the house. "Hould your tongue, you barbarrian," says she, "you'll waken the child," says she. "An' if I done right," says he, for the spoonful of boilin' wather riz him entirely, "I'd take yourself,"

says he, "an' I'd stuff you into the pot an the fire, an' boil you," says he, "into castor oil," says he. "That's purty behaviour," says shè; "it's fine usage you're givin' me, isn't it?" says she, gettin' wickeder every minute; "but before I'm boiled," says she, "thry how you like *that*," says she; an', sure enough, before he had time to put up his guard, she hot him a rale terrible clink iv the iron spoon across the jaw. "Hould me, some iv ye, or I'll murdher her," says he. "Will you?" says she, an' with that she hot him another tin times as good as the first. "By jabers," says he, slappin' himself behind, "that's the last salute you'll ever give me," says he, "so take my last blessin'," says he, "you ungovernable baste," says he—an' with that he pulled an his hat an' walked out iv the door. Well, she never minded a word he said, for he used to say the same thing all as one every time she dhrew blood; an' she had no expectation at all but he'd come back by the time supper id be ready; but faix the story didn't go quite so simple this time, for while he was walkin', lonesome enough, down the borheen, with his heart almost broke with the pain, for his shins an' his jaw was mighty troublesome, av course, with the thratement he got, who did he see but Mick Haulon, his uncle's sarvint *by*, ridin' down, quite an' asy, an the ould black horse, with a halter as long as himself. "Is that Mr. Soolivan?" says the *by*, says he, as soon as he saw him a good bit aff. "To be sure it is, ye spalpeen, you," says Jim, roarin' out; "what do you want wid me this time a-day?" says he. "Don't you know me?" says the gossoon, "it's Mick Haulon that's in it," says he. "Oh, blur an agers, thin, it's welcome you are, Micky asthore," says Jim; "how is all wid the man an' the woman beyant?" says he. "Oh!" says Micky, "bad enough," says he, "the ould man's jist aff, an' if you don't hurry like shot," says he, "he'll be in glory before you get there," says he. "It's jokin' ye are," says Jim, sorrowful enough, for he was mighty partial to his uncle intirely. "Oh, not in the smallest taste," says Micky, "the breath was jist out iv him," says he, "when I left the farm, 'an', says he, 'take the ould black

horse,' says he, 'for he's shure-footed for the road,' says he, 'an' bring Jim Soolivan here,' says he, 'for I think I'd die asy af I could see him onst,' says he." "Well," says Jim, "will I have time," says he, "to go back to the house, for it would be a consolation," says he, "to tell the bad news to the woman?" says he. "It's too late you are already," says Micky, "so come up behind me, for God's sake," says he, "an' don't waste time;" an' with that he brought the horse up beside the ditch, an' Jim Soolivan mounted up behind Micky, an' they rode off, an' tin good miles it was iv a road, an' at the other side iv Keeper entirely; an' it was snowin' so fast that the ould baste could hardly go an at all at all, an' the two bys an his back was jist like a snowball all as one, an' almost fruz an' smothered at the same time, your honour; an' they wor both mighty sorrowful entirely, an' their toes almost dhroppin' aff wid the ould. And when Jim got to the farm his uncle was gettin' an' illegantly, an' he was sittin' up sthron' an' warm in the bed, and improvin' every minute, an' no signs av dyin' an him at all at all; so he had all his throuble for nothin'. But this wasn't all, for the snow kem so thick that it was unpassible to get along the roads at all at all; an' faix, instead iv gettin' betther, next mornin' it was only tin times worse; so Jim had jist to take it asy, an' stay wid his uncle until such times as the snow id melt. Well, your honour, the evenin' Jim Soolivan wint away, whin the dark was closin' in, Nell Gorman, his wife, begind to get mighty anasy in herself whin she didn't see him comin' back at all; an' she was gettin' more an' more frightful in herself every minute till the dark kem an, an' divil a taste iv her husband was comin' at all at all. "Oh!" says she, "there's no use in putterdin', I know he's kilt himself; he has committed infanticide an' himself," says she, "like a dissipated bliggard as he always was," says she, "God rest his soul. Oh, thin, isn't it me an' not you, Jim Soolivan, that's the unfortunat woman," says she, "for ain't I cryin' here, an' isn't he in heaven, the bliggard," says she. "Oh, voh, voh, it's not at home comfortable with your wife an' family that you are, Jim Soolivan," says she, "but in the other world, you aumathaun, in glory wid the saints, I hope," says she. "It's I that's the

unfortunat female," says she, "an' not yourself, Jim Soolivan," says she. An' this way she kep an till mornin', cryin' an' lamintin'; an' wid the first light she called up all the sarvint bys, an' she told them to go out an' to sarch every inch iv ground to find the corpse, "for I'm sure," says she, "it's not to go hide himself he would," says she. Well, they went as well as they could rummagin' through the snow, until, at last, what should they come to, sure enough, but the corpse of a poor travellin' man, that fell over the quarry the night before by rason of the snow an' some ligure he had, maybe; but, at any rate, he was as dead as a herrin', an' his face was knocked all to pieces jist like an over-boiled pitaty, glory be to God; an' divil a taste iv a nose or a chin, or a hill or a hollow from one end av his face to the other but was all as flat as a pancake; an' he was about Jim Soolivan's size, an' dhressed out exactly the same, wid a ridin' coat an' new cordheros; so they carried him home, an' they were all as sure as daylight it was Jim Soolivan himself, an' they were wondherin' he'd do sich a dirty turn as to go kill himself for spite. Well, your honour, they waked him as well as they could, with what neighbours they could get together, but by rason iv the snow, there wasn't enough gothered to make much divarsion; however it was a plisint wake enough, an' the churchyard an' the priest bein' convanient, as soon as the youngsters had their bit iv fun and divarsion out iv the corpse, they burried it without a great dale iv hrouble; an' about three days after the berrin, ould Jim Mallowney, from th'other side iv the little hill, her own cousin by the mother's side—he had a snug bit iv a farm an' a house close by, by the same token—kem walkin' in to see how she was in her health, an' he dhrew a chair, an' he sot down an' begunned to converse her about one thing an' another, until he got her quite an' asy into middlin' good humour, an' as soon as he seen it was time, "I'm wondherin'," says he, "Nell Gorman, sich a handsome, likely girl, id be thinkin' iv nothin' but lamintin' an' the likes," says he, "an' lingerin' away her days without any consolation, or gettin' a husband," says he. "Oh," says she, "ian't it only three days since I burried the poor man," says she, "an' isn't it rather soon to be talkin' iv marryin' agin?" "Divil a taste," says he,

"three days is jist the time to a minute for cryin' afther a husband, an' there's no occasion in life to be keepin' it up," says he; "an' besides all that," says he, "Shrovetide is almost over, an' if you don't be sturrin' yourself an' lookin' about you, you'll be late," says he, "for this year at any rate, an' that's twelve months lost, an' who's to look afther the farm all that time?" says he, "an' to keep the men to their work?" says he, "It's thrue for you, Jim Mallowney," says she, "but I'm afeard the neighbours will be all talkin' about it," says she. "Divil's cure to the word," says he. "An' who would you advise?" says she. "Young Andy Curtis is the boy," says he. "He's a likely boy in himself," says she; "an' as handy a gossoon as is out," says he. "Well, thin, Jim Mallowney," says she, "here's my hand, an' you may be talkin' to Andy Curtis, an' if he's willin' I'm agreeable—is that enough?" says she. So with that he made off with himself strait to Andy Curtis, an' before three days more was past the weddin' kem an, an' Nell Gorman an' Andy Curtis was married as complete as possible; an' if the wake was plisint the weddin' was tin times as agreeable, an' all the neighbours that could make their way to it was there, an' there was three fiddlers an' lots iv pipers, an' ould* Connor Shamus the piper himself was in it—by the same token it was the last weddin' he ever played music at, for the next mornin', whin he was goin' home, bein' mighty hearty an' plisint in himself, he was smothered in the snow, undher the ould castle; an' by my sowl he was a sore loss to the bys and girls twenty miles round, for he was the illigantest piper, barrin' the liquer alone, that ever worked a bellows. Well, a week passed over smart enough, an' Nell an' her new husband was mighty well continted with one another, for it was too soon for her to begin to regulate him the way she used with poor Jim Soolivan, so they wor comfortable enough; but this was too good to last, for the thaw kem an, an' you may be sure Jim Soolivan didn't lose a minute's time as soon as the heavy dhriфт iv snow was melted enough between him and home to let him pass, for he didn't hear a word iv news from home sinst he lift it, by rason that no one, good nor bad, could thravel at all, with the way the snow

was dhriфт. So, one night, when Nell Gorman an' her new husband, Andy Curtis, was snug an' warm in bed, an' fast asleep, an' every thing quite, who should come to the door, sure enough, but Jim Soolivan himself, an' he beginned flakin' the door wid a big blakthorn stick he had, an' roarin' out like the divil to open the door, for he had a dhrop taken. "What the divil's the matter?" says Andy Curtis, wakenin' out iv his sleep. "Who's batin' the door?" says Nell: "what's all the noise for?" says she. "Who's in it?" says Andy. "It's me," says Jim. "Who are you?" says Andy; "what's your name?" "Jim Soolivan," says he. "By jabers you lie," says Andy. "Wait till I get at you," says Jim, hittin' the door a lick iv the wattle you'd hear half a mile off. "It's him, sure enough," says Nell; "I know his speech; it's his wandherin' sowl that can't get rest, the crass o' Christ betune us an' harm." "Let me in," says Jim, "or I'll dhrive the door in a top iv yis. "Jim Soolivan, Jim Soolivan," says Nell, sittin' up in the bed, an' gropin' for a quart bottle iv holy wather she used to hang by the back iv the bed, "don't come in, darlin', there's holy wather here," says she; "but tell me from where you are is there any thing that's throublin' your poor sinful sowl?" says she. "An' tell me, how many masses 'ill make you asy, an' by this crass, I'll buy you as many as you want," says she. "I don't know what the divil you mane," says Jim. "Go back," says she, "go back to glory, for God's sake," says she. "Divil's cure to the bit iv me 'ill go back to glory, or any where else," says he, "this blessed night; so open the door at onst, an' let me in," says he. "The Lord forbid," says she. "By jabers you'd better," says he, "or it 'ill be worse for you," says he; an' wid that he fell to wallop in the door till he was fairly tired, an' Andy an' his wife crassin' themselves an' sayin' their prayers for the bare life all the time. "Jim Soolivan," says she, as soon as he was done, "go back, for God's sake, an' don't be freakenin' me an' your poor fatherless childhren," says she. "Why, you bosthoon, you," says Jim, "won't you let your husband in," says he, "to his own house?" says he. "You wor my husband, sure enough," says she, "but it's well you know, Jim Soolivan, you're not my husband

* Literally, Cornelius James—the last name employed as a patronymic. Connor is used, invariably, in the South, as the short name for Corneliu, or "Crahoire."

now," says she. "You're as dhrunk as can be consaved," says Jim. "Go back, in God's name, pacibly to your grave," says Nell. "By my sowl, it's to my grave you'll sind me, sure enough," says he, "you hard-hearted bain', for I'm jist aff wid the cowl," says he. "Jim Sullivan," says she, "it's in your dacent coffin you should be, you unfortunat sperit," says she; "what is it's annoyin' your sowl, in the wide world, at all?" says she; "hadn't you every thing complete?" says she, "the oil, an' the wake, an' the berrin'?" says she. "Och, by the hoky," says Jim, "it's too long I'm makin' a fool iv myself, gosterin' wid you outside iv my owu door," says he, "for it's plane to be seen," says he, "you don't know what you're sayin', an' no one *else* knows what you mane, you unfortunat fool," says he; "so, onst for all, open the door quietly," says he, "or, by my sowkins, I'll not lave a splinther together," says he. "Well, whin Nell an' Andy seen he was getting vexed, they beganned to bawl out their prayers, with the fright, as if the life was lavin' them; an' the more he bate the door, the louder they prayed, until at last Jim was fairly tired out. "Bad luck to you," says he; "for a rale divil av a woman," says he. "I can't get any advantage av you, any way; but wait till I get hould iv you, that's all," says he. An' he turned aff from the door, an' wint round to the cow-house, an' settled himself as well as he could, in the sthrav; an' he was tired enough wid the thravellin' he had in the day time, an' a good dale bothered with what liquor he had taken; so he was purty sure of sleepin' wherever he thrun himself. But, by my sowl, it wasn't the same way with the man an' the woman in the house—for divil a wink iv sleep, good or bad, could they get at all, wid the fright iv the spirit, as they supposed; an' with the first light they sint a little gossoon, as fast as he could wag, straight off, like a shot, to the priest, an' to desire him, for the love o' God, to come to them an' the minute, an' to bring, if it was plasin' to his raverence, all the little things he had for sayin' mass, an' savin' sowls, an' banishin' sperits, an' freckenin' the divil, an' the likes iv that. An' it wasn't long till his raverence kem down, sure enough, on the ould gray mare, wid the little mass-boy behind him, an' the prayer-books an' bibles, an' all the other mystariou articles that was wantin',

along wid him; an' as soon as he kem in, "God save all here," says he. "God save ye, kindly, your raverence," says they. "An' what's gone wrong wid ye?" says he; "ye must be very bad," says he, "entirely, to disturb my devotions," says he, "this way, jist at break-fast time," says he. "By my sowkins," says Nell, "it's bad enough we are, your raverence," says she, "for it's poor Jim's sperit," says she; "God rest his sowl, wherever it is," says she, "that was wandherin' up an' down, opposit the door all night," says she, "in the way it was no use at all, thryin' to get a wink iv sleep," says she. "It's to lay it, you want me, I suppose," says the priest. "If your raverence, 'd do that same, it 'd be plasin' to us," says Andy. "It'll be rather expinsive," says the priest. "We'll not differ about the price, your raverence," says Andy. "Did the sperit stop long?" says the priest. "Most part iv the night," says Nell, "the Lord be merciful to us all!" says she. "That'll make it more costly than I thought," says he, "An' did it make much noise?" says he. "By my sowl, it's it that did," says Andy; "leatherin' the door wid sticks and stones," says he, "until I fairly thought every minute," says he, "the ould boords id smash, an' the sperit id be in an' top iv us—God bless us," says he. "Phiew!" says the priest; "it'll cost a power iv money." "Well, your raverence," says Andy, "take whatever you like," says he; "only make sure it won't annoy us any more," says he. "Oh! by my sowkins," says the priest, "it'll be the quarest ghost in the seven parishes," says he, "if it has the courage to come back," says he, "after what I'll do this mornin', plase God," says he; "so we'll say twelve pounds; an' God knows it's chape enough," says he, "considherin' all the sarcumstances," says he. Well, there wasn't a second word to the bargain; so they paid him the money down, an' he settled the table out like an altar, before the door, an' he settled it out wid all the things he had wid him; an' he lit a bit iv a holy candle, an' he scathered his holy wather right an' left; an' he took up a big book, an' he wint an' readin' for half an hour, good; an' whin he kem to the end, he tuck hould iv his little bell, and he beganned to ring it for the bare life; an', by my sowl, he rung it so well, that he wakened Jim Sullivan in the cow-house, where he was sleepin', an' up he jumped, widout a minute's delay, an' med right for the

house, where all the family an' the priest, an' the little mass-boy was assembled, layin' the ghost; an' as soon as his reverence seen him comin' in at the door, wid the fair fright, he flung the bell at his head, an' hot him sich a lick iv it in the forehead, that he sthretched him an the flour; but faix he didn't wait to ax any questions, but he cut round the table as if the devil was afther him, an' out at the door, an' didn't stop even as much as to mount an his mare, but leathered away down the borheen as fast as his legs could carry him, though the mud was up to his knees, savin' your presence. Well, by the time Jim kem to himself, the family persaved the mistake, an' Andy wint home, lavin' Nell to make the ex-

planation. An' as soon as Jim heerd it all, he said he was quite contint to lave her to Andy, entirely; but the priest would not hear iv it; an' he jist med him marry his wife over again, an' a merry widdin' it was, an' a fine collection for his reverence. An' Andy was there along wid the rest, an' the priest put a small pinnance upon him, for bein' in too great a hurry to marry a widdy. An' bad luck to the word he'd allow any one to say an the business, ever after, at all, at all, so, av course, no one offnded his reverence, by spakin' iv the twelve pounds he got for layin' the sperit. An' the neighbours wor all mighty well plased, to be sure, for gettin' all the divarsion of a wake, an' two weddin's for nothin'.

IRELAND, SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS.*

It would be almost paradoxical to assert that a foreigner should write an able treatise on the social, religious, or political institutions of any country. These are matters which none but those who know them well can adequately describe; and how can any acquaintance with them be obtained by a Frenchman during a few months' residence in this country? Such reflections at once rushed into our mind on reading the title-page of this book, and almost determined us to read no farther. Fortunately, we remembered that travellers frequently profess rather more than they perform, and that there was a chance that this book, on perusal, might be found a harmless and an entertaining account of our manners and customs as they appear to an intelligent foreigner.

Although the manners and customs of any country are best known to its inhabitants, yet they are not always best described by them. What men are accustomed to, as matters of every day occurrence, will be supposed such matters of course, as not to be worth describing. If a "naked Piet" were giving a description of his countrymen, he probably would omit to mention such a trifle as that they never wore any clothes. Indeed, he certainly would make this omission if he had never travelled, or known that garments of some kind or other were in general use among the inhabitants of other countries. But in savage countries no books appear descriptive of their manners. Such works are generally composed by travellers who come

from civilized nations to visit them from curiosity, and who write a book to repay the expenses of their journey, and gratify their countrymen with an account of incidents the most strange and striking, and manners and customs the most dissimilar to their own. Such "voyages and travels," when they adhere to truth, are entertaining, and not uninstrucive. They are, as it were, a part of the natural history of mankind, and show what changes may be wrought in man by soil or climate, or other circumstances.

The practice of describing civilized countries, with which we have a constant intercourse, either of peace or war, is of much more modern growth among travellers; and the writer who undertakes this task, encounters difficulties, and possesses advantages altogether different from those met with by the voyager of discovery. He dreads no perils from unknown seas, or boundless tracts of uninhabited deserts, or still more dreadful regions occupied by savages in human form, the most ferocious enemies of their fellow-men. He runs no danger of being sold to distant slavery, or sacrificed to some grim idol, or baked and served up as a dainty dish at a solemn festival. Neither, when he returns, can he delight his astonished readers with tales

"Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

His worst adventures relate to a damp bed, an ill-dressed beefsteak, an uncivil innkeeper, or an exorbitant reckoning; and ridicule, not sympathy, will be his

* *L'Irlande, Sociale, Politique et Religieuse.* Par Gustave de Baumont. 2 Tom. 8vo, Paris, 1839.

lot if he dwells upon the perils and disasters of his little tour. When he returns home, he is denied the common privilege of the traveller; and, if he deviates one iota from the sober truth, there are hundreds on the watch to confront and expose him. Thus he is at once protected from the difficulties, and deprived of the rewards which are dreaded or desired by the adventurous wanderer into unknown regions.

But though the ungente reader may laugh at the disasters of our modern traveller, we can assure him that their reality more than compensates for the horrors narrated by more ancient voyagers. In many a sleepless night, we have exclaimed that it would be better for us to be served up at one meal to a set of cannibals, than to be consumed, bit by bit, by the myriads that preyed upon us; and we do not admit that it is more wretched to be in a desert country, far removed from all mankind, than to find ourselves wandering among a civilized people, after our last shilling has been filched from us by unexpected charges. Our modern tourist thus may experience very unpleasant adventures, although not of an unusual or very striking nature. And a similar fate attends his book, which may attain a considerable circulation, and be read with general interest, although nothing striking or wonderful be contained in it. He writes upon a subject in which the dullest truth will be found interesting to numbers. His mere narration of the posts, and the inns, and the fares, will be received with interest, and the numbers who are acquainted with the places on which he writes his opinions, will read them eagerly, to ascertain how far they agree with their own. If his work be composed with tolerable ability, it will be read by the inhabitants of the countries which he describes. These will naturally be anxious to learn what impression they themselves, and their manners, habits, and customs made upon an unprejudiced and intelligent observer. Thus a spirit of improvement is propagated; the public becomes acquainted with the particulars in which the habits and institutions of other nations excel our own, and a favourable change is introduced by the spirit of emulation. Even the works of foreigners, describing our own country, are calculated to do us service. They do not know our laws, our habits, or our customs so well as we ourselves do, but they view them with an eye unprejudiced by familiarity with them, and it may be useful to us to learn how those things appear to their

impartial judgments. It almost bestows upon us the much-desired gift, "to see ourselves as others see us." This principle is so obvious, that even writers of our own country have sought to give additional interest to their works by representing them to be the opinions and compositions of foreigners. In this manner, Goldsmith made his observations on the customs of the English more freely in his *Citizen of the World*, by assuming the character of a Chinese wanderer writing home to his friends, to give them an account of what he had seen.

Such works, however, of foreign writers, to be of any value, must confine themselves to the impression which things are calculated to make upon the mind of a superficial observer. If they endeavour to penetrate further, they go beyond their depth, and discourse on subjects which it is impossible they can comprehend. Yet, of late years, we have met with many books and articles on the internal affairs of England or Ireland written by French or Germans; and our attention was early attracted by the enormous magnitude of some of the falsehoods contained in them. Thus, Mr. Say, the eminent political economist, gravely states, as an instance of the abuses of the English church, that the Bishop of Durham enjoys an income of £120,000 sterling per annum. We could easily fill our sheets with similar instances of misstatements made by distinguished foreigners, even upon subjects respecting which a little research might have procured them the most accurate information, and we once were in the habit of taking notes of such errors. When we did so, we were soon struck by this remarkable peculiarity, that all the falsehoods were in favour of the radicals, and tended to furnish arguments in support of their favourite views. It is now pretty generally known that this is one of the means which the whigs have habitually employed for the purpose of making converts to their opinions. Whenever any foreigner announced his intention of writing a book on England, he was immediately taken up, and courted, and caressed, and fêted by the leaders of that party, until he returned to his native country, thoroughly imbued with the opinions and statements which he heard in whig societies. While his vanity was flattered by his admission into Holland, or Landsdown, or Devonshire House, his opinions were formed on the representations made to him by the underlings of the party whom he met there. The opinions thus

formed, are published and represented by the magazines, and reviews, and newspapers of the party, to be the opinions naturally formed on the politics of this country by an intelligent foreigner, after an attentive and unprejudiced examination. This artifice has been so often exposed, that it is now pretty generally understood, and the opinions of such writers are duly estimated, and are recognised as merely the echo of the sentiments of those who entertained them here.

M. de Beaumont's work is rather more elaborate, and he frequently endeavours to support his assertions by reference to the authorities on which he founds them. These references are very numerous, and if we considered his essay to be the genuine production of a French author, we should not hesitate to pronounce it the most extraordinary work that has appeared in the present age. But when we examine his references, we easily discover the sources which supplied them. It was well known when M. Beaumont came first to Ireland, in the summer of the year 1835, that it was his intention to write a book on Ireland; and, judging from what he had already written, it was easy to conclude that his work would be an exaggerated representation of every circumstance that could be supposed favourable to the establishment of democracy in Ireland. He was exactly the man to suit the views of the party then dominant here, and accordingly he met with the greatest attention from Lord Mulgrave, Archbishop Murray, and all the Romanist and democratic party, who supplied him liberally with facts and falsehoods, and reasons and sophistry, to assist him in the advocacy of their common wishes. The result was the work of which the title is prefixed to this article. The book is certainly a clever one, and may be read with interest and instruction, as giving a modified statement of the wishes and feelings of those who crammed the author with his display of learning, and showing the opinions which he was led to form of the Roman Catholic party from his own observation while residing among them, and of the Protestants from the repre-

sentations made to him by their adversaries. Our author, in his preface, makes an avowal of his predilection for democracy, while his examples and statements seem to prove that it is a turbulent spirit, more intent on seizing power than on using it with moderation and judgment, and, as might be expected, more successful in extending its dominion than in making that dominion subservient to the general happiness of mankind. We shall endeavour to give his sentiments in his own words :—

“ Il n'existe sans doute de nos jours aucun phénomène politique plus considérable et plus digne d'attention que le progrès du principe démocratique dans toutes les sociétés.

“ Ce principe gagne tous les peuples, il travaille tous les empires; sous une forme ou sous une autre, républicaine ou monarchique, libre ou absolue, il porte en tout pays le dogme de l'égalité civile et politique; il y saisit tous les esprits, il y atteint toutes les conditions, pénètre dans toutes les classes et dans tous les rangs, il s'établit dans les mœurs, des mœurs il passe dans les lois, il change la face du monde; le mouvement qu'il imprime est constant, général, universel, mais il n'est pas partout le même. Tandis que, sous l'influence de ce principe envahissant, la plupart des aristocraties d'Europe tombent, et n'offrent plus aux regards que décomposition ou ruines, les unes abattues d'un seul coup, les autres renversées lentement; celles-ci résignées à périr, succombant sans défense; celles-là déjà vaincues, quoique luttant encore: il existe un pays, l'Angleterre, où l'aristocratie est encore pleine de vie et de puissance; où l'inégalité civile et politique, maintenue dans les lois, s'est conservée entière dans les mœurs—où le vieux privilège féodal se trouve singulièrement mêlé aux libertés les plus jeunes et les plus hardies, qu'en voyant l'empire absolu qu'exercent dans ce pays la naissance et la fortune, on le croirait en arrière de toutes les nations, et qu'en y regardant seulement le bien-être et la liberté du peuple, on le juge en avance de toutes; où enfin l'aristocratie est aussi attaquée, mais où elle est assez puissante pour tenir tête à son ennemi, et si ce n'est pour le vaincre, du moins pour lui disputer longtemps la victoire.”*

* “ There certainly does not exist in the present day any political phenomenon more important or worthy of attention than the progress of the principle of democracy in every society. This principle gains every people, and disturbs every empire. Under one form or another—republican or monarchical, free or despotic—it introduces into every country the maxims of civil and political equality. Having entered, it captivates all men's minds, affects all conditions of men, and penetrates every class and every rank of society. It becomes established in their manners; from their

This enemy of aristocracy makes in the foregoing extract, a very remarkable admission, that the country in which the aristocracy possesses the greatest power is also that in which the prosperity of the people has been best promoted. Even in making that admission we perceive his habitual spirit of exaggeration, when he asserts that the aristocracy in England is in the possession of *l'empire absolu*, unlimited, absolute, or despotic power; and this, although he is well aware that for eight years the government of England has been conducted in direct opposition to the wishes of the aristocracy. So far is it from being true that birth and fortune exercise absolute dominion in England, that it is confessed by the partisans of the present administration, that there is an immense majority against it of persons possessing £100 a-year and upwards.

M. De Beaumont commences his work by a historic introduction consisting of 186 pages, and of which the professed aim is to prove this proposition, that the dominion of the English in Ireland, from their invasion of it in 1169 to the end of the last century has been a mere tyranny:—"L'empire des Anglais en Irlande, depuis leur invasion de ce pays en 1169 jusqu'à la fin du siècle dernier, n'a été qu'une tyrannie."

The historical sketch which he gives to support this proposition is designed with considerable ability by its real authors, whose object seems to have been to exasperate as far as possible the dissensions which distract this unhappy land, by collecting and publishing an exaggerated account of all the evils which the Roman Catholic party has ever suffered at the hands of its opponents. Let us not be understood to assert that the powers of the English, and the privileges of the aristocracy, have been at all times exercised in one spirit of uninterrupted justice and wis-

dom, or that private interest, or even religious bigotry, never assisted or presided at the enactment or administration of the laws that were framed for the encouragement or protection of the reformed church. Far from it: in those as in all other human transactions, the influence of human passions and human frailties must have frequently appeared. That some of the penal statutes were impolitic and unjust we have frequently admitted; we regret that they were ever passed, and rejoice that they have long since been repealed. We are far from justifying or denying the conduct of our ancestors when they erred—"Pudet hæc opprobria nobis et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli." And the recollection of past offences should make all Protestants more ready to excuse and to forgive the intolerant spirit which Roman Catholics have lately exhibited in Ireland. Still, with every disposition to condemn every act approaching to persecution that may have been committed by our ancestors, (the more unjustifiable since no maxims of intolerance were inculcated by their religion,) we must protest against the historical sketch of M. De Beaumont as both mischievous and unfair. It takes a remarkably partial view of the subject, and, without regard to truth or probability, puts forth all the exaggerations, misrepresentations, and falsehoods to be found in the speeches and pamphlets of the most bigoted partisans. Plowden, Gordon, Lewis, and Wise are the most credible sources from which he draws his information; and in those writers any unprejudiced person will at once discern such a tissue of misrepresentations, as, to say the least, must make them unsafe guides for any person wishing to obtain accurate information on Irish affairs.—Much of M. De Beaumont's history is not founded on any better authority than the violent speeches of factious agitators. Even when he states the

manners it passes to their laws—it changes the face of the world. The motion which it impresses is constant, general, universal; but it is not every hour the same. While under the influence of this invading principle, the greater part of the aristocracies of Europe fall, and offer to the view nought except ruin and decay: some destroyed at one blow, others slowly overturned; some resigned to destruction, and falling without resistance; others already vanquished, although still struggling;—there exists one country—England, where aristocracy is still full of life and vigour—where civil and political inequality, maintained in their laws, is preserved entire in the manners of the people—where the ancient feudal privilege is so singularly united with the new and firm liberty, that in viewing the absolute power which birth and fortune exercise in this country, one would believe it to be behind all other nations; and on considering the prosperity and liberty of the people, one would consider it to be in advance of them all; where, in a word, aristocracy is attacked, but is still so powerful as to confront its enemy, and if not to conquer it, at least for a considerable time to dispute its victory."

truth, he does it in such a manner as to mislead. He invariably attributes to the aristocracy or to the Protestants what was in reality the vice of the times. Thus, in every country, while the mass of the people is uneducated, and the police arrangements defective, the legislator endeavours, by the severity of the laws, to compensate for the inefficacy of all preventive restraints. Thus we read that in one reign more than eighty thousand persons were hanged for theft in England. Many of these were probably innocent of the crimes for which they suffered. We know that up to a much more recent period the criminal laws were administered upon such principles as not to give the innocent man any proper degree of security. In those days the prisoner could not compel the attendance of witnesses; and if they voluntarily attended, he could not examine them upon oath; he was not permitted to cross-examine the witnesses for the crown, and so little independence did the jurors possess, that they have been reprimanded, and fined, and punished for finding a verdict of acquittal, contrary to the directions of the judge. The judges held their places during pleasure, and were liable at any moment to be removed, if they ventured to act contrary to the wishes of the monarch. The accused was confined in a fetid, damp, and unwholesome dungeon, loaded with fetters, and denied all means of intercourse with his friends. No Howard had then existed to direct the attention of the public to the sufferings which prisoners were doomed to undergo. If the offence more immediately concerned the rights or interests of the crown, torture was perhaps employed to extort a confession of his guilt, and the unfortunate accused was subjected to the most cruel sufferings, and made for life a miserable cripple by the proceedings taken previously to the judicial inquiry into his guilt or innocence. Wasted by suffering and confinement, the accused must have been utterly unable without the assistance of counsel to vindicate his innocence. If convicted, he was generally hanged, even for the most petty thefts, and his case was not deemed important enough to excite either sympathy or attention. The poor were, of course, the most frequent victims of the severity of the laws that were enacted for the protection of property; and yet, although the rich were in general the prosecutors, and the poor the culprits, this

severity of the laws did not argue any want of sympathy of the former for the latter. The rich were probably as solicitous for the comforts of the poor then, as they are at present, and this severity was merely the effect of the anger which the possessors of property felt against those who sought to deprive them of it. The mistaken policy of the times considered that the terrors of a sanguinary code afforded the best protection to property. The same spirit in Ireland during the same period, led, in many cases, to the enactment of measures of severity against those who violated any other privileges of those whose influence enabled them to obtain the protection of the legislature; but this severity is in fairness to be ascribed in Ireland, as well as in England, to the spirit of the age not to the spirit of the party. Once invest any body with any rights or privileges in those times, and it was almost a matter of course to denounce the extreme punishment of death against those who infringed them. It is, therefore, most unfair to judge of the temper or spirit of a party by applying the feelings of the present age to be moved by the laws enacted for its protection in those sanguinary times. It is most mischievous when done for the purpose of fomenting domestic discord, and adding fuel to the hatred which the Roman Catholics feel against the Protestants in Ireland, by reminding them of the injuries which they formerly suffered at the hands of the latter. Many of these oppressions were in retaliation for the injuries which they had committed without provocation.

There is also one peculiarity in the character of the Celtic race, which has always rendered it a matter of extreme difficulty to govern them on any principles of liberty, and which has too often furnished an argument or an excuse to those who wished to rule on opposite principles. The Irish people have never manifested any love for liberty themselves, or any readiness to permit others to enjoy it. This assertion may appear strange to those who judge of the Irish character by the flattery addressed to them by their demagogues, or by the declamations against oppression, and in favour of liberty, by which the priests and demagogues exercise such uncontrollable influence over the populace. Nevertheless, the nature and effect of those very declamations corroborate the evidence which may be obtained from the

past history of this country, to prove that a genuine love of liberty has never existed in the Irish peasantry. They have always yielded readily to force, or intimidation, and instead of resistance have always endeavoured to get rid of oppression by profuse expressions of attachment to the oppressor. They have ever been ready to dissemble their resentment, (if indeed they harboured any,) and to express even the opposite feeling. They are profuse in their expressions of gratitude, while they expect a favour, or the moment after they have received it; comply with their request, and their gratitude quickly passes away, and no sentiment remains except perhaps resentment for some imaginary offence, supposed to have been sustained from you or your ancestors, many years before. They will not blush to-day to request a matter as a favour which they profess to be ready to repay by a life of gratitude, and to-morrow, after it has been granted, to disclaim all obligation for what they will then assert to be a right which could not have been withheld from them. They have long been charged with want of gratitude, and we believe that an argument in support of that charge may be drawn even from the exceedingly profuse acknowledgments which they make for every trivial favour which they receive or expect. True gratitude is a deep feeling, almost a painful one, and it finds no pleasure in all that verbiage which is in general only intended to call the attention of the world to the grateful heart of the speaker. Every man on whom a favour is conferred feels at the moment some desire to return it, but the ungrateful man feels astonishment and pride at the feeling, and is eager to proclaim to the world the existence of a sentiment which he thinks must do him great credit. But his feelings undergo an important change as soon as an opportunity occurs of evincing his gratitude by acts not words. Then he discovers that the requital sought is altogether unreasonable, and out of proportion to the benefit originally conferred; that the favour has been already cancelled by subsequent injuries, or by refusing to comply with some request; and that at any rate it was much less considerable than he had originally supposed and acknowledged it to be; and in short all those arguments by which the ungrateful man endeavours to vindicate his ingratitude to himself and to the world. The inconsistent and fickle-minded

man cannot be grateful, for it is essential to gratitude that we should always preserve the same uniform estimate of the benefits we have received.

The Irish do not readily concede freedom to others: they begin to be tyrants the instant they cease to be slaves. This disposition is fatal to the liberty of the country: it enables any man who has any power to act the despot. The Irish populace will not permit any difference of opinion to exist among them: he who gains the majority commands them all. We may remark how invariably this is assumed in the speeches of the demagogues, who always urge the people not only to take the course which they point out, but to deprive every person of the liberty of going in any other direction. They do not say, "Vote for A B, for he has always shown himself your friend, and if he is returned as your representative to parliament he will continue to promote your interests and defend your rights;" or, "do not vote for C D, for his principles are hostile to your liberty—his conduct shows that he wishes to deprive you of your rights," and that "he is unworthy of the situation which he seeks from you;—but "If any one votes for C D, he is an enemy to his country, and unfit to live among you; hold no intercourse with him—hoot him and spit at him when he passes by; let a death's head and cross-bones be painted on his door, to warn him of the fate which he may expect if, after such conduct, he dares to live in the neighbourhood of honest men."—Language much more violent than this is daily addressed to the Irish populace from the altars, and at all public assemblies, and the infatuated people have not the spirit of freedom alive in them to perceive that such harangues, instead of guiding them, are intended to leave them no liberty, and are merely exhortations to them to assist in imposing slavery on each other. They joyfully accept slavery, because the first command happens to be congenial to their feelings, although it involves a principle which in reality leaves them no choice what to do. Hence the liberty which they seek is that which is most favourable to the views of the demagogue, who demands power for the masses rather than freedom for individuals. Hence we find no discussions, no variety of opinions among the Irish people: all must follow the most powerful, and he who differs from their leader in a single point is treated in the same manner as

the most inveterate opponent of the people's rights. A disagreement on a single point is sufficient to cancel all remembrance of a life spent in their service. We are old enough to remember when the assistance of the police was required to save Henry Grattan from the fury of the Dublin populace, who were about to throw him into the Liffey, as a punishment for the first vote which he gave contrary to their views. We remember when all the principal Irish Whigs of property who had devoted all their exertions to advance the Roman Catholic cause, were deprived of their seats in parliament because they would not pledge themselves to vote for a repeal of the Union—a measure suddenly adopted, and abandoned after a few sessions at the dictates of their leader. When the Irish succeed in getting a man down, they generally beat him to death—no man intercedes for the vanquished, and pity finds no place in the breasts of the victors. No feeling of moderation ever checks them in their career; their transitions are sudden and violent: it is easier to turn them altogether than to moderate them in the direction on which they are bent. Their character is in every respect the reverse of that of the English, who have never yielded to force, but who, in the midst of their victory, always respect the rights of the vanquished. Every Englishman claims a right to think for himself, and readily concedes the same right to others; and no party in England is ever so much in subjection to any leader as to prevent any individual from being heard if he thinks the leader unjust or indiscreet. The people follow him cheerfully as long as they think him in the right: if he proceed too far, those who are most moderate first oppose him; if he persevere in his measures of violence, the number of his opponents increases, until he either loses his power over his party, or is compelled, in order to preserve his influence, to adopt a more moderate course. Hence the parties in England mutually respect each other; and those who for so many years have opposed the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, would turn away with disgust if they heard them abused with that violence and audacious falsehood which distinguish the chief speeches of their political opponents here. Thus while a well-regulated freedom suits the genius of the English nation so well, the rulers of this country always found it difficult to govern on the same principles a people who always yielded a ready obedience to fear, but whose

promises or gratitude could never be relied on. Let us hope, however, that as servility, falsehood, and ingratitude, cannot be inveterately inherent in any race, the progress of civilization and education may introduce better morals, and render the Irish a happier people, and more worthy of the increased and increasing privileges which they enjoy. It would be vain to attempt to strike a balance of past injuries—they should be mutually forgiven, and as far as possible forgotten; or, if recalled at all, it should be for the purpose of excusing any conduct which we should otherwise be disposed to resent. But it is mischievous in the extreme to keep up the remembrance of past dissensions for the purpose of preventing a reconciliation between the parties into which this country now is and must for a long time remain divided. The Roman Catholic party should consider that by the promises which they made previous to the emancipation act, and by their frequent professions of their readiness to bury in oblivion all past animosities, and to live on terms of peace and cordiality with their Protestant brethren, and by their promises of eternal gratitude for the boon which they then claimed, they have precluded themselves, in honour and in common justice, from recurring to grievances suffered previous to emancipation, to keep up an inextinguishable hatred against the Protestants and the aristocracy of the land. On the other hand, the Protestants now should bear with patience some injustice from the Roman Catholics, who are now the ruling party. They should excuse the soreness which still remains in the breasts of the older Roman Catholics. If O'Connell appear regardless of truth and justice in his persecutions of the Protestants, let them recollect what must have been the feelings naturally excited in his soul by the laws to which he was subjected in the earlier part of his life. With talents which he must have felt sufficient to raise him to eminence in his profession, or to enable him to act an important part in the grand theatre of politics, he found himself precluded by our Protestant institutions from all hope of attaining the rank and honours which are the legitimate rewards of success in his profession, and condemned to pass his life in the drudgery of a stuff-gown lawyer. In politics his religion opposed an equal obstacle to his advancement. He could not even have become a member of the House of Commons, although thousands of his countrymen were anxious to elect him. Even those who may be

disposed to defend those restrictions as necessary for the protection of our Protestant institutions, will at least admit that they were not calculated to excite any kind feeling towards those institutions in the breasts of those who suffered by them. Those restrictions have, it is true, been removed; but Mr. O'Connell was fifty-six years of age when that removal took place, and at such an age the character of any man is not easily altered; and we should not be surprised that his hatred towards Protestants still remains in undiminished force.

But a new generation is now growing up which has sustained no wrongs, to whom, on the contrary, the profession of the Roman Catholic faith has been of temporal advantage, and who will be utterly inexcusable if they feel any hostility to their Protestant brethren. As an instance of the advantage which it is now to be a Roman Catholic, we may observe, that although the Protestant barristers are more numerous than the Roman Catholic ones, and the proportion is still greater among those who are in great business or of high standing; yet of the five judges who have been appointed in the last five years, three have been Roman Catholics, and only two Protestants. Of those five two were chief and three puisne judges; and both the chief places were given to Roman Catholics, one to Sir M. O'Loughlin, a retired attorney-general, in preference to Perin, who had been attorney-general over him, and to Richards, the attorney-general of the day, the other chief's place was given to Woulfe, the attorney-general of the day; in preference to Richards, who had been attorney-general over him. Any consistent principle must have given one of those chief's places to a Protestant. It was not in favour of superior professional abilities that this latter promotion took place; for Woulfe, the Roman Catholic chief-baron, never was in high practice or possessed any character for skill in his profession; and it is universally admitted by the profession, that if he had been born a Protestant he would never have been a judge. We do not complain of this preference shown to Roman Catholics, which will have at least this good effect, that it renders it impossible for the Roman Catholics of the rising generation to view with hostility the institutions of the country, or to entertain the feelings and sentiments of an injured party.

But it is against the aristocracy, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, that M. De Beaumont would chiefly

direct the anger of the populace; and he makes the vain attempt to excite hatred against the gentry of the present day by identifying them with the authors of the crimes and oppressions practised against the poor by those who, in older times, possessed wealth or power. It is absurd in such a country as this to endeavour to excite the different classes of society into a hereditary feeling of hostility against each other. In the revolutions of property caused by the industry or extravagance of different individuals, it must often happen that the poor man can trace his descent through a long line of noble or wealthy ancestors, while he sees their vast estates enjoyed by a family whom prudence and economy have raised to opulence within the present century. Is this poor man to nourish hatred against the rich on account of the supposed oppressions formerly committed by his own ancestors against the present ancestry of the aristocrat of the present day. M. De Beaumont would readily give the Irish aristocracy a long lineage, in order to hold them responsible for every act of oppression related falsely or truly of the ancient nobility: but he would again deprive them of that high descent, lest with it they might inherit that respect which the prejudices of men attach to an ancient origin. "*Presque tous étaient d'ailleurs d'une noblesse nouvelle, et par conséquent sans racines dans le pays,*" p. 156. "Moreover, they were nearly all of a new nobility, and consequently had no root in the country." M. De Beaumont (if he be the real author of the historical introduction, which we much doubt, we are more inclined to believe that it was written by an Irish Radical, and translated into French by M. De Beaumont) has shown as little regard to fairness in his reasonings as in his statements. He has merely given, with some additions of his own to the same effect, a compilation of the most outrageous statements that have, from time to time, been put forth by the most factious and seditious speakers, pamphleteers, and historians of the party. Their improbability and inconsistency ought to have prevented them from imposing on him, particularly as his opinion of Irish veracity is by no means flattering to the people. In his preface he avows it, p. xiii. "*Celui qui, dans ce pays, cherche le vrai avec le plus de zèle et de bonne foi, a bien de la peine à le saisir; tout le lui dispute et travaille à l'égarer; tout est menteur en Irlande, depuis le riche qui cache son égoïsme jusqu'à l'indigent qui exalte sa misère.*" "He who in this

country searches for truth with the greatest anxiety and sincerity has much trouble to obtain it. Every one argues with him and seeks to set him astray. In Ireland every one is a liar, from the rich man who conceals his selfishness, to the poor man who exaggerates his distress."

As M. De Beaumont held very little intercourse with the Conservatives in Ireland, we must presume that this remark is only intended to be applied to the party with whom he associated, and of whom only he could suppose himself competent to form any judgment.

But we fear that we have taken up too much space with our observations on the historical introduction, and we shall therefore proceed to lay before the reader a sketch of the body of the work, in which M. De Beaumont gives his account of Ireland since the year 1800, almost commencing, as the reader will naturally anticipate, with the oft-refuted falsehood, that Catholic emancipation was promised as an accompanying measure of grace, to soften the severity of the act of union. His grand proposition is, that the religious sects are arrayed against each other in Ireland with a hostility that will never cease. He thus speaks of Connaught, page 194: "Depuis ce temps, le Connaught n'a pas cessé d'être le foyer d'Irlande catholique. Nulle part le souvenir des guerres civiles n'est aussi vivace; nulle part l'Anglais et le protestant ne sont détestés d'une haine plus religieuse et plus national." "Since that time Connaught has never ceased to be the focus of Catholic Ireland. In no part is the memory of the civil war so fresh. *In no part are the English and the protestant detested with a more religious and national dislike.*" The whole book is founded upon this assertion, repeated in every possible form, that in Ireland the Roman Catholics hate the Protestants, and the poor hate the rich, and that they will continue to do so, for their hatred is natural and well-founded. We have seen what his opinion is of the feeling of the Roman Catholic towards the Protestants, but he thinks the poor dislike and dread the rich still more, page 381: "Quoique l'esprit de parti religieux soit encore bien fort en Irlande, il y a un esprit de parti plus grave en ce moment; c'est l'esprit de parti du pauvre contre le riche, de la démocratie contre l'aristocratie. Au jury l'accusé irlandais récuse bien plus le riche que le protestant; il aime mieux le protestant pauvre que le Catholique

riche." "Although religious party feeling is still very strong in Ireland, another party feeling has at present more influence there, the party feeling of the poor against the rich, of democracy against aristocracy. The Irishman on his trial objects more to the rich than to the Protestant on his jury, he prefers the poor Protestant to the rich Catholic." This important admission is at variance with the entire argument of M. De Beaumont's work, which is merely the repetition of the following propositions in a thousand forms, supported by a thousand falsehoods.

That there are but two classes or ranks in Ireland, the extremely rich and the extremely poor, page 198: "Ainsi du même point s'offrent à l'œil deux aspects absolument opposés; ici l'extrême richesse, là l'extrême misère: c'est l'image de l'Irlande. On ne voit en Irlande que des châteaux magnifiques ou des cabanes misérables; point d'édifice qui tienne le milieu entre le palais des grands et la chaumière de l'indigent, il n'y a que des riches et des pauvres." "Thus from the same spot one views two prospects exactly opposed to each other—here extreme wealth, there extreme destitution. It is a miniature representation of Ireland. One sees nothing in Ireland but magnificent mansions or miserable cabins. There is no building which holds a middle place between the palaces of the great and the hovels of the pauper. There are only the rich and the poor."

That this wretchedness is the lot of the Roman Catholic, and this enviable wealth is the condition of his unsympathising Protestant landlord. "Le protestant est riche; le catholique pauvre. La religion protestante, signe de la fortune, l'est aussi de la puissance. Non seulement le Catholique est pauvre et le Protestant riche, mais encore chacun d'eux semble penser que telle est la condition naturelle de l'un et de l'autre; le Catholique accepte son humble destinée et le Protestant est de bonne foi dans son orgueil; celui-ci met dans ses rapports, avec le Catholique un peu de cette supériorité que l'Européen établi dans les îles montre envers les personnes de couleur dont l'origine africaine est encore apparente."—p. 195.

"The Protestant is rich, the Catholic is poor. The Protestant religion denotes the power as well as the fortune of the individual. Not only is the Catholic poor, and the Protestant rich, but each seems still to think that such is the natural condition of both. The Catholic submits to his humble lot,

and the Protestant honestly displays his pride. The latter assumes in his intercourse with the Catholic some of that superiority which the European resident in the West India Isles displays over the coloured inhabitants, whose African descent is still evident."

The primary radical permanent cause of all the misery of Ireland is, according to M. De Beaumont, a pernicious aristocracy. The vice of this aristocracy is, that it is at once English and Protestant. The heading of his second chapter, page 211, expresses briefly his opinion on this point, "*Une mauvaise aristocratie est la cause première de tous les maux de l'Irlande.—Le vice de cette aristocratie est d'être Anglaise et Protestante.*" This text he expands at great length, and endeavours to prove by a variety of the usual exaggerated charges that are daily made against the gentry and clergy of Ireland. The cause is in his opinion this: the landlord being a Protestant and an Englishman, has no sympathy with his Irish Roman Catholic tenants, and therefore oppresses them without mercy. For the same reason the Protestant clergyman is a harsh and cruel oppressor, and the magistrates, judges, and juries, and all persons connected with the administration of justice have such feelings of dislike to the poor Irish Catholic as to leave the latter as little hope of justice as he has of mercy.

We readily admit that there is some shadow of truth, or at least of plausibility in the above statements; but the truth is generally so much exaggerated, as to work all the mischief of absolute falsehood. Thus the want of a middle class between the rich and the poor is frequently lamented in Ireland; but it is invariably overstated, although we believe never to such an extent as by M. De Beaumont. The fact is, that every class in Ireland is poorer than the corresponding class in England. So far from the Irish aristocracy possessing that enormous wealth against which M. De Beaumont would direct the current of popular envy and hatred, we are certain that if the rich of the two countries were arranged in the order of their riches, it would be found that the hundredth in the English list would possess a larger income than the tenth in the Irish list. Ireland is a poor and England a rich country, and this contrast is visible, whatever be the class to which we direct our view. No one passing through England can fail to observe with admiration the number of splendid mansions and domains; of the splendid palaces,

with parks and woods and lakes attached to them which M. De Beaumont describes as so numerous in Ireland, that a single nobleman frequently possesses not one only, but several, there are probably as many in one county in England as in the entire of Ireland. The Irish gentry are as poor as the Irish farmers, when compared with the corresponding class in England. Even M. De Beaumont must admit a pretty numerous middle class in Ireland, when he dwells so much upon the evil of the middlemen, whose numbers, however, he considerably exaggerates. Surely, he does not imagine that those middlemen dwell in the miserable cabins which he describes in a manner more worthy of the novelist than the historian. It is true, and to be regretted, that there are in Ireland such cabins as he describes, or some nearly as wretched. But after describing, in a most picturesque manner, the most miserable hovel to be found in Ireland, and heaping, in one description, all the marks of want and misery that exist in any of them. He adds:—"*Cette demeure est bien misérable; cependant, ce n'est point celle du pauvre proprement dit. On vient de décrire l'habitation du fermier irlandais et de l'ouvrier agricole.*" "This abode is truly wretched; but it is not that of the poor, properly so called. I have been describing the dwelling of the Irish farmer and the agricultural labourer." Of the paupers who are every year in danger of starvation, he says, that there are nearly three millions; but this is not all. "Besides these three million paupers, there are several millions of unhappy creatures, who, as they are not dying of famine, are not counted." For these atrocious exaggerations, he cannot find excuse or authority, even in the works to which he refers, viz.:—Dr. Doyle's Evidence; Wakefield on Ireland; and the Irish Poor-Law Inquiry. The last-named work we have before denounced as the most worthless trash that has ever appeared in Ireland. Its authors are ashamed of it, and have never ventured to refer to it as an authority. A few gentlemen travelled through different parts of the country, and held stations in the poorest districts, where all who chose came before them, and made the most exaggerated statements of the distress of the people, which were swallowed without examination. The Irish peasantry are still far removed from that degree of comfort which we desire and hope to see them enjoy; but they are equally far removed from that abject misery

which M. De Beaumont describes, and their condition is every day improving. There are in Ireland, at the present moment, hundreds, and even thousands of farmers who live in good slated houses, with commodious offices attached, and who possess three or four hundred pounds of capital; and the number of those substantial yeomen is every day increasing, as the landlords perceive and feel the advantage of having such a tenantry, rather than middlemen paying an inadequate rent, or pauper cottiers not able to pay the extravagant rent they offer. In this respect all the changes tend towards improvement. An estate once let to good solvent tenants, never falls back into the hands of middlemen or paupers; and, every day, more estates are submitted to these improvements. The race of middlemen will soon become extinct, as the subletting act enables landlords to enforce covenants against underletting, and the owners of the soil are now generally convinced of the impolicy of permitting the system on their estates.

It is an equal exaggeration to assert, that the protestant is invariably rich, and the catholic a pauper. It is, indeed, true that, as a class, the protestants possess more wealth in proportion to their numbers than the Roman Catholics. But, even this the latter scarcely admit, when it suits their purpose to deny it; and M. De Beaumont, familiar as he is with the pamphlets and speeches of the Irish radicals, must have met many contradictions of his statements in the works to which, on other points, he yields implicit faith. On such authority, forgetting his previous assertions, he states that, in 1829, nine-tenths of the funds of the Bank of Ireland belonged to Roman Catholics, (v. 2. p. 82.) There, after giving an exaggerated account of the wealth of the Irish Roman Catholics, he adds:—"Cependant, c'est un phenomene, strange en Irlande, et, peut etre, particulier a ce pays, qu'en meme temps que de nouvelles fortunes y sont creées, le nombre des nouveaux riches ne s'y accroît pas en proportion. C'est que souvent, apres que la fortune est creée, le riche s'en va et ceci s'explique par l'etat social et politique de l'Irlande." "Nevertheless, it is a strange circumstance, and, perhaps, peculiar to Ireland, that while new fortunes are acquired there, the number of rich upstarts does not increase there in the same proportion. The reason is, that often after the fortune has been acquired, the rich man leaves the country, and this is explained by

the social and political state of Ireland."

We shall not for the present concern ourselves with his explanation of the phenomenon; our own more simple explanation of the matter is, that he received from the party an exaggerated account of the wealth they were acquiring, while on the other hand, those in the actual possession of fortunes were rather anxious to conceal than to display the lateness of the acquisition. Thus M. De Beaumont admits, and even exaggerates the increasing wealth of the Roman Catholics. We cheerfully admit that the disparity in wealth between them and the Protestants is every day decreasing, and indeed it is almost a demonstrable truth, that there is in the nature of things a strong tendency to distribute the wealth of the country between those two parties in a fair proportion to their numbers. In the daily changes that take place, the properties lost by each party will be in proportion to the properties possessed by it: the properties gained will be in proportion to the numbers employed in the pursuit of riches, *i.e.* nearly in proportion to the total number of the party. Formerly this tendency was counteracted in a great measure by the state of the law and the state of the country. We will not provoke discussion by asserting that the Protestant religion was more congenial to the rich man, from his superior education and cultivated understanding, while, on the other hand, the Roman Catholic religion, appealing to his fears more than to his reason, was better suited to the superstitious ignorance of the Irish poor. It is enough for our purpose to remark, that the penal laws pressed with much more severity upon the rich man than upon the poor, and that the former lay under a stronger temptation to free himself, by conformity, from those disabilities which prevented him from assuming that place in society to which his rank and wealth entitled him. The superior learning and education of the clergy of the Established Church gave the Protestant religion an influence with the rich, which it did not possess over the poor, who could not appreciate those qualities. On the other hand, the state of the country enabled the Roman Catholics to exercise a more cruel tyranny against the poorer Protestants, who were grievously oppressed by the numbers and the union of their adversaries. The poor Protestant found his life endangered at every fair and place of public resort. His cattle and crops were destroyed, and the morning never rose that he did not examine his pre-

mises with the dread that some invasion of his property may have left him a ruined man. Exposed to such assaults and depredation, the Protestant farmer was not able to pay that rent for his land which the Roman Catholic was ready to promise, and the blind selfishness of landlords too often led them to expel their Protestant tenants to make room for Roman Catholics who would promise a higher rent. The former departed with the remnants of their property, to seek in a foreign land that protection which was denied to them at home. This species of persecution has not yet ceased, indeed it never raged more violently than during the last few years, while it enjoyed the countenance of Lord Normanby's government; but its influence in leading to an expulsion of Protestant tenants has been on the decline, since landlords have discovered that the prosperity and security of their property depend upon their giving a due protection to their Protestant tenantry. A Roman Catholic farmer will never give up a farm of which he has once obtained possession. It is no matter whether his lease be expired, or his rent unpaid, or what laws or what contracts he violates by keeping possession, he will not give it up until compelled by force of law, and if compelled, the vengeance of his party will be displayed in deeds of sanguinary violence against the person and entire family of the man who cultivates a farm which its former possessor had been forced to relinquish. If the poor Protestant engages in a small trade, suited to his means and capabilities, his religion affords an invincible impediment to his success. The Roman Catholics, banded together under the guidance of their priest, refuse to deal with him, and his trade, for want of customers, yields him no profit. Even of many of those articles which the rich consume, their servants, who are principally Roman Catholics, are the immediate purchasers. Hence it happens that the small retail trades, which alone are within the power of the poor to conduct, cannot be undertaken by a Protestant with any prospect of success. This was strongly exemplified at the last Dublin election, where, of 11,406 votes polled, Mr. O'Connell had a majority of only 95, and yet the numbers on the whole constituency being thus equally divided, they stood thus on the smaller tradesmen:—Hucksters and provision dealers, West 15—O'Connell 229; Dairy-men, West 1—O'Connell 156; Publicans, not including grocers or tavern-keepers, West 5—O'Connell 198; Butchers and poultryers, West 16—

O'Connell 109. Thus O'Connell had a majority of 693 to 37 of those whose customers are either the poor themselves, or the rich, through the medium of their servants, and this in a city where one-third of the inhabitants are Protestants. This system of exclusive dealing has at length awakened the attention of the rich Protestants to the situation of their poorer brethren, and if persisted in will probably provoke them to retaliate, by adopting a similar system themselves. With all these disadvantages to contend against, the number of the Protestant poor and middle classes is increasing daily, and with this increase the power of exercising this persecution is gradually withdrawn from their adversaries.—Thus the falsehood of M. De Beaumont's assertions, that the Protestant enjoys extreme wealth, while the Roman Catholic is plunged in an abyss of poverty is every day becoming more glaring, and the evil consequences that might flow from such a state of things need not be apprehended.

We would try M. De Beaumont's abuse of the aristocracy, and of its English and Protestant character, by this fair and simple test. Are the tenants of Roman Catholic landlords of Irish descent happier, or, in their circumstances more comfortable, than those of the English Protestants, or even of the Irish Orangemen. Do these latter show their want of sympathy for the poor Roman Catholics by demanding more excessive rents, or by being less just or liberal in their dealings than if Roman Catholic landlords were in their place. We boldly assert that the direct contrary is the case, and that it is notorious that the best and kindest landlords in Ireland are Conservatives and Protestants, and that the few wretched cottiers whose condition approaches to that which M. De Beaumont describes as the general lot of the Irish farmers are only to be found on the estates of the most violent Radicals. This will not appear a paradox to those who consider what disposition is most likely to produce a Conservative or a Radical, a good landlord or a bad one. It is most natural that the same man who deceives the people should also oppress them. But we need not inquire into the cause; the fact itself is undoubted, that the poorest districts in Ireland are those in which the soil belongs to Radicals.

M. De Beaumont considers every act and every feeling of a Protestant to spring from a dislike to Ireland or to the Roman Catholics. In page 300 he assigns as a reason why poor laws were not established in Ireland, his one

proposition in which he finds a cause for every evil, viz., that the rich being English and Protestant, have no sympathy for the poor, who are Irish and Catholic. Here, too, we might in contradiction refer to the fact, that to the general charitable institutions of the country the Protestants are the chief contributors, and that too in a proportion far exceeding the alleged superiority of their riches. But to show the spirit in which his book is written, it may suffice to observe that the poor laws were never made a party question, that many Roman Catholics (among them Mr. O'Connell) opposed their introduction; and M. De Beaumont himself, in his third part, chapter I, section 3, argues at some length against the system of poor laws lately introduced into Ireland, and indeed against every system, which he at once condemns by this dilemma:—

“N'arrivera-t-il pas nécessairement l'une de ces deux choses?—Ou l'on voudra exécuter la loi assez largement pour la rendre efficace, et alors elle sera impossible; ou bien on ne lui donnera d'autre exécution que celle qui est praticable, et alors elle sera impuissante, si même elle n'est funeste.”—“Will not one of these two things necessarily happen? Either an endeavour will be made to execute the law with such liberality as to give it efficacy, and this will be impossible; or the law will not be executed beyond what is practicable, and then it will be powerless, or will even lead to calamitous results.”

His observations on the causes and effects of absenteeism afford a good example of the spirit in which he views every thing:—“Il arrive souvent d'attribuer tous les maux de l'Irlande au défaut de résidence de l'aristocratie; mais c'est prendre une conséquence du mal pour le mal lui-même. L'aristocratie d'Irlande n'est point mauvaise parce qu'elle s'absente; elle s'absente parce qu'elle est mauvaise.”

Again, in page 227—

“Et le plus souvent le propriétaire ne prononce pas même ces paroles de regret, car il ne voit pas les misères dont il est l'auteur. Retiré dans son palais de Londres, il n'entend pas les cris de désespoir qui s'chappent de la cabane irlandaise; il ne sait point, sous le ciel pur et serein de l'Italie, si l'orage a foudroyé en Irlande la moisson du pauvre; il ne sait point à Naples si, faute de soleil, la récolte a manqué dans la froide Hybernie, si par contre-coup les pauvres colons, dont sa terre est couverte, sont tombés dans la détresse; il ignore si ces malheureux ont essayé quelque coup imprévu de la fortune, telle qu'une longue maladie du chef de la famille, la perte de leur bétail; il ne

sait rien de ces choses, et il serait incommode pour lui de les savoir. Ce qu'il sait bien, c'est que 20,000 livres sterling lui sont dues par ses fermiers d'Irlande; que sa vie est réglée sur ce chiffre, que cette somme lui doit être payée à telle échéance, et qu'on ne saurait en différer le paiement un seul jour sans troubler l'ordre de ses habitudes et l'arrangement de ses plaisirs.”

“And most frequently the proprietor does not pronounce even these words of regret, for he does not see the misery of which he is the author. Withdrawn to his palace in London, he does not hear the cries of despair which issue from the Irish cabin. Under the pure and serene sky of Italy he does not know if the storm has lodged the corn of the poor Irishman. At Naples he does not know if the harvest has failed for want of sun in the cold of Ireland, if, as the necessary consequence, the poor farmers with whom the land is covered have fallen into distress; he does not know if these unhappy beings have suffered some unexpected stroke of misfortune, such as the tedious illness of the father of a family, or the loss of their cattle; he knows none of these things, and it would be inconvenient for him to know them. What he does know well is that £20,000 a year are due to him by his Irish tenants, that his style of living is regulated by this amount of income, that this sum ought to be paid to him on such a day, and that the payment cannot be delayed a single day without disturbing the order of his habits, and the arrangement of his pleasures.”

We are by no means a friend to absenteeism, but we feel ourselves compelled to state that M. De Beaumont is guilty of gross exaggeration in representing it as the general practice of the Irish landlords, and in describing its evil consequences. It is only a matter of justice to admit that the few estates which belong to absentee proprietors of £20,000 a-year, are among the best managed estates in the country. We appeal to all who are acquainted with the estates of the Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of Lansdowne, Marquis of Hertford, Marquis of Abercorn, and Earl Fitzwilliam for the justice of this remark. It appears that the English habits and English sympathies of those noblemen for the poor afford a compensation for the disadvantages of their absence. In vol. 2, p. 83, our author finds a sufficient excuse for the absence of the Roman Catholic who makes a fortune in this country. “Et ce n'est pas seulement la campagne qui est agitée; dans les villes, qui le sont moins à la vérité, les partis

sont si violents, les querelles si animées, le spectacle des misères du peuple si affreux, que leur séjour ne contente point l'homme qui, après avoir travaillé, voudrait jouir en paix du fruit de ses labours. Il arrive donc souvent que, ne trouvant point en Irlande cet asile de repos, les nouveaux enrichis le vont chercher dans quelque ville d'Angleterre. On voit comment beaucoup font leur fortune en Irlande sans qu'un égal nombre y reside; et c'est cependant la résidence qui est à considérer bien plus que la fortune faite. Il ne s'agit pas en effet, de savoir si des catholiques gagnent plus ou moins d'argent en plaidant ou en faisant le commerce, et si avec les fruits de leur profession ils achètent de la terre ou des rentes en Irlande; mais bien s'ils vivent en Irlande sur cette terre," &c. Thus if some of the aristocracy prefer living in England among their equals and connexions, it is because they are a bad aristocracy and have no sympathy with their country; and yet it seems the state of Ireland is such as naturally to drive away from it many of those who made their fortunes and spent the greater part of their lives here; and whose habits, and friends, and acquaintances, and religion ought to make them prefer a residence in Ireland." It is ever thus with our author. Every act of the Protestants or of the aristocracy is attributed to a hatred or want of sympathy towards Ireland, while he finds a ready excuse for the same conduct when pursued by members of the opposite party.

Even for the love of falsehood which in many places he states to be a characteristic of the Irish people he finds a sufficient excuse in the circumstances in which they have been placed. "Il n'est arrivé qu'à un très-petit nombre de subir cette dépravation complète; mais il n'en est peut-être pas un seul qui, tout en demeurant fidèle à son culte religieux, n'ait été atteint d'une corruption au moins partielle. Tous ont perdu l'amour du vrai parceque la franchise et la sincérité attireraient infailliblement la persécution sur leur tête; presque tous ont contracté l'habitude de mentir, parce que le mensonge a été pour eux pendant plus d'un siècle une arme nécessaire et légitime. Ils ont pris des habitudes de violence et de rébellion, sous l'influence d'une tyrannie qui les forçait de se placer en hostilité ouverte contre les lois. Maintenant ne vous plaignez point si vous trouvez chez l'Irlandais une aversion générale pour le vrai, un goût absolu pour le mensonge. Est-ce qu'il est capable, grossier et ignorant comme vous l'avez fait, de tracer dans son

esprit avec quelque discernement une ligne de démarcation entre les cas où sa conscience peut l'absoudre d'un mensonge et ceux où elle ne saurait l'en justifier?" "It has happened to few only to suffer this complete depravation of character; but, perhaps, there is not a single Irishman who, in remaining faithful to his religious persuasion, has not been at least partially corrupted. *All have lost the love of truth*, because candour and sincerity infallibly drew down persecution on their head; almost all have contracted the habit of lying, because, for more than an age, *falsehood has been their necessary and lawful weapon*. They have adopted habits of violence and rebellion under the influence of a tyranny which forced them to place themselves in *open hostility* against the law. Now, do not complain if you find among the Irish a general aversion for truth, an absolute taste for falsehood. Gross and ignorant as you have made him, is he able, with any judgment, to trace in his mind the line of demarcation between the cases in which his conscience can acquit him of a lie, and those in which it cannot justify him for it." The latter sentence would be more properly addressed to those who have taught the peasant that there are cases in which falsehood involves no guilt, and it shows the pernicious tendency of those doctrines, which, in so many instances, inculcate the innocence of falsehood, and thus impairs the love of truth in general. But, as against the English government his argument goes for nothing, it never taught the people to tell lies, nor ever placed even the guilty under the necessity of resorting to falsehood for his protection, since the laws of England, different in this respect from those of France, did not require the accused to answer any questions. It is not correct to say that any man suffered for speaking the truth in such a manner as to confound his moral perceptions. If a criminal confesses his guilt he is punished for his crime, not his confession. If he could escape punishment by a skilful fabrication of falsehood, it amounts to no more than this, that truth sometimes brings inconvenience to the speaker, if it did not, there would be no temptation to falsehood.

But the remainder of our observations we are obliged to defer to a future number, when we shall show that his opinion of the tendency and object of Lord Normanby's administration coincides with our own, the only difference being in our sentiments respecting the wild democracy which is to be substituted for our present constitution.

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OTWAY'S TOUR IN CONNAUGHT.*

WE have a native—shall we say a Protestant?—partiality for Ulster; and of all Sir Walter Scott's ballads, are most taken with that one—almost the only thing Irish he ever wrote—beginning—

"Once more, but how changed since my wanderings began!
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrasil resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes on fair Tullymore."

Though, truth to say, the Lagan and Bann are now as quiet-gliding pieces of water as the Commissioners of Inland Navigation need wish to look upon—for the frequent wier has converted every rapid into a series of mill-dams—and the pines of Clanbrasil, we are compelled to admit, exist mostly, if not altogether, in the condition of bog-fir. Still, though Sir Walter has hardly hit off the characteristics of these banks of Banna, with all the accuracy that might have been expected had he been celebrating more classic regions "fast by the river Tweed," he has touched a chord that always vibrates pleasantly in our breast, for in spite of the sharp accent and high cheek-bones of its population, our heart, we confess, ever warms to the dear black North.

It is a fine, healthy, breezy, ballad-loving, romantic land. The weavers are all poets. Whether it is that the *click clack* of the shuttle and treadles necessarily suggests the succession of

metres, or that there is something epic in the peculiar smell of the yarn, we do not pretend to say; but certain it is, that of twenty linen-weavers taken at random any where between Bannbridge and Newtown-Limavady, you may fairly calculate on finding at least a dozen who will be not only capital ballad-singers, but reasonably good poetasters in their way. Unlike the weavers of Kilmarnock, these are no "creeshy nation;" but a clean, wholesome, well-timbered people, living, especially in Down and the south of Antrim, among corn-fields and meadows, every man with his own kail-yard and orchard at the house-end, so that, in the season of the year, he has a scent of apple-blossoms rich enough to neutralize the perfume of all the flowers of Edinboro' wafting in and out of his windows.

"Oh! 'tis pretty to be in Ballinderry,
'Tis pretty to be in Aghalee!"—

These are men who have something else to live on besides the memory of days gone by. They are a comfortable and contented people, who, when they have time to spare from profitable occupation, keep alive the memory of former days as matter of curiosity and entertainment—not living and moving in a dream of traditions and old wives' tales, like the starving visionaries of the west, but recurring to these from time to time in the genial hours of the "fore-supper," when the cares of the

* A Tour in Connaught; comprising Sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill. By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland." Dublin: Curry and Co. 1839.

day are over, and when something more satisfactory has been provided for their fare, than even a tale of fairy-land, garnished with the most authentic anecdotes of St. Columbkil, or King Brian Boru.

This we conceive to be a state of society far more likely to produce men of right literary taste—far more likely to open the true vein of romance, of humour, and of poetry, than one in which, while tradition and song are infinitely more rife, so also in an equal degree are hunger and superstition. It is to this difference between the states of society in Ulster and Connaught respectively, as well as to the difference of race, that we would attribute the fact of the former province having been so much more fruitful of literary ability than the latter. The same may be observed of Scotland. See the extraordinary fertility of the civilized lowlands in men of genius; while the highlandmen, existing themselves in an atmosphere of romance, have but the name of a single bombastic plagiarist to redeem them from the charge of an inglorious silence both in song and story. Yet it was on highland traditions, highland scenery, and highland manners that the rising genius of the lowlands chiefly thrived and exercised itself. And so it has been in Ireland also. The genius of the rest of Ireland uses Connaught as a species of literary store-house. Ulster, Leinster, and Munster breed men of genius, who, so soon as they have exhausted their own provinces of lay and legend, incontinently cross the Shannon to carry on a predatory warfare against Fin Varra and Grana Uaile. There they rob and pillage without mercy, driving preys of ghost stories, and taking black mail of songs and tunes, as unceremoniously as ever the Finns of old lifted sheep and black cattle. Meanwhile the Connacians go on coshering, and story-telling, and droning on their bagpipes; fighting, joking, ghost-seeing; acting comedies and romances every day of their lives; but never dreaming of taking pen in hand to turn themselves to account. It is well nigh fifty years since Edward Bunting of Belfast, after scouring all the glens of Ulster from Cushendun to Ballyshannon in search of Irish airs, made his descent like another Fin MacCoul on the plains of Mayo, from whence he carried off the materials of all the Irish music that has been published from that day to this, not to speak

of all that is yet forthcoming. True—the world, Connaught included, has every reason to congratulate itself on a man having been found eager enough in the pursuit of our national melodies, to go on such a foray at such a time; for to Bunting's publications we undoubtedly owe not only the best of Moore's Melodies, as well as of Lover's, but the revival and restoration of the old music of the country, which, had it not been for his exertions, might still be confined to the performance of blind pipers in Tyrawley, or of mendicants operating on tin fiddles through the glens of Joyce Country and Murrisk. For although Bunting had published two volumes of native Irish music, collected almost wholly in Connaught, prior to the year 1809—and although there are remaining, we believe, nearly one hundred tunes of the collection still to be published, and of course still current in the localities from which they were at first procured, yet not a Connaughtman has withdrawn his fingers from the chanter of his bagpipe to set down a single tune of this large residue, or to follow up, even by the publication of a *Loobeen*, the noble example thus set by the Ulster musician eight and forty years ago. Ulster, again, it was that sent them Maxwell, who has made the world as well acquainted with their manners as Bunting had made it acquainted with their music. The red deer might have belled till doomsday through every mountain hollow between Molyranny and the Owennore, and the world been none the wiser, had the authorship of "Wild Sports of the West" been left to the wild sportsmen of the west country. The walls of Doona might have gone on crumbling and toppling down to the beach of Tullaghan bay, till their site had been as smooth as the lawn before Westport house, without redemption either of hero or heroine, had Croy Lodge not been tenanted by some one who came "from beyond the bridge of Portumna." The greatest effort in literature that has been made west of the Shannon within the memory of man by native writers is, we will be bound to say, the correspondence between Moore of Moore Hall and Macdonnell of Doo Castle, backed by their respective friends in the *Castlebar Telegraph*; and even here, Munster, represented by O'Gorman Mahon, has the lion's share, if not of the prey, at least of the penmanship. Calliope and Clio, we greatly fear,

unless introduced under letters of protection, may sing, in the words of Captain Lynch, when he was clearing out for Santa Cruz, with Innisboffin under his lee—

"When flax on Drumaneiny is growing fair and green,
And moss-hags in the meadows of Curran Coil
are seen—
When on Farra Mhoil in winter the apple blos-
soms bow,
I'll come and fix my quarters in the *Condai*
Mhaigh-eo."

Ulster, again, sent light-hearted Harry Lorrequer to do for Galway what its thirteen tribes and six and twenty half-tribes would never have done for themselves till crack of doom. But for the black North, these positive Blakes, passionate Bodkins, fighting Frenches, stout D'Arcys, and all the rest of that dashing, duelling, fox-hunting race of squires, whose whims and oddities are now, by honest Harry's labours, as well known in Baden-Baden and St. Petersburg as they are in Ballinasloe or the Claddagh, should have gone down to posterity with no other record of their virtues than that which is furnished by O'Kelly's "Western Eudoxologist," or the files of her majesty's courts of common law and equity. Who first made classic ground of Maam Turk, and gave the world to know that there was such a place as the Killery harbour? A lady from beyond the Shannon, and from beyond the Channel, too. Who first placed the Costello in its rightful position at the head of the fly-fishing rivers of the United Kingdom, so that at the very mention of any place within twenty miles of Spiddal the angler's teeth water on the banks of the Tweed? It was an English parson. Who turned Jack Joyce's head with vanity, introducing the giant in the flannel waistcoat with one stroke of his pen to every cultivator of polite literature in Europe, and sending tourists in shoals from the remotest parts of the kingdom, full of curiosity and money, to cultivate the acquaintance and line the pockets of every hulking peasant from the Twelve Pins to Fumnamore? A little quiver fellow of a North Briton, that you would say, to have looked at—for poor Inglis is, alas! no more—"would never do for Galway," and yet he has done so much for Connemara that we question whether it would have been worse for that country to have done without his book, or to have done without the best line of road that ever Nimmo carried

through its mountain-passes. Hardiman of Galway is the solitary exception to all that we have been stating. His history of his native town is a very creditable work; but we verily believe it is the only thing in the shape of a native book—of course we make no account of the Minstrelsy—that the entire province has produced since the compilation of the *Chronicles of Cong* and the *Leabhair Lecain*. But, for all that is known of the antiquities of the rest of the five counties, they are indebted to others. First—as indeed all parts of Ireland now do—they owe to Petrie whatever is known of their Cyclopean remains and round towers. The cahirs, cairns, and cromlechs of northern and southern Moytura, works in grandeur of design and execution aspiring to a comparison with the walls of Tyrians and Mycenæ, but in interest for the antiquary any where, and for the Irish antiquary in particular, far surpassing them—because we now know when they were built, whom they were built by, and what they were built for—these, we say, if left to native historians, would have continued "Druid's altars," and "temples of the sun," to this day. As to the towers, we can only say, that those who have read Mr. Petrie's MS. prize essay, admit the question to be settled, that they were Christian edifices. Nay, we are assured that the dates, and the names of the founders of two of the very towers at Clonmacnoise, described in the volume which we are now about to notice more at large, are in this essay definitely ascertained. We trust we shall soon have an opportunity of giving our readers a more satisfactory account of the work, for we have heard with much pleasure that it is at last about to issue from the press. Indebted thus to the other provinces for so many and various notices, one might suppose that Connaught, as a field of literary culture, would be now well-nigh spent, and that it was high time for the painters, moralists, humorists, and antiquaries, to make way for the cotton-spinner and tax-gatherer. But far from it. You might as well attempt to eat down a *corcass* meadow on the banks of the Fergus, by driving in an indefinite number of bullocks—that is, if we are to believe our county Clare store-farmers—as to exhaust this El Dorado of literary material, by transporting into it any given number of tourists, statists, legend-hunters, whim-catchers, trait-trappers, and historians:

for here, after all that has been done, we have a book before us, containing the results of a gallant dash made into the enemy's country, no later than last summer, by Cæsar Otway; and from the richness and raciness of the spoil he has brought away with him, one might easily believe that the back of tourist's foot had never marked the road by which he either went or came.

We well remember with what a keen relish we enjoyed his "Sketches in Ireland," which we read for the first time—for we have read the book frequently—about six years ago, and of which we are happy to see a new edition is just issuing from the press. We have never met with any work in which the features of the country are so vividly drawn. The sands of Rosapenna, the ragged ridge of Muckish, the solitude of Glen Veagh, the long drawn defile of Bearnemore—these and a hundred other striking scenes from Horn Head to Cape Clear, are realised in his pages with all the fidelity of images in a camera, though, indeed, with this difference, that the objects are occasionally magnified by the medium of a pardonable enthusiasm, through which the writer views every thing Irish. Then, if none, as we really believe is the case, can come up to him in painting the natural features of the land, so there are few, (not more than two or three,) who surpass him in drawing the moral portraits of the people. He sets the Irish peasant before you, full of humorous simplicity and reverential superstition—garrulous, pious, careless, patient. But his peasants are all *guides*, and as might be expected, the one character serves in a great measure for all. They rarely, if ever, exhibit pathos, passion, or *conscious* humour; and, indeed, why should they? seeing that they have all been picked up on the road-side to serve the tourist's turn, not so much by letting out their own feelings and opinions, as by rhyming over the hereditary legends of the several places. At the same time, no one tells a story of life and manners more pleasantly than the writer himself. He sparkles and overflows with anecdote, often brilliant, and always entertaining; but, as we have said, things, acts, and circumstances are what he brings best before the reader—touches of character, sentiment, and passion being here by no means so numerous or effective as in the works of certain other Irish writers.

Such is the estimate of the Rev. Cæsar Otway as a writer, that we have formed from the perusal of his works at large. It is now high time to speak more particularly of this his last volume, which is the immediate subject of review, and which in every way sustains the high reputation of the author as a man of humour, observation, and learning. He enters Connaught, for with that part of the work only that relates to Connaught have we space to deal, by the bridge of Athlone. Making short sojourn among the sons of Suck, he proceeds to Ballinasloe, and thence to Tuam, visiting on his way the field of Aughrim, and the ruined abbeys of Kilconnell and Knockmoy. Those who wish for the most authentic narrative of the battle of Aughrim, may look in Story; those who wish for the most stirring and Napier-like account had better refer to Otway. We, who are just now in no humour for fighting battles o'er again, willingly leave St. Ruth lying dead under his cloak, at the foot of Kilcommodon hill, and hurry forward to Kilconnell, where C. O. no sooner enters the churchyard than he disentombs a sufficiently characteristic legend of the founder, and a right racy story of the parish priest. We give them both as a fair specimen of the lighter portion of the volume:

"At the time that Connell was about building the steeple of his abbey, another saint, one Kerrill, was intending to do the same at a place called Clonkeen, about seven miles to the west, and it so happened that Connell had his materials ready *first*, and he came to the other and said—'Brother Kerrill, let me now have your masons to help mine, and when you are ready I will in return send you mine back along with your own, and so there will be no time lost to either of us.' 'Agreed,' says Kerrill. So Connell soon ran up his steeple, and was proud, as he well might, of his edification—but by and by, when Kerrill was ready, he sent to Connell for *all* the masons—but he, it is supposed, conceiving that when pious intentions are to be fulfilled, it is no harm to break a promise, said, that indeed he was busy in building a chapel for the Virgin, and he could not send *his* people until that *good work* was finished. So Kerrill, in great wrath, came over to Kilconnell, and then the two saints set to rating one another most roundly; and not content with this public strife of tongues, they retired to a lonesome field, called Ballyglass, about a mile off, where there were lofty echoing rocks, and each kneeling down, with his face to a high

stone, they set to, most methodically, to curse each other, and wish evil against whatever they respectively held dearest in the world. Among other anathemas, Connell hurled this at Kerrill—'May Clonkeen Abbey never see a Monday morning come to noon, without a corpse coming to be buried.' 'Thank you for that,' says Kerrill; 'and now have you done your worst?' 'Yes,' says Connell. 'Well, now,' replies Kerrill, 'see how I come over you and your pitiful curse—for my prayer is, and I am sure it will be granted, that the corpse that is to come shall be that of a blackbird'—and so it is, for every Monday morning since that day's cursing-match, a blackbird is found dead in Clonkeen Abbey. And now it came to Kerrill's turn to curse, and his was a most catholic and general curse, attending not only on the place of his dislike, but, as I deem, extending all over the land of Ire. His curse was—'May Kilconnell never see a fair-day without a fight—and may there be as many black eyes and bloody noses there and then, as there are cock blackbirds, with red bills, in Clonkeen.' Poor Connell was altogether powerless to avert this curse; fate was too stern for him, and so it is—every fair-day that comes, fighting follows as sure as a luck-penny concludes a bargain; and so when the cattle are driven out of the green, and whiskey has done its duty, then comes the clash of cloholpeens, and the joy of battle sparkles in each reddening eye—'Bello gaudentes, pralio ridentes.' On they rush, the Kilconnellites to batter the Longfordites—and the ruxion rages. Reader, if ever you go to Kilconnell be sure to examine the heap of skulls you will see there; and pray observe the wonderful thickness of those brain bowls. Nothing but constant cudgelling could have caused this characteristic crassitude, and so St. Kerrill's prophecy is fulfilled to the letter—and why should not the inhabitants of this barony continue, as long as fire burns or water flows, to fight at Kilconnell, to keep up the credit of St. Kerrill?

"Now, worthy reader, do you doubt the truth of this tradition? Rest satisfied that the *facts* are unquestionable, for there are visible proofs of its being well founded. I told you before that the conflicting saints retired to fight out their wordy duel, to a field surrounded by precipitous rocks and grassy hillocks; you were told that each saint, in order that his curse might reverberate and roll more imposingly upwards, turned his face, as he execrated, to the tall rock, and there and then holy rage was so great, and as they muttered their terrible rhymes, and

' Sternly shook their raven hair,'

blood spouted from their nostrils, and as the sanguine stream struck the rock, it forced an entrance as would an auger—and there, even in the hard limestone, the red holes are to be seen to this day, and you may put your fingers in, if you will, where the hot and burning blood once penetrated. The fairies, who were ever and always fond of this grassy and sunny field, have no fondness for what are called holy priests, and excommunicators, and exorcisors. Now, there was in this neighbourhood a holy priest. 'My grandmother (says my informant) often drank the water steeped in the blessed clay in which he was buried, but no matter for that.' And the fairies had a grudge against Father Christy, and watched to take him at an advantage; so one night, it was close up Hollantide, if it was not the very eve of All Saints' itself; any how, Father Christy was coming home to Kilconnell, from the hospitable house of one of his *gentlemen* parishioners. I think the place is, or was called Hillswood, and the moon, the deceiving moon, was up, and she threw her shadows and shinings in such a way, that it would be hard for any man, especially when coming from a place overflowing with hospitality, to pick his way quite straight; but at any rate the priest thought he had the path, and on he went, expecting every moment to see the abbey tower—when, mighty strange!!! his reverence found himself at the door of a great house, and standing at the hall-door, clad in green and gold lace, was a servant who bid him welcome, took his horse, with a low bow, and pointed to the open hall-door, and requested him to enter, which he did, nothing loath, for all round seemed as kind as it was lightsome and gay. At the entrance of a splendidly lit up chamber, he met a lovely lady with a goblet of wine in her hand, as clear and sparkling and enchanting as her own dark rolling eye, and she led him into where tables were laid out, and gallant gentlemen and gorgeous dames sat intermingled, and, as the priest entered, one and all rose and cried, 'You're welcome, Father Christy;' and they were all equally so kind and so encouraging. 'Here's a seat by me,' says one; 'No,' says another, 'come beside me, and have your back to the fire this cold night, dear, sweet Father Christy.' But all this kind and invitatory bustle was set at rest by the little splendid man dressed in green cut velvet, with a golden hunting-cap on his head, who sat at the head of the table, and who summoned him, with an air of superiority, to take a chair at *his* right hand, as the post of honour. And now the work of the festive hour was being begun—each

seemed about to address him, or herself, to the food they liked best, when up stood the Amphitryon of the feast, and with that satisfied air which denotes that the speaker is about to address a willing audience, he said, 'Gentlemen and ladies, before we set to, I propose that we drink the health of our guest, Father Christy, AND LONG MAY HE REIGN AMONGST US.' To which all, with one accord, assented, and were in the act of filling bumpers, and crying hip, hip, three-times-three, when the priest, on being offered the wine, as it went round, with all due gravity, and as became his calling, said, 'Most noble, my unknown entertainer, and you, ye gay gentlemen and gracious ladies, I do, from my heart, respond to your hospitalities, and shall most willingly partake of your cheer, and especially your wine, for as you all may know it is more pleasant to set to drinking again than to eating; but this I must say, that it has ever been my own practice, and I do my endeavour, as becomes my cloth, to teach it to others, never to sit down to table without saying grace,' and with that his reverence, with his usual slight and agility, cut the sign of the cross on his breast, and said off his Latin with such holy rapidity, that none but a practised eye and ear could see or hear the reverend office; but wondrous were its effects: like a flash of lightning, or the shifting of the FATA MORGANA in the straits of Messina, or on the coast of the Giant's Causeway, all vanished—light, people, goblets, and good cheer; and lo! the priest rubbed his eyes, and felt very much as if he had been just a-sleeping, at the stump of an ash tree near the village, and nothing was very wrong about him, save that the knee of his thickset small-clothes was burst, and the rein of his good and quiet mare broken, which was altogether of no consequence, as the gentle beast was grazing but a few yards off. The priest used, in after times, when wrought up to good humour at a station, to tell this adventure amongst the fairies."

Our readers are probably so well acquainted with all that is interesting at Abbey Knockmoy, both from the frequent notices the ruins have received in popular works, and from the pains recently taken by one portion of the press to celebrate the victory gained here by O'Connor over the English—which led to the foundation and naming of the place—"Abbatiam de Colle Victorice"—that we will not linger among the tombs of the Frenches with the learned tourist, although he is no where more graphic or more amusing, but proceed through Tuam by Headford

to the next point of marked interest in the journey westward:

"On leaving Headford, on my way to Cong, I saw, about a mile to the north-west, and on the banks of the river that divides Galway from Mayo, a ruin of very considerable magnitude, which I was informed was the Abbey of Ross Reilly. These ruins appeared of such extent, and had such an imposing appearance, that I determined to visit them; so leaving the jaunting-car on the road side, we proceeded in their direction, and indeed the approach was by no means easy, for they are nearly surrounded by the river, which makes its slow sluggish bends through bog, morass, and meadows. We, therefore, endeavoured to keep along the high ground, and had to scramble over sundry dry walls enclosing potato fields, where the process of either burning or planting was going on; but at length, with no small exercise of our active powers, we arrived at the ruin. It fully comes up to the description given of it in an old *Monasticon* which Dutton quotes—that 'this place is very lonesome, encompassed on all sides with water, and is only one way accessible, and was not many years since preserved entire by the interest of the Earls of Clanricarde.' It certainly is the most entire of any of the Irish abbeys—the walls are all standing, not a breach in any one of them. One chapel even has its flagged roof still remaining. The whole covers, I am sure, an acre and a half of ground—and every accommodation that any monastery ever had seems here to be provided. It is a great burying-place, but luckily for it the choir, nave, and transepts, comprising the different side chapels, are, I suppose, *only* considered as holy ground, and are therefore only used for sepulture, and consequently they are the only places that are dilapidated and purposely dismantled—their ornaments, as usual, all torn away. There were two sets of masons and stone-cutters repairing tombs and constructing vaults. We found a marble tablet, containing a large, and to all appearance, a poetical inscription, for the lines had jagged ends, and this was my only means of guessing, for the marble was turned upside down by these tasteful artisans, who, rejoicing in their handiwork, seemed to take with perfect *nonchalance* the hint we suggested, that by their means the virtues of some worthy Blake, Bodkin, or Firench were to remain 'to dumb forgetfulness a prey.' They most Christianly felt resigned to the wrong they had inflicted, the thing was done, and there was no help for it. The whole of this cemetery forms one immense rabbit burrow. I think I have seldom seen a warren that

exhibited so many holes. In this uncouth habitation for conies, bones, skulls, and coffins lay all around, that the creatures had tossed about, and by their thus rooting up, they seem desirous to anticipate the usual short time allowed for bodies to lie entombed; and, therefore, besides the common quantity of these remains tossing all about, there was an immense heap lying outside the church; and as these bones seemed to have accumulated for ages, and as the place from the vicinity of the river was very damp, this immense 'ossarium,' if I may so name it, was covered with all sorts of verdure, mosses, lichens, sedums, saxifrages, and wild strawberries just showing their fruit between jaw-bones. It was curious to see skulls like wrens' nests and thigh bones as green as cabbage-stalks; the dry bones had, as it were, assumed a new mode of existence, and again served as the basis of a new life. It really was a scene on which a person might ponder and phrenologise; and I confess no collection of human bones I ever saw interested me more—no, not even that far-famed congeries which at Cologne assumes to be the remains of St. Ursula's eleven thousand virgins.

The Royal Irish Academy now possesses one of those "moss-bewigged" skulls which our adventurous tourist managed to carry off unseen by the country people. We say adventurous, for had he been detected he would have carried other broken bones into Cong that night besides those which he had outside his shirt. It is a *pious* duty with our country people, and one which they perform with more alacrity than most of their other religious exercises, to trounce unmercifully, nay, savagely, any one thoughtless enough publicly to select the least remnant of mortality as his memorial of such a scene. He may in many places break down and purloin a piece of carving, or deface an inscription of the 12th or 7th century, if he can find it; but he must not meddle with a single particle of such osseous dunghills as these, on pain of broken ribs or a fractured skull.

But it is time for us to cast our eyes back over the country through which we have, so far, travelled, if we wish to keep its general features in our recollection; for we are here on the extreme verge of the central plain of Ireland, and a few hours' travelling will bury the tourist among those blue mountains which, for the last twenty miles of our journey, you may have remarked rising higher and higher along the whole line of the

western horizon. The country we have passed over is a wide, undulating, and, in its great features, an almost level plain—here a bog of five hundred acres, there a great house surrounded by woods, here straggling tracts of tillage, and yonder a green sweep of pasture. There is no great feature in view, but the aspect of the apparently interminable plain is solemn, if not beautiful. The fairy hill of Knockma, clad with the groves of Castle Hacket, is the only striking eminence between the eye and the low horizon. There is no great river to be seen; if it be in summer there is no lake. We are standing, we suppose, on the hill of Kilroe, above the ruins of Ross Reilly, looking back over the road by which we came. Let us now turn westward. If you have not seen it before, you cannot help uttering exclamations of surprise and delight at the sight of this vast chain of lakes, which extends farther than the eye can follow it, both on the right hand and on the left, between the margin of the plain on which you stand and that magnificent array of mountains rising abruptly along the opposite shore. This, at our feet is Loch Corrib. Yonder, to the north, is Loch Mask. This bridge-like isthmus on our right separates their basins: it is the causeway by which we travel to the Irish highlands. Here, at its eastern extremity, stands Cong, with all its ruins and relics crumbling and collapsing over their cavernous foundations, where

'Mid the dancing rocks at once and ever
Is flung forth momentarily the sacred river.

And there, at the other end of the bridge—a *tête du pont* of nature's engineering—or a sentinel set by the Atlantic to guard the pass to our "hills that encircle the sea"—stands Ben Levah, the most advanced of the whole array of giants.

Deep on his feet in Corrib's floods,
His sides are clad with waving woods.

On his head lies the terrible cursing-stone: he is flanked by Maam Turk on the one hand, and Furrnamore on the other; his rear-rank man—that is Lugnabricka—stands two thousand feet in his—tut! this is carrying our metaphor at the point of the bayonet. We say it is round the southern base of Ben Levah, that the road lies into Joyce country, and that we are too keen to breathe the mountain air to wait, on any account whatever, at

Cong. Away! we care nothing for your caves—"Our hearts in the highlands:" we are hill-folk—no troglodytes. Don't attempt to stop us with Patrick's tooth. Your piece of the true cross is nothing better, saving your presence, than a lump of bog-oak. Your crozier?—would it serve us for a walking-staff? would it help us up the long hill at Minterown? Your chronicles cut up into tailor's measures, would they, we beg to know, tell us the nearest way to Leenane? We say the caves and cloisters may be got in the *Penny Journal* if any body is at a loss for them, and the relics in the museum or transactions of the Academy. So come on, Dom Cæsar, and as we wend our way up the valley of the Bealnabrack, tell us something about this old castle, so like Kilchurn, that we see on the island at the head of the lake.

"Castle Hen is generally supposed to have been one of the inland castles of Grana Uaile, or Graca O'Maley, in whose time the fortresses around this secluded spot must have been almost unknown, if not inaccessible. Tradition says it was held by one of the O'Flahertys, who owed fealty to this chieftainess, and it is even supposed by some persons that it was here the heir of Howth was carried, when stolen by the O'Maleys as a punishment for the inhospitality of his parents, and only restored upon condition of the gates of Howth Castle remaining open during dinner time. Be this as it may, this castle, at the period of our history, was in possession of O'Flaherty; but whether the soubriquet of 'Na Cullugh,' (the cock,) was applied from his great personal courage, or his quartering a 'gallus gallinaceous' upon his escutcheon, history is silent: suffice it to say that he was known as O'Flaherty na Cullugh, and at constant war with the Joyces, by whom he was surrounded, each party looking upon the other as an intruder.

"As long as they feared the assisting arm of the chieftainess of the west, O'Flaherty remained the victor; but upon the death of that heroine, O'Flaherty being reduced to his own resources, the Joyces began a most fearful retaliation, and much blood was spilt on both sides. At length O'Flaherty and a few of his followers were surprised upon a hunting excursion in the neighbouring

mountains, cut off from the castle, and O'Flaherty na Cullugh slain.

"The Joyces now imagined the castle theirs; but though the cock was slain, his wife defended it with the greatest skill and heroism against all their attacks, acquiring for her the title of 'The Hen.' Hence the origin of *Krisblane na Kirca*."

Not the first hen this that has proved cock of the walk; but what a change of scene the last two hours' travelling has produced! The round-backed lonely hills have closed in on us behind, and on either side: houses we can discern none, though doubtless there are snug homesteads enough concealed in those lateral valleys;—we see few or no bogs—all is either brown waving bent and heather, or green banks of pasture.

And, famed by Rumour's fifty voices,
Here dwell the nations of the Joyces—
A race of rapparees gigantic,
If travellers' stories be authentic.

But these Connaught Patagonians must be satisfied to be taken down a peg; for the fact is, that they and the veritable Patagonians are pretty much on a par in point of stature; and, as Captain Fitzroy has pulled the former down from seven feet six to five feet seven, so does C. O. reduce the latter from the standard of Shawn a Bauneen* to that of Shawn Buie.†

"I was now in the centre of Joyce country—somehow or other I had formed a sort of emphatically romantic idea of this district. I had supposed it a mountain country (something like the border districts of Scotland) consisting of high but green, sheep depastured hills, and inhabited by a race of tall men, dissimilar in face, form, and manners, from the Celtic tribes around. In all this I was utterly disappointed. There really is nothing strange or extraordinary in this group of mountains—nothing in the appearance of the people. As the hills are not more lofty than other groups of Irish mountains, neither are the people. It is true, that the men you see labouring in the potato fields, along the valleys, or cutting their turf in the bogs, are of a taller and comelier race than those crowded together on the poor over-populated gravel hills of Roscommon: but they are not by any means, as far as I could see, decidedly superior to the mountaineers of

* That is, Jack of the Flannel Jacket, the most hulking of the present generation of Joyces.

† That is, Orange Jack, the representative of the churl Saxon.

any other part of the island. 'Tis true, I met with big Jack Joyce, and by and by I shall describe him—but one well-fed bacon-eating man, or family, has no right to fix unreal magnitude on a whole people—you may see fifty as huge men, even as Jack Joyce himself, if you look into the tap-rooms of inns on the road between Liverpool and London—nay, you might see just as fine men both for shoulder, chest, and limb, in the mountain glens of Cork, Kerry, and Tipperary."

So much for their *physique*; now, a word on their *statistique* :—

"I was given to understand by Mr. Nimmo and the innkeeper that the people in Joyce Country were in general much more comfortable than in other parts of Connaught—that the population was not so excessive, the farms larger, and the rents not at all high—and that there was a great deal of wealth, not only in stock, but in hoarded money amongst these mountaineers. I also was informed that there was much ignorance and contented destitution of all that a better informed people would call comforts, so that a man when he became wealthy did not by any means exhibit it in his living, his house, or furniture. With plenty of stock of all sorts, they never indulged in animal food—even their own butter or pigs they would not touch, but converted all into money, which, when procured, was simply hoarded, hid in some secure place—and the idea of making interest on it was quite out of the question. Such a proceeding was not according to their general distrustfulness, or the determination to do only as their fathers before them did; in fact, the *only* way to come at the hoard was by the management of the daughters, who contrived it so, that some young fellow should run away with them, and keep them stowed away in some secret place, until the father, fearful of the good name of his family, came down with the hard cash, and that in no small measure, to make his COLLEEN (*Anglice*, girl) an honest woman. From what I have thus heard, I should suppose that the people of this district are among the least educated of any in Ireland."

But, by this time, we have ascended nearly to the sources of the Bealnbrack, and will shortly be in sight of Leenane, where big Jack ("giant of the western star," with flannel jacket to the breeze unbuttoned) used to lord it with wonderful self-complacency over turf-cutter and tourist. But Jack has been ejected; not so much, we believe, for non-payment of rent, as for non-

payment of becoming attention and civility to his guests; for the man's conceit had become intolerable, ever since the passage in Inglis's book first came to his ears. However, as he has come, we trust, to a more moderate opinion of his importance, since shifting his quarters, and as we are here at his door, we must step in.

"I was determined to go and renew my acquaintance with my big friend, whom, twelve years ago, I found in all his might and glory as "mine host" at the head of the Killery—so I drove up to Jack's door, and inquired for Mr. Joyce, and was answered by a *very tall* young woman, not uncomely, who informed me that Mr. Joyce was within, but that as he had been out all night after cattle on the hills, he was on the bed asleep, but his daughter (for such she was) said, that if I desired it, she would call him. I certainly did not like to go away without seeing BIG JACK. So he was called up, and as he came, loose, unclean, and frowzy, certainly my giant did not appear to advantage; for, somehow or other, I had let my imagination play the rogue with my judgment, and magnify my retrospect with regard to this man.

"The first time I saw him, (as I say,) about twelve years ago, he made his appearance just as I drove up to his door, bouncing over the wall that divided the potato garden from the front of his house, and I think a finer specimen of a strong man, tall and yet well-proportioned, I could not conceive. Such do not look as tall as they really are. The great bullet-head, covered with crisp curls, the short bull neck, the broad square shoulders, the massive chest all open and hirsute, the comparatively small sinewy loins, and pillar-like limbs, all bone and muscle—Milo of Crotona might have shaken hands with him as a brother, and the gifted sculptor of the Farnese Hercules might have selected Jack as his lay figure. Such was my *beau ideal* of Mr. Joyce, from what I recollected of him since my former visit. But now, though I acknowledged the identity, yet, certainly, the man was greatly changed—but still, though I am sure my fancy had been playing tricks—he yet was tall, stout, and able, but I am sure I know fifty English and Irishmen just as large.

"I endeavoured to get from him an account of his family, but he really could not tell any thing about them; he seemed to think that *size* was not so much the characteristic of the tribe or name as of his own immediate family; and to show me that he had not been the means of

any degeneracy, he whistled to his son who was in a distant field, who came at the call, and certainly a taller and more comely stripling, of about twenty years of age, I have not seen. He was at least six feet four inches in height, and I am sure, if fed on animal food, as an English farmer's son would be, he would prove a grand specimen of the human race."

And now we have gained the summit level of the glen, and all the streams that rise before us run westward to the Atlantic. Let us climb this hill to the right, and look around. Behind us lies the long valley of Bealnabrack, with a glimpse of the head of Lough Corrib at its farther end; and, separated from it by the range of which Ben Levah forms the eastern extremity, and the hill whereon we stand the western, here is another glen of even greater dimensions, running, in like manner, up to the lower end of Lough Mask, and opening a vista across its waters, to the verge of the inland plain at Ballinrobe. The opposite boundary of this glen is grandly formed by the heights of Bengorriff and Furmuamore, a continuation of which, sweeping northwards along the western shore of Lough Mask, constitutes the noble range of Slieve Partry. In the centre of the glen lies Lough Nafeoy—the most solitary sheet of water in Ireland; for, from the point where we stand, all round by the southern declivities of Slieve Partry, there is no road; and there, reader, we present you with the only piece of unexplored *touring-ground* within our four seas. Turning westward, we find that we have risen into sight of that vast tract of mountain country, constituting the barony of Murrisk, in Mayo, from which, however, we are still separated by this dark, deep, long, and narrow arm of the sea which runs up between its magnificent mountain boundaries to meet the Owen Erive almost immediately under our feet. This is the great Killery harbour, and *that* is Muilrea, the highest land in Connaught, frowning over the outer gorge of the ravine, where the Atlantic enters. But as the reader has doubtless sailed up the waters of the one, under the shadows of the other, in company with earlier cruizers, we bid a hasty adieu to the Killery and Muilrea, and adieu, at the same time, to Joyce's Country; and so, turning our faces northward, we make for the valley of the Erive, which we know will bring us out once more on the plain, between

the head of Lough Mask and the sea at Westport. As we pass on under the western slope of Slieve Partry, (it was the eastern face of the chain we saw from Kilroe) and cast our eyes across the subsiding outline of those offsets of Muilrea, which bound the valley on our left, we catch our first glimpse of the Reek, here distance about twelve miles—a perfect cone, blue, sharp, and symmetrical, cutting grandly against the northern sky. The woods of Carrowmore are soon passed; the hills withdraw on either hand, spreading and subsiding; the glen expands into a valley; the valley widens into a plain, and here, beside the old round tower of Aughagower, we tread once more along the margin of the great field that we quitted at Cong. But who can describe the matchless panorama that presently opens on the view, as we attain the higher-lying portion of the plain above Westport? Before us is spread Clew Bay—Clare Island, like a recumbent lion, stretched across the offing; innumerable green islets clustering round its upper extremity; its sides formed by continuous mountain ranges, serrated, lofty, and precipitous; the cone of Croagh Patrick rising midway over its southern shore; the precipitous heights of Achill, of Corraan, and of both the Nephins, impending in one continuous line over its northern margin; at its head, the smiling plain, with its towns and mansions—Westport and Newport, and the wooded seats of the Browes, the O'Malleys, and the O'Donnells.—It is worth travelling across the whole interposed flat which lies in this direction, between Dublin and the Atlantic, to have but one glance at it on a summer morning!

Its natural face is, indeed, as fair and noble as the grandest features of mountain and ocean can make it; but in all Ireland there is scarce a spot where the philanthropist has to deplore a fouler or more ill-conditioned aspect of society. Poverty, ignorance, brutish superstition, and intolerable spiritual tyranny on the one hand, schism, folly, and intemperance, on the other, alternately sink poor human nature into the slough of paganism, and hoist it up into the misty regions of an enthusiasm, as vaporous and visionary as it is prejudicial to the discipline of the church, and obstructive of the progress of the gospel. The noblest object in the prospect, Croagh Patrick, is still a pagan "high place." Well-worship goes

on all round its lower declivities. The stunted bushes about flutter with a votive foliage of rags and other idolatrous rubbish. The hearts of the people are warm and kindly; but their minds are saturated with superstitious folly—brim-full of the most lamentable, and, at the same time, the most whimsical absurdities. We have not space to go through our *dhurru* on the top of the Reek, either personally or by proxy—neither can we stop to dabble in the polluted well of Killgeever, nor linger over the abominable “Lach Fechin,” which, when turned in anger, brings the certain vengeance of God—so the demented creatures really believe—whomsoever the curse may be imprecated against: but we refer the reader to this part of the tour, for much that, we dare say, will surprise, and may possibly pain him. One touching incident, related by the guide when climbing up to the scene of annual abasement on the Reek top, we cannot omit.

“‘There, sir,’ says the guide, ‘just there, a poor woman and her two childer perished not long ago—the crathur’s husband had died of a decay, and left her desolate, and it was not her low state, without any one to do a hand’s turn for herself and her children, that grieved her—but it was that she had no means to get masses said for his poor sowl; and she thought of him every night suffering away in purgatory, and crying out in the middle of the flame, ‘Oh, Biddy, jewel, can’t you help me out of this torment!’ So she thought of coming up here to the Reek; it was not the season at all for such a work; it was long after Hollantide, and not a pilgrim had passed up for many a long day; but poor Biddy was resolved to set out, for why, her dear Darby was a suffering; and as she was a lone woman, and had no one to leave her two children with, she took them with her, and faced the mountain. It was, as I said, a bad season; the day wet and windy, and some of the neighbours, who saw her going up, shook their heads, and wished that God would get her safe over her blessed work. Nobody can tell whether she went through all her stations or not; the crathur, any how, tried her best, and night came down on her: and such a night! The storm set in from the north-west; the ocean came tumbling in from the head of Achill—the rain that poured thick, soft, and sweeping below, was all hard driving sleet on the mountain.

“‘To this spot, poor Biddy retreated for

shelter, and nothing had she to save herself and her little ones but her poor threadbare cloak. To make my story short, the neighbours fearing for her, went up next morning in search of her, and here they found her, and the little things beside her, all stiff and huddled together. The cloak was wrapped round the childer—the poor fond mother (heavens be her rest, and sure it is she is there, dying when doing such a holy work) had stripped her own body of its covering, to save those she loved better than her own life, and all to no purpose.’”

Such are the melancholy features of society on the south side of Clew Bay; and on the east we have the scandal of singularity and revolt from ecclesiastical discipline, among a portion of the scanty Protestant population, who still preserve, though some of them have sorely abused, their Christian franchises in the midst of this moral wilderness. There is, however, a reasonably cheering scene in Achill, though there, too, intemperateness and overweening reliance on individual exertions, have embarrassed and retarded the progress of a work the most admirable and meritorious. Had we space to accompany Mr. Otway in his pilgrimage—for such, to any Protestant clergyman, a journey into Achill really is—along the northern shore of this beautiful bay, we could direct our reader’s attention to much that is sublime in nature, and much, also, that is interesting in statistics. We must, however, pass over everything between Westport and the middle of Achill, where on the south-eastern slope of Slieve More, a mountain 2,000 feet high, that rises immediately over Blacksod Bay, Mr. Nangle, the Protestant missionary, cultivates, with his little colony, a patch of 130 Irish acres, hard by the hostile village of Dugurth. Before proceeding to quote matter relating immediately to the colony, it may be well to know something of the civil and social condition of the islanders before their ill-requited friends came among them.

“‘The person who attended me on my walk to the settlement was a very intelligent man; I won’t say that he was without his prejudices, but I believe him to be a person of truth, and that he was much interested in the prosperity and improvement of the poor natives of the district. Though not a native, he had been resident in the island for some years

previous to the coming of Mr. Nangle, and I was glad I could receive information from one not belonging to Mr. Nangle's settlement, and who, it might be supposed, was not imbued with the '*esprit de corps*' inseparable from one belonging to that *religious* colony. This person gave me a very sad picture of the state of the island five years ago: there were about five thousand inhabitants dwelling in villages, and though the population was not at all in proportion to the size of the island and its great capabilities, yet it was in excess as compared with the means of subsistence, for, according to the long-established practice of the people, though there was no check upon population, there *was* upon the means of support, in consequence of their village regulations. All the occupiers of the villages held in *common* from the landlord; there was a portion of the ground nearest to the village enclosed from the rest for the growth of potatoes and oats, and a wild range of boggy and mountain land outside was *commonage*, on which each family had the right of pasture for a certain number and quality of cattle; the enclosed land was also, in a measure, in common, for though each family had its own ridge, no family had a field to itself.

"A man, if he wanted more tillage ground, could not go beyond the old village enclosure and take a new spot for himself. No such thing: if he brought in any new piece to cultivation, every householder had a right to his ridge therein, as well as the man who made the improvement. This, of course, raised a bar against improvement, unless the whole population joined in what it was not easy to get them to do, a *concerted* enclosure. It may be thus supposed how much faster mouths would increase than the means of filling them. Then there was no such thing ever seen in the island as a plough or a harrow; there might have been a car or two that went on slides instead of wheels. The only instrument used in cultivation was one peculiar to the district, called a gowl gob, or two-bladed spade, constructed unlike any thing I had ever seen before, having two long narrow blades pointed with iron, fixed on one handle. This seemed light of use, and suitable to the working of the boggy and sandy soil. The dress of the people was as primitive as their husbandry; very few of the men wore hats—their long glibs were their protection from the weather; the women, besides the russet-brown woolsey gown, wore the madder-red short petticoat, with the yellow kerchief tied down close to their heads; then their houses were very like a Hottentot's

kraal. An Achill village consisted of a congeries of hovels thrown indiscriminately together, as if they fell in a shower from the sky, and their construction was as follows:—a dry stone wall was built of a form like an obtuse oval, for they had not arrived at the art of making a square quoin, or erecting a gable end. Outside this wall, and at about a foot distance, another loose wall was run up, and the space between the two filled with sea-sand, and then this was roofed, generally with timber washed on shore from wrecks, and covered with heath, which covering did not reach over the outside wall and form an eave, but rested on the middle between the walls, and the moisture from above passed, as it should, through the intervening sand. These people, though perhaps healthy and long-lived as any other, must sometimes be sick, and how were they to manage then?—no doctor or apothecary within thirty miles. Why, there was an old woman resident in one of the villages, looked on as half witch, half doctress, and she, indeed as simple, and, no doubt, successful in her treatment, exceeded even Dr. Sangrado himself in the simplicity of her practice. She administered one dose—*handy it was*, but heavy. What do you think, reader, it was? Paracelsus himself could not match this '*opus magnum*'—this universal specific. Why, in the morning, fasting, she made the Achillian open his mouth wide, and down she sent a musket bullet!!!"

Notwithstanding the scantiness of its means, and the previous opposition it has had to encounter, "the colony," we respectfully submit to his Grace of Tuam, offers something in the nature of an improvement.

"Turning a corner of the road, and ascending an eminence, 'the Protestant settlement' came into view, and truly it was a contrast to the congeries of wigwams called Dugurth; it consisted of a long range of slated buildings fronting the south-east, and with their rere to Slievemore, that rose in great loftiness to the north-west, ornamented by a sort of pedimented building in the centre, having a handsome broad esplanade in front, on the other side of which extended some well-cultivated, well-ordered gardens. All this formed a *tout ensemble* peculiarly striking and satisfactory, as connected with extraordinary contrasts that presented themselves upon every side.

"I rose early in the morning and visited the whole range of buildings of which the settlement is composed. The first of

the line to the north is Dr. Adams' house; next the infant school; then the boys' daily and Sunday school, which has a communion table, and reading-desk and pulpit, and answers for the present, as the chapel; then come the two central houses, forming the residence of the chaplains; next the female school; then the printing-office; then the house of the steward; and next the houses of the schoolmasters and Scripture-readers. Pleased, as indeed I was, with all this, I took advantage of the time which was to run until morning prayers, to go down to the sea-shore, which lies about a quarter of a mile to the left—there to see the cliffs, and inspect the fine bed of lime-stone that has been lately discovered, and which promises to be of such advantage to the vicinity.

"After breakfast I went forth to see the gardens and the farm. There were good and thriving vegetables in the gardens, and some few trees of the poplar sort that were venturing on a little growth; about thirty acres are reclaimed, and there were promising crops of artificial grass-oats and potatoes. The houses of the settlers were scattered up and down through the improved land, and on conversing with the steward I found him an intelligent and business-like person. The shortness of my stay precluded me from making any inquiry as to the economics of the farm. In the present up-hill state of the work, embarrassed as the conductors are with all manner of difficulties and opposition, I think it would not be fair to object, even suppose the expenses far exceeded the profits—my conviction was, that all concerned in the oversight of the whole settlement were honestly and vigorously doing their duty."

The colonists, too, have recently enlarged their take by about 300 acres of arable and pasture in the adjoining island of Innisbeagle, and are now, at least, in no danger—as they at one time were—of being starved out. The reader who has not previously made himself acquainted with the state of things in this island will probably start at the mention of so extreme a measure for getting rid of unwelcome neighbours; for, indeed, without being well assured of it, one could hardly conceive the outrageous desperation and frantic violence of the opposition given to these much-persecuted people.

"A fair, honest, open, and unpromising hostility, Mr. Nangle had a right to expect, and was prepared for—an opposition similar to that we might suppose would have been made to a con-

vent of the monks or friars, if they had chosen to settle in the exclusively Protestant Isle of Man or Anglesey. But here the priests have actually gone beside themselves with rage and vexation. Mr. Nangle set up his schools—he provided good masters, and a system of instruction commenced such as never was seen in Achill before; for the priest, and indeed the parson who drew tithe from the island, never troubled their heads about the teaching of the people: no matter how the flock fed, so that they could be fleeced. But now the raging priests came in and cursed the parents if they did not take away their children from the heretic schools. 'Give us something, then, in their place (said the people) and we will do your bidding.' The National Board here was ready to help the priests in their trouble, and funds were supplied, houses procured or built, masters (such as they were) provided, and Romish education began; and the people of Achill have to thank Mr. Nangle for this. Well, as yet the priests had done nothing very outrageous; they acted like conscientious men to do their best to keep the children away from the danger of imbibing false doctrine; a Protestant clergyman should and would use his influence in the same manner if he saw his young parishioners induced to go to a convent school. But the priests did not stop here, and their commands were, 'have nothing to do with these heretics; curse them, hoot at them, spit in their faces; cut the sign of the cross in the air when you meet them, as you would do against devils; throw stones at them; pitch them, when you have an opportunity, into the bog-holes; nay, more than that, do injury to yourselves in order to injure them; don't work for them, though they pay in ready money every Saturday night; don't sell them any thing, though they provide you with a market—ready money and a good market at your own doors; nay, don't take any medicine from their heretic doctor—rather die first.'"

Not satisfied with this, Dr. M'Hale himself, clad in his archiepiscopal robes, with mitre and crozier, and all the other emblems of spiritual authority likely to dazzle an ignorant multitude, came to the island; set up an altar, and, surrounded by almost the whole Roman Catholic population, publicly cursed them. Mr. Otway remarks on the easiness with which we may teach both the young and the old idea how to *hate*; and he is himself an illustration of the truth of the remark; for, in walking through Achill, he was refused

even a drink of water! Persecution, however, generally overdoes itself; and so it has been here. The thyme of truth has been bruised and trampled on, till it has acquired a growth so strong, that it can never *now* be eradicated. But our satisfaction would be greatly increased if we could be assured that all the risk of its *growing wild*, was passed over. We had a good omen in the visit paid them by their late lamented Archbishop, but, unless we have been deceived in the character of his successor, a scene so edifying is not likely soon to occur again.

"Two years and a half after this, (that is, after Dr. M^cHaie's visit,) the settlement, instead of being deserted, instead of its buildings being left unfinished, or tenanted by the daws and Royston crows, throve so much, that its increasing population of adult children, absolutely required that the Protestant archbishop should, when holding confirmations through the rest of his diocese, come into Achill, which he accordingly had done, immediately previous to my arrival, and there he confirmed twenty-eight persons, nineteen of whom were the children of parents that had been Roman Catholics. The appearance of the Protestant archbishop was quite a contrast to that of the Roman.

"Dr. Trench, the brother and the uncle of an earl, appeared at Achill without either show or pretence. He came on a jaunting-car. He could not be distinguished from the two other clergymen who attended him, except by his age, and venerable, but humble demeanour. The people seemed astonished at his not, as his rival, "assuming the god, and shaking the spheres of Achill;" therefore, some, almost doubting the reality of the thing, asked, 'can this gentleman be an *ARCH-bishop*?' but the doubt was soon removed—all saw when they looked to the scriptural definition of bishop, that his calling was to bless and curse not; and so, that worthy man, after performing his episcopal functions with the simple dignity and decorum that belong to the Christian bishop, went away pleasing and pleased, and it was hard to tell whether the people were more satisfied with him, or he with the people."

We have stated our opinion, that the progress of truth and civilization has been, at least, embarrassed by the over-urgency of the missionaries with the people. Mr. Otway himself was *bored* with the disputatious zeal of his

guide. St. Paul, who had the gift of tongues, and of healing, could be "instant in season and out of season;" but we think a more conspicuous example of being instant out of season, could hardly be sought for, than the following. Mr. Baylee must have been very ignorant of human nature to suppose that the young man would receive his advances in presence of half-a-dozen strangers, otherwise than he did.

"Another fine healthy active young man met us, with his loy, or gowl-gob, on his shoulder; Mr. Baylee, as usual, saluted him, and he replied right civilly [up to this adventure, they had met little else than scowls and curses.] He even stopped to speak to us, and inquired where we had been, and who the strangers were, pointing to us. Thus encouraged, Mr. Baylee ventured to say some words of a religious tendency, to which the other answered, that he was ready to wish us all well; that he was any thing but one that would abuse or injure a man for his religion, but he would wish to have his own religion let alone.

"Well, but suppose your own religion (says Mr. Baylee) is not the true one."

"Oh! sir, God bless you; let me alone. How could the likes of me argue with a minister like you. I leave all that to the priest. Here I am, as you see, a *loy-man*, (pointing to the loy over his shoulder,) *but no lawy-r*." With this *pun*, quite satisfied, the young fellow sprang across the bog-drain that divided the road from the potato-garden, and he was off across the ridges in an instant."

We must now bid adieu to Achill, though we would willingly linger round its sea-cliffs—they are the most stupendous perhaps, in the united kingdom—with our agreeable and intelligent companion. But if we did so, we should quarrel with his theory of a submersion of the mainland along our western coast; for the phenomena on which he builds his argument, are, we conceive, rather to be referred to the effects of *protrusion*, than of *subsidence*. We might also be disposed to break a lance with him on some of his antiquarian speculations, particularly on his reference of grouted stone-and-lime walls, to the Cyclopean period; so that, on the whole, we are better pleased that the necessity of a limited space compels us to part company with our *jucundus comes in via*, while we are still on the very best terms.

A POLISH CHATEAU IN THE LAST CENTURY.—PART II.

THE JOURNAL OF FRANÇOISE KRASINSKA.

WE present our readers with a second portion of the journal of Françoise Krasinska. They will perceive that she has not even yet entered upon the busier scenes of her eventful life; but she still compensates the absence of adventure by the same minute detail of the antique magnificences of her glorious country. Probably there is not in existence a record equally authentic with this rare fragment, of a period of manners which even the melancholy catastrophe that closed it for ever, is scarcely required to recommend to the heart and imagination of every lover of the *poetry* of human life. When the sun of chivalry had set in every country of Europe, its long twilight lingered in Poland; and we seem to be wandering among the pages of Froissart, or dreaming of the courtly knights of the Field of Gold, when we are but listening to the girlish journalist of the Poland "of the last century."

Our readers will remember that Françoise's manuscript left her sister Barbara about to enter upon the solemn ceremonial of a Polish wedding. The extracts of this number detail the golden glories of the scene; sometimes, indeed, with a minuteness, which, while it attests the genuineness of the original MS., we can scarcely expect any but our dear friends of the better sex to study with a true and earnest sympathy. But we dare not venture the profanity of curtailing one inch of *blonde* or one flower of embroidery; *these* revelations are not to be trifled with.

Wednesday, 23th January, 1759.

The Starost arrived yesterday, and this morning Barbara found on her work-table two baskets of silver filigree, full of oranges, and all sorts of delicious bonbons which she distributed among the young ladies of the suite, and divided even among the servants. Our work prospers, and my dishabille is nearly finished. My mother has thought proper to present to Barbara a complete bed. We have large flocks of swans and geese, and belonging to the castle is a poor wretch who never does anything else than pick and prepare down. Poor Marina is so exceedingly stupid that they are unable to discover any other employment for which her intellect sufficed, and so she passes her whole life sorting, settling, and dividing down and feathers. Each of us has an equal share of those heaps. Barbara is to have two large down beds, eight large pillows of down, and two smaller of eider down. The down is to be put in cases of fine linen, manufactured at the castle—this is to be covered with amaranth satin, overlaid with fine Holland cambric, and trimmed with Brussels lace. The young ladies of the suite have been kept very hard at work indeed.

2nd of February, Saturday.

The Starost having remained eight days, has returned home, and when he comes again it will be to take dear
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Barbara away with him. I cannot realize to my own mind satisfactorily the idea of Barbara—modest, timid, Barbara—going away alone—quite alone—with a stranger. It is inconceivable! I must see it happen—I must behold it with my own eyes, before I shall feel entirely sure of its possibility!

Her esteem and friendship for the Starost seem daily on the increase, though never, by any manner of chance, does he approach her, or open his lips to her. He converses only with papa and mamma. All his care, all his *petits soins*, are for them. They tell me that this is the manner in which well-bred people always pay court to the lady they intend marrying, and that it is by pleasing her family they are to please *her*. I confess I *should* prefer that my lover formed his manner of courtship rather more upon the model of the swains described in our national ballads and romances; but, alas! I am only a silly maiden, utterly without experience or wisdom as yet!

Barbara has presented us with pretty new dresses, and has given a suit of bridal attire to all the young ladies belonging to our suite.

Almost all the persons invited to the wedding have sent answers in the affirmative; but the king and princes royal, to my infinite regret, content themselves with sending only their representatives. I am inclined to doubt that

the Palatine Princess Lubomirska can come, as she would find considerable difficulty in leaving Warsaw just now. She has, however, written a charming letter to Barbara, approving highly of her marriage, and this approbation delights my father.

My dishabille is nearly finished. I work at it continually, or as nearly so as I can, for my mother calls me away every moment. She is very good to me, and now constantly condescends to make use of me in forwarding her preparations. Until now my opinion of any thing was never asked. It was always Barbara, who, being eldest, was, of course, wisest,—it was her birthright; but now I plainly perceive that my parents intend I should succeed to all her privileges. Twice already has the key been confided to me of the apartment where the sweetmeats are kept, (*apteczka*), which I perceive gives me manifest importance in the eyes of all the young people of the suite. Really I think it well now to adopt a somewhat graver air, and to let people see that I am no longer a child. I do my utmost to resemble Barbara, that my parents may have no reason to regret her absence too much when the Starost shall have taken her away from us. I have, God knows, all the good-will in the world to be like her, but the power—ah, when shall I be blest with that?

12th of February, Tuesday.

The Warsaw gazettes are full of the splendid ceremonials of the prince's investiture; nothing was ever so grand and delightful!

The guests begin to arrive, but in such vast numbers that, notwithstanding the great size of the castle, all, or even half the number, cannot be accommodated. But we are not to be conquered. We are making preparations at the farm, (*officinach i na folwarka*), at the curate's house, and even in the cottages of the better class of peasants, for the reception of some of our friends.

The cooks and confectioners have their hands full of employment. Our milliners have not an idle moment, and the *trousseau* is nearly completed. To-day an immense chest of plate, the beds and two chests filled with quilts, carpets, bed-linen, and many other matters, were despatched to Sulgostow. The bed-steads are of iron, beautifully wrought, the curtains of blue damask, and at each corner immense ostrich plumes of blue and white. How happy Barbara ought to be, and how

grateful to our kind parents for presents so generous and so valuable.

My father has inscribed in a large book the exact items of the *trousseau*, headed with these awful words:—"List of the wedding-equipment bestowed by me, Stanislaus of the Corvins Krasinski, and my wife, Angelica Humerika, upon our dearly beloved child Barbara, on the occasion of her marriage with his excellency, Michel Swidzinski, Starost of Nadom. We implore for our dear daughter the benediction of heaven; and we bestow upon her our blessing with parental affection, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

I really cannot be at the trouble of enumerating the articles, having scarcely a moment to make memorandums of matters much more interesting. Time enough for such enumerations when I write of my *own trousseau*!

Thursday, 21st of February.

Well, the period approaches very near! In five days more the wedding is to be. The Starost is come. Barbara trembled like an aspen leaf when the chamberlain announced him. To-day we expect the Palatin, the Colonel, Abbé Vincent, and the Palatin and Palatine Granowska, sister to the Starost. Mademoiselle Lauckorowska, his other sister, cannot come, being just now with her husband in Podolia. Barbara regrets her absence exceedingly. She was most desirous to make her acquaintance, having heard her always very highly spoken of. Barbara is fortunate in the family into which she is marrying, as all the members of it are, without exception, pious, honourable, and highly esteemed. They are full of consideration towards her, and could not render her greater homage were she a queen.

The *trousseau* is finished, and what could not as yet be transported to Sulgostow is packed in coffers of which Mademoiselle Zawistowska has the keys. Barbara takes Mademoiselle with her to Sulgostow, which is quite a consolation to her; to be thus accompanied, when leaving home, by a faithful and attached friend whom she has known from her youth, will, of course, be desirable. She is to have two chamberlains, two young girls who embroider well, and are to be employed in needle-work, a waiting-woman, and a young lady as companion. This latter—for I must be historically precise—is a person of very high family who

has resided here for some years. She is eminently clever and witty, is called Louisa Linowska, and has always been a dear friend of Barbara's. Many other young ladies besought to be included in the suite of the future Starostine, and if my parents would consent, she would be accompanied by at least a dozen. When I marry I shall take many more with me than Barbara has dreamt of. Already I have promised to adopt three charming girls of my suite.

Sunday, 24th of February.

Tomorrow our great event takes place! The crowd at the castle and the bustle of preparation is very great. The minister, Borch, representative of the king, has arrived; also Kochanowski, son to the castellan, and favourite of the Duke of Courland. The latter is a very accomplished gentleman, and of him and his patron, may in truth be said, "like master, like man," (*taki gran, taki kram.*) The invitations specified yesterday evening, and all were punctual to the time mentioned. Expresses having been forwarded to announce their near approach, the entrance of the company was magnificent. The dragoons ranged in lines presented arms to each gentleman; then followed a cannonade and running fire from the musquetry. Martial music was performed at intervals, and I have never seen or imagined any thing more animated or more imposing, than this mode of reception. But more particular homage was, of course, reserved for the representative of majesty. My father, with head uncovered, awaited him on the drawbridge, and he passed on his way to the castle through a long line of courtiers, guests, and the members of our suite, who on right and left honoured him with profound salutations and loud viva's.

To-day the marriage articles were signed in presence of a crowd of witnesses. What is stipulated for on either side I have not troubled my head about, but this I do know, that the wedding gifts to the bride are beyond description splendid. The Starost has presented a necklace of three rows of Oriental pearls, and earrings *en girandole* of diamonds. The Palatin has given an immense cross, diadem, and aigrette of diamonds. The gallant and amiable Colonel has presented an exquisite French watch and a chain of fine gold, worked in Paris; and, to crown all, the Abbé has

made a gift, characteristic of his sacred calling, and a million times more precious to my sister than all the rest—a number of most holy relics.

Up to this time, Barbara has never worn any jewels except a little ring set with a picture of the Virgin Mary, which she will not part with, notwithstanding all those fine things.

I cease to write; for my dishabille is just brought in, having been ironed and stiffened quite ready to put on. The embroidery looks very well indeed, and is greatly admired by all the young ladies. I shall now take it to Mademoiselle Zawistowska, that she may to-morrow morning offer it to Barbara at her toilette. I know she will look divinely in it, for I have chosen it purposely to suit her complexion.

26th February, Shrove Tuesday.

Our little Matthew says that a hundred horses sent in pursuit of Barbara Krasinska would not now overtake her. She is THE STAROSTINE!

How shall I ever collect my senses sufficiently to describe all the amusements we have had! All that has happened! I am so dazzled and charmed that I know not where to begin. I must pause awhile to think, and then to my journal. Yesterday morning we went to the chapel at Sissow. Barbara and the Starost heard high mass, confessed, and partook of the sacrament. They knelt before the grand altar, and there received the benediction of the clergyman when mass was over. Barbara (and how I loved her for it) wore the dishabille I worked for her on this occasion, and it became her infinitely. But as the cold was excessive, she was obliged to wrap herself in a pelisse, which being of white satin, lined with the fur of the white fox, was very heavy; and it rendered my work *un peu chiffonné*. Her coiffure was exquisite, and she wore a long blonde veil reaching to the ground. On returning to the castle, breakfast was served with great pomp and splendour. This over, Barbara went to her room; and my mother, followed by twelve young ladies, presided at her toilette. She put on a dress of white *moirées* satin, fully trimmed with Brabant blonde, embroidered in silver. This gown was made with a long train. At the side of her waist was fastened a bouquet of rosemary, and on her head was a small bunch of the same plants, fixed in with a golden agraffe, on which was engraved the day and

date of her marriage, and the congratulations she received thereupon. This dress became Barbara exceedingly, but would have been more splendid if she had worn her jewels, which my mother would not permit her doing, thinking, with many others, that being decked in them at her wedding would bring misfortune. It is a common proverb, she says, that "the girl who wears jewels at her marriage will weep bitter tears." Yesterday at all events Barbara did not need any additional incentive to tears; for continual weeping had made her pretty eyes all red and swelled. In the bouquet she wore at her waist my mother had placed a golden ducat, struck on the day of her birth, a morsel of bread, and a little salt. Those are symbols of the three great necessities of life which it is prayed the married pair may never want: and to those is added another symbol, a little sugar, I suppose to sweeten the ills of matrimony. Twelve young ladies, including ourselves, preceded Barbara to the saloon. We wore very pretty white dresses, and flowers in our hair. The eldest of the train was not quite eighteen years old. The Colonel and Abbé attended us to near the door, where we were met by the Starost, at the head of a train of twelve gentlemen. Behind those was borne a large tray of flowers. Each bouquet was composed of rosemary, myrtle, and orange blossom, tied with white and silver ribbon. We were each provided with a golden pin with which to fasten it to our dress. My mother and the elderly ladies who were among our guests had carefully instructed us on the previous days in the proper mode of behaviour, and the etiquettes it became us to observe, so as to avoid giving offence to any. We often rehearsed those lessons, and were quite perfect in them until the time came for putting them in practice. I cannot think what sudden oblivion befel us; but we forgot all directly we entered the saloon. At first we distributed the bouquets with a very solemn and dignified air; but after a while we were seized with an irresistible inclination to smile, which presently increased to a titter, and finally broke into loud laughter. We were indeed very awkward and ill-behaved; and our guests were very kind to overlook our silliness; but folks' rancour is not I believe very long-lived against young girls, especially when they are *pretty* girls! On the contrary our ill-beha-

viour seemed ere long to have infected all the company. Married and elderly people, and many who had no right to bouquets, requested and obtained them from our willing hands. Presently the pyramid of flowers disappeared; and with it the golden pins, so recourse was obliged to be had to common ones; but they kindly assured us that *anything* presented by our hands could not come amiss. In fact the saloon became a scene of gaiety and flowers after a little space; but suddenly happening to look about for our little Matthew I perceived that he had retired into a corner, and was looking exceedingly sad. No Bouquet, no smiles! I approached him and demanded why, in this time of general rejoicing, he, for the first time in his life, looked dismal. He replied with a very sentimental tone and air, "All the young ladies have forgotten poor Matthew. That does not surprise or grieve me; but that *you*, Françoise; you whom I have nursed in my arms as baby; and so tenderly watched and loved since your infancy; that *you* should forget me does, I confess, cut me to the heart. Ah! I see plainly that I shall never be present at your marriage—to-night is ominous." I felt myself blush all over at those just reproaches. I flew to my room where the bouquets had been made up; but not a leaf remained. I returned in despair, and just as I re-entered the saloon a happy thought struck me. I divided my own bouquet, and handed to him the larger portion, pinning it in myself, and with my golden pin, too—contenting myself with an ordinary one. This conduct quite restored me to my former high place in his esteem. "Françoise, said he, you are good as you are beautiful; and may my wishes for you be accomplished which will leave you nothing to desire in your fate. I am somewhat, you know, of a prophet, and I *now* see great things in store for you. I shall keep this bouquet in my possession until you are married. On the day of your marriage I will present it to you, if I should be at hand, which is not certain. But *who* will you be when I restore it to you?" I had no leisure to dream over Matthew's words at the time he spoke them; but I find one good effect from my journalizing, viz., that it reminds me of events and still more of *words*—important ones like these—that would else escape my memory totally, and be forgotten in the hurry of events, did not my self-im-

posed duty oblige me to recall them for the purpose of setting them down here.

Every one fixed their eyes on the grand entrance to the saloon. At last the folding doors unclosed, and Barbara, all in tears, entered, supported by two ladies. She evidently required all the assistance they afforded her; for she seemed to walk with difficulty, and to be scarcely capable of struggling to restrain her sobs. The Starost beheld her with compassionate tenderness. Approaching, he took her hand and led her to my parents at whose feet both knelt to beg their blessing. Every body seemed powerfully affected. Then all repaired to the castle-chapel, where the Abbé Vincent stood before the high altar. The king's representative, Borch, and Kochanowski, son of the Castellan, offered their arms to conduct Barbara; and the Starost offered his to Mademoiselle Malachowska (daughter of the Palatine) and to me. My parents and the rest of our family and our guests walked two and two in silence quite unbroken, except by the rustling of their stiff silk trains. Innumerable tapers burned around the altar; and a rich carpet, embroidered in gold and silver, covered the steps; while the vestments of all the attendants upon the service glittered with gold and jewels. Two *prie-dieu* chairs of crimson velvet, embroidered, one with the arms of Swidzinski, and the other with those of Krasinski, were placed for the bride and bridegroom. All knelt down; the ladies on the right side of the altar, and the gentlemen on the left. I held a gold plate on which were the nuptial rings. My father and mother stood behind Barbara, and the Palatine behind his son. The *Veni Creator* was sung very finely; the Abbé Vincent then pronounced a long discourse almost entirely in Latin; and then commenced the ceremony. Barbara, in spite of tears and sobs, pronounced distinctly her few words; but the Starost spoke loudly and most confidently. When the ceremony concluded, the musicians (being principally Italian singers brought here for this occasion) commenced singing and playing some of their lovely music. This was shortly interrupted by cannonading and a deafening crash of artillery to announce to all that the ceremony was concluded. Silence being at last obtained, my father spoke thus:—"May God bless your union, and cause it to redound

to his own glory! May your vows, my children, be heard in heaven, and assure your peace on earth! May your mutual happiness be the constant care of both—of the husband especially; for he stands in the light of guide to his wife. Your virtues, Starost, and many good qualities, leave me no fears on that score. As to you, my beloved child, be virtuous; for virtue is the truest fame and the only road to happiness. Be careful to preserve prudence and discretion in your speech—modesty and dignity in your actions; and oh! above all, forget not your duty to your God! Love and obey your husband as you have hitherto loved and obeyed your parents, and you will leave him nothing to complain of; for you have ever been prudent, modest, gentle, and *virtuous* in the fullest sense of that all-comprising word. Learn to be resigned under the inevitable ills of mortality. Be guided by the dictates of your religion, and your reason; and oh! may God bless you as we do, earnestly, and fondly this day." Barbara tried to speak in reply, but tears and sobs prevented utterance; and after an effort, she fell at my father's feet, who raised her after a moment, and kissed her tenderly.

Then from all quarters came felicitations. The Abbé Vincent having showered holy water on all, advanced, and presented the paten to be kissed by the treasurer's wife, Madame Jordan. Now, this was a great mistake; an inconceivable forgetfulness of the rights of precedence. He ought, of course, first have offered it to the Castellane Kochanouska, mother to the prince's representative. My mother fortunately perceived this awkward mistake, and in some measure repaired it by begging that the Castellane would be pleased to take precedence of all in the procession from the chapel, which she did, being conducted by the Starost. Barbara walked between the king's representative and the Palatin Malachowski. Presently after our return to the saloon, dinner was announced. The table was very large and formed in the shape of the letter B. All the plate was of gold, and the appearance of the table to the last degree magnificent. In the midst was a pyramid of sugar, four feet high, at which a French cook had laboured unremittingly for a fortnight. It represented the Temple of Hymen, surrounded by allegoric figures, and, crowning all, the arms of the two houses w

many mottoes. There were, beside, ornaments in porcelain baskets of wrought gold and silver; in fact, the table was so perfectly covered between ornaments and dishes, that our Dwarf Peter could not find room, by any means, to make his usual circumambulation. I could not count the dishes or even venture to guess at their number; and the cellarer says the quantity of bottles of wine passes the power of any calculation—beside which, a hogshead of Hungarian wine was drank during the repast, which was called *Barbara's wine*. My father bought it on Barbara's birth-day, intending to use it on occasion of her marriage, according to the invariable habit in Poland. We have each a hogshead of wine bought at our birth, inscribed with our names, and kept for use on the days of our marriages. The cellarer says that if I allow mine to lie by for two years longer it will be delicious. There were numbers of toasts. They drank to the health and happiness of the married pair, to the King, the Duke of Courland, the prime, and all the clergy, the host and hostess, and the ladies; and after every toast they broke the bottle, a cannonade was fired, and a trumpet sounded. After a long dessert, a silence of some seconds having occurred, we thought my father would give the sign for us to rise from table; but we were mistaken, for calling the maitre d' hotel, he whispered something to him, on which he left the room, and presently returned bringing a leather case which I had never seen before. From this case my father took a large cup of gold, enriched with precious stones. He held it up to all eyes, and told that it came to him in direct succession from the ancient Romans, who were the founders of the family of Corvins; and that he had never opened its case since the day of his own marriage. He then took from the cellarer a bottle of very large size, covered with such venerable looking dust as fully attested its antiquity. He told us with a proud look that it was some years over one hundred years old; he emptied it into the cup; but finding that it did not suffice to fill it, he made up the deficiency with some of the same wine from another bottle; and then drank the whole contents without once taking the cup from his head. His toast was that drank in so many forms yesterday, "To the health and happiness of the newly-married pair;" but it was received with

as great enthusiasm as at first; the band began to play its best, and the cannons bellowed their loudest. My father's example was then followed by all. The cup made the round of the table; and such were its virtues, that a hundred bottles of the same wine were emptied, after which coup de grace, all rose from table and quitted the room—as they best could.

It was now quite nightfall; the ladies repaired to their apartments to make another toilette, all but the bride and we, who were in full dress. Towards seven o'clock, when the vapours of the wine began to dissipate, a dance was proposed, which was opened by Barbara and the king's representative. Polonaises, minuets, and quadrilles followed; and as the night advanced, Mazourkas and Krakowiks were danced with great spirit. Kockanowski danced the Krakowiak with infinite grace and liveliness; and, according to the rule of this dance, having to sing some couplets which the others repeat, he improvised, while dancing with Barbara, some charming couplets to this effect—"To-night neither King nor Palatin would I be: I only ambition to be the happy Starost, he who wooed and won the loveliest of Poland's daughters, *my* partner in the dance, and his—for life!"

The dancing ceased and a chair was placed in the middle of the circle.—The bride was seated thereon, and twelve young ladies commenced to undo her coiffure, singing the melancholy chant, "Barbara, it is all over, and we lose you, beloved." My mother removed her garland, and Madame Malachowska put on her head a very rich lace cap. I could have laughed exceedingly at this masquerade, which curiously altered Barbara's whole appearance, had I not observed that the chant of her former companions had renewed all her tears. Nevertheless, the cap became her extremely, and all declared that her husband would love her passionately. Of course, he will! how is it possible to do otherwise than love so sweet and gentle a creature?

The ceremony of the cap concluded, dancing recommenced, and the new-fashioned dance, so popular at court, the *Drabant*, was gone through. Barbara danced with the minister, Borck, while the band played an extremely slow Polonaise. The Palatin Swidzinski next offered his hand, and the bride then went round and danced with every man in the room. As the Polonaise

is rather walking than dancing, it admirably adapts itself to the capabilities of all ages; so my father took a turn with Barbara, and then resigned her to the Starost, which was as it should be. This Polonaise terminated the ball, and my mother gave the signal for all to retire for the night. The elderly ladies possessed themselves of Barbara, and conducted her to the chamber prepared for her and her husband. Here, I am told, was renewed a scene of advice, congratulation, and tears!

I slept extremely well, having been greatly fatigued, but this morning I feel quite recovered. Ah! what a day of varied delight was yesterday! Such a diversity of scenes—and all so deeply interesting! I danced much with the representative of the Prince Royal—far more than with any one else, finding him very amusing. His conversation is all brilliancy, which is only to be expected, as he is but one year returned from a long stay at Luneville and Paris. He is greatly attached to the Prince, and related many traits of him that show him worthy of all esteem. Indeed, he seldom spoke of any one else, and the subject never wearied me, for our attention has been so much awakened latterly towards the Prince by the public events in which he has figured as hero, that he occupies our thoughts, to the exclusion of all the rest of his royal relatives.

We anticipate that this will be another brilliant evening; but we must begin to dance early, for to-morrow being Ash Wednesday, we are not, of course, permitted to prolong our gaieties beyond midnight.

I have not seen Barbara this morning—I beg pardon—the Starostine, for my mother will not permit us any longer to call her Barbara. Alas! all this morning I have missed her. Never did any morning appear so long. How shall I ever become reconciled to her absence? But I inherit her bed and her work-table, and have moreover all the honours of *eldership*. I am no longer *Françoise*, much less *Fanchette*, but am the young Starostine. Truly I require some compensation!

—
27th of February, Ash Wednesday.

Here we are in gloomy Lent, and must languish another long year before we have another carnival!

Our guests begin to leave. The King's representative, Borck, is already gone, and the Starost and bride leave

the day after to-morrow. We accompany them as far as Sulgostow.

The Starost will not permit any strangers to be at his castle just now, as amusements are forbidden in Lent; but there is one exception in favour of the Castellan of Kochanowski's son.—He has very earnestly entreated that this privilege may be accorded to him, and the Starost could not well refuse him any request, as he has been his schoolfellow.

I am perfectly enchanted at the prospect of going on this delightful journey. I shall see the castle and domains of my beloved sister. I find it extremely difficult to accustom my lips to speak always of her as the *Starostine*, but hope to overcome this, as all difficulties are overcome by practice. My parents have never once called her otherwise than the *Starostine* since the hour of her marriage.

Since that hour I think Barbara has become very serious in her demeanour. She wears now no other robes than those with long trains, and it appears to me that this "*grande toilette*" makes her appear many years older. She really does look very sad, but I cannot wonder at her being so, as the time approaches for her to leave us all; and the idea of going away to live always with a man of whose tastes and character she can know scarcely any thing, is, after all, not very cheering. She behaves with the greatest timidity towards the Starost, but his manners towards her have quite altered. He is no longer silent towards her, and devoting all his attentions to my parents; he now speaks constantly to her, always calls her "*my wife*," sits much beside her, and, in fact, seems to think of nothing else!

—
Castle of Maleszow, Saturday,
9th of March, 1759.

We returned yesterday from Sulgostow, where I was exceedingly amused; but it is so melancholy not to bring back the *Starostine* with us. How fast time flies! It is a week since we left the castle.

On Wednesday last, when all our guests had left, Barbara repaired to the chapel at Lissow, to which she made a gift of a golden heart, this chapel being dedicated to her patron saint. Then she made her adieux to the priest, who parted with her in tears, and bestowed his prayers and benedictions. Returning to the castle, she bade farewell to all the courtiers

and people of the suite, and then descending to the farm-yard, she distributed in presents all her *ménage de demoiselle*. She gave her cows, geese, and fowl, to a poor peasant whose house was lately burned, retaining only for herself two top-knot fowl and her swans, which she takes to Sulgostow. To me she has left her birds and her flowers. After this distribution of her possessions, she once more visited all parts of the castle, went to every room, even to the smallest closets, remaining for a long while in the chapel, and in our own rooms, where she kissed every thing. Scarcely had we finished breakfast when we heard the noise of wheels, and the footman entered to announce that the carriages awaited us. The Starost approached Barbara, and said that the time had come for departure. At these words her heart swelled, and her eyes overflowed with tears.—She flung herself at the feet of my parents, and between deep sobs pronounced some words of thanks for all their goodness to her, and for all the years of happiness they had caused her to pass. “Alas! all I can desire,” said she, “is, that the future years of my life may be spent as happily as those I have passed with you.”

For the first time in my life, I saw my father weep, and as to my mother, she was drowned in tears! Indeed, every one present wept; and oh! what tender benedictions flowed in upon this dear sister!

When we arrived at the draw-bridge the captain of dragoons drew up his troops in a formidable line, and refused to give passage to the *cortège* unless the Starost would bind himself to bring Barbara back at some future period.—He gave the required pledge in the shape of a diamond ring, and we were then permitted to pass on our way in peace.

During this colloquy I had time to examine the equipages of the Starost. They are really magnificent; and I suppose I am in duty bound, as journalist, to enumerate them. Well then:—the first was a splendid coach, deep yellow, lined with scarlet velvet. Then followed a handsome landau, after which came a *calèche* and several *britschkas*. The horses were all highly bred and singularly beautiful. The coach was for the bride and bridegroom, and was drawn by six lovely creatures, white as snow. The suite followed in the other chariots, and our carriages closed the pro-

cession. The courtiers and peasants accompanied the carriage far on the way. Barbara flung to them all the money she had within reach; and as to the Starost, the magnificence of his liberality is quite beyond description. He showers money upon all, beginning with the *maitre d'hôtel* and ending only with the lowest servant in the castle.

Wherever we stopped, whether to rest the horses or to pass the night, we were admirably served. The Starost sent on couriers, and we found all ready for our reception at each stage. The Jews, who are the proprietors of all the inns on the road, were turned out to make room for us. At a distance from Sulgostow, of about two miles, we were met by the Palatin and Abbé Vincent; and as we entered the domain of Sulgostow, we were received by the peasantry, headed by the bailiff, who offered to the bride bread and salt, and the oldest man present pronounced a discourse in Polish, ending with an expression of his wishes that the Starost and his bride might live an hundred years, which was echoed on all sides. Our entry to the palace court was greeted by a fire of musquetry from a company of hussars, and the captain presented arms to us. The Palatin and his nephew and all his court received us at the grand entrance, and the court rang with acclamations.

The Starost presented an immense bunch of keys to the Starostine, and from the hour of rising next day, she assumed the management of every thing, and acquits herself to perfection. She is a model of order and regularity, directing all things, and with a precision and composure that does one good to behold. Now is seen the perfection of her education, for how could she acquit herself well in her present difficult position if my mother had not accustomed her to the management of household affairs from her earliest years?

Sulgostow is totally different from Maleszow: one is a palace, the other a castle. Sulgostow is all gaiety, light, and splendour: luxury reigns in every department. The court is very numerous, the table said to be excellent, and all things conducted in the most admirable manner; but what chiefly interests us is, that every one seems to regard contributing to Barbara's pleasure as the first duty of life. She will very soon cease to regard our castle as her dear home.

I eat many very good things at Sulgostow, among the rest coffee, which I tasted for the first time in my life. My parents do not like it, and say it is particularly unwholesome for very young persons, as it heats the blood, and injures the skin. But I think they will shortly be reconciled to it, as it is now becoming pretty general in this country, where it has been but a short time introduced. I drank it whenever I was permitted; and the Starost, who takes it to excess, begged my parents to permit my drinking *one* small cup of it daily.

Apropos to coffee—we all laughed on calling to mind the verses of the poetess Druzbacka, who, describing the miseries of a young bride's arrival at the house of her Polish husband, says, "She found not there so much as one grain of coffee, but was presented instead with a huge tureen of soup made of beer and cheese (*piwo grzane*)." Certainly this was *not* the reception our Starostine met with!

I was very sorry to leave Sulgostow so soon. Michael Kockanowski was very amusing, extremely lively, and wherever we drove he was besides us at the carriage-door, to amuse us with a thousand fancies.

All the Starostine's tears were renewed when the time came for us to leave, and I never felt so sad in all my life.

12th of March, Tuesday.

I knew how it would be! My sister has taken away all the gaiety, all the happiness of the castle. It is a perfect desert now! Nothing amuses me! The court is utterly stupid! Nobody is worth listening to!

My parents are also very sad. The Starostine being the eldest, was in the habit of being much with them, and had learned all their ways. I do my best, but cannot succeed nearly so well. I cannot fill my father's pipe so as to satisfy him, or choose such suitable shades of silk for my mother's embroidery. With the help of heaven, I may, after a time, become more adroit; but I shall never equal Barbara—(this once I must so call her)—for, though I am very sincere in my anxiety to do every thing, yet I have the worst memory in the world, and while I forget every thing, she never forgot any thing, but always had her wits about her, remembering how to be obliging and useful to all. When will the tears be dried that are shed for her departure?

My parents send a courier on tomorrow to make inquiries for the Starostine. All the gentlemen at the castle dispute for the honor of bearing this inquiry, and Michel Chronowski, who departs on tomorrow for Opole, regrets his old position, which would have insured him this privilege without any contention.

The castle grows daily more dull! For three days we have not had any visitors except some begging friars, and a gentleman from the neighbourhood, who came to present his new wife to my parents. He made one of our court formerly, and is now a very presentable sort of man. "My dear," said he, addressing his wife, who had not said two words during the visit, "if I am a good husband and a judicious father, be thankful for the same to the Starost and to the Maitre d' Hotel; to the first, because he never spared his reprimands; and to the second, because he was ever liberal of his cat-o'-nine-tails." This naïf speech caused me the first smile I have for a long time felt inclined to.

A piece of little Matthew's fun set me laughing for ever so long. My mother, after the wedding, distributed among the young persons of the suite all my sister's clothes, as she got a completely new outfit for her marriage. During our absence at Sulgostow, they had altered and fitted on those articles, and presented themselves at mass on Sunday decked out in them, so that on whatsoever side we turned our eyes, we beheld a frock, spencer, mantle, or some unmistakeable relic of Barbara's wardrobe. Little Matthew was, of course, the first to comment on this masquerade, and being interrogated on the cause of a deep sigh he heaved, he replied with a penitent air, that he was sighing for the grievous sin he had committed, in not attending to one word of divine service, for that his heart had been beguiled by his eyes to go on a voyage of discovery after all the wardrobe of his dear departed friend, the Starostine; and that just as he was settled again to listen to the priest, a new object would present itself in the shape of a spencer or bonnet, or some such habiliment, and lo! his heart was off again in full chase after some souvenir of Barbara, suggested by the aforesaid rag. Every one laughed but Thecla, and I continued to find this speech so extravagantly amusing, for so long a time, that my father became angry, and reminded

us of the rule for our behaviour—"At table silent as at mass." But who can resist Matthew's gravity? Not I, at all events.

—
Wednesday, 15th March.

I have to recount an *event* at last! Yesterday when with my governess and my sisters I descended to breakfast, I found the son of the Castellan Kochanowski conversing with my father in a recess of one of the windows. They were so intent upon their conversation that they did not observe our entry. I could not hear what was the subject of their discourse, but my father at last ended it by saying in a loud voice, "Sir, I must have time to consider, and you shall hear my determination." He then spoke with my mother aside for some time, and she called the *maitre d'hotel*, to whom she gave an order. After some delay dinner was announced, and as M. Kochanowski sat directly opposite to me, I had ample opportunity to observe his toilette, which was worthy of all notice, being exceedingly *recherché*. His coat was of embroidered velvet, with cuffs of fine lace, and a waistcoat of white figured satin. His hair was frizzed, powdered, and curled to perfection, and his manner was as unusually fine as his toilette. He looked flushed, seemed agitated, and spoke much, and altogether in French. Dinner being unusually delayed, I had time to perceive, that though he took pains to appear at his ease, he changed colour continually, and cast many glances towards the door; at last the dishes were laid upon the table, and Kochanowski became pale as death. I cast my eyes in all directions to see what had occasioned this shock, not knowing to what I might attribute it, but all my doubts were removed, when happening to look towards the dishes, I beheld a goose dressed with black sauce, a profound hieroglyphic, which, with us, signifies *refusal of a proposal of marriage*.

I was thunderstruck as this sudden light broke upon me! I remembered the *Mazurka*, the *Krakowiak*, the minuet—all the positions in which Kochanowski displayed such grace—his elaborate management of his horse—his intimate knowledge of the French language—his polite and pleasing deportment—his conversation, abounding in happy quotations and elegantly turned compliments. An emotion of grief took possession of my heart. I lost presence of mind. I could not touch

a morsel at dinner, neither could my parents. It seemed as if we were hours at table, and that weary dinner would never end, so impatient was I to hear some particulars of what Kochanowski had said to my parents. At last my father gave the signal, and we all rose, but while grace was saying, Kochanowski glided from the room, and appeared no more.

When the people of the suite had disappeared, my parents ordered me to discontinue my work and come near. I approached my father, who said, "Française! M. Kochanowski, son to the Castellan of Fadour, has asked us to bestow your hand upon him. We know that his birth is illustrious, and his family ancient and honourable—that his fortune is large and proportioned to yours, but still it does not suit us that you should contract this marriage. M. Kochanowski is too young, and is honoured only with the title of his father. He has obtained no favour at court—at least no title—and, finally, we think his mode of demanding the honor of being allied to the family of the Starost Krasinski was not sufficiently ceremonious. His declaration was too abrupt, and he furthermore demanded an immediate reply. Therefore was our reply accorded to him, in like manner,—that is, it was as speedy and as unceremonious as could well be imagined. Of course you agree with us in our view of this matter. Française, return to your work!"

Without doubt, parents are always right—indeed infallible; but as my journal is only talking to myself on paper, I may here be candid, and I confess that neither his age nor the manner of Kochanowski's proposal seems to me to form a sufficient obstacle. The true reason is his want of title. Though I see this, God knows I am well content that matters should be decided as they are. I have no desire to marry. I am so happy—so completely without want or care in the house of my dear parents. After my return from Sulgostow, I was very sad, I acknowledge, for some days, but now I am as happy as ever. My position is very different from what it used to be; for I am treated with twice as much respect and consideration since my sister's marriage. When no strangers are by, I am always helped the fourth at table. I hold many important keys, and I accompany my parents wherever they go. I feel conscious that I should find reason to regret abandoning so pleasant a manner of

life, and such valuable privileges, to become the wife of any one. Beside marriage is not, in my opinion, so exceedingly desirable as some persons think. A woman's career is over when she marries. Once married, all is fixed—certainly takes the place of all her pleasant dreams. For her, no more hopes; no more doubts; no more suspense; no more possibility of any thing better. She knows what she is and will be until death. For my part, I like to give free scope to my thoughts. And when I am sitting still at my embroidering frame, my mind is more employed than my fingers, and is sometimes enacting scenes of heroism or of tenderness, or of any thing that renders me famous in the court of Warsaw or of Paris. It amuses me so, in the absence of brilliant realities, to dream of a brilliant future, in which all things happen just as I would have them occur. My mother sometimes says to me, (though I never venture to make her the confidante of my dreams,) "a young lady, well brought up, accepts thankfully the husband her parents select for her; but until it pleases them to make the choice, and acquaint her with their wishes, she should never let her thoughts dwell on the subject." My thoughts are not, indeed, much about husbands or marriage; but I say to myself, "*If I was placed in the predicament of such a heroine of Madame Scuderi, or Madame La Fayette, or Madame De Beaumont*"—and then, having laid this foundation, I go on imagining innumerable adventures. Since Barbara's marriage, this penchant has greatly increased. She always blamed my turn for reverie, and hindered my reading novels and romances; but, to make up for lost time, Madame makes me read French for hours, and the more I read, the more I am supplied with situations and recollections for my reveries.

How different may be the characters of sisters, even when brought up together, as Barbara and I were, and subjected to exactly the same course of education! She has vowed to me, that never did her thoughts wander beyond the present; and, that if the idea of a husband ever occurred to her, it was only suggested when ordered by our parents, after reaching the age of sixteen years, to say very demurely, at the conclusion of her prayers, "May God grant me good sense, good health, the love of my neighbours, and a good husband." This

was the only time she could recall to memory that she had thought of him, and she added, "It is worse than useless suffering our thoughts to wander to such subjects, since we will, of course, marry whomsoever our parents choose for us; and whatever he be, since he replaces our father and mother, we must love him, obey him, and live with him until death." *Au reste*, she professed herself, and I know she was, perfectly indifferent when he was to come, or any thing about him. And the good effects of such mental discipline—of such perfect submission to the will of Providence and our parents, is proved in her fate, for she has succeeded perfectly in her marriage. She writes to us, that now her sorrow at separating from us has worn off, never was any one happier than she is. Every day she loves the Starost more, and finds new cause to respect him. And I—will my fate be thus blessed?

However, my parents did quite right in refusing Kochanowski, only I really must be allowed to pity him for the humiliations they compelled him to suffer; the insulting manner in which they gave their reply. Little Matthew prophesies he will soon forget me. I wonder *will he*?

—
Sunday, 17th of March.

This evening, just as we sat to supper, we had a delightful surprise. A visit from my aunt the Princess Palatine Subomirska, and the Palatin, her husband. Being occupied with important duties about the Prince Royal, who was departing for his duchy of Courland, they could not come to my sister's marriage, but set off as soon as circumstances would permit, to offer their congratulations. The arrival of these illustrious visitors has given new life to the castle. My father is testifying the most schoolboyish delight (if it be not irreverent so to write of my parent) at having this honored and beloved sister with him. It being five years since the Prince and Princess were here, I was a child, but now they find me a grown up young woman, and since I entered their presence, they have scarcely spoken on any other subject than to praise my figure and my face, and extol my beauty in a manner that surely *must* be exaggerated. In truth I find such open flattery very displeasing, for I know not what indescribable feeling of awkwardness takes place of my usual self-possession

when such praises are addressed to me, or said of me in my presence. Such speeches are delightful when heard *by accident*; but frequently repeated, in fact, reiterated every time I appear before them, they confuse and distress me exceedingly. Therefore, I prefer thinking over them, to hearing them said. The Palatin declared, looking quite in earnest all the time, that if I appear at court, the Starostine Wessell, the Palatine Potocka, and the Princess Sapieka would be completely eclipsed. I have thought over this sentence very often among all the charming compliments he paid me, for those ladies are the most celebrated beauties in Warsaw. The princess says I only require more gravity of appearance, and more dignity of demeanour to be perfectly lovely.

Since I was born, I never heard so many flattering things, and truly I did not think I was handsome until this visit of my aunt and uncle. That is, I thought I was pretty, but never knew that I was *lovely*. Indeed, I did not think on the subject; but now it occupies much of my thoughts. I can perceive that my father's heart swells with pride, while my mother, fearing I suppose, that such extreme praise would turn my head, called me to her room to-day, and bade me attach no importance to the exaggerated language of our visitors, for that such praise was mere court flattery, applied to all alike.

It seems to me that they are discussing some project in which I am concerned, for my aunt holds long conversations with my father, in which my name is frequently mentioned. But my *name* is all I hear, though I confess I have tried to obtain a little further insight into the subject of their discourse.

According to my usual habit, my mother wished I should retire at ten o'clock to my sleeping apartment;

but the Palatine obtained permission for me to sit up until very late with the rest of the company. The prince and princess conversed entirely upon the subject of the splendid fêtes given at the time of the prince's investiture. Accustomed as they are to scenes of magnificence, they never remember so brilliant a carnival. The colleges all performed plays, and both scholars and audience marked with loud *vivas* the parts that might allude to the prince royal's position, as the probable successor to his father. On Shrove Tuesday, (the day of Barbara's marriage,) the College of Jesuits represented Antigone, in which the warrior Demetrius defends his father against his enemies, and restores him to his kingdom. Towards the end of the piece, the audience vehemently applauded a part, the general sense of which runs somehow thus:—

"'Tis not alone among the Greeks we find devoted sons. We, in Poland, have also our Demetrius! Thou, oh Charles the Great! art our hero and the heroic son, who hast defended his father against all his enemies. Be thou hereafter the father of our country! Reign over us, and we will love you as a Demetrius!"

By this we may perceive that the prince royal has avowed partizans. I have a presentiment he will one day be king of Poland, and a great man, but he will assuredly have to contend against a multitude of intrigues.

We may judge of the rest of Poland by observing how, in our own small circle, opinions are divided on this subject. The Princess Palatine does not share her husband's enthusiasm; nor does she desire that either Prince Charles or Poniatowski should be King of Poland. All her desires are for a third party; and may we not tremble for THE FUTURE, when all parties contest for their individual benefit!

ANACREON.

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR,—I dare say I am by no means the first Cambridge man who has had cause to confess that we have to seek in your University one advantage which our own do not afford, since neither of them has been able, for any long time, to support a University Magazine. It is, however, a happy circumstance, that a remedy can be found in Ireland for what we feel to be a defect in England, and that Dublin is ready to supply that which Oxford and Cambridge lack.

The enclosed paper on Anacreon seems more fitted for a University magazine than for any other, although it only professes to be a superficial glance at some of his best efforts, and by no means to infringe upon the ground which your countryman, Mr. Moore, has claimed as his own; for none would

Why should such things my mind employ,
Which give no joys, no cares destroy?
Oh! let me rather learn to drain
The goblet, balm of every pain!
Oh! let me loiter golden hours
In Venus' amaranthine bowers!
My locks with hoary whiteness shine—
Then bring me water, pour me wine—
I'll drown all care, I'll chase all thought,
For human life, alas! is short:—
Soon must I Pluto's realms explore,
And taste of wine and love no more!

One must pity the hoary-headed sinner. Alas! he knew not the consolations of the spring-water system! Spring-water! the refrigerator of the blood, the sworn enemy of the *blue-devils*!

But not only doth he confess his captivity to Bacchus, but complaineth likewise of the dominion of love.

IV.

Some may their strains on Thebes employ,
Or sing the fatal wars of Troy;
But me no other scheme can move,
Than my captivity to Love.
Nor fleet, nor army conquered me,—
'Twas Love's insidious archery,
Who in malicious ambush lies,
And throws his darts from Beauty's eyes.

Yet hear how this victorious archer could, at another time, justify his conquests and soothe his victims:

V.

Love, with hyacinthine stem,
Compelled me once to follow him:
O'er hill and dell our way we took,
Through tangled brake and dashing brook;
At length a serpent, cruel thing!
Pierced me with its venom'd sting;—
My heart throbb'd high—my colour fled—
I with affright was almost dead!
But Cupid, with his tender wings,
Around my head soft zephyrs flings,
And says, with arch, enticing smiles,
"Resist not, then, Love's potent wiles."

No one, I should imagine, will dispute the poet's refined judgment and exquisite taste in beauty, after he shall have read the following description of his mistress. If the painter were as skilful in his department as the poet in his, what an enchanting picture must they have produced between them!

VI.

Best of painters, skilled to trace
With rosy* art each living grace,
While I describe do thou portray
The lass I love, that's far away.
Paint first her hair with pencil true,
So glossy, of so jet a hue!

* With the Vatican MS. I read *ῥοδαῖς καὶ ῥοδαῖς τυχῆς*, not *ῥοδαῖς*, as Stephanus has it. The epithet "rosy" was applied by the ancients almost indiscriminately to any thing remarkably pleasing and agreeable. So *ῥοδα μ' ὑπὸν*, literally, "You have spoken roses."—*Suid. ex Aristoph.*

How similarly doth Shakespeare the same time both precept and example, he had himself thieved the idea could almost imagine that, affording at from the mighty Anacreon.

"I'll example you with thievery :
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea ; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears ; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement ; each thing's a thief."

Timon of Athens, act iv. scene 3.

Now, though this be ingeniously wrought out by our own country bard, there is neither that conclusive persuasiveness nor that elegant neatness that adorns the Greek original. Though thievery is so commodious in itself, and hath so great natural charms—though the transmutation of *tuum* into *meum* is delightful and exhilarating a process, so yet hath not Shakespeare thrown such additional beauty and lustre upon it as might have been expected from the dignity of the subject and the genius of the poet. But Anacreon is so con-

cise, so easy, and so elegant, that I am unable by words to give an idea of the high perfection he hath here attained unto, but must content myself with referring the reader to the Greek bard's own words ; but if it be that thou art ignorant of this divinest of languages, bestir thyself, apply diligently to the study thereof ; to read this one ode will repay thy toil.*

Now, having seen the poet prove the necessity of drinking, let us hear his description of a most glorious symposion.

II.

With wreathes of roses on our brows,
We'll now enjoy a deep carouse ;
Freely the sparkling wine we'll quaff,
And jocund raise the gladsome laugh ;
While the lass, with slender foot,
Dances to the dulcet lute,
And sways aloft her thyrsus, bound
With softly-rustling ivy round ;
And the boy with polished hair,
Breathing perfume on the air,
Pours his swelling voice on high
To the flute's sweet melody.
Now the rosy God of Wine,
And little Love, with locks of gold,
With beauteous Cytherea join
To grace the banquets of the old.

Hear again, how, despising the dull pursuits of common life, he composeth himself to the soft control of love and wine :

III.

Why should I learn the lawyer's arts,
Or wield the rhetorician's darts ?

* We cannot refrain from quoting a similar train of reasoning by which Phocylides, (Poem. admonit. 66-70), warns us against envy :—

"Would you shun envy, shun an envious mind ;
View others prosper with a heart resigned ;
The high celestials live unenvying on—
The moon unenvying views the brighter sun ;
Earth sees not heaven with envy ;—and the streams
Envy not ocean—each concordant seems."

These lines are originally taken from Stobæus, xxxviii. p. 223, edit. Faber, 1609,

Why should such things my mind employ,
Which give no joys, no cares destroy ?
Oh ! let me rather learn to drain
The goblet, balm of every pain !
Oh ! let me loiter golden hours
In Venus' amaranthine bowers !
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Then bring me water, pour me wine—
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And, if thine art so much can dare,
 Depict the breathing odours there :
 Then her raven locks below,
 Paint the ivory of her brow.
 Let her eye-brows archly bend,
 Seem to approach, but not to blend,
 And the lashes of her eye
 Rival blackest ebony.
 To pourtray her eye's bright gaze,
 Snatch from fire its utmost blaze ;
 Let them, like Minerva's, be
 Blue in lustrous witchery ;
 And, like Cythera's, let them seem
 To melt and languish as they gleam.
 To paint her lovely cheek and nose,
 Blend with milk the blushing rose :
 Let her lips (oh, tempting sight !)
 A kiss persuasively invite ;
 While the lovely graces deck
 Her tender chin and marble neck.
 The rest let gauze of azure hue
 Partly hide from curious view,
 Partly to the eye declare*
 How fine her form, her limbs how fair.

You will find this piece well imitated in the *Guardian* (No. 168), with this exception, that the nose is omitted, which, it has been well remarked, renders the picture incomplete, and the translation imperfect. Our poet's good taste in the arts also is admirable, as his directions to his silversmith for making a wine-bowl do indubitably testify.

VII.

Vulcan, make a bowl for me ;
 Let it of pure silver be.
 Chase it not with splendid arms—
 What have I with war's alarms ?
 Let it wide and deep extend,
 With a graceful flowing bend :
 Grave thereon no glittering star,
 Nor the brilliant northern car ;
 Let not there Orion be,
 Stern, ill-boding deity !†
 What care I for Pleiads bright,
 Or Boötes' fulgent light ?
 Make for me a tender vine,
 The boughs with luscious grapes entwine ;
 Let Cupid and Bathyllus there,
 Lovely youths with golden hair,
 And ruddy Bacchus, all combine
 To tread the clusters of the vine.

But here is another ode, which is an especial favourite with myself, whatever it may be with other folks. It is said of Dr. Parr, that whenever he read the Satire of Horace beginning "Proscripti Regis Rupili pus atque venenum,"

* "Let sweet concealment's magic art
 Your mazy bounds invest ;
 And while the sight unveils a part,
 Let Fancy paint the rest."

Shenstone.

† Orion was supposed to portend storms and shipwreck to mariners. See *Hor. carm. i. xxviii.* and the notes thereon. Virgil calls it "nimbus Orion." *Æn. i. 539.*

he could not refrain from an immoderate fit of laughter, although no one else could ever discover in what its great facetiousness consisted. But I do not think that my partiality for the

following ode is any such monomania; for the whole is so unique, natural, and witty, that it must highly raise one's opinion of Anacreon's refinement and ingenuity.

VIII.

Vulcan, the spouse of Venus, once did frame
Of finest iron, and with Lemnian flame,
Love's darts: with honey Venus smeared them o'er,
But Love did bitter gall upon the weapons pour;
With quivering spear in hand, Mars from the fight
Returning, scorns the puny weapon's might.
But Love exclaimed, "Brave is the little dart,
And thou thyself shalt know its bitter smart."
Then flew the shaft, and pierced the hero's breast;
(Venus in vain triumphant smiles repressed,)
Mars groaning cried, "Ah, me! the dart remove!
Oh! I confess its power!" "No, keep it," answers Love.

The reader may see from these few specimens, even through the medium of (we fear) a horrid translation, the sweetness and grace of Anacreon's muse. His poems bloom with a liveliness and gaiety that is enhanced by the sombre and melancholy reveries in which, even among his mirthful productions, he sometimes indulges, and which he in vain endeavours to dissipate by the excitements of revelry. But, at the same time, his muse is clad in nature's own simplicity; disdaining the trappings of art, she discloses more fully that native grace and loveliness which would be concealed or disfigured

by exterior ornament. Anacreon is almost always tender and elegant, sometimes lofty, always ingenious. He has been reproached for sensuality and libertinism, but the reprehension is undeserved. It is true, indeed, that outrageous indecencies have been discovered by certain eagle-eyed critics, where it would puzzle a pure-minded and unprejudiced man to find the least approach even to indelicacy. For instance, the following elegant and innocent little ode, inscribed to Bathyllus, is adduced as proof of his *παίδισματα*! Monstrous absurdity!

IX.

Bathyllus, sit beneath the shade,
By the embowering branches made
Of this green tree, so passing fair,
Which waves its soft locks in the air,
In harmonious whispers sighing;
While the gentle stream, replying
To the music, murmurs by
With Persuasion's melody.
Oh! none beholding such a scene
Could pass unheeded by, I ween!

This reminds me of a beautiful passage in an ode of Horace, *carm. ii. iii. 8-16*, addressed to Dellius:

Where lofty pines unite
With silvery poplars, in a shade benign
Of twisted branches, and the wavelets bright
In devious channel twine,
Bring unguents rare and wine,
And the sweet flow'rets of the short-lived rose,
While Youth, and Fortune, and the thread divine
Of Fate permit repose.

Upon this passage a similar charge of indecency might, with as much propriety, be founded against Horace,

were not the other parts of the ode so entirely at variance with such a ridiculous opinion.

In drinking, Anacreon appears to have been decently moderate. For although he rejoiced in a cup of rich, glowing Chian, he many times expresses a dislike to excesses, and we nowhere find that he submitted his bright and poetic mind to gross and bestial drunkenness.

No. Anacreon was a gentleman and man of refinement. He but caught a fervid inspiration from the influences of Bacchus, whose gifts he disdained to abuse. And in such an use of wine he is supported by the universal voice of antiquity. When the ancients beheld a man duly love his goblet, they immediately set him down as a right good soul.

Ουδεις φιλοποτος εστιν ανθρωπος κακος.

"No man who loves to drink is a bad one," shrewdly observes Alexis. We have the authority of Horace that even the grave and upright Cato was no stranger to the joys of wine, (carm. iii. xxi. 11, 12.)

*"Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus;"*

or, as Oldisworth quaintly translates it—

"Wine kept old Cato's virtue warm."

Xenophon, too, speaks with approving complacency of this beguiling sin : *"Ο δε Κυαξαρης, ο των Μηδων βασιλευς, την μιν νικτω, εν η εληλθεν ο Κυρος, αυτος μιθυσκωτο μεθ' αυτου ισκηνην, ως επ' ευτυχιας."* "Now Cyaxares, the king of the Medes, got muzzy along with his chums, on the strength of his good fortune." And Philo Judæus, towards the close of his long and elaborate discussion on the drunkenness of Noah, (vol. i. p. 335, edit. 1742, Mangey,) thus sums up—*"Μιθυσθησεται τοιγαρ ετοι και ο ασπις μηδιν της αρετης αποβαλων."* "A polite and gentlemanly man, therefore, will get drunk without the slightest detraction from his virtue." Again, in his Dissertation on Drunkenness, (ib. 357,) he saith—*"Οι δε προς φερομενοι τω οινω μυριοι μαλιστα των επ' αρετην και παρκα νομοδωτην τιθαυμασμενων."* "Now thousands of those who have been admired, even by legislators, for their virtue, have been those who addicted themselves to wine." Now though we are by no means inclined to agree with all these bibulous opinions, yet they will serve to show that Anacreon was by no means worse than many of those who have seldom been upbraided for immorality. Some, however, were more temperate than our just quoted au-

thorities. Mnesitheus, for instance, (Athen. Deipn. ii. 2.) after telling us that wine is the best gift of the gods, and the surest remedy for disease and pain, addeth that even half-and-half is much too strong. But our modern temperate men are far too sturdy to make any such compromise. We have actually been informed that, if a bottle of port were by any accident spilt into the New River, they could scarcely be prevailed upon to taste its waters again. To drink wine to excess is, to be sure, any thing but beneficial; yet to abjure all liquors on this account, reminds us of a hypochondriacal friend of ours, who would never permit us to take out our snuff-box in his presence, because he had heard that somebody once died of a fit of sneezing! Besides, to be consistent, my Lord Stanhope and Co. should never drink even water itself, because, if taken to excess, it may possibly bring on an attack of dropsy, which would be as dangerous as if it were produced by spirits!

Without any more examples to prove the opinions of the ancients upon this point, it must appear to every sensible person a great folly to abuse Anacreon for a failing which belongs to all antiquity. (For though Philo Judæus lived so lately as in the reign of Caligula, Alexis was about contemporary with Anacreon.) Anacreon's love of wine was not his individual fault, but that of the age in which he lived: for no very edifying examples of sobriety could be expected from those who acknowledged Bacchus to be a god. Amply, however, has he atoned for this error by the splendid poetry with which it inspired him. He would probably have sung no strains worthy of immortality, had he not ever and anon moistened his palate with a draught of the "liqueur celeste." And it were ingratitude to apply an undue severity to the failings of a man, who, by means of those very failings, has afforded us such exquisite gratification.

Having been so greatly abused and calumniated, Anacreon has been neglected and almost forgotten, (except by those whose neglect would have been more complimentary than their attention,) while his imitator Horace, who far exceeds him in licentiousness of sentiment, has been honoured with the supremest respect and veneration. This were enough to raise the sacred ashes of our poet into righteous indignation. But, methinks, were he to

rise from his tomb with a commission to chastise his greatest enemies, he would pass by his calumniators to take speedy vengeance on those who have tortured his etherial lays into dull and spiritless translations. Madame Dacier

would undergo immediate punishment; and, if I may be allowed to say the plain truth, I fear I should not escape unscathed.

Cambridge.

H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

THE village of Selworth is decidedly one of the prettiest spots in England. It stands at some distance from the high road, on the bank of a beautiful stream, a tributary to the noble river on which, some ten miles nearer to the metropolis, is situated the flourishing town of D—. There it was that I first saw the light, and there I trust my body shall at length repose in peace beneath the fresh green sod of the old churchyard. I am, by profession, a portrait painter. My father was a respectable yeoman of Selworth, and intended that I, his only child, should inherit his fields, and pass my time in their cultivation. Fate decreed otherwise. My father, by unavoidable misfortune, was deprived of the bulk of his property, and the reverse in his affairs broke his heart. My mother survived, a sorrowful and saddened woman; but she struggled to live for my sake. I had no taste for rural pursuits, and that gentle mother never urged me to follow a walk of life which was distasteful to me. We had a pittance left, a trifling one, but it kept us above parochial charity, and enabled us to live in the small cottage, in which I am now writing. Ah! what a difference between the moonlight memories, the softened and subdued feelings which float over my mind, "like twilight and like dew," as I sit alone in my little chamber, and trace this faint sketch of my life, and the impetuous swelling of the heart, the feverish longings, the gorgeous dreams, which were mine, when, in the ardent days of boyhood, I paced this very room, and, in the vague and undefined visions of my hopes, saw a future before me, ever-changing, but ever-glorious! Am I, in truth, the same being? Have I the same heart, the same pulse? Is the Edmund Ashley of sixty-five one with the Edmund Ashley of sixteen? Even so. The same motive is here, but chastened and subdued. Does not this heart still gush over with unutterable tenderness when I listen to the low sweet breath of the wind, or the sweeter music of woman's voice? Does not mine eye still kindle, when I behold the relics of those master hands, which, though they have long mingled with the dust, have left in the marble or the canvas a pledge of the immortality of the soul which guided them? It is thus—yet there is a change. I have lost and I have gained—something is added, and something has been taken away. The pulse throbs not so uncontrollably—the mind is not so entranced in its rapturous delight. I still gaze and admire, but I can also examine and criticize. I can *praise* as well as *idolize* now.

The noontide of my life, with its feverish heat and its passionate aspirations, has passed away, but its light still lingers on my mind, and the star of a better hope has arisen, and the quiet dew of heavenly peace has fallen on my spirit. I have said I am a painter. I am proud to avow it, though my name be not of those which shall win an immortality on earth. For though the captains of his army know him not—though his name shall pass away, whilst theirs shall be echoed from age to age, the private soldier may bear a heart as loyal as his general's—and so have I been faithful in the ranks, and proud of the banner under which I have toiled. My hand may have failed me often—my heart *never*. None of the mighty masters of the pencil can have revelled in more delicious dreams, or held more rapturous converse with the ideal. My failures have been in person, not in enthusiasm.

My life may be called an uneventful one. I have never experienced the lowest depths of poverty, or known the temptations of riches. My mother's small income became mine after her decease, and my own exertions have always secured me a moderate competence. I have no tale of romantic passion to record, and yet I *have loved*, and that tenderly and truly. This feeling was awakened very in early youth, and it was one of my enthusiasms. She I loved is

long since dead, and her very memory has probably passed away from all hearts save mine. In mine there is one hallowed spot where her name and her image lie silently treasured, and so must remain while life shall last. Yet I have often-times felt something like self-reproach in remembering how soon after her loss my passionate sorrow abated. I forgot that violent grief is naturally brief in its duration, and that in all imaginative minds there is a reproduction and revival of feeling which the bitterest anguish cannot totally prevent. The most earthly feelings of such a mind are dreamy, and its very dreams are tinged by its affections. I have never loved since in the common acceptation of the term, but in its extended sense I have loved far more than ever. The affections of my heart have expanded, instead of contracting, beneath the influence of my sorrow, and from the tiny flower to the glorious star, I may truly say I have loved all nature. And most of all have I delighted in the study of that marvellous thing, the human heart. I have had many opportunities for observation—strange incidents have come to my knowledge—strange characters have fallen in my way. My life has been a wandering one. I have spent much time in London, some in foreign lands, and some in the most lovely districts of my own country. But in all I have found something to interest and employ my thoughts and often my sympathies—some new page to peruse in the book of human life.

A few of these my experiences I deem worth recording. The names introduced in these pages must necessarily be fictitious; but with these exceptions the truth of each narrative may be relied on.

NO. I.—THE UNDER TEACHER.

ONE of the standing annoyances to which a portrait painter is subjected, is that of being perpetually called upon to portray the features of individuals, who, whilst they cannot be called positively *ugly*, are still so far from handsome, and so much farther from the possession of any peculiar expression, good or bad, that it is impracticable to throw any interest into their portraits, save for those who know the originals. Such has been my continual experience ever since, brush in hand, I entered the lists, where so many nobler and more gifted competitors than myself are contending for the prize of fame. And yet, paradoxical as the statement may seem, one of the most insipid portraits I ever undertook to paint, was the means of procuring me more genuine pleasure than I have often found in this world of tribulation and vexation.

Miss Georgiana D—— was just one of those common-place, red and white, *unindividualized* girls whom it is a labour to talk to, or to paint, either in words or colours. She had one quality, however, which rendered her a person of much consideration in her own circle—she was rich. Fifty thousand pounds has a magic power which might convert a Hottentot Venus into a divinity; and Miss D—— was not strikingly plain—it would have been something of a relief if she had been so. Any expression would have been preferable to the blank, mindless-looking

tract of countenance, of whose resemblance I was doomed to make my canvas the recipient.

Miss D—— was a parlour boarder in a fashionable metropolitan school, and the painting of her portrait originated in the fancy of a rich and childless uncle in Bombay, who had the power, if he pleased, to swell the heiress's fortune to three times its present extent. To do Miss D—— justice, I do not think her own vanity would have induced her to sit to me. She was too inert and sleepy to be very vain, and certainly had no innate love of the fine arts, which might have tempted her to patronize one of her votaries. Her exclamation, when she saw the picture on its completion, might have settled *that* question for ever—"Dear, dear! well, I dare say it is like me, though—and I am sure the lace tucker is the very same!" The back ground, and the rich drapery, and the flush tints, on which I had expended so much thought and care, were all as nothing to her!

Yet the painting of that portrait is connected in my mind with such sunny and happy recollections—with so much of the romance of real life, that I look back on it as one of the brightest vistas in the image of memory. Another face arises in my dreams beside that inexpressive visage—a face, of which a glimpse might put a man in good humour for a week, and even

reconcile him to the task of painting a Miss D——! The face of Eleanor Armstrong, the under teacher at Miss Toogood's seminary, always rises to my mental sight amidst the memories of that time as one of the fairest visions that ever blest the eyes of painter.

Miss D—— had favoured me with one or two sittings when Miss Toogood suggested that a companion might be useful in talking to her, as (heaven bless the mark!) I ought to catch the varying expression of my sitter's countenance! I certainly did *not* expect that any thing under an earthquake or the laughing gas could induce the heiress to move a muscle; but as I could not decently say so, I assented; and Eleanor Armstrong was forthwith installed in her office of conversationist, and eliciter of expression, where, alas! there was none to elicit. Oh! what a face was that which beamed on me, when, on the third day of my purgatory, I entered the room set apart for my work. There was Miss D——, just as heavy and blank as usual, but beside her sat Eleanor Armstrong—the personification of living loveliness. I suppose I should sadly err from the right way of story-tellers if I omitted to give a description of my heroine; but truly charms like her's are more easily pourtrayed in colours than in words.

She was about nineteen; her height just sufficient to redeem her figure from the charge of pettiness, and yet without any approach to the stature of a tall woman. Her complexion was not sickly white, but so transcendently clear, that never might a feeling rise within her heart, but you read an intimation of it on "her cheek, her brow, her lips." Her eyes were soft and dark, and the lashes raven black, but the long curls which fell in *showers* upon her neck—(the expression is not original, but no other will fitly describe their luxuriance)—were of a deep, bright chestnut. Her mouth was small and sweet; and she might have been pronounced the prettiest of the pretty, but for an expansive white forehead which gave too much of dignity to her appearance to admit of the application of that term. Beautiful, very beautiful, was the Under Teacher. She painted her likeness on the minds of all who looked on her, as effectually as ever the sun painted the features of a landscape in Mr. Talbot's newly discovered *camera obscura*. But this sort of painting did not content me; I longed to

paint her portrait. Had I asked permission to do so, I might, perhaps, have been refused; at any rate, such a request would naturally have drawn on the fair damsel the envy of the amiable proprietress of the establishment, of a worthy body of a certain age, who presided over the spelling and the needle-work, and of an old French governess. So I forbore the request, but not the deed. During the very frequent sittings with which I discovered it was indispensably requisite Miss D—— should indulge me, I managed to transfer that lovely face to a miniature canvas, secretly placed in front of the larger one; and, copying this at home on a larger scale, assisted by memory, I managed to make a portrait so striking, that the likeness was almost startling. Poor dear Eleanor! She little guessed the nature of my employment, or of what vast importance to her future happiness that employment was to be.

The portraits were finished. Miss D——'s was to have graced the walls of Somerset House; but as the person who had undertaken to convey it to the Indian Nabob left England earlier than he had intended, it was consigned to his keeping, and from that time to this I have seen and heard no more of it. The other, so secretly wrought, so fairly finished, supplied its place in the exhibition. Fresh, and fair, and new, did that sweet face look amongst the resemblances of glowing gentlemen and smirking ladies, by which it was surrounded. Many a loudly expressed burst of admiration, many a whisper of deeper and truer delight, were elicited from the groups which crowded round that transcendent portrait; and often might be heard the murmur of disappointment, when the page in the catalogue, eagerly turned to for information, was found to contain nothing respecting the original, save the unsatisfactory words, "Portrait of a young lady."

The season was drawing to a close and the exhibition rooms were unusually crowded. I happened to be there, and saw with much pleasure that the gazers on my favourite picture were as numerous as ever. Amongst these was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, of remarkably distinguished appearance, who seemed to regard it with an extraordinary degree of interest. Long did he pause before it, long after the groups around had departed, and he was left alone to

survey it at leisure. He paced back and forward before it, looked at it from all points of view, and finally left the room rather quickly, with the air of a man who has formed some hasty purpose, and is determined to lose no time in executing it.

"I shall see that youth again," was the prophetic impression on my mind, and I was not mistaken. That very evening my servant announced, "a gentleman on business," and on the skirts of the announcement, the gazer of the morning entered my apartment. Long before this time my readers will have anticipated that the young man had been struck by the likeness of the picture to some one in whom he was deeply interested. Such was precisely the case. He came to me for the purpose of ascertaining the residence of the original, of whose identity he had not a moment's doubt; but it is best that I should detail the history I gathered from him, in a somewhat more connected form than it was poured out to me.

Eleanor Armstrong was the only daughter of an excellent clergyman, and distantly related, by the mother's side, to the very noble and very proud Lady Borrodaile. Left an orphan at twelve years old, and very slenderly provided for, by pity or pride, or both together, induced the titled dame to extend her protection to her fair young relative, and to receive her under her own roof. This was a piece of virtue which brought with it its own reward, for if ever embodied sunshine were the inmate of an earthly dwelling, Borrodaile Park had such an inmate in the person of Eleanor. Gay, but never noisy, wise as well as witty, loving and amiable, as she was beautiful, Eleanor Armstrong was as a new life and pulse to the somewhat starchy inhabitants of the gloomy old mansion. Her light foot sounded strangely pleasant as she tripped over the old oaken floors, so long used to echo nothing but the stately steps of the Lady Borrodaile and her attendants. Her sweet laugh rang like fairy music amongst the arched roofs, and in the broad, quiet corridors. Her bright face looked out like a flower with a soul in it—(it is a conceit, but it is so like her)—from the dark recesses and the Gothic windows. The Lady Borrodaile felt her influence—she could not resist it; and her heart, cold and formal as was the set of its currents, could not but warm into something like attachment to the fair

being who was so happy, so cheerful, and, above all, so grateful and dependent.

But if the proud and formal lady almost thawed in the presence of the sweet Eleanor, there was another heart which, naturally warm and ardent in its feelings, fired with a passion of the most enthusiastic and devoted kind, as my heroine changed from a lovely child to a lovelier woman.

Sir Philip Borrodaile was an only child, and had been left under the guardianship of his proud mother, by a very weak and very henpecked father, who died when his son was little more than an infant. Fond of power, which she had exercised with an iron hand over poor Sir Ralph, from the time of his marriage to his decease, and hating to give up her sway over any person until she should reach the extremest point to which it was possible to retain it, she had prevailed on her husband to give her a certain authority over the pecuniary resources of Sir Philip, which he could not shake off until he should have attained his twenty-fifth year.

Had he been a constant resident at Borrodaile Park, his heart might not have been less kind, but his manners might have contracted the dignified coldness of those around him, and the continued presence of his orphan cousin might have averted the event his mother dreaded; he might have loved her as a sister and no more. But fearing the consequences of constant intercourse with one so lovely and so poor, the lady contrived that he should spend much of his time at a distance from home; and whenever he was a visitor at the Park, she never failed to expatiate largely on the horrors of *misalliances* in general, with a special clause against those which included relationship, however distant, amongst their disadvantages. Certainly for a wise woman Lady Borrodaile did a very foolish thing, for her design was immediately seen through; and as Sir Philip was not without a spice of the spirit of contradiction in his nature, he naturally fell in love with Eleanor, with a vehemence and ardour unsurpassed in all the records of romance.

That Eleanor should be indifferent to such a passion was not at all likely. The seclusion in which she lived barred her from comparing him with any other who could claim the slightest equality with him. In him was her image of perfection embodied, or rather

she moulded her ideas of perfection by his standard. How could any young girl, with a heart full of affections, and yearning for sympathy, withstand the love of such a youth as Philip Borrodaile—so frank, so noble, so kind? So the fair Eleanor blushed and sighed, and murmured forth a promise to be his—his for ever; and never thought that his mother's anger would be implacable, nor that she herself would be deemed artful and ungrateful, so entranced was she in the happiness of loving and being loved. But a new light dawned, or rather a new cloud gloomed over her, when the discovery was made, (as, somehow, such discoveries always *are* made,) of their mutual attachment. Each was too proud to deny it when charged with it—each was too much in love to promise to forego it. Of course both fell under the bann of the old lady's severest displeasure—a displeasure, however, more bitterly expressed against Eleanor than Philip; for a mother's heart, be it ever so chilly, is always willing to find excuses for her own child, even though his crime be the deadly sin of opposition to her will. Nothing could exceed her indignation at the poor orphan—nothing could surpass the terseness and eloquence of her declamations on the subjects of meanness, ingratitude, and low artifice. Poor Eleanor began to feel for the first time that to be dependent is a bitter thing. This state of affairs could not long remain without some change; and Sir Philip left Borrodaile Park, trusting that time would mitigate his mother's anger, and reconcile her to the idea of his marriage with Eleanor. But he had to deal with one who, though cold and slow in most of her feelings, was vehement in her wrath, and obstinate in her resolutions. He had scarcely left Borrodaile Park, when she directed against poor Eleanor a series of annoyances, so systematic and so pointed, that the friendless girl, patient and enduring as she was for some time, at last could bear no more. She entreated to be allowed to seek another residence.

"I can surely work!" said she, proudly, though her eyes were streaming with tears. "I can surely earn a livelihood somewhere—I can do any thing—any thing rather than remain under a roof where my presence is no longer welcome!"

"Pray, leave it, then," was the cold reply. "But believe me, Miss Arm-

strong, you shall not go where you will have the opportunity of disgracing yourself and your friends more than you have already done. You shall be placed in a situation where I know you will be safe, and have no further opportunity of acting in the deceitful manner you have lately done."

A fortnight after this conversation Eleanor Armstrong was installed in Miss Toogood's seminary as under teacher.

Before my heroine quitted Borrodaile Park, she had received a letter from her lover, full of passionate protestations of unalterable love, and entreaties that she would write to him while he remained at the little German village where he purposed passing some weeks. She had done so, and waited day after day in anxious expectation of a reply. None arrived, however, and she was compelled to leave the roof of Lady Borrodaile without receiving any assurance that Sir Philip was aware of her intended change of residence, or the harsh treatment which compelled her to the step she was taking. Should she write again? It was a long struggle between pride and love before she could prevail on herself so to do; but at length another epistle was written and despatched. Weeks passed by, still no letter came; and at length the high spirit began to droop and the light heart to despond. He must be ill—he must be dead, or—no! he could not have forgotten her!

But even that bitterest possibility seemed fixed on her belief, when, on taking up a newspaper which had wonderfully found its way through the outer barriers of Miss Toogood's establishment, she read an announcement of Sir Philip Borrodaile's arrival from the continent, and farther on a mysterious *on dit* respecting a projected union between himself and a certain Lady Honoria M——, with whose family he had formed an acquaintance in Italy, and with whom he had returned to England. I need not dwell on the violence of such a shock to poor Eleanor's feelings. She had a long and severe illness, and for weeks small hopes were entertained that she would survive. But a sound constitution and an elastic spirit will bear up marvelously through heavy troubles, and revive again and again from bitter mental suffering. Eleanor Armstrong had a truly affectionate heart, and she had loved with all the warmth and enthusiasm of which such a one

capable ; but still she was not the girl to die of love, or resolve to be miserable because she had known disappointment, especially when she remembered that the object of her attachment had proved himself unworthy of it. She rallied her pride and her spirit—called in the blessed aids of religion and reason, and in a few months the lovely under-teacher was as lovely as ever. There was, perhaps, a little more thought on her brow, a little more tenderness in her smile—but she was once more able to perform her duties with attention and energy, and her cheerful resignation and unrepining content won her the love and respect of every being near her whose heart was not utterly sheathed in the frost of selfishness.

I do not doubt that if Sir Philip Borrodaile had crossed her path no more she would in time have conquered the lingerings of attachment towards him which *would* sometimes rebel in her heart, and even might at some future day have practically proved that it is quite possible to love more than once. I say this *might* have happened, but the fates (in compassion to the romantic portion of my readers) had ordered otherwise, and Eleanor Armstrong was doomed to remain a heroine after the most approved fashion.

Perhaps Sir Philip may be forgiven for not answering Eleanor's letters, when it is explained that he never received them, and, moreover, was as fully convinced of her faithlessness as she was of his. Lady Borrodaile had managed to intercept the first of these missives, and the last did not reach the village to which it was addressed until the traveller had quitted it for another resting-place. True, he had left orders that any letter arriving after his departure should be immediately forwarded to him ; but the postmaster was absent, and the postmaster's wife put the letter in her huge pocket, where it lay, amongst a curious chaos of other matters, for a full week, and then, in her fright at having caused its delay, the worthy *Frow* committed it to the flames. Sir Philip, unable to account for his fair one's silence, wandered restlessly from place to place, and at length received a letter from his venerable parent, entreating him to return home, and informing him that Miss Armstrong had chosen to quit Borrodaile Park, but that she would not pain him by detailing any particulars of the affair until his return.

The baronet had contracted an ac-

quaintance, while on the continent, with an English nobleman, to whose party he speedily attached himself, and with them returned to England. His mother was delighted at this accident, for the family of the aforesaid nobleman was an ancient one, and his estates large, and she allowed to herself that the Earl of V——'s only daughter might be almost a sufficiently good match for the heir of Borrodaile Park. It was at her instigation that a newspaper paragraph had insinuated the probability of such a marriage, and by her direction that the paper was placed in the way of Eleanor Armstrong. To her son she was all warmth and affection. The untruths respecting Eleanor's conduct, which she rather hinted at than expressed, were of such a nature as to lead Sir Philip to suppose that his betrothed had acted in such a manner as to place an eternal bar betwixt them. She described Eleanor's departure from her protection as entirely her own spontaneous deed, and even denied any knowledge of her residence or situation. But Sir Philip clung long and obstinately to the memory of his early love ; and it was only on the very eve of his twenty-fifth birthday that his mother extracted from him a consent to pay a long-delayed visit to the Earl of V——, and if he should find Lady Honoria still as favourably disposed towards him as she once seemed to be, to offer her his hand. For this purpose he went to London. Lady Borrodaile had no fears respecting the possibility of his meeting with Eleanor, for her obsequious *confidante*, Miss Toogood, was carefully apprised of Sir Philip's intended journey, and had orders to keep her fair inmate pretty close during his stay in town. Great was the surprise of Miss Toogood when a gentleman called at the "establishment," and demanded an instant and private interview with Miss Armstrong. Greater still was her consternation when, on entering the drawing-room half an hour afterwards in an agony of uncontrollable curiosity, the gentleman announced himself as Sir Philip Borrodaile. Greatest of all was the anger of his lady mother when she was informed of the frustration of her schemes !

A fortnight after his memorable visit to the exhibition, Sir Philip Borrodaile kept his twenty-fifth birthday. In three months more a bridal party stood before the altar of St. George's, Hanover-square. Sir Philip Borrodaile was

the bridegroom, a bishop pronounced the blessing, I gave away the bride, and that bride was Eleanor Armstrong.

The portrait, which plays so conspicuous a part in this faithful narrative, still hangs in the gallery of Borrodaile Park. There are many others around it by far worthier hands than mine—pictures, for which hundreds

and thousands have been refused—pictures, that have raised the envy of half the connoisseurs in Europe—but there is not one which the master so dearly prizes as that which made its *debut* at Somerset House in the humble character of the "Portrait of a young lady."

HALF-A-DOZEN VOLUMES OF VERSE.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. SPARTACUS. | 4. IGNATIA. |
| 2. THE CATHEDRAL BELL. | 5. THE REIGN OF LOCKRIN. |
| 3. SELMA. | 6. THE DEVOTED ONE. |

Would that the public was more alive to the obligations conferred on it by critics, and duly appreciated their labours and their trials! for then, in place of being so often reviled as a virulent and graceless race, constitutionally captious, would they be designated by the meeter language of gratitude and admiration, dearly earned, as in very deed it is, by their signal probations of patience, their keen encounters with secret yearnings, and their arduous o'ermastering of rebellious faculties to some repulsive end.

Something to this effect have we just now reproachfully muttered to ourselves, as turning, something wearily, from the conscientious perusal of a submitted volume, to trim our nightly lamp, our eye has fallen upon a little pyramid of publications, silently, yet solicitously awaiting that adjudication on which their lease of life is so mainly to depend. But yet, we confess, our occasional feelings of distaste are strongly moderated by the whisperings of self-approval, when we reflect on the wide utility, and consequent dignity, of our vocation, and contemplate, for a moment, the disasters that would ensue were a simultaneous suspension of our labours to take place—the restrictive sluices of letters to be raised, and free admission given to the muddy tides that roll, ceaseless and sluggish, from a thousand unnoted quarters, and between which and the submersion of the lovely fields of literature, it is our boast to stand an incorruptible and saving barrier. Criticism, then, however it may stir the spleen of the small among the "irritable race," will ever appropriate the suffrages of the large-minded and judicious, who feel that, were its surveillance to cease, national taste, as such, would decline into meanness and perversity; and general literature, with occasional exceptions, take that character of shallowness and compliance, poverty and carelessness, slightness and showiness, which, in this altered condition of things, would suit public requirements as well, and private indolence much better, than a more thoughtful and laborious impress. Periodical criticism, to which we more especially allude, with the necessity which is its parent, is altogether of a modern date, and, in its rise and progress, has strikingly exemplified one of the cardinal maxims of economics, which, indeed, as the supply is measurably augmenting with the demand, still continues in process of illustration. Formerly, authors were neither so prolific nor so numerous as at present, for they wrote from the inward impulse of genius, and not from the artificial stimulants of worldly gain or vanity. Studying

"The lofty means to be for ever known;
And make the ages yet to come their own,"

they were content to lavish the energies of a lifetime upon the elaboration of some great work which, proposed to themselves in the sunshine of youth, was hardly finished amid the shadows of old age. They wrote not for contemporary applause,—for, in the existing state of things, that was not to be contemplated; not for gilded tokens of the world's approval,—for they saw their predecessors and their compeers "languishing for lack of carnal sustenance;" but they meditated on the great exemplars of ancient times—a fire within was kindled—they looked beyond the cloudy envelopment of the present—they burned to win that award from distant posterity which their darkened coevals denied; and, with the faith and the encouragement of something like prophetic instinct, they

secrated their energies to the completion of some great memorial which might carry their name into far futurity, and, in the contemplated acquisition of this undying inheritance, they spent their lives in un murmuring patience, and met their deaths in unflinching hope. *Multa dies, et multa litura*, prolonged attention and minute revision were practised and avowed : nor do we find any making boastful mention of their fruitfulness, or their facility ; but rather adducing the length of time and amount of labour expended on a work, in presumptive proof of its merit, and deprecation of severity. But, as Moliere's physician says, *nous avons changé tout cela*, in these days of quick production, and (let's be thankful for it) as speedy evanescence. The modern author has caught the fickle and restless spirit of his age, detests the toil whose retribution is remote, and, for his feverish and fitful span, reads, (quere?) and writes, and publishes—scintillates, and frets, and flutters, and then disappears—for aye : he has had his opportunity—he has scattered his seed—it has sprung up, fructified, and perished, and he and it alike are soon lost to sight and memory.

In former times, moreover, men of talent were generally content to excel in a few, and those kindred, pursuits, and rarely aimed at the combination of acquisitions which, if not in themselves incongruous, were yet so in relation to man's limited comprehension and fugitive existence ; and the palpable result is, that in the pursuits of literature, in all intellectual avocations, indeed—save physical science, a vast exception, we allow—in poetry, oratory, and the fine arts, they are easily our masters ; and this attributable, not to higher native talent or peculiar extrinsic advantages, but solely to their steady and unswerving dedication to such objects as, united in their tendencies, neither distracted by their number nor jarred by their diversity. But, now-a-days, a man of parts, to win and enjoy the name and privileges from his contemporaries—a lure which, placed, as it is, within their reach, few have firmness to withstand, and from the disastrous influence of which their predecessors were comparatively exempt—must be showily furnished at every point, and possess as many aspects as a Hindoo deity to suit the various phases of life. To be “wit, statesman, poet, orator combined,” will not half suffice. He must be a “fine gentleman”—of modish and unrepachable presence—fit to discourse, now, on the quadrature of the circle—and, now, on the almost equally mysterious combination of cuts which goes to a coat *comme il faut*, (vide Bulwer's “Pelham” for a disquisition on the subject)—profound and frivolous—light and reflective—erudite and superficial ; fit to figure with distinction as an *élégant* in some eclectic circle, or exhibit, with credit, as a philosopher in some grave convention, or conjoin both characters with, haply, half-a-dozen others, in some of those modern medleys ‘ycleped “reunions,” which the hybrid taste of the current era has called for and accomplished. But this is not all : the number of his pursuits and graces must yet be multiplied fully to see how the dissipation of power accounts for the paucity of the elements of permanence in his productions ; for, if he would achieve and maintain a high repute, he must have advanced some way in every walk of knowledge, be familiar with its chief features, and qualified to sketch them from memory at will—not selecting his materials as subordinate to some great and paramount end, but merely accumulating, for their own sakes, a multifarious assortment of facts which stick barren and mutually unaccommodating in his mind as they were stowed in, administering, 'tis true, to temporary convenience, character, and vanity, but not to composite and enduring beauty, vigour, and vitality.

It is in this wide distribution of finite faculties and consequent absence of attention to specific courses, we are to find the main cause of our declension, although co-operative reasons may be readily assigned, such as the exhaustion of many subjects, which deadens the sinews of authorship, freshness, and invention, and—to name another less noticed, but, in our mind, more influential—the prodigiously augmented, and still augmenting, number of publications, which, while it whets the appetite for mere abstract novelty irrespective of its nature, causes every new work to be hailed with the indifference of satiety, or with such poor and passing applause as is impotent to spur the indolent, the vain, the indigent, the spurious among writers, to efforts more difficult and tedious, while they are less specious and remunerative. It is not the most meritorious work which wins the largest share of present patronage, and the mass of literary men, viewing the embarkation of their intellectual wealth much as a greedy broker an investment in the stocks, prefer a speculation which, easily perfected, will

also pay well and speedily, to one which, with a larger and more laborious outlay, affords no better prospect of a palpable return.

"Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,
Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
The truly great, the genuine, the sublime,
Wins its slow way in silence; and the bard,
Unnoticed long, receives from after-time
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward!"

Impartial criticism may largely alleviate, but, under the circumstances, we are free to admit, cannot altogether countervail the evil influences which are thus at work upon the author's vanity, his necessities, or his worldliness, to reduce him, despite his own impulses, into slavish compliance with the low-pitched tastes of the living generation—tastes which, be it remembered, his own concessions only tend to degrade—thus, with a just retribution, augmenting the meanness and severity of his self-selected thralldom. We have justly spoken in the mass, for there are still, "faithful among the faithless," a few nobler and more self-denying spirits who rise superior to temptations which, in their existing degree, are peculiar to the age, and, relying on the encouragements and yielding to the impulses of their own genius, ever direct it to those "speculative heights" whence it can look "far adown the stream of time," and, in the foresight of future homage, find a generous quickener for its inspiration—a more than sufficient solace for its wrongs.

But we must not pursue these reflections too far, however incidental they may be even to a cursory note of literature, much more to the minuter survey of a reviewer, on whose attention the condition of letters and its causes press themselves with peculiar frequency and force. We shall, therefore, pass from the general topic to our present narrower and more specific task, premising—what is not always borne in mind—that a reviewer's verdict is, perhaps unavoidably, the result of two references, stronger or weaker according to circumstances; the one to the standard of abstract excellence; the other to the state of contemporary literature; which elements of opinion, whether expressed or latent, must be kept in view by those who would rightly appreciate the sentence of censure or commendation which may be passed. Thus, the measure of praise, due and given to many a work, is often consequent on a comparative estimate with the common-place character of its contemporaries, and not on its relation to the immutable criterion of merit—as we popularly calculate the elevation of a hill from its superiority to neighbouring objects, rather than from its position in regard to a universally true and unchanging level. The superabundant and ceaseless issues from the press rendering special notices of all impracticable; feigning, for the moment, such to be desirable, we would essay to cull from the current stock, in some particular line, such samples, and confer on each such comment as may serve, *pro tanto*, to place our readers in a position for adjudicating on the state of letters in the selected department. On the present occasion we have been obliged to combine in one *fasciculus*, works which, perhaps, a stringent regard to relative fitness would have kept asunder; but the untowardness of collocation, if any, and the brevity of the several notices, find their defence in the narrowness of our space as compared with the number of our claimants. Their distinctive characters are such as to defy any thing like a decent amalgamation, and we, therefore, present them *seriatim* as chance decides.

SPARTACUS.*—THE CATHEDRAL BELL.†

It will not be denied that, while the writer who looks to win a wreath in this essentially noble, but most difficult, species of composition, proposes to himself an object worthy of the very highest

powers, he, at the same time, incurs chances of failure more formidable and imminent than—with a very few exceptions—are to be dealt with in any other walk of literature. Witness the boot-

* *Spartacus*—a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Ridgway & Sons, Piccadilly.

† *The Cathedral Bell*—a Tragedy. By the same Author. London: John Miller, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

less efforts of many of our proudest names—the many beautiful creations which, despite the attractive freshness and colouring of genius, are yet dramatic but in style and structure—theoretic, if we may use the word, in essence and effect; to say nothing of the numberless and fast-fading productions of minor, but respectable, minds, whose vaulting ambition has spurred them to attempt the feat but only to fail therein. This consideration, while it multiplies the attractions of a triumph, should likewise mitigate the mortification of a defeat, as it shows that a man may be talented, erudite, tasteful, and accomplished—a competent candidate for many a species of intellectual fame, and yet lack that peculiar turn of mind and temperament which, superadded to a profound knowledge of the human heart, is necessary to achieve dramatic distinction. It is one, moreover, which, in charity of spirit, we would strenuously commend to the adoption of every luckless aspirant in this, and, indeed, in all other lines; as it will conduct to the consolatory conclusion that he, in common with many great men, has merely *mistaken* his line, and that, had he taken a different course, he might have accomplished notable things as well as they. And, to prolong the complacency consequent on this reflection, we would, still further, advise them, in nine cases out of ten, to acquiesce in this easy and grateful generality, and abstain from bearing to contract its limits, or dissipate its indistinctness, by resumed attempts to discover the niche in letters which nature has fitted them to fill.

As the result of one of the “fortuitous mistakes” thus innocently perpetrated, we must unhesitatingly rank the production now before us: and, judging from its deserts, would, we confess, albeit in depreciation of our critical sagacity, have probably informed the author that he had wandered into—to him—an altogether hopeless track, did not a subsequent composition of his—which we shall presently notice—supply strong hope that he was, in truth, the *unit* which we have providently excepted from every *decade* of unfortunate essayists.

As to the subject of the play before us, considered absolutely, none can impugn its fitness for the tragic writer, however strongly they may condemn the judgment which has adopted it in the present instance. It unquestionably possesses capabilities which, developed by one equal to the task, and gifted

“to build the lofty rhyme,” might furnish a tragedy fit to class with the noblest our country has produced. A Thracian shepherd, a captive in a strange land, stung with the injustice and oppression of his masters, and pining after his native freedom, rouses his energy to the great resolution of attempting his disenthralment, and rolling back their tyranny on his conquerors. In consequence, he consorts with a few other resolute spirits—decides for action—constructs his plans—strikes a successful blow for freedom in the arena—follows it up with splendid achievements in the field—hurls from its “pride of place” the eagle of imperial Rome, and humbles it beneath a shepherd’s crook—menaces her cities—routs her armies—shames her generals—treads upon her consuls; and then, just as he has enlarged and methodised his views, as became a towering spirit and a consummate leader, he is suddenly arrested in his high career—weakened by a concourse of mishaps—encountered by an overwhelming force, and, when he finds the tide of fortune has irrevocably ebbed, looks for and meets upon the field that death which fitly crowns a hero’s life. Does not such a man supply a theme, and such a fate, embracing almost the widest extremes of mortal condition and exhibiting its fearful instability, afford materials for a drama which might challenge any as to capacity for generous sentiment, just adornment, stirring action, commanding interest, subduing pathos? and yet no where does our author’s impartation of these qualities approach the degree which his subject not only admits, but invites, and, so to speak, in a manner constrains. He never displays that deep and ardent sensibility essential to portraying the passions with life-like power. He never seems to become, for the time, the character he describes, and animate his scenes with the strong and natural emotions of reality. The coldness and deadness of mere art, as distinguished from nature, is apparent throughout: the mere writer, and not the actor, is every where predominant: the glowing and spontaneous language of feeling finds, with him, but a sorry substitute in a frigid and foreign phraseology, which seems to owe its birth, not to the hasty spur of sentiment, nor yet to the correcter dictate of reflection, but rather to the casual instigations of what a modern metaphysician has styled the principle of *simple suggestion*, as con-

sidered apart from some reigning influence. If, amidst complex and pervading faults, it were desirable to distinguish what, in comparison, are but blemishes, it were easy to instance numerous violations of what are termed the *unities*—not merely those of time and place, the preservation of which, at the expense of objects inherently more important, is, in our mind, but a piece of pragmatic pedantry, but of that which is of real moment, the unity of action—abounding, as the drama does, in sentiments, by-scenes, supernumerary means, and digressive starts, which bear little relation to the catastrophe save that of priority. Nor do we relish his ill-managed recurrence to clumsy and antiquated machinery in the introduction of the Cumæan sybil in *propria persona*, whenever it suits his will or fancied need; giving, moreover, a most unclassical, albeit comical, portrait of the ancient beldam, who, in his hands, totally eschews the folly of oracular mysticism—*horrendas ambages*—and prates away with anile ease and garrulity; takes the air, too, in frequent excursions from her cave—vacates her adytum to be usurped by tricksters, and then flippantly excuses herself to her votaries for the consequent mishaps, by informing them, forsooth, with most conversational facility, that, on these occasions, “*she was not at home.*”

But with “*Spartacus*” we must have done. The author may complain, as we perceive he has already done in other cases, of the absence of excerpts in proof of our opinions; but in self-defence we would remind him of what Dr. Johnson said on a similar occasion—“To expunge faults where there are no excellencies is a task equally useless with that of the chemist, who employs the arts of separation and refinement upon ore in which no precious metal is contained to reward his operations.”

Having disposed of this unpleasant portion of our duty, we pass to another, and, we are happy to perceive, *subsequent* production of Mr. Jones,

THE CATHEDRAL BELL,

which, in truth, were we to judge from internal evidence alone, we should be slow to ascribe to the same source with its predecessor, so advantageously does it contrast with it in every point of moment. But the same fountain is known to send forth waters hot and cold at different periods; branches

sound and tainted spring from the same stock; children deformed and shapely acknowledge the same parent; and, in agreement with the analogy, more antitheses in authorship than we care to enumerate, are found to claim a common fatherhood. Conformably with this, we grant unity of parentage in the present cases, though while in disposition, conduct, vigour, and veresimilitude, the one is deplorably devoid of merit, the other, in all these points, possesses claims on our approval to which we readily accede. It enjoys throughout considerable power of attraction, judiciously disposed, and, in consequence, securing and augmenting our interest as the plot thickens to its consummation; while a solid substratum, if we except a few flaws, underlies, sustains, and combines the whole. In the interval of composition, which a prefatory notice would lead us to think considerable, the author's powers have evidently made a great stretch, and his taste and judgment become disciplined and confirmed—so much more do true conception and apt development—so much more do closeness, equality, and energy of thought and diction distinguish his present performance. The prevalent sentiment is strong and spirited—the style nervous and suitable—the entire composition of a warm and generous complexion; and, in few instances does he exhibit, as formerly, an ineffective straining after a tone of elevation to which he is unequal, but generally copes with his subject as fully adequate to it, and moves with ease and safety in that “middle range,” from which, we doubt not, he may, in time, successfully “*unlap his wing*” for a loftier flight.

The time of the play is during the wars between the Spaniards and the Saracens. Its scene is Saragossa, which is closely beleagued by *Francesco*, a renegade and leader of the Moorish forces; but which, under the skilful and uncompromising governorship of *Sebastian*, still maintains a stubborn though difficult defence. In this condition of things *Claudio*, Sebastian's son, with more impetuosity than prudence—

“Gets secretly to horse at dead of night,
And with a chosen few, his firmest friends,
Tries a most desperate onset to break through
The point deem'd weakest of th' encircling
lines :”

but, failing in his spirited enterprise, is

captured by the relentless renegade,
and condemned to die by torture,

"Ere set of sun upon the morrow,"

unless, meanwhile, the city be surrendered. Envoys are despatched to announce the alternatives to *Sebastian*. A struggle between his affection to his son and his fidelity to his sovereign ensues, but is speedily decided in favour of the latter: he keenly rebukes the bearer of the dishonourable proposal, and remands them to *Francesco* with the offer, instead, of a ransom in gold of untold value. They declare its utter futility, and depart. *Herodia*, *Sebastian's* wife, with whom a mother's love is paramount, inclines to listen to the terms, and eagerly but idly entreats her sterner husband's acquiescence. She with *Octavia* her daughter, are present at this and the preceding scene, where, as yet ignorant of *Francesco's* ruthless resolution, and confident in the redeeming power of wealth, they collect their respective stores of jewellery to swell the sum, furnishing a conjuncture so well conceived and so justly managed that, had we space, we would gladly yield to the temptation and transcribe it. *Ricardos*, an officer of note among the besieged, but in heart a traitor, having been rejected in his suit for *Octavia's* hand, resolves to apply this crisis to his benefit; and, after an unsuccessful interview with his mistress, in which he seeks to engage her to his wishes, in the event of his saving her brother's life, passes to *Francesco's* camp, and pledges himself to betray the town forthwith, if assured of the surrender of *Octavia* to what are now the united

cravings of his passion and his pride. As the renegade is readily closing with the conditions, they are broken in upon by *Herodia*, who, foiled in her efforts to overcome her husband's fidelity—for the breach of which the clamours of the starving townsmen might supply a ready pretext—now hastens to *Francesco* to try the power of a mother's eloquence in behalf of *Claudio*. He still, however, abides 'by his former terms, and, working on the love and terror of a distracted parent, at length engages her in *Ricardos's* compact, on the warrant of life and safety to herself and friends; and, in proof, transfers his signet. She is now admitted to *Claudio's* prison; but their interview, though dramatic enough, possesses, nevertheless, considerably less power than pretension. Simultaneously with this, *Sebastian*, with a body of veterans, resolves to attempt a rescue of his son by night, or, failing in that, reap his revenge at least. *Francesco* is apprised of his intention by a spy, and, benefiting by his absence, through the aid of *Ricardos*, enters the town, and closes the gate upon its governor. *Sebastian* discovers his error, and,

—————"like a lion from his den
Shut out, and snuffing strangers in his lair,"

speedily returns, and, furiously assaulting the gate, while the Moorish force is galled by the remaining garrison within, happily regains an entrance. The renegade rallies his routed troops before the Cathedral, and he and *Sebastian* meet each other face to face. The following describes the circumstances of their encounter:—

"*Fran.*—Stand to your ground! we here, at least, have space
To fight unhampered; ye are not the men
I took ye for, to yield him up the gate,
Because, forsooth, the narrow way forbade
Fair elbow-room to fight, and brought you knocks
From walls and house-tops, like a storm of hail—
Is not my head as precious to me, slaves!
As any man's among you? Yet did I
Put this my breast's defence above my ears,
And, shrinking, cry, as ye did, 'back, aback?'
Whose is to command, to cry 'aback,'
Or 'On, on, on,' and be obey'd, but mine?
Oh! I could gnash my teeth for very shame:
Ye lost me by your cowardice this chance,
This vantage of all vantages—his doors
Made fast against our enemy, and we
Snug in his hold, to mock him through the bars.

(*Trumpets, shouts, and tumult in the distance.*)

Ay! they have cause to shout: now clench your arms,
Serry your ranks, and summon all your powers;

And for their shouts that riot in your shame,
Tap blood enough to wash that shame away.
Stand to the shock like men! the Christians come!
Stand! for your Prophet, stand!

(Sebastian comes up with succours.)

Seb.—Stand back, ye gallant hearts! this prey is mine,
And God, in mercy, gives it to my sword.
Now, if for guilt so measureless as thine,
Thou would'st ask pardon, not of me, but Heaven,
Brief be thine agony of prayer, thy cry
To One, perchance, may hear thee! I am old,
But never was my prime age half so strong,
To tear a rogue's heart from his bloody corpse,
As I am grown in looking on the worm
Who, in cold blood, had purposed to destroy
The paragon of youths—my son, my child!

Fran.—Now, lack thy wind.

Seb.—For God! and for my child!

(Seb. rushes on furiously, but Fran. fights with caution.)

A Sold.—The Renegade is tame.

Fran.—Thanks, Christian fool!

You minister a stimulus for which
Your chief shall shower you curses.

Seb.—Devil! no!

For never shalt thou 'scape to kill my boy.

Fran.—Thou, dotard! let it paralyse thine arm—
I've done him unto death.

Seb.—Now, hell gape wide,
To catch a soul so damn'd as never yet
Shriek'd in its lake of fire. Thy words, thou fiend!
Have nerv'd my arm with frenzy's horrid might,
To stab thee thro' the heart.

*(Seb. runs his sword through Fran., and at the same time
receives his thrust.)*

Fran.—Ha! ha! thou'rt touch'd;
Go join thy brat that mock'd me.

*(Fran. falls, then rises on one arm. Seb. is supported
by a soldier.)*

Seb.—Oh! thou blot!
Thou horrid incarnation! my son's blood
Sues God for thy perdition.

Fran.—His is sealed.

I triumph o'er thee, dotard, and thy dead!
For every pang thou feel'st, ten such felt he!

Voices—Ho! succours, succours! Claudio!

(Claudio enters with fresh troops.)

Seb.—Do I live!

Clau.—He call'd my mother 'traitress'; for his lie
I smote him—for his treason, now, have slain.
My new-found succours! take your leader's word—
Ricardos was a villain. He is dead.

Seb.—Did'st thou not, Renegade?—gnash, gnash thy fill,

(Seeing Fran. staring wildly on Clau.)

Thou murderer in intent, baulk'd of thy triumph!
Did'st thou not boast thou slay'dst him? Son! my son!
Look you, my boy! what I have done to prove,
Old as I am, a father's boundless love.
I feel no pangs, but joy beyond compare!
My son! my son!

(Totters into his arms.)

Fran.—So, my assassin failed!
Curse on his recreant hand! Oh, God, the pain!

Seb.—Call on your Prophet, Renegade! 'tis I,
Whose son is sav'd, can bless my God.

Fran.—

And damn.

(Thunder and lightning.)

Seb.—I die rejoicing. Renegade, repent!

Fran.—I do repent ye 'scaped me! Nazarene!

My adoration, ere the Prophet's creed
Turn'd me apostate from my father's faith,
And made amends in glory, wealth, and power,
I do disown thee. I do not repent—
The Prophet is my God!—'tis dark, girl! dark!
What art thou whispering, restless one?—'tis chill!
There are two moons—the stars are reeling down,
Again, thou restless one! oh! dismal sound!
The Renegade remembers—that is hell!

(*The maniac* enters wildly. The Cathedral bell tolls.*)

Maniac—Now is thy fate fulfill'd—thy knell is rung!
Truth is avenged—repent, repent, repent!
Toll, spirits, toll—vile clay to viler clay!
Dark spirits, toll; and blessed spirits, pray!

(*Staggers off, beckoning him, and falls from sight,
at the edge of the distance.*)

Fran.—'Tis she—'tis she—her call must be obey'd,
Explicit as the judgment-trump of doom!
An ague's at my heart—a sick, faint thrill,
A flash upon my brain. Ha! no!—so soon?
The Renegade—would—he could—

(*Dies.*)

Seb.—Repent!

Join me in prayer—again, the solemn bell
Tolls through the welkin of its own accord.

(*They cross themselves, and join in silent devotion till the tolling ceases.*)

Sebastian expires immediately after, happily unconscious of the frailty of his wife, who just then re-enters on the scene. Her heart, however, is broken by the united shock of reflection and, present horror, and vainly soothed by her children, she soon breathes her last by her husband's corpse.

A perusal of the original, to which our notice may invite, will satisfy the reader that it possesses conjunctures of high dramatic point and excellence, and that—if common sense may intrude upon the mysteries of management—fitly represented, it would tell with unequivocal and retributive effect. The whole, doubtless, would require supervision by the eye of experience to pro-

duce that adaptation in minor matters without which intrinsic merit, as we often see, is crippled in its power; but this done, as usual in such cases, we entertain no doubt of a favourable result.

Faults and failings of serious moment in microscopic eyes, as well as such as are worthy of more candid apprehension, might unquestionably be adduced; but, agreeing in the main with Swift, that "Criticism, contrary to other faculties of the intellect, is generally the truest and the best when it is the first result of the critic's mind—as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom miss the mark if they stay not for the second," we gladly allow ourselves to be swayed, unmolested, by our primary impression.

SELMA.†

To give any thing like a detailed argument of this metrical romance, or "novel in rhyme," as the author not unfittedly denominates it, would, with our

limitations, be impracticable, so numerous, adventitious, and diversified are its incidents and episodes. Revelling in a limitless and most attractive range,

* An unfortunate with whom Francesco had some dark dealings at some former period, and who is invested by the author with certain mysterious powers of influence and locomotion, to deepen the hue of the tragedy, we presume, as, in themselves, she and they are quite extraneous to the story. Hence this necessary explanation in a foot-note. With the same view it must be, that the bell of the cathedral above-mentioned—whence the title of the play—is, ever and anon, made to toll most marvellously of its own accord.

† Selma. A Tale of the Sixth Crusade. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

he soon wearies of the harassing restrictions of regular scheme, and, letting his fancy away upon the wing, freely follows as she leads, wherever caprice, or chance, or charm decides, as his easy and ever-shifting pages testify.

"Sicut aqua tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
Omnia pervolat late loca, jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti."

But what by a more methodical structure the author might have gained in dignity and condensation, we think we can gather from his genius he would have lost in fluency and ease; and we are content, therefore, to receive his wild fertility and graceful *abandon* in lieu of the more orderly, but tamer attractions he might otherwise have conferred. A slender warp of fact is, however, at intervals, introduced, with the aim of imparting a historical *prestige*, while it is yet so interwoven with the rich and many-coloured web of fiction, as to combine therewith the peculiar charms and picturesqueness of irregular romance. It purports to be a tale of the chivalrous times of the Seventh* Crusade, or that of the renowned St. Louis, who, shining alike in valour and in virtue, is, with other names well known to story, incidentally introduced, so as to bestow an air of verity and elevation, and a glow of brightness on the poem. Albert—a noble youth of our own green isle—the epitome of all that is admirable in knightly excellence and manly piety—is the hero; and serves against the infidels with the Earl of Salisbury and other illustrious English volunteers, who seek that fame under the chivalric St. Louis, from the pursuit of which their own less aspiring sovereign had withdrawn.

At the storming of Damietta (an easy performance, by the way, as history tells us it was carried by St. Louis without a stroke—*mais il n'importe*) Albert rescues from the death decreed against her, Selma, a lovely and high-born infidel, who, being in due time

reclaimed from her evil creed by Anselm, a holy monk, becomes the affianced love of her deliverer, and the interesting heroine of the romance. True to the faith of her adoption, and the love of Albert, she incurs the vindictive fury of her relatives and former suitor, is artfully seized on and carried off by the latter, dauntlessly followed by her Christian lover in disguise; and out of their ever-varying adventures in captivity and in freedom, in sunshine and in shade, in separation and communion, the author has wrought his rich mosaic—illustrated, too, by scattered sketches of Egypt's storied scenery, which are most graceful, and of her everlasting and stupendous monuments, which are, perhaps necessarily, defective, and as good as, under the circumstances, we are entitled to expect. But yet the strain of the whole is not suited to the present period: it is "behind the time" in its appearance: the public taste has moved from the point at which it especially—and, we grieve to add, poetry in general—could tell with its ancient power, and will not be arrested but by the united radiance of such another constellation of "Shining Ones" as even the young among us has beheld; though now, alas! the brightest have left their spheres, and those remaining become faint and glimmering in their loneliness. The author of "Selma," however, if we judge him rightly, is one to whom "poetry has been its own 'exceeding great reward,'" and will not reck a chill reception of his efforts, as one more laborious and less favoured might. The song "free from a minstrel spirit flung" will surely well repay itself, though there be none to extol its excellence; as he who awakes his harp in solitude is rewarded by as rich a harmony as if the admiration of thousands rested on his strain.

As a specimen of the style, we subjoin a few passages, selected, not so much on account of their relative superiority, as their easy separation from the context:

"THE NILE.

"Majestic stream! upon thy breast
Peace sits enthroned, and sober rest;
As if, from Eden issuing forth,
Amid the torrent floods of earth,

* The author, with strange oversight, commits an anachronism in the very title of his poem, which professes to be a tale of the *sixth* crusade, which was that distinguished as the Emperor Frederick's, and, by many years, antecedent to the expedition of St. Louis, or the *seventh*, to which he refers.

Thy spring unseen, thy source unknown,
 Thou roll'st, a lovely emblem, on,
 Of the pure mind, 'mid strife and sin
 Of this rude world, all lonely thrown,
 Borne meekly down, by calm wave drawn
 From Faith's deep founts unseen.—

“ As one, whom slow disease and pain,
 Long from the cheerful air retain,
 Where nature's charms no sweetness shed,
 Upon his sad and joyless bed ;
 If, bearing health, the balmy spring
 Return, on soft and fragrant wing,
 To chase the sickly taint of death
 With its pure touch and genial breath—
 Oh ! how at first, his eager eye
 Ranges o'er earth, and air, and sky,
 Which open on his dazzled view,
 Like some fair world, created new !
 How every infant leaf that blows,
 More sweetly smells than summer rose ;
 How every chirping note along,
 Seems rival to the throstle's song ;
 And even the humblest daisy's blow
 Shows lovelier than the garden's glow.

—“ It is a lovely day !—how blue,
 How silent, how composed they are,
 These skies and waters, shining through
 The sparkling atmosphere—
 There's not a breeze or breath, to shake
 The crystal of Menzale's lake ;
 There's not a wave or circlet seen,
 To crisp around her islands green ;—
 Or, if a shade the surface streak,
 Or, if a wave its smoothness break,
 It is the shadow of ocean bird,
 Above the sunny mirror sweeping ;
 It is the curl its foot has stirr'd,
 As o'er the motionless blue it oar'd,
 And waked the waters sleeping.
 —Above—around—through earth and sea,
 There's stir of many a feathered thing,
 Which buoyant, or on wave, or wing,
 Floats there, or flits tumultuously.
 Far seen his snowy plume and crest,
 Like white sail, in the ocean waste,
 Or foam-wreath on the distance cast,
 A huger swan, the pelican,
 As monarch of the feather'd train,
 Apart, and silent on the flood,
 Sits in the watery solitude :
 As if he scorn'd the punier race—
 As if he felt one joy might wait,
 On sad and solitary state,
 So cheerless else, and desolate,
 The pride of regal loneliness.”

On the whole, “Selma” displays a copious, but often interrupted, vein of thought, a just appreciation of grace, and comparatively few of those cheap and spurious passages which, though at first they present a glittering aspect, yet when stripped of the tinsel of euphuistic covering, stand confessed as destitute and meagre common-places. But the author has not without injury enjoyed the “fatal facility” of the octosyllabic verse, which, in too many

instances, has courted him to abridge labour at the expense of elegance and vigour, and adopt superficial modes of expression, which, while they suit the rhythm, painfully impair the power and precision of the thought. The evil is, however, so strongly incidental to the measure as to have subjected to it the many able writers who, captivated by its ease and sprightliness, its peculiar fitness for brilliant narrative, and abrupt and startling transitions, have been induced to forego, in its favour, the more difficult, stately, and sonorous heroic. These qualities, though desirable, are dangerous, and, with its

digressive tendency, its slender and easily extended length, and its strong antipathy to compression, have led the author to prolong his poem to a degree unusual and disadvantageous. The termination of twelve ample cantos still leaves the story in suspense, and, we presume, it will take another dozen to contain the sequel. This, we submit to him, though it may prolong the "pleasure of production," considerably abridges that of perusal, as the spirit and interest *necessarily* become thereby diluted, and the narrative *probably* halting, rambling, and unjointed.

IGNATIA.*

A PLEASING and unlaboured effusion, full of feminine delicacy, evidently the fruit of a genuine impulse, and free alike from the stiffness and, we had nearly said, the stability of pre-meditation. It is one of those creations of softness and seclusion which demand both for their due appreciation—unfit to respond to the rough and stirring requirements of the times, or ruffle it successfully with its bolder and more robust competitors. The authoress is already known to the poetic public and to our readers as a sweet and attractive writer, not meanly skilled in that music of language which expresses the music of the mind; and her present volume will not be unacceptable to such as can relish delicate harmony of sentiment when fittingly embodied. It is a tale of that which hath been and which shall be—lovers' vows and lovers' frailty, a topic wherein most female poets, with the fervour and unity of feeling pre-eminently theirs, find their most frequent and most ardent inspiration. The forsaken fond one sings her own lament; and though the subject be strictly single, the accessories

few, and the thoughts all closely kindred and concentric, yet this simple theme and narrow range contain what most of all has absorbed and agitated human feelings. Ignatia is an orphan, rich and beautiful, the child of Eastern romance and Spanish loftiness, and unites in herself the characteristic fervour and reserve of each. She derives from the excess of these last a somewhat clouded lot, and notwithstanding her high gifts, dwells in self-sought seclusion, friendless and solitary, amid her own fair but untenanted domains. But loneliness is not always "the nurse of high thoughts" only, and to her had proved the parent of wayward and morbid aims, when the casual intrusion of Leon—an accomplished stranger—upon her speculative solitude, dissipates her airy phantasies, and draws on a living object all her thoughts. They mutually woo, and win, and wed, and, for a time, in the rich flush of youthful feeling, gather profuse and perfect happiness. But Leon, anon, tires of this too easy lapse of life, as his watchful companion often reads in his languid attention and wistful looks.

— — — "Upon his brow had crept
A gradual weariness, a moody gloom,
And listlessly his step did roam around
Her broad domains, and oft impatiently
She saw him gazing towards the circling bound
Of the blue mountains, or upon the sky
Turning all restlessly a longing eye;
As if the sight of all free, wandering things—
The clouds, the eagle—made him long for wings."

Framing an excuse, at length, he left her to return, he feigned, "ere the new moon,"

— — — "In ample time to share
And sympathise in all the loving care
Of her young motherhood—"

* Ignatia and other Poems. By M. A. Browne. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster-row.

Time, however, sped to falsify his words—doubt darkened into despair—the loss of her child, “the miniature of him she loved,” stripped her home of its last, solitary charm, and soon led

her to desert it in search of him from whom, though false, she could not, for a moment, sever her affections. And now, she stood,

—————“A weary stranger in a vast
And noisy city,”

before Leon’s gaily lighted and festive dwelling. That night, heedless and vain, the deceiver gave a mask, and, entering unnoticed with the motley

throng of revellers, for a time, with scrutiny severe and dark presentiment, she vainly sought him amid the brilliant concourse. But, anon,

“The crowd fell back, and from a distant door
Glided a form, which, ever seen before,
May never be forgotten: very slight
Was that young maiden, and the robe of white
Flowed like a cloud around her; sunny hair
Fell loosely o’er her shoulders; smooth and fair
As ivory was her brow; her little foot
Paced o’er the marble as a snowfall mute;
Her mouth was small and roseate, and a smile
Played there like summer lightning; but the glance
Of her clear eyes—those might, indeed, beguile
The coldest heart, unto the utterance
Of admiration! They were sweet and mild,
And yet at times as timid, startled, wild,
As are a half-tamed fawn’s. She paused, and raised
Those winning eyes, and, whilst in silence gazed
The listening crowd, from those rich lips she poured
Such melody as thrills the inmost heart;
Now, like the lark, its thrilling sweetness soared,
Now, like the dying swan, complained apart;
Now, murmured low and soft, like woodland rills,
Now wakened like the torrent of the hills,
To wilder notes. When ceased that glorious strain
It was a moment ere we breathed again;
And when was broken that delicious thrall,
Fair Isabel was passing from the hall.
—Whose was the smiling face that bent towards her’s,
With the devotion of a worshipper’s?
Whose was the proffered hand that led her forth?
Was not *he* there, my lonely hope on earth?
Even so. I knew too well the stately tread,
The curls that clustered round the graceful head;
Mine eyes grew dim, my forehead throbbed and burned,
And, ere my startled consciousness returned,
The twain were gone.”

Ignatia passes from the bewildering scene to hide or mitigate her agony; but now

“There were slow steps upon the terraced walk,
And two came forward, mingling gentle talk,
Even such as lovers use”—

and sight and hearing testify to her too truly, that the perjured Leon is wooing, too resistlessly, the lovely Isabel to fly. Insensibility and fever happily supervene to suspend, for a time, the horror of the revelation, and, long ere she has recovered, Leon has fled irrevocably to consummate his frailty in a foreign land.

The extract above, it will be acknowledged, remarkably evinces, in its life-like vividness and grace, the poetic

faculty of conjuring up a lovely prototype, and in its truthfulness and freedom, the pictorial skill of giving “a local habitation and a name” to a beautiful, but, only for it, a still impalpable, imagining.

The volume in general manifests the distinctive excellencies of the authoress’ sex—delicacy, refinement, vivacity, and fervour; and, if not altogether free from the usually associated fragility and evanescence, it is only in accord-

ance with the converse of the principle known to economists as that of compensation, by which exuberance, in one respect, is counteracted by deficiency in another.

A *mélange* of shorter pieces—among which we would distinguish “Leodine” and “Queen Guinever’s Hair” for their ballad naïveté and simplicity—forms an agreeable conclusion to the volume.

THE REIGN OF LOCKRIN.*

A poem springing from the ancient fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth, with regard to the primeval race of British kings, but modifying the venerable bishop’s legend by such serviceable circumstances as suit a poet’s need. Whatever be the capacity of the general theme for epic composition, we do not admire the author’s judgment in the selection of his particular topic, nor do we conceive that, even when adopted, it has yielded its utmost to his treatment. Indeed, of its own proper fitness for a poem, irrespective of his management, we entertain no very high opinion. Few take an interest in the dim and distant, when unaccompanied by the magnificent or the momentous; the attraction of mere antiquity is insufficient to secure our sympathy, and the poet who pitches his scenes in a rude, barbarian age, naked alike of any association of interest or grandeur—who avowedly neglects, moreover, any attempt at fidelity of conception or truth of portraiture, viewing the past, not in its own, but in a light reflected from the present—can, in fairness, only contem-

plate for his production a cold reception, and a speedy restoration to that congenial obscurity with which it deals. Antiquity in itself has majesty, and its clouds and darkness their appropriate gloom and grandeur; but it is not to every one they will yield their lighting, and the eye soon wearies of an unrelieved expanse of lowering and impervious mists.

But setting aside this primary defect, which belongs to the scheme and substance of the poem, and not to its execution as it exists, it assuredly possesses no weak infusion of a poetic spirit. The strain is wild, tender, and melancholy—the outline fragmentary and irregular—the entire remote from the usual haunts of memory and fancy. The impression it leaves upon the mind is dim and indefinite, and, like diagrams drawn on the forsaken shore, soon to be effaced by the reflux of ordinary habitudes of sentiment and thought. It is as a dream when we awake—strange, baseless, and, but for a brief space, influential. To quote the same similitude in our author’s apter language:—

“The theme is but a broken one—like what
In sleep will lead the mind through many ways,
Pourtraying forms or deeds to troubled thought,
Irregularly joined; yet, in the maze
Of their dark wand’rings, showing how to raise
Conjecture from strange things half heard or seen,
Until th’ awakened sense before it lays
A tale of the long night, from what hath been,
At first, but deemed a wild, or too imperfect scene.”

The style is singularly equal, easy, and euphonical. A constant sense of the becoming is perceptible throughout—a sense, however, of that species which is apt to decline into timidity, and nullify the license, and, so to speak, audacity of thought, which is the poet’s privilege, and, in a great degree, his power. The adjustment of this faculty, so as to control, without preponderating, in the mental economy, is, by the way, a matter of infinite moment, as well as of the rarest attainment; and it is obvious that it is to its disproportion we are chiefly to trace, on the one side, the insipid moderation of such as indite “prose fringed with

rhyme,” and on the other, the helmless deviations of the mere rhapsodist into the “wide inane” of nonsense. Its general excess or defect, with the attendant evils, is of easy illustration in the works of many, but its constant perfection of proportion, we may safely assert, in those of none. In our author it seems excessive, and, consequently, he displays—what is at once the privilege and penalty of genius—a deep and tender sensibility, much more than the other main constituent—a fervid and creative fancy. While a quickening current of genuine, if not lofty, sentiment pervades the entire, the evidence of “a shaping mind” is rare—

* The Reign of Lockrin. London: Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

the range of illustration, limited and obvious, consisting with that general tropical style inseparable from verse, of a few trite and oft-reiterated similitudes coeval with Homer, and so exceedingly natural, expressive, or familiar, as to spring spontaneous to the summons of the meanest imagination. This defect is, we feel assured, in a great part superinduced and not inherent. A desire to steer clear of what is far-fetched or meretricious, has led him to forego the search of what is original and captivating. But, be this as it may, subtract from his stock of similes, moonbeams, storms, torrents, and a few such well-worn and veteran auxiliaries, and the fee-simple of the remainder will be but little worth. The epic or narrative portion is scanty to the last degree, but for this we may find

some compensation in its wildness and eccentricity. The portraiture is fugitive, shadowy, and imperfect, but still the scattered lineaments are relatively just and true; though, as an individual item, the revenge of Gondolah on her beautiful and guileless rival for Lockrin's love, is far too hideous to be probable, and, even though it were within the pale of truth, far too horrible to be admitted in a species of composition whose aim is to refine upon reality. The Spenserian stanza, to which the public ear has been, of late days, thoroughly familiarized, is that adopted, and, in this case, certainly with judgment, as, both in its nature and associations, it is by much the best suited to catch and to communicate the peculiar spirit of the theme.

THE DEVOTED ONE.*

A casual incursion into the contents of this volume, excited expectations from which a more correct and formal scrutiny made large deductions. We happened to alight on some of the felicitous snatches which, good in conception, and equally so in expression, lighten here and there throughout it, and, reading therein indications of a ripened intellect and an educated taste, trustfully turned *con amore* to a consecutive perusal. But (we speak of the *Devoted One*, and not of the appended poems) there is a wide difference between the collection of some fine materials, and the raising of a noble edifice—the discovery of some valuable constituents and their adjustment in that due relation which gives strength and symmetry to a composition. It will not suffice the poet's purpose to seize and note down the bright thoughts which, in some happy moment of excitement, have gratified his aspirations, and, connecting them with the dull and low-pitched productions of an ordinary mood, complacently contemplate the discrepant and ill-circumstanced performance. He must not trust to such precarious contributions, and, acquiescing in the deceptive supposition that wide and frequent alternations are the notes of genius, merely submit himself to the random impulses of nature as contradistinguished from, and independent of, art; and conceive that her beautiful

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These remarks, we are happy to say, do not in their fulness attach to the contents of the volume before us; but are yet so far applicable, as to be at once suggested by a comparison of our author's shorter essays with the more elaborate dramatic composition which gives the title to his book. While he exhibits imagination, sentiment, phraseology, and judgment sufficient for the former, he brings, we

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The *Devoted One* (*Bertha*) terminates her career under the sacrificial knife, with the first scene of the second act; her lover (*Cathul*) then takes up the part of hero, and occupies the foreground till the end of the same, when he declines into inaction and insignificance; and the third, the remaining portion of the piece, is appropriated to *Boadicea*, who, heretofore a minor accessory, is now advanced to prominence, and principally sustains the drama until its tragic termination.

As thus, in the plot, it appears the author allows himself ample latitude, so, in the subordinate conduct and colouring, he is not a whit the less disposed to overleap the bounds which a moderate regard to descriptive accuracy and consistency of keeping would prescribe. He thus introduces, as it were, hap-hazard, a commixture of creeds—Druidic, Gothic, and Judaic—

a confusion of customs, and a style of intercourse and demeanour which would assuredly provoke the malison of an antiquary, properly so called, if any of that testy race should chance to read it. The repeated invocations of Lucifer, and reference to his expulsion and his doom—the introduction of the Gothic idol, Odin, as the object of Druidical worship—the pompous descriptions of the plumed and steel-clad hosts of Britain, &c. furnish obvious instances; while with respect to those other points of propriety, the observance of which is certainly no mean merit, though their neglect may be a venial error, we find frequent perversions of the cardinal doctrine and ceremonial of the Druids—witness the characters surrounded with circumstances to which we cannot but remember they were altogether strangers, and hear them deliver themselves in a strain which, however it might suit the nineteenth century, ill consists with our conceptions of those dark and distant times. With regard to difficult and harassing conjunctures, and not a few such occur, the author evinces but little foresight to avoid, and, what is worse, but little labour or ingenuity to extricate himself from the perplexities in which he has been heedlessly involved. These arise partly from the defective basis of the play, and partly from a hasty acquiescence in his first suggestions as to the sentiment and incident, without sufficient apprehension of their bearings.

The sudden transition of the veteran *Ulgar*, on hearing his daughter's doom, from being, one moment, a god-like chief, to being, in the next, a drivelling dotard, is felt at once to be a rude and hasty expedient to evade the expenditure of thought and device which a more natural procedure would have imposed. The momentary resurrection of *Cathul*, likewise, after so long a withdrawal from the scene, to consummate the fate of the traitor *Luell*, with his immediate relapse into the embrace of death, bears an exceedingly inartificial and make-shift character; and, in the protracted exhibition at the witch's cave, the aggregation of ghostly monstrosities presented to us is obviously gratuitous—untowardly appearing, as they do, without being summoned, and then ridiculously vanishing like a herd of frightened school-boys, at the production of the old hag's switch, without having contributed an iota to any submitted purpose.

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As thus, in the plot, it appears the author allows himself ample latitude, so, in the subordinate conduct and colouring, he is not a whit the less disposed to overleap the bounds which a moderate regard to descriptive accuracy and consistency of keeping would prescribe. He thus introduces, as it were, hap-hazard, a commixture of creeds—Druidic, Gothic, and Judaic—

a confusion of customs, and a style of intercourse and demeanour which would assuredly provoke the malison of an antiquary, properly so called, if any of that testy race should chance to read it. The repeated invocations of Lucifer, and reference to his expulsion and his doom—the introduction of the Gothic idol, Odin, as the object of Druidical worship—the pompous descriptions of the plumed and steel-clad hosts of Britain, &c. furnish obvious instances; while with respect to those other points of propriety, the observance of which is certainly no mean merit, though their neglect may be a venial error, we find frequent perversions of the cardinal doctrine and ceremonial of the Druids—witness the characters surrounded with circumstances to which we cannot but remember they were altogether strangers, and hear them deliver themselves in a strain which, however it might suit the nineteenth century, ill consists with our conceptions of those dark and distant times. With regard to difficult and harassing conjunctures, and not a few such occur, the author evinces but little foresight to avoid, and, what is worse, but little labour or ingenuity to extricate himself from the perplexities in which he has been heedlessly involved. These arise partly from the defective basis of the play, and partly from a hasty acquiescence in his first suggestions as to the sentiment and incident, without sufficient apprehension of their bearings.

The sudden transition of the veteran *Ulgar*, on hearing his daughter's doom, from being, one moment, a god-like chief, to being, in the next, a drivelling dotard, is felt at once to be a rude and hasty expedient to evade the expenditure of thought and device which a more natural procedure would have imposed. The momentary resurrection of *Cathul*, likewise, after so long a withdrawal from the scene, to consummate the fate of the traitor *Luell*, with his immediate relapse into the embrace of death, bears an exceedingly inartificial and make-shift character; and, in the protracted exhibition at the witch's cave, the aggregation of ghostly monstrosities presented to us is obviously gratuitous—untowardly appearing, as they do, without being summoned, and then ridiculously vanishing like a herd of frightened school-boys, at the production of the old hag's switch, without having contributed an iota to any submitted purpose.

We shall not direct attention to minuter points, comprehending that extensive class which, being of ready apprehension but tedious expression, is better reserved for the reader's sagacity; nor can we report otherwise than in a general way upon the beauties and excellencies which are strewed throughout, as unfortunately they are so interwoven with an inferior context, as to forbid quotation in their associated state, and, at the same time, to render the task of separation forcible and unsatisfactory. Many of the faults, however, it should be kept in view, are the offspring of carelessness, indolence, or inexperience, and thus far remediable; and this consideration, while it leaves the composition defective as it stands, will yet largely mitigate the censure which, without it, might be passed on the capacity of the writer.

Of the supplementary matter of the volume we are, as we have hinted, able to speak in laudatory terms. Being chiefly the results of sudden impulses, short but vigorous, they afford but little scope for the admission of those defects which we have noticed in his more complex and systematic performance; and embracing without exceeding, exercising without exhausting

the points and powers in which he excels, are, in the main, attractive, diversified, and well supported. His genius manifestly inclines to the descriptive rather than the dramatic line, and, when he pretermits the dangers and difficulties of the latter, he often expatiates with a force and freedom which imply no mean degree of mastery. We submit some fragments, which will, however, but imperfectly exemplify the tone and character of his shorter compositions, which embrace a variety of topics, versified in a variety of measures. The first is from a poem entitled "The Solitary," embodying a strange and fanciful conception, being descriptive—purely in a poetical way, of course—of the fate and feelings of a youth, who, cast on a desert isle in infancy, grows up the only being of his race among the denizens of the wild, still developing, however, the native supremacy and nobility of man, despite the shackles of hostile circumstance, and the inability of the dumb creation round to raise or answer to his aspirations. The lines will serve to represent a style to which the author's taste is prone, and in which he is frequently extremely happy.

"A solitary isle amidst the deep
Blue billows of the wide Pacific—where
The mighty waters, covering half our world,
Roll in the glad embraces of the sun;
A gorgeous isle, a living paradise,
Starting above the ocean warm and wild;
And silent as a solitary cloud,
Pillow'd far up beside the dreaming moon:
A calm retreat—as beautiful, and as rich
In all the sweet variety of shade,
As nature ever planted in the sea;—
Where summer spreads an endless bed of flowers
For time and silence to repose themselves
Amidst the scented perfume."

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"He was a strange enthusiast of the wild—
A poet, whose rapt soul was fed and fired
At nature's holiest altar. He had thoughts
Lofty as ever swell'd the human heart;
Wild wandering images of majesty,
Befitting his fair birth-place—but, alas!
Fated as are the lonely clouds of morn,
To pass away in silence; and he felt,
Although unseen, a dim mysterious link,
Which bound him, as he thought, to other forms
Than those which breath'd around him; his delight
Was oft to shun their wanderings, and climb
Alone some mountain's solitary crest,
When the sky swam in beauty; and the sun,
The centre of magnificence, like God,

Look'd through the golden curtains of the eve
 On a majestic and delightful world.
 Yes, he would sit like statue, motionless,
 Silently worshipping the setting orb,
 Far flashing o'er the waters; his bright eye
 Beaming in speechless rapture, and his heart
 Bursting to find expression of his praise.
 And when at last the mighty king of day
 Vanished behind the ocean, leaving heaven
 And the broad deep one matchless world of fire,
 Oft would he stretch his hands as if to catch
 The dying splendour—while adown his cheek
 Tears, wrung from out their hidden chamber, chased
 Each other—and his spirit felt a pang
 Like one departing from an early love."

In the numerous instances of that species of writing which may be styled diminutive epic, as narrative of some striking historic occurrence, we find considerable skill and energy in grouping and advancing salient points so as

to confer spirit, brevity, and comprehension. It were easy, as well as agreeable, to multiply illustrations; but a few stanzas from "The Death of Napoleon" must suffice, and, at the same time, form a desirable conclusion to our paper.

"The Master Spirit of a world,
 In vision still a king,
 Like eagle from his eyrie hurl'd,
 With shorn and broken wing,
 Lay shivering with life's latest pang:
 Yet o'er him faded glory sang
 On Fame's exhausted string,
 Of days when he, earth's loftiest one,
 Soar'd high in battle's blood-red sun.

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"At his death-hour, a tempest broke,*
 Far out upon the deep,
 Whose giant billows shook the rock
 Where he was doom'd to sleep;
 The sea-surge lash'd to mist was driven
 Athwart the blazing brow of heaven;
 And with almighty sweep
 The rattling thunder shook the shore,
 Like his own loved artillery's roar.

"It kindled up the fading ray
 Of his expiring glance:
 'Charge—charge! your eagles have the day,
 My cuirassiers advance;
 An empire's spoil is your reward,
 Strike down yon leopard—on, my guard,
 Ye chosen hearts of France!
 I've given—I'll give earth's kingdoms law,
 The glorious fight is ours—ha, ha!'

"Thus in the conflict's fearful strife,
 That mighty spirit still

* "With the 5th of May came wind and rain, and a dreadful tempest, which uprooted all the trees about Longwood. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around. The words 'tête d'armée,' the last which escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight; and after a struggle, which indicated the original strength of his constitution, Napoleon breathed his last."—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.

Strove to the latest span of life,
 With all a giant's will.
 He saw his thousand fights once more,
 He heard the shock—the charge—the roar.
 But death's dark hand is chill;
 Ay, far more potent than the vow
 Of kings combin'd against him now.

“ He died—that quiver was his last—
 That restless soul has fled;
 And hush'd for ever is that blast,
 Which thrill'd the world with dread;
 The levelling thunder's hollow moan,
 Fit dirge for nature's loftiest one,
 Pearls o'er his crownless head;
 Type of his reign, the lightning fires
 The universe, and then expires.”

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FEMALE PORTRAITS.—NO. III.—LADY SYDENHAM.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is, perhaps, no surer test of genius, either in a writer, an orator, or a painter, than the power possessed by master minds in any of these departments, of making us abjure (for the moment at least) all preconceived theories, and clothe ourselves and our sentiments in the garb prescribed for us by those, in the result of whose opinions we feel, at all events, compelled to acquiesce. One short month has scarcely passed since, enamoured of the flowing and unstudied draperies of the happy transition period between hoops and hop-sacks, I launched out in praise of the Grecian contour of a Cornelia by Romney; and yet, ever since I moored my chair in my friend's library, so as to sit whole afternoons in rapt contemplation of the full-length female portrait opposite, where the very genius of grace, as embodied by Sir Joshua, triumphs over the now once more familiar stiffness of our grandmother's costume, I have begun to think (with the fashionables of our own day) that long waists, ruffles, and stomachers, are “your only wear.”

There is certainly in them something indissolubly linked with aristocracy and refinement; and while many happier modes of disguising a faulty person have been from time to time devised, few ever displayed to such positive advantage the perfection of an elegant one. We see from antique portraits why a “fine shape” was more insisted on than regular features by the female panegyrist of yore; and come to understand how the ravages of small-pox on the charms of the countenance, were often compensated by the symmetry of form which the closely fitting boddice and unornamented sleeve set off beyond the possibility of mistake. The small, delicate foot, too, peeped out so coquettishly from beneath the ample furbelow, and the beautifully rounded arm emerged with such a subdued charm from the light drapery of the deep transparent ruffle! Nor do the belles of our own time appear unaware of the cunning foil afforded by the long-exploded black lace mitten to fingers, which seem to spring forth doubly white and taper from its envious shroud.

The head-dress even—that more questionable point of ancestral female policy, in which alone our modern damsels resolutely innovate on antique usage—the hair unnaturally taught to forsake the brow it seemed designed to shelter, and dragged from its free, native, resting-place, in “durance vile” of ruthless pin and bodkin—even this strange heresy served often to reveal the else perhaps unsuspected perfection of that exquisitely defined low forehead, pronounced by no mean judge of feminine beauty, “an excellent thing in a woman.” In short—be all this as it may—I lived for the space aforesaid, and should have died, too, (if within sight of Sir Joshua's *chef-d'œuvre*;) in the belief that of all the devices for transforming into an angel a mere “creature of earth's mortal

mould," a pale pink *negligée* of some sixty years since, with its legitimate accompaniments, was the most rare and infallible.

Shall I ever cease to bear in my own mind's eye, or succeed in conveying to that of another, the slight aerial being, with features and form alike of celestial symmetry, who (in beautiful contrast to the deep and almost severe repose of her dignified opposite companion) seemed just arrested by the painter's art, while flitting across earth's surface on some sylph-like and yet feminine errand. The nature of her pursuit, indeed, was not left to the imagination, for a basket, the very graceful mould of which, like all else, had surely its origin in the artist's fancy, hung light, as if woven of gossamer, across one lovely rounded arm; while the taper fingers of the other buried their lily stems amid a "shower of roses" which brought—when coupled with the breezy figure of their bearer—the "ethereal mildness" of the poet completely before the eye.

The only circumstance by which a personification, too bright, surely, when first conceived, "for aught beneath this visible diurnal sphere," was sobered and brought down to the level of mortality, was the evanescent character (elsewhere alluded to) of our greatest portrait-painter's colouring. If "all that's bright must fade," never was the adage more truly verified than on the canvas of Sir Joshua. And here—though the "vanishing tints" had happily stopped short of utter pallidness—there did pervade the lovely portrait a tone of colour so subdued, that pensiveness was now, spite of the youthful springiness of the figure, the prevailing expression of the countenance. The alabaster throat—rendered still more dazzling by the black velvet collar, (our clever grandmother's most *killing* of necklaces)—was no longer contrasted with the vermillion lip and rosy cheek which must, one felt, have been in youth the portion of one so redolent of health. Nay the very roses in the basket had paled their blossoms, as if in envy of superior loveliness now itself faded; and all spoke sadly, softly, yet resistlessly of the decay inseparable from earth's loveliness, and the yet colder, stiller aspect that joyous form had long since been taught by death to wear.

Struck—fascinated, however, by the matchless grace which, had its bare outlines alone been discernible, the picture must even then have exhibited—and yielding to a prejudice I am old-fashioned enough, wrong or right, to cherish—I could not help saying to Sir Edward in our next *tête-à-tête*—

"There's blood enough certainly in all the pictures on your walls, to justify my old-world notions on the subject of aristocracy in beauty. But of all the fine women, by whom that blood seems to have been handed down since the Conquest, I don't think one looks so thoroughly *élite* as the lovely creature yonder, whose foot Cinderella might have envied, and whose hand speaks volumes for her origin. She is noble, I am sure, as the French say—" *jusqu'au bout des doigts.*"

"You never were farther out in your life, Will," said the Baronet, laughing heartily, (though the last man in the world to laugh at any thing *ancien régime*, not even a venerable prejudice,) "as you'll say when you hear that the princess of your fancy was a Connaught farmer's daughter! And yet a princess she may be, after all, and of more descents than a German one, too, if the Milesian stories so dear to her country are to be believed—for no — (and she is one) ever came but of royal blood, and Uncle Guy would never allow it to be a misalliance between a cadet of the house of Sydenham, and a scion of the kings of Connaught. I never saw my fair grand aunt till time had made sadder havoc on her roses than on Sir Joshua's canvas: but if the vision which haunts my childish memory of an alabaster statue in black drapery does not deceive me, grace and dignity were her's to advanced age, which might have become a duchess."

"But Edward," said I, interrupting him, in my impatience—"how came a farmer's daughter, all angel or princess though she were, to find admittance into a family so intrenched in pride, as—forgive me for saying it—your's (till your late cousin's unhappy alliance) had always shown itself?"

"Oh!" replied he, gaily, "love laughs at quarterings; and never more effectually than when it gains a lodgment in the well-garrisoned breast of a rough, middle-aged veteran. Uncle Guy (my grand uncle, of course, he, you remember, in the gallery, with the bluff, soldier-bearing, manly-scarred visage, and three-cornered hat of true Kevoenhuller dimensions) was just the man to surrender at discretion, when the spirit of romance, so omnipotent in the heroic bosom, was fairly evoked. And though (for there's a riddle as well as a romance in his

history) he *did not marry the object* before whom his pride of birth was veiled in the dust"——

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed I hastily, "that he fell in love with any thing prettier than that lovely creature before us?"

"Not a bit prettier," answered the Baronet—"nay (as I have heard, on contemporary authority) not quite, *if any thing*, so beautiful. And yet the woman he married was not the one he surrendered his heart and his pride to."

"Am I to believe, then, that such lovely creatures hunt in couples, to distract poor single gentlemen, and make fools of colonels of horse?"

"Believe just as much or as little as you please on the subject," said Sir Edward, yet more enigmatically. "With the daughter of a Connaught farmer Uncle Guy fell in love, and the daughter of a Connaught farmer became (as the catalogue there will perhaps satisfy you) Dame Evelyn Sydenham, wife of Sir Guy Sydenham, governor of ——, and colonel of his majesty's — regiment of dragoons. And yet, Dame Evelyn aforesaid and Uncle Guy's *first* (or, I ought rather, perhaps, to say, considering what a Philander he had been all his life, his *last*) unwedded flame were not one and the same person."

"I always hated mysteries, Ned," said I, peevishly, "at least those which, without a key, there is no hope of elucidating. So just put me out of pain; with this one proviso, that nothing you may tell me is to disenchant that radiant vision, or disturb the sweet memory of it which I hope to carry to my grave."

"I'll ensure you against that," replied Sir Edward, gaily. "You are more likely to remember it than ever, when I have told you (which, being such an old story, I must do very imperfectly) how that picture came to claim a place, and an honorable one, too, I assure you, in our family collection. I am a sad ignoramus about Ireland, and shall make strange work, I fear, with manners and localities; but you, who have been, I believe, in the green isle, can, perhaps, put me right. At all events, you'll know exactly how it should all be, and fill up blanks in my old-world narration. I had it chiefly from Aunt Mabel; but it was the letters from the stricken hero himself, while endeavouring to reconcile his friends to a very startling alliance, which first interested me, as a boy, in the affair; and showed me how *couleur-de-rose* love could paint matters, even when the pencil was wielded by as plain (his enemies were wont to call him Guy of Gaunt) a son of Mars, as ever concealed a soul of mingled fire and gentleness under a rough, yet gentlemanlike exterior."

"But I feel that I ought—to inspire you with any thing like adequate interest—to introduce you more at length to Sir Guy, (as he became on assuming, as the reward of long services, a colonial government.) And if, while I am sketching the veteran, and you are looking at the picture, the musing tale of Beauty and the Beast comes across your recollection—pray remember, how fond, spite of his looks, 'la belle' became of her metamorphosed husband; and assure yourself that the lovely being yonder returned, in all its truth and devotedness, the manly affection which years only served to enhance and deepen."

My great grandfather, Sir Godfrey, had seven sons; and as they all lived to manhood, and were gifted with the tastes which 'gentle blood' is heir to, it may be thought that Guy, the youngest, was very well off to obtain, almost before he could walk (as was then a "custom more honoured in the breach than the observance") an ensigny in a marching regiment.

It was, however, a moving body in more senses than one; for long ere the youthful "ancient" could wield the pair of colours which had floated before his juvenile fancy, the corps itself, at the peace of 17—, was disbanded, and the tall, young, would-be soldier cast adrift,

professionless and provisionless, upon a too, too pacific world. The world, however, is seldom long in this anti-belligerent mood. Its "voice" (in some quarter or other) "is still for war;" and this being in Guy's ear at nineteen the "most sweet" of possible "voices," he flew at its call to join, as a volunteer, the army of Prince Ferdinand in Germany. After serving *con amore* and *sans pay*, till some military experience and much barren praise had fallen to his portion, he was enabled, by good interest at home, and a good word from abroad, to put himself at the head of a small corps of auxiliaries (chiefly raised on his father's northern estates) an-

nexed to the very limited force of regulars despatched from Great Britain.

Uncle Guy was now at the summit of his sublunary wishes ; and when, at the close of some more than ordinarily brilliant affair, in which the naturally martial air of his honest countenance had been further enhanced by a couple of cuts from a Walloon sabre, Prince Ferdinand embraced the young colonel-commandant before his assembled *état-major*, to say that he returned to England "covered with glory," would be to mar, by a modern common-place, a bit of chivalry worthy of the olden time.

That Colonel Guy Sydenham took rank henceforward among the female patriots of Great Britain with the great Frederick himself, (which *grand monarque*, by the way, he could have put into his pocket,) was perhaps but the natural consequence of patriotism on the one side, and celebrity on the other. But when, on his entrance into a modish circle, all the assumed fops who then formed its unbelligerent portion, shrunk into utter insignificance before the plain soldier, who carried (as he himself humourously asserted) his diploma of admission to the "ugly club" indisputably engraved on his countenance, there must have been something even beyond his very fine person and noble military air, which fixed all eyes, and many hearts among the female part of the assembly, at once on the fortunate hero.

By his rivals, the vogue of Uncle Guy was ascribed to feminine caprice and contradiction. Shakespeare would have said they loved him ; but the truth simply was, (as my grandaunt Mabel, from a slight, personal *singe* could testify,) that, in spite of his scars, nobody else was half so agreeable and insinuating. By the mere force of good humour and good breeding, of pleasing and being pleased with every body, he remained a favourite with all during the brief interval of peace which intervened between his German campaigns, and his return to a scene of less civilized warfare in the wilds of North America.

From this also, in due time, he returned with a fresh crop of laurels, and no longer a mere flirting soldier of fortune, but a man entitled from rank and station to carry weight in the matrimonial world. At five and twenty "toasts" (a word of antique and well-nigh forgotten significance) had fluttered around him. At five and thirty,

"heiresses" smiled propitiously, and "matches" (another exploded term for minor prizes in the lottery) looked as though it might, if he so pleased, be a match.

But though the nine sabre and gunshot wounds—through any one of which a soul less capacious than that of Uncle Guy might have easily slipped—were a joke to the ninety and nine orifices made by Cupid in the most susceptible of human hearts, it was somehow proof against every thing in the shape of a regular approach ; and all those memorable "passages" in his eventful life which at all menaced matrimony, were invariably distinguished by the wildest romance, and utter disregard of what the French call "*les convenances*."

Another week's detention, for example, in captivity among the Iroquois, would have infallibly been wound up by an union—repented of quickly enough, no doubt, yet honorably persevered in to death—with the beautiful Squaw, to whose interposition he owed his escape from the tomahawks of her tribe. And in Germany it had required all the authority, as a commander and a friend, of Prince Ferdinand, to prevent his Quixotic protégé from extending to a compact for life the protection afforded by him to a Westphalian vine-dresser's daughter, from the swords of murdering Croats. Guy, in short, could only love seriously under circumstances of strong excitement and "high pressure ;" and though in a drawing-room, with belles of his own standing, he could flirt, admire, and go through the routine of gallantry with all the spirit, and much of the zest of an adept, he came away, if not absolutely heart-whole, yet with none of the enthusiasm of passion which, in romantic and singular situations, had prompted him more than once, not only to sacrifice liberty, but friends, family, and fortune. So his hour not being come, or, at least, as yet averted by friendly interposition, Uncle Guy had once more returned at forty, from foreign service, a fine and unwedded man, when the catastrophe occurred which sealed his matrimonial destiny.

It was on a Christmas eve, I think, somewhere about the year 17—, when the inmates of a secluded farm-house, situated at the head of an ocean creek, on the shores of the wild district forming the debateable land between the counties of Galway and Mayo, had

been for some hours retired to rest, that the slumbers of the farmer himself, a stout, hale, weather-beaten carle, of some fifty years and upwards, were disturbed by no midnight marauder, or less substantial supernatural visitant, but by the light hand of his favourite daughter Aileen, applied with gentle violence to his stalwart shoulder.

"Father dear!" whispered the beautiful apparition—one of the loveliest, perhaps, by which so rude a pillow was ever before haunted—"awake! awake! It's an hour or more since the cry of drowning men on Innismoran came moaning on my ear above the roar of the gale, and now when, the blessed saints be praised for it, there's a bit of a lull, their wild screech for help comes at times so plain to the shore, that it would wake the very dead in their graves. We must help them, father dear! else they'll all be dead before morning."

"Help them! Aileen *mavournen*!" repeated the old man, whom a few moments had sufficed to rouse to his long familiar duty of succouring shipwrecked mariners; "sure we'd try to do it any how, only bad luck to the day, God forgive me, (crossing himself,) that I should say so of this blessed Christmas eve. Who's to help them, and the boat oar at the mainland, and the boys up at the station, and Corney not come back from the pattern, and not a livin' being on the bit but yourself, *ma colleen*, and your father, who's not so young as he has been, and old lane Mike, who, for as good as he once was at rope and tiller, is now, God help him, neither fit to row nor steer?"

"I can steer, father dear, the saints be praised for it, and row a bit, too, for want of better; and sure you and I are all the crew the little boat that's left can want or hold, if we've men to bring off from Innismoran."

"The little boat! and you and me to work her in the dark o' the night, through the dead man's race, and the wind so high, and the sea that's running! It's madness entirely to speak of it, Aileen."

"Father," cried the girl, passionately throwing open the casement, "sure and ye won't be saying so with the cry of the drowning wretches ringing in your ears! And it's not dark night, but the grey o' the morning already, father; for I can see the poor creatures in the glimmer all huddled on the top of the rock together; and

if the spray comes dash in my face here, father, it's dripping every thread must be on them even now where they stand. But if the wind (that's down a bit since I came to ye, just to give them a chance for their lives) slews round the least taste in life—as ye well know, father dear, it will at the turn of the tide—the big long swell from the ocean will suck them off every one, if they were stuck as fast to the rock as so many——"

"The blessed virgin forbid! and on her own Christmas night too! No, no, girl, that must not be, if Maurice — can help it! I'll soon launch the skiff, and put old Mike, for want o' better, at the helm; but for you to risk your life and go with us, it's out of the question entirely."

"Not go, father! and why, in the name of the saints, should I stay behind? D'ye think 'tis for nothing the boys call me the mermaid? and have ye forgot how the soldier officer from England, Moriarty's colonel (a bright blush crossing her cheek at the name) stared at the sight when he saw me in the corragh, fishing alone, miles out in the bay?"

"Ah! but Aileen, that was in smooth water and summer, and not in a winter's night that would daunt the stoutest heart!"

It were needless (continued Sir Edward) to say which prevailed, in a contest, an Irish one especially, between the energy of youth on the one hand, and paternal caution on the other. And it is fortunate both for your patience and my reputation, that a recent case of similar female devotedness, with which "all England rings from side to side," saves me from the task of exposing my land-lubberism, by attempting to narrate *how* the arduous enterprise was set about and accomplished. There was this difference, however, in the cases of the heroines of the Fearn islands, and the "mermaid" of Innismoran, that while the perils braved by the former were, perhaps, (though I speak ignorantly) the more formidable of the two, they were encountered with miraculous impunity; while poor Aileen very nearly fell a sacrifice to her exertions in the cause of humanity.

The skiff steered instinctively through the intricacies of a well-known channel, even by old Mike, whose services had been indispensable to give scope to his master's exertions at the oar, was seen by Aileen's anxious nurse (who had

awoke too late to oppose her darling's departure) to rise, as she opened the island, on the tops of mountain waves, and sink as suddenly into their hollows. She gained, however, after tremendous efforts, redoubled by the sight and feeble cheers of the six human beings, cowering on their hourly narrowing vantage-ground, the lee side of the rock, to which, leaping ashore with the agility of a veteran cragsman, the father of Aileen succeeded in making her fast. But while he was surrounded and half drowned by the shivering soldiers, who seemed tempted to welcome as an angel from heaven their gallant deliverer, the boat, yielding to the tremendous suction to which poor Aileen had feelingly alluded, and by which larger craft are often resistlessly swept away, was forcibly drawn from the rock, lifted a moment on the crest of a mountain billow, and then, in the very sight of the distracted father, capsized and hid from view.

A moment of heart-rending suspense elapsed ere the floating drapery of his daughter showed the "stout swimmer in his agony" where to plunge to the rescue; and, ere he could buffet his way through opposing waves, a few more precious minutes were necessarily lost. But these sufficed to show how providentially old Mike had been permitted, at his earnest entreaty, to act as live lumber in the boat. For, once on a time a swimmer of unparalleled skill and dexterity, it was astonishing with what poodle instinct the old, blind fisherman struck out, guided, of course, almost entirely by the ear, to the precise spot of his darling's disappearance; or how manfully, when she rose to the surface, he supported her till aid more powerful, in the shape of her father, came to his relief. The rope still mercifully remaining fast to the rocks, the boat was soon righted, and the dripping Aileen lifted insensible into it, while, as the interval between successive waves permitted, the six shipwrecked soldiers—their commander, Uncle Guy, according to the British officers' immemorial usage, being the last to quit the scene of danger—cautiously stepped into their frail conveyance.

The transport containing a detachment of men (chiefly invalids) whom Colonel Sydenham was accompanying from America, had been blown, by tremendous westerly hurricanes, on the dangerous point of Achill head, where she had almost immediately gone to

pieces. A boat was set adrift from her just as she parted, by some of the more provident of the crew; but, weakened by their previous exertions, they were unable to profit by their own foresight, and the skiff was instantly filled by half a dozen of the most robust among the veterans—the simultaneous cry among whom, even amid the care of their own safety, was for that of their gallant colonel. Almost in spite of himself he was forced into the boat, (which his gigantic proportions, by the by, had well nigh swamped at the outset,) a piece of devotion in his rude followers which, during that long night of despair, when their boat having been stove in the very act of touching the rock, there seemed nothing before them but inevitable destruction, their brave commander repaid by the pious eloquence of his counsels, and the animating influence of his example.

The tide—the return of which seemed destined to terminate at once their existence and misery—had been so manifestly rising, and the skiff by which their deliverance was effected had remained till nearly the last moment so unseen amid the intricacies of the narrow channel she had to tread, that the whole thing still partook, to all on board, of the nature of a dream; and they had urged their way through comparatively smooth water for a mile or more ere rescuers or rescued woke to the realities of their situation.

When Uncle Guy, with the character and disposition already described, became aware that it was to a woman, a young and beautiful one, too, that, under Providence, his rescue from inevitable destruction was due, and that, moreover, his life had nearly been ransomed at the price of her own—his old spirit of enthusiasm and romance was up in a moment; and never did votary in the isle of saints more devotedly worship the image of some heavenly benefactress than the warm-hearted soldier felt inclined to do his long inanimate deliverer. It was on his costly pelisse of American sables (thrown into the ship's boat after him by the thoughtful kindness of an attached domestic) that the corpse-like form of the fair girl reposed; while, kneeling at her feet, he chafed, with eager solicitude, each small cold hand, and gazed wildly on the still symmetry of the upturned features, round which the hood of her country's national cloak half closed its shroud-like folds.

That she breathed, however, though

faintly, was sufficient to preclude despair; and when the light morning breeze, which, as if in mockery of its having raged of late so fiercely, blew over her face, just raised a stray lock of yet dripping silken hair, the hand that gently put it back no longer recoiled from the touch of a cheek of marble coldness. On her eyes, however, something deeper than mere slumber still laid its leaden weight; but though their bright light was quenched, the closed lids did but show, the fairer for their paleness, the blue veins that meandered over them; while the deep shadow gathering beneath supplied to the nearly perfect countenance perhaps the only defect ever ascribed to it—a little want of shade.

It was a strange picture that little rugged fishing-boat displayed—and truly a striking contrast between the statue-like figure of the reclining peasant girl and the fine martial form of the completely accoutred soldier, who, with a woman's tenderness, bent over it! The father, too, would have been a study for a painter, as, with his grey locks partially dried and floating in the wind, he grasped the helm on which the safety of the over-loaded craft depended—and yet ever and anon cast on his child, so lately well-nigh lost, a look of unutterable fondness. The old fisherman, too, whose aged arm—perhaps the original though blameless cause of the disaster—had been so nobly exerted to redeem its consequences, seemed to have concentrated all his feeble powers of vision on the face of his still senseless darling; while, as he turned at times his half sightless eyes to heaven, a long-drawn sigh and muttered prayer gave token of his deep interest in her recovery. The scene was one to wake romance in a colder bosom than Guy Sydenham's; and if the thought to make the hand that saved him his for life, had not yet risen even to his lively imagination, its germ had already been deposited in that still more genial soil—his heart.

The rescue from the waters had not been witnessed in vain from Letrewel, (the name of the island farm whose inmates had so gallantly achieved it.) Huge turf fires blazed in room and kitchen—a warm bed awaited the half-resuscitated victim of the catastrophe, whilst food and steaming jugs of whiskey punch were there to revive the hearts of the sufferers from the wreck. Old Oonagh, Aileen's nurse—who,

happily for herself, had slept through the storm—had woke just in time to see her foster-child drawn dripping from her native waves; and to add to thanksgiving for her safety, the most active and judicious exertions for her recovery.

They were successful. The cheek of Aileen bloomed once more, and her blue eyes laughed on all around. But scarcely had Uncle Guy witnessed even for a day what sunshine the opening of those glad eyes could shed upon a joyous household, ere old Oonagh's leech-craft was again in requisition; and from the seeds which had been lurking in him ere he left the vessel, gave her in the tall soldier gentleman a patient of almost infantine weakness. For the few hours, however, that consciousness remained, his eyes sought the hovering form of a far younger and gentler nurse; and the last exercise of not very coherent speech was to pour out a passionate flood of enthusiastic admiration and gratitude to his fair rescuer, and a faint hope of life to testify its sincerity and extent.

And how did this unlooked-for, and to one in her station, overwhelming declaration, from a man of Colonel Sydenham's rank, and with personal advantages to boot, which ladies of high degree had proved to be irresistible, fall on the ear of the Connaught farmer's daughter? Did her heart beat high at the thought of rising so immeasurably superior to all around her—to the undreamt-of exaltation of a colonel's lady? Or did it—as, from her amiable character, was far more likely—swell with honest pride at having deserved, or melt with soft emotion at having gained, the spontaneous devotion of a warm and manly soul?

That her pulse had beat quicker for a moment under the influence of surprise, and her heart warmed with reciprocal good will towards the kind, good, grateful gentleman, it would be belying female nature to deny. But it would be traducing poor Aileen far more unpardonably to say that she felt the slightest temptation to share the brilliant lot, one glimpse of which had been made to flash before her, ere a cloud—possibly a fatal one—settled down on her gallant admirer. And why was she thus callous to so bewitching a prospect? Simply because her mind, long engrossed by visions of felicity of an humbler, yet more congenial character, had no room to spare for

kingdoms had they been placed in her offer, because, already in heart if not in rite a soldier's bride, not all the colonels and field-m Marshals in his Britannic majesty's service could have seduced her faithful heart into one moment's forgetfulness of her cousin and betrothed—Corporal Moriarty Carroll, of the — regiment of foot.

It was happily just at that oblivious stage of Colonel Guy Sydenham's fever, when even the power of discriminating between his two very opposite female nurses had for the present left him, and when, consequently, the absence of the fair form which yet flitted before his mind's eye was unmarked by his bodily optics, that the long-expected sailing orders for the — regiment obliged Moriarty Carroll to claim, however unseasonably, his plighted bride.—Letrewel was, under present circumstances, no house for a wedding, an Irish one especially, even could the bridegroom have so far deserted his colours, or could the few relatives most interested have been there assembled.

But even had it been otherwise, the never-selfish Aileen had reasons for deciding—and when she did so, her father (as we have seen) as a matter of course acquiesced—that as the mountain could not go to Mahomet, the programme should be reversed; and that her father, with whose support at the ceremony worlds would not have made her dispense, should escort her to the house of her maternal grandmother at Westport; the vicinity of which to the bridegroom's head-quarters at Castlebar, made it the most convenient scene for the nuptials, to the festivities of which the thoughts of immediate parting must needs lend a sobered character.

There resided under that roof, besides the venerable *lady*, (for such, in the strictest acceptation of the word, might Mrs. Evelyn be styled,) another near and dear one, on whom Aileen's thoughts had scarcely for a moment, even in the midst of her own bridal prospects, ceased of late to run; and on whose behalf the warm-hearted and imaginative girl had already woven a romance, the *denouement* of which it grieved her very soul to be unable to forward and witness, though of its success her sanguine temper would not allow her to cherish a doubt.

This object of a fond solicitude, which, though now specially called into exercise, had never, since early childhood, slumbered in Aileen's bosom,

was her *twin-sister* Evelyn, yielded almost in infancy by a widowed father to his wife's English mother, partly in compassion for her utter desolation, and still more, perhaps, in deference to that superiority in birth and breeding, from which he could not but anticipate advantages to his girl such as the rude shores of Mayo could never afford.

There had—as is usual when *misalliances* take place even in comparatively humble life—been faults on all sides; and breaches had ensued which one sad event alone, perhaps, might have proved capable of healing. When the only daughter of one—who herself had disobliged her proud English friends by marrying an Irish army surgeon—ran away at sixteen with the best-looking young farmer in the remote parish where her father had settled on being disbanded, Mrs. Neale (for such had been the literal *nom de guerre* of the wife of the military Esculapius) unhappily cast off and disclaimed those whom her countenance might have guided and raised in the scale of society; and the consequence had been, Irish habits and Irish improvidence during the few years the union lasted. But when her only child—seven years after her marriage—was taken away in giving birth to twins, while (her own husband having died) her English parents had relented and left her independent, on the sole condition of relinquishing her obnoxious Irish name, the heart of Mrs. Evelyn yearned at length towards her daughter's orphans; and, already reconciled in some degree to residence in Ireland, she offered to fix her abode in the nearest town to Letrewel, where the means of education might be procurable, on condition of having resigned to her charge the elder of the two little creatures, on whom their poor mother, in fond anticipation of possible reconciliation, had bestowed her maternal family name of Evelyn.

Broken in heart and in fortunes—for, since his wife's death especially, matters had gone backward at the farm—Maurice — had cheerfully made a sacrifice so much for his elder and gentler child's advantage; feeling only enough of natural selfishness to clasp the closer to his widowed breast the laughing, playful elf, whose somewhat hardier roses (though, *apart*, the children were wholly undistinguishable) seemed to bespeak her formed to brave a ruder clime.

The bitterest part of the business

had been the severing two beings who, for the first six years of their lives, had been as little apart from each other as the Siamese brothers.

Both had felt it acutely, and wept alike long and inconsolably. But at length, in the evidently congenial soil into which she had been transplanted, the gentle Evelyn seemed to find her natural element; and without losing a touch of nature and warmth of heart, which revealed at times her rustic birth and kindred to her unsophisticated sister, she became to that sister, when they occasionally met, an object no longer of childish love alone, but of youthful admiration.

It was not merely her reading with the pretty English accent, that alone sounds like gentility in the untutored Irish ear—or her fluent reading of the “hardest” book—her sweet singing of more than a simple Irish ballad—(there Aileen might have challenged competition)—or her magical feats of needle-work, and cabalistic apparatus for tambouring and embroidery—it was not these which made the younger sister at sixteen or seventeen gaze up at her elder as some being of a higher and brighter order. It was the nameless distinction in air, and manner, and bearing which something beyond the little town of Westport (for “small,” surely, to borrow an Irish expression, could have been the space in the metamorphoses of its provincial atmosphere) had sufficed to develop Evelyn Clare.

That her sister, fitted as she was in her eyes for a queen, was not likely, without the aid of a fairy godmother, to attain that lofty elevation, was a relief to the fond affections of Aileen, which distance so awful might have chilled and repressed. But to see her a “lady,” a real, *bona fide* member of the “quality,” was a consummation to which the ambition of one, utterly un-aspiring in her own person, constantly tended. And none but the thoroughly unselfish can ever imagine half the fond energy of gratified sisterly pride, with which Aileen caught at the idea of achieving, by the substitution of a far superior *fac simile* of herself as the object of Guy Sydenham’s romantic devotion, the realization of the day-dreams in which her fancy had so long vaguely revelled.

The likeness was still, thank heaven, spite of stays and a dancing-master, as perfect as when in infancy old Oonagh had been fain to sew fast the bit of

green ribbon, denoting seniority, which it was in those days rare sport for Aileen to transfer from her sister’s arm to her own. The same locks of luxuriant amber waved over the same fair tintured skin—though exposure to summer suns in the *corrugh* would, at that season, lend now, as in infancy, a hardier cast to the roses of Aileen’s cheek—while eye-lashes of a somewhat deeper hue lent a corresponding richness to that of her elder sister. The eyes in shape and colour were identical; and familiarity with their expression could alone enable any one to observe that while the bright flash of Aileen’s would sink as quickly beneath the gaze of strangers, or a change of mood in herself, the first shy, startled fawn-like look of her sister gave place to a steadfast, self-possessed tranquillity of aspect, such as, perhaps, a certain degree of mental cultivation can alone impart.

But the plan which, before quitting the home of her childhood, Aileen had committed to the shrewd ear and helping hand of her doating and approving nurse, and in which on the morning of the day which was to see her at once a wife and an exile, she tearfully extorted the connivance of her more scrupulous father, could not, she felt, be breathed, with even a chance of success, to its peculiarly sensitive object. From even a throne, if attained by deceit, would revolt, she well knew, every feeling of that pure and pensive being, fitted, nevertheless, by character and education, to realize to Guy Sydenham all that happiness which, with one so lowly as herself, he had only dreamed of experiencing.

To confirm into rational attachment a mere transient fancy, Evelyn had but to inhabit for a while the same house with the susceptible soldier; and to bring this about Aileen had only to hint at her father’s desolate condition, and the fatigues likely to devolve from the stranger’s protracted illness on their old faithful nurse. All of deception which the nature of either sister would permit the one to practise, was a request, urged with what seemed an excess either of modesty or caution, that the subject of the rescue from the wreck should, if alluded to by the patient, be studiously waived and avoided, and the invalid decidedly prevented from expatiating on a topic to the excitement of which his illness was, perhaps, chiefly due. Nor was the unsuspecting Evelyn at all aware of the impor-

tance attached by the soldier to the share in that rescue of her almost amphibious sister, still less of the sentiments to which gratitude on *that score* had already given birth; and, therefore, the more disposed to yield to Aileen's parting entreaties, that the poor sick gentleman might not, if possible discover (at least till restored to health) the change in his youthful attendant, or the removal to a distant shore of one to whose cares she cautiously admitted, he *did* ascribe an undue influence in saving his life.

All this seemed natural enough, and was easily and lightly promised: Evelyn engaging to sit down "as if she had never been away" on the low stool, in the as yet only half-conscious invalid's sick room—and let him talk as wildly as he chose, without interruption (save on the matter of the wreck) to his, alas! absent "Aileen." "And you'll let old Oonagh call you so, sister dear, just to beguile her into thinking it's her darling that's away; and for my father, you know, he never could frame his lips to the name that sounds, after all, only like English for Aileen; so, you'll just be Aileen to them all, till the gentleman's better, and spring comes round, and father has his farm and his fishing to mind; and then (Hope whispered these words might bear a deeper meaning) you'll go away and be a lady again, all the happier, perhaps, for having tried being what, troth, ye never *war* made for, Evelyn dear, a poor cotter girl."

Into all these fond arrangements, the affectionate daughter and sister unconsciously entered; and the consent of her somewhat stiff grandmother, which a father's bereavement might have failed to extort, being secured by the residence at Letrewel of a gentleman guest (hints of whose possible admiration had, *to her*, been thrown out by the discerning Aileen) the father and daughter set off for the latter's humble, though fondly remembered home.

There were circumstances (which yonder picture may assist you to imagine) in the female *costume* of that day, favoring the deception in which Aileen was about to be an undesigning actress. High heels, ruffles, and powder—then worn in towns by all aspiring, ever so slightly, beyond the lower ranks of society—would have been (the latter, especially) equally preposterous and unattainable in an Irish cabin, even of the better sort; and in exchanging them for the simply braided locks and

abdicated Sunday attire of the recent bride, Evelyn, utterly unconscious of disguise, thought only of convenience and propriety. She was quite young, and maugre her town-breeding, quite merry enough to enjoy the metamorphosis heartily; and when her father seeing, for the first time, her snooded hair peeping forth in its natural luxuriance from beneath the hood of the graceful national cloak, snatched her to his heart, and exclaimed, "my own, my own blessed Aileen!" the kind girl felt as if she never till then had known the inestimable value of a parent's love.

Nor did she suffer the glad father to dwell on, or even perceive the change, so actively, yet quietly did she, under the directions of the admiring Oonagh, assume the various duties of a farmer's daughter. And Guy Sydenham, had he even been more alive than, alas! his weakness yet permitted, to surrounding objects, must have been gifted with divination, had he guessed that the fairy creature, sitting on the low stool aforesaid, and humming, *sotto voce*, snatches of Aileen's old favourite ballads, was another, and not the same with the object of his scarcely remembered declaration.

But if he gazed with unaltered, though undefined feelings on the lovely form that now hovered around his pillow—in the reciprocal interest inspired, there was, ere long, a mighty difference. To the pre-occupied heart and fancy of Aileen, the sick stranger had only been the object of a pity and sympathy, not altogether unmixed with awe; and almost the only sensation awakened by his passionate burst of romantic gratitude, was thankfulness that she had already a bridegroom of her own age and station, with as fine a martial figure as the gallant officer before her, and a face on which no sabre-cuts had as yet stamped their heroic legend.

But in the fancy of Evelyn, again, whose limited studies, assisted by her grandmother's reminiscences of a long life of adventure, were pretty much confined to the military portion of the library of her half-medical, half-martial grandfather, the ideas of *scars* and *glory* were indissolubly identified.—Though instinctively shrinking from so doing, as the mere inhabitant of a "barrack," she had long sighed to "follow a soldier" through the stirring scenes which yet lived in Mrs. Evelyn's remembrance. And though looking up,

ere long, as expression gradually re-illuminated his commanding features, to Colonel Sydenham, with a respectful admiration, little short of her untutored sister's—he felt that thus to look up through life, to one her superior in rank, and age, and endowments, was the lot which, of all this earth could afford, seemed sweetest, and most enviable.

This devotion, secret, silent, and retiring as it was, could not altogether escape an eye so frequently bent on her who cherished it, as the reviving Colonel's. Nor, though the furthest in the world from a cockcomb, is Guy Sydenham harshly to be set down for such, for ascribing to the effect of his own polished manners, and the refining influence of an incipient attachment, the indefinable change to which he could not be insensible, in the air and language of his fair attendant. The brogue, of which, during their dream-like former intercourse, he retained a vague and disagreeable recollection, had subsided into the prettiest imaginable *soupcçon* of an Hibernian accent; and while it grieved the honest soldier that confinement to his sick room should have paled his deliverer's rosy cheek, the improved delicacy it had imparted to her complexion, went far to reconcile him. On all topics, save the shipwreck, (and that, Oonagh hinted to him was interdicted, as too exciting for her young mistress) the convalescent was, ere long, able to expatiate freely; and hours of the yet lingering winter did he beguile by a narration of his adventures, to which, like Desdemona, the ear of the fair creature before him did daily "more seriously incline."

To the subject of his love, it was long ere uncle Guy, sobered and subdued as he was to a more rational frame of mind by sickness and reflection, again reverted. He had not, however, altogether forgotten its hasty avowal, under the blended excitement of gratitude and incipient fever; but while, as regarded himself, the transient fancy he felt was daily assuming a higher and far different character, he resolved to be guided in urging a suit—to the ineligibility of which he was now not wholly blind—by the degree of reciprocal feeling which its former announcement should seem to have awakened in the breast of the lovely preserver of his life.

Of the extent and depth of this sentiment, he could not long remain ignorant, and it gratified him the more from

the scrupulous care, so opposite to vil-lage coquetry, with which it was veiled from his notice by one, whose heart, he little dreamed, he was as yet, in spite of her utmost efforts, "winning, unwooed."

It was not long, however, thus; for the Colonel, whose eyes had not, of late, been silent, spoke, and spoke eloquently. And though he did preface his declaration with expressions of gratitude, which, even while misinterpreting them as relating to his recovery from illness, Evelyn would conscientiously shrink from appropriating. Yet, as he was too delicate either to tender his hand as the price of his rescue, or to allude to any former hasty step which might bear that interpretation, there was nothing to induce her to imagine that the regard, of which she had witnessed, with trembling hope, the gradual growth, or the words, every tone of which was music to her soul, had ever been previously directed to—nay, were even still addressed to another.

Had she been aware how thoroughly the hourly deepening affection and admiration of Guy Sydenham, for the "softened image" of his young deliverer, rose superior to the rash dictates of feeling and passion which prompted his former offers; the discovery of the want of identity in their object might have been as safely, as it would have been uncompromisingly risked. But ere conviction was at length forced upon Evelyn, that it was the preserver of his life from shipwreck whom Guy not only imagined he was rewarding with rank and station—but had half succeeded in inducing his family, in *that capacity*, to tolerate—the heart of the poor girl was so inextricably won—her every feeling so indissolubly bound up with the hope of living, if not dying for him, for whom her sister had been privileged to peril life; that it was not in human, perhaps—certainly not in female nature to disclaim the character.

Once his, when the devotedness of years should have rivetted her claims on his indulgence, and reconciled him at least to the exchange, she trusted to being endowed with strength to make the confession that the Aileen of his gratitude, and the Evelyn of his love, were, alas, different beings. But now, to forfeit the blissful prospect of passing, in the congenial society of a hero, such as her wildest fancy had failed to image, a life otherwise doomed to the mono-

tony of a little country town, under the protection of a cold and repulsive old woman, was beyond the philosophy, or even the rectitude of nineteen; even would the parental transports of a father, who felt that his poor wife's wedded miseries were now to be atoned; or the gratified ambition of Mrs. Evelyn, (who had come, in condescension, to the farm on the first hint of her grand-child's conquest) have permitted the timid girl to risk the overthrow of a whole family's hopes.

So, to make a long tale short, Guy Sydenham, dubbed, for the twentieth time in his life, on the same score, a Quixotte by his own relations, and indemnified for their scorn by the well-nigh idolatrous respect of those of his bride, was united for life to Evelyn Clare, just three months after her sister's very different wedding, and just in time to obey a similar hasty summons to rejoin the head-quarters of his regiment in England. Had his stay in Ireland been either prolonged or extended beyond the precincts of the island-farm, it was next to impossible he should not have been made aware of the secret which poor Evelyn carried away—a sad additional weight on her innocent bosom—to a land of strangers. But satisfied, after some intercourse with Mrs. Evelyn, of the respectability of her own origin, and of the source to which even an occasional resident under her roof must owe a cultivation inconsistent with Irish cottage life; and thankful that circumstances had thus prepared the girl of his heart for society beyond her condition, he felt able now, to meet, almost on their own ground, his supercilious relatives.

Evelyn's first pang—one, too, the memory of which haunted her through many a year of conscious duplicity—arose from the remark made by her husband on the fears, which it never occurred to her ingenuous nature to suppress, (could she even have done so,) on encountering a storm on their passage to England. "Never, till now, my Evelyn," whispered the adoring bridegroom, "did I know to what an exertion of heroism my preservation on that awful night was due? For yourself, I see you can tremble like a woman; but for others, you could dare when man would have hesitated!"

How truly did Evelyn, on hearing these words, experience that to plunge, in his behalf, amid the foaming waters around, would require a less effort of courage than to say the one word which

might for ever open between them a gulf more terrible still. All she could do, was to shrink from the subject with such manifest and unfeigned reluctance—grounded, he supposed, on the remembered horrors of the scene—that Sydenham, in compassion, never recurred to it himself, and exacted of his friends a similar forbearance.

Through the ordeal she had almost equally dreaded of introduction to these, Evelyn passed with less of suffering than she had anticipated. Her gentle sweetness might have disarmed hostility, and her unobtrusive manners almost have defied criticism, even had not her transcendent beauty made Sydenham's yielding to its fascination (in a heroine and a deliverer especially) appear excusable, as well as natural. His "Rose of Connaught" (by which title songs were sung, and sonnets indited in her honor) became as much the *rage* as he had once been on his first return from Germany; and when himself, astonished at the ease with which the dress of the day (so becoming, as you perceive yonder, to her style of loveliness) sat upon the cottage maiden, he little dreamt that to its principal component parts she had been familiarized, from childhood.

But, while others, when in full dress, pronounced her dazzling, to him she never looked so charming as in that identical blue cloak of poor Aileen's, in which Aileen herself had lain enveloped, between life and death, in the stern of the little fishing-boat, on the Christmas-eve of the year 17—.

For many succeeding, and, on the whole, happy years, Evelyn followed her husband to the scenes of his military employment, with brief intervals of feverish solicitude for his safety, when compelled, by necessity, to separate from him. It was then that the remembrance of her usurped place in his affections, rose like a knell from the very depths of memory; while a remnant of superstition, from which no Irish cottage maiden was ever, perhaps, entirely free, made her regard the denial of a child, to bless their union, or cheer the painful period of absence with its smiles, in the light of a chastisement for past dissimulation.

About Aileen she omitted no opportunity of obtaining intelligence; though inquiries, rendered indirect by conscious duplicity, could throw little light, beyond the bare fact of her existence, on the vicissitudes of a common soldier's lot. Once, however—

even after her father's death had robbed her of that channel of intercourse—she had heard directly from her sister, whose caution in wording and addressing her communication, showed her to be the same unselfish, thoughtful being as when she first planned a sister's elevation.

More richly endowed, in one respect, than the sister so otherwise fortunate, Aileen was the mother of three lovely children, of whom the eldest, a girl, named Evelyn, was, she averred, that sister's very picture; while Guy, her youngest son, was a noble-looking fellow, already dubbed, in sport, by his comrades, the little "General." Moriarty was, and ever had been, the kindest of husbands; and the letter concluded with a prayer, that the happiness of Evelyn, with *her* good and gallant general (for such had been, for some time, Sydenham's rank in the army) might be equal to that which had gladdened the humbler path of the wife of Sergeant Carroll.

It was, on the whole, with truth that Evelyn could reply to this touching epistle in terms of corresponding thankfulness. But that she feared for her husband's life, employed on a distant and perilous service, and envied, though she did not grudge her sister her flourishing family; and, above all, but that she had lain for years an impostor on an unsuspecting husband's bosom.—Evelyn was happy—as happy as the inevitable thorn in the rose, perhaps, ever permits a scion of mortality to become.

It must not be supposed that, during the first years of their marriage, the desire, nay, the positive intention to remove the pleasing delusion under which her happiness had been achieved from the breast of her indulgent husband, ceased to haunt, like an unwearied monitor, the pillow of an ingenuous girl. But it was long ere the timidity of one so young and secluded could sufficiently overcome disparity of rank and years for unreserved confidence, even on subjects less painful and critical. And when affection, deep-rooted on either side, might have withstood a ruder shock, the right to inflict pain, for the selfish purpose of escaping remorse, became an often agitated question. When her soldier was about to depart for some distant scene of peril, and the secret hung on her very lips, the thought of being less fondly remembered and cherished in absence, would freeze it there; and when, amid

the joys of reunion, it had seemed in anticipation, to tell all, be chidden and forgiven, fears of impairing present bliss checked the previously arranged avowal till a "more convenient season."

And thus years rolled on, some ten or twelve, perhaps, from their marriage, the latter part of them ungladdened by any recent tidings of Aileen, when Sir Guy Sydenham, knight, (and knighthood for military merit, was then a badge of distinction rarely accorded,) was appointed, in further reward of his long services, Governor of an Island in the West Indies.

The arrival of Sir Guy and Lady Sydenham took place late in the year; and, willing as ever to please or be pleased, to promote and share in the enjoyment of others, the gay and gallant governor had fixed for the inauguration dinner and ball which were to win him golden opinions from his new subjects, on the, to *him*, ever-dear anniversary of Christmas Eve. Lady Sydenham, attired by his munificence in the fresh gifts which on that day never failed to weigh down the breast on which they glittered, had endured, as best she might, the previous part of the entertainment and the rapturous reply, fraught to *her* with painful though delicate allusions, made by her still adoring husband, when his wife's health was, as a matter of course, proposed. Under the acclamations elicited by his speech, its object, or rather its victim, contrived to escape, and gladly turned, to breathe freely and relieve her overburdened heart, from the illuminated and heated banquet-hall into the cool moonlit verandah running round every tropical residence.

The government house at ——— had been fitted up for, and but recently ceded by, Spanish authorities; and there was much in its arrangements of Moorish rather than Spanish attention to shade and coolness. In front of the slightly-raised balcony where Evelyn stood, lay a fountain designedly resembling a natural rocky basin, from whose interstices towered lofty shoots of the umbrageous plaitain tree, from amid the broad glittering leaves of which rose a perpetual jet of crystal sparkling water, whose perennial moisture served to refresh, nay almost to nourish, the living carpet of gay flowers, which, in devices of almost Turkish intricacy, clothed the elsewhere arid ground, and loaded the

evening air with well-nigh overpowering fragrance. Beyond this delicious foreground, from the elevated platform on which the court-house stood—a slope all studded with plaintain residences, each embosomed in its separate grove of tall and stately trees—served by its dark outline to set off the more distinctly the calm expanse of sea then stretched beyond and sleeping beneath the unclouded beams of a tropical full moon—formed with the vast Atlantic of Evelyn's early reminiscences a contrast as complete as did her present agitated feelings with the calm of night around her—the preparations within for a scene of festive hilarity, and the sound of mirth and revelry which, wafted from a more distant and different quarter, betokened the commencement of the negro saturnalia.

The day was the first of the Christmas holidays, when the immemorial license afforded to the slaves, and the degree in which it was improved for the purposes of sport and enjoyment, bore equal testimony to the kindness of their calumniated masters, and to the unconquerable buoyancy of the negro character. Drums and horns, and shouts more discordant than either, came as yet softened by distance on the ear; while, at intervals, the more mellow strains of bands of female singers seemed to say that there was "music" in the voices, if not the "souls," of some of the joyous Africans.

It was while insensibly withdrawn from her own sad thoughts by the magic and novelty of the scene, that Evelyn's attention was attracted by two figures, which, emerging from a path leading up from the harbour, stole silently round the corner of the house towards the verandah. Her first emotion was that of slight alarm, which gave way on perceiving that one of them at least was apparently a woman, and on hearing, as she bent over the balustrade to *reconnoître*, a whispered entreaty from a negro voice that "Missus, please stand still and hark a minute." Her next idea was, that the muffled-up figure might be the jack-pudding which each of the negro crafts at that festive season vie with each other in disguising, come as spokesman of the rest to obtain some favour, through her, from the governor.

But various, and antic, and extraordinary as are the habiliments which Africa, America, and even Europe are laid under contribution to supply on the

occasion, it would have puzzled the most original "John Canoe" of them all to don a garment at once so strange and so familiar to the eye of Evelyn as that in which she soon saw the female stranger to be enveloped. Pushed forward with significant gestures by her tall black introducer, who immediately and discreetly disappeared, no sooner was she within the precincts of the verandah than dropping the hood of the Irish cloak, at sight of which alone Evelyn's heart had fluttered almost to bursting—Aileen, thin, pale, and altered in all save warmth of affections, stood as a ghost from the grave before her bewildered sister!

After that uncontrollable burst of natural emotion, under whose influence, according to the unerring instinct of holy writ, the higher in rank of the long-separated sisters was the first to "fall upon the other's neck and weep," the predominant feeling in the breast of each was certainly surprise. Lady Sydenham—though taught by reason and her own mirror that years do not glide over even the prosperous without leaving their trace behind—was absolutely startled to behold, instead of the Hebe-like mermaid of Innismoran, a care-worn wreck such as the emaciated yet still beautiful other self before her; while all the theoretical ideas Aileen's fancy rather than her knowledge had suggested of real "quality" had left her unprepared for the metamorphosis of a pretty Irish girl of the better class into the vision of courtly elegance and vice-regal splendour which stood radiant in native beauty and adventitious brilliancy before her dazzled view.

But, unlike in external fortunes and outward semblance as the once undistinguishable twins of Letrewel had become, they were still one in warmth of heart and feeling; and again it was the affectionate Evelyn's eager inquiries about her sister's envied children which woke a burst, too painfully different in character from that which signalled their meeting, of uncontrollable emotion in Aileen.

"It is well with the children," sobbed out the mother, whose pride they had so lately been; "they are all, save one, with God. But their father—Moriarty!"—and here sobs checked the utterance of Aileen, and she in return fell, in a bitterness of grief which knew no respect of persons, on the jewelled neck of her scarcely less agitated sister.

"Aileen mavourneen!" cried the

latter fondly—every Irish reminiscence of their mutual childhood rushing full on her soul as the sister she strove to lock in her arms glided from them and sank in all the wildness of desperation at her feet—"what means this distress? Is your husband ill, or in danger, or"—half shuddering as led on by silence to rise in the climax of misfortune—"he is not dead?"

"Not dead! no, not yet—if grief and shame haven't killed him since we parted—but a dead man, Evelyn dear, afore three days are over, if you, that seemed like a blessed angel, when I heard as in a dream that God had sent you and your's so nigh me in my sorrow, don't stretch forth a helping hand to me and mine!"

"God forbid we should do otherwise, Aileen," replied her gentle sister, "when it's so much we both have owed to you in other days. But lean here, my poor Aileen—your head upon my knee," said Lady Sydenham, sinking from pure agitation on the low railing of the gallery, "and tell me what I can do for you or Moriarty."

"You can save his life," gasped out the poor wife convulsively; "you and none but you on earth have power to do it; and you'll not let him die, Evelyn dear, even if to free him from death, *he* (meaning Sir Guy) must know that ye have and *had* a sister!"

"Oh! no, no! God forbid I should be so selfish and hard-hearted!" faltered the trembling Evelyn; though, at the bare thought of the compulsory avowal which the promise involved, she felt lowered in the dust beneath the suppliant before her. "But how can *his* knowing do Moriarty good?"

"Because he nor no soldier officer that ever knew and did his duty will pardon a man condemned for murder, unless"—and the modest Aileen hesitated—"unless she that bids him do it has good right to ask that same."

"And that you have, if ever woman had!" exclaimed the conscious Evelyn, "and a double right by its being so long usurped. But"—a shudder creeping over her, and half choking her utterance—"did you—could you say, Moriarty was a murderer?"

"God forbid I should say so, and pardon them that did! The blood he shed—and, God knows, in trying to save life—lies at another's door; and yet, sister dear, men that never saw the thing happen, nor knew the nature of the creature, that he wouldn't hurt a fly, have brought him in guilty; and

die he must"—a strong shiver crossed her frame as she spoke—"on Thursday, if your blessed General doesn't rescue him out of their hands."

The tale which, by broken interrogatories, Evelyn extorted in equally disjointed fragments from her sister, was a sad, but in those days of license and favouritism, a less uncommon instance than could now occur of the force of prejudice when combined with power.

Sergeant Carroll's regiment had but recently landed after dreadful hardships and fever, whose ravages had well nigh swept his humble hearth, from the coast of Africa, on an adjoining island to that of which Sir Guy was governor. A young commanding officer, whom interest, *then* all-powerful, had enabled to escape the African duty, finding it impossible to evade the West Indian, had joined with the worst possible grace a corps to the individuals of which, as well as their general habits, he was necessarily a stranger. Had he been amenable, under those circumstances, to advice, the unanimous voice of officers and men pointed out poor Carroll to fill the just-vacated situation of sergeant-major, for which his good conduct, mild temper, and general popularity eminently qualified him.—But that very unanimity of recommendation assumed, to a foolish, headstrong *ignoramus* (for such the new major was) the air of dictation; besides which he cherished a dislike and contempt not then uncommon with half-educated Englishmen for the very name of an Irishman. So, to make a long tale short, a low-lifted sycophant of his own country was petulantly raised over the head of poor Moriarty, to the disgust of the whole regiment, and no doubt to his own secret disappointment.

Poor Carroll, nevertheless, all Irish as he was, bore the double mortification to his person and country like a perfect angel—shrugged up his shoulders at the folly of the major, and actually did his best to save from utter exposure the blunders of his malicious rival. But there were Pats in the corps less subdued by experience and misfortune; and a lad from the same part of the country took upon him, much to the annoyance of the pacific sergeant, the office of Moriarty's champion. Under the joint influence of cheap liquor, a hot temper, and a broiling sun, this rash lad, in a barrack squabble, had levelled his fire-lock at

the obnoxious sergeant-major; Moriarty had interposed (as two persons, the culprit included, but who were both unfortunately his own countrymen, testified,) to beat it down. In so doing, it had accidentally gone off and lodged the contents not in the heart but legs of the intended victim, whose death, though it unquestionably followed within a very few days, was far more justly attributable to new rum and a bad habit of body than to the unhappy accident of which Moriarty had been, in averting worse evil, the innocent cause.

Had the court-martial, which sat as a matter of course, been a regimental one, the finding would hardly have been manslaughter. But the commandant, incensed at the loss of his *protégé*, got up such a case of insubordination, revenge, and malice prepense, against poor Moriarty, who had been heard to say, on the deceased's appointment, (alluding to his incapacity,) that "he doubted if he would be a month sergeant-major," that a tribunal of strangers, hastily assembled from other corps, and mystified by contradictory evidence, leaned, naturally perhaps, to the commanding officer's version, and found a verdict of guilty against poor Carroll.

The military governor of the island, to whom an appeal on behalf of the culprit would certainly have been made, was absent on a cruise for his health. The day fixed for the execution of the sentence was close at hand, and hope was well nigh dead in the bosom of the resigned and manly victim and his agonised wife, when some friendly visitor to the prison regretted that an attempt had not been made to interest in the cause the upright new governor of T—, Sir Guy Sydenham.

Aileen's heart bounded to her lips as, with renovated hope, she sprang from the straw pallet at her husband's feet. Of her brother-in-law's knighthood she was, indeed, ignorant, as well as of his present elevation, which had taken place during the engrossing events connected with her husband's trial. But no two Guy Sydenhams, it was ascertained, existed on the army list; and that Providence had indeed sent one with such a debt of gratitude on his shoulders to their rescue was acknowledged with a piety which had not even failed when all seemed dark and hopeless.

To get at Sir Guy within the given three days was, of course, Aileen's

first object; and now did the Mermaid of Innismoran's early familiarity with ocean perils come once more to the aid of her womanly devotedness; for the small island of T—, being little frequented (except in crop-time) by anything deserving the name of shipping, the sole means of conveyance its harbour then afforded was a "caiaen," or canoe, hollowed, with Indian simplicity of construction, out of one wild cotton tree, with length of course hugely disproportioned to its scanty breadth, and calculated for coasting purposes alone, yet in which, could a coadjutor be procured, the fearless wife was ready to brave the perils of a ten hours' run across the treacherous Caribbean sea.

There are few services, however hazardous, which gold will not purchase; and next came the advantages which, albeit as little given as most Irish folks to parsimony, the sober habits of Aileen and her husband had produced in the shape of a little contingent fund just adequate to induce the black "patron" of the canoe to risk it, himself, and his son, a lad of fifteen, in the blended cause of profit and humanity. A light steady breeze had favoured the daring enterprise, and even in less time than had been allotted, Aileen had stood under the roof of the arbiter of her husband's fate.

Moments were, however, too precious to be wasted even in sisterly sympathy—far less in selfish hesitation; and Evelyn—with feelings akin to those with which hundreds of undetected criminals have half welcomed justice as an alternative from remorse—turned back towards the house in quest of her husband.

Uncertain whether he might not have already quitted the dining-hall, she cast an anxious glance into the yet empty ball-room, the contrast between which brilliantly illuminated, arched overhead with stately palm branches, and decorated with a profusion of exotics, which would have beggared the conservatories of half Europe, and the dungeon of which her sister's husband's was the doomed inhabitant—smote on her with all the bitterness of life's first stern reality; while the triumphant crash which the band, on obtaining a glimpse of the queen of the revels, struck up in her honour, sounded like cruel mockery on her ears.

When Evelyn fled horror-struck from this scene of ill-timed gaiety, it was to encounter, and in a mood equally dis-

cordant, her unconscious husband.—His constitutional good spirits, heightened by sober conviviality, and well-earned compliment, the gay and gallant Uncle Guy—his noble martial figure as erect as ever, and his step as light and commanding—turned, whistling a lively air, into the verandah in search of his wife, and, as breathless with contending emotions, she fairly ran against him, snatched her tenderly to his heart, with gay and familiar terms of endearment that smote on the guilty recesses of her's like a knell.

As a relief from his presence and caresses any thing would at that moment have been hailed; and Evelyn mustered from despair the courage to say that a petitioner awaited him in the verandah, though, on being further questioned as to this unseasonable intruder, she could only falter—"Go, go to her for God's sake, and for *her* sake grant a pardon to more than one!"

It may be figured more easily than described, with what strange stirring of the heart the gallant veteran saw before him again, after the lapse of twelve long years, the well-remembered Irish cloak, and with what yet greater bewilderment he beheld beneath it the saddened, faded image of her who had flashed before his eyes a moment since in all but youthful beauty!

Strange, however, as it all seemed, ere she could speak one word in a voice whose first tone would have brought conviction, instinct—the unerring instinct of gratitude—told Sir Guy that the preserver of his life stood before him. In one instant, ere he could prevent it, she was at his feet; while (with somewhat of the feelings of the patriarch towards his defrauded elder son) he felt that any boon she might crave would be little towards discharging the arrear of a life-time. The first words of the disinterested suppliant were—"Oh! bless ye, Colonel, don't ye be blaming poor Evelyn! 'Twas I deceived ye for the good of both. I had broke rings wid one in my own station months before this day twelve years cast ye on Innismoran; and ere ever ye came out o' that weary fever, I was far enough away wid him beyant the sea."

"I see—I comprehend," got out by degrees the astonished listener, whose powers of comprehension were nevertheless pretty severely taxed by the yet unexplained appearance of his wife's

"*doppel-ganger*," or "fetch," and where is your husband now, Aileen?"

"In the condemned cell of the gaol of T—, Gineral, and that's why I am here entirely; for it's you alone that can save his life, else I'd niver, niver have come to make trouble betwixt you and my own blessed sister. And ye needn't be asking 'may ye do it with a safe conscience?' for he's as free o' the blood he's condemned for, as your honour's wee nameson Guy that I've left in the prison beside him to keep away ill thoughts wi' his winning, laughing ways."

"I dare not doubt you, Aileen," said Sydenham, "though (one of his old smiles passing over his manly countenance) you have deceived me once already. Even if to blame, *your* husband has strong claims on my interposition; if innocent, he has a *right* to command it; so, cheer up, *you* can have nothing to fear. But there's a culprit nearer at hand, and as dear to us both, whom we must hasten to put out of pain. Come with me to her dressing-room and take the food and rest I am sure you need, and tell me quietly all this strange bewildering history."

And then it was, that while a case of unexpected business formed the veracious apology of the governor to the impatient dancers, and reluctance to appear without him the graceful excuse of his timid lady, confessions and explanations were incoherently poured forth and accepted with a warmth and *abandon* of reciprocal feeling, which brought the dream-like visions of Letrewel, and love, and shipwreck with all the vividness of yesterday before every mind's eye. Once more on a low stool at her forgiving husband's feet, with Aileen's talismanic cloak cast by the instinctive tact of its kind owner over the splendour it eclipsed but to outshine in Sydenham's eyes, Evelyn looked so thoroughly the Hebe of his first fancy, while, at the same time, the far more fitting object of his maturer choice, that his sense how truly the exchange had been "for his good" made him view in the rescuer of his life the artist also of his happiness.

To stay the execution of Moriarty's sentence, and command a revision of the proceedings against him, seemed to Sir Guy too much an act of justice to be deemed an expression of gratitude; and while the now tranquillised Aileen slept beneath her sister's sheltering roof

the long sleep of exhaustion, it was that sister's first act of spontaneous and grateful duty to forego the joy of watching beside her pillow, to show herself in a far different scene on the arm of the proud and delighted governor.

She retired, it may be imagined, early—the more so that Aileen, provided with the necessary documents, was impatient to set out with the dawn, not, it may be believed, in the frail conveyance which had wafted her to —, but in a light swift-sailing schooner, used for communication among the islands, which a less influential person than the governor would have found difficulty in hiring for so short and every-day a trip as that to T—.

But the trip, though short, was a proverbially stormy one; and as Evelyn left the ball-room, the ominous sound of the long roaring swell in the offing awakened misgivings for her courageous sister's safety. To dissuade her from a voyage the main purposes of which could be equally accomplished without hazard to herself, would, to one who knew her less, have seemed easy. But Evelyn felt that even *she* herself could have deputed no other to be the bearer of life to Sydenham; and when morning came, and with it a frightful gale, the sole feeling in the devoted wife's bosom was the impossibility of getting others to risk life and property in a cause where, in her eyes, both were as nothing.

Sydenham again—though his interest in Moriarty's safety fell little short of her own, felt the deep responsibility of perilling for one life, however precious, those of a whole crew, could he even succeed in bribing or intimidating them to set sail; and the greater part of the second day but one of poor Moriarty's term of existence had rolled away in fruitless efforts to devise an expedient for its protraction, when one, a possible though desperate one, occurred to the agonised anxiety of Lady Sydenham.

If it involved, as it undoubtedly did, some risk to her own husband—and that on a point where he was peculiarly susceptible—she felt that thus, and thus alone could he fully discharge his obligations and her own to Aileen. Without communicating to her sister, in the first instance, a vague hope which might not, after all, be realised, she merely enjoined her, as she valued her husband's safety, to exert her well-earned influence over the governor to

obtain a *carte blanche* for using in his name whatever efforts might yet be practicable to induce, by fair persuasion or reward, *any seafaring person* on the island to give her a passage: a request which—the only alternative being Aileen's frantic resolution to perish in the attempt in the canoe—he had little difficulty or hesitation in granting.

Furnished with this precious document, Lady Sydenham entrusted to her sister's execution a plan in which official decorum would have prevented her from taking an active part, even were not the natural eloquence of a wife's pleadings far more to be trusted for success than all the influence of rank or station.

In the gaol of T—, there lay, she had casually heard, a young Spanish pirate, of whose fate on his impending trial—notwithstanding some palliating and rather interesting circumstances—there remained not a shadow of a doubt. Here, and here only, was to be found an individual to whom the risk of life could be next to nothing; while, as to that of property, his own little piratical felucca, lying condemned in the harbour, would, Evelyn felt, be cheaply purchased from the captors by the after sacrifice of all the jewels in her possession.

“Manage this matter as you best may, my dear sister,” exclaimed the weeping Evelyn, (as she enveloped Aileen for the nocturnal expedition in the well-known protecting cloak,) “for your own husband's good, and with the least of stain on the honour and integrity of mine. Give this gold freely—it is yours—to secure the escape of the Spaniard, if he consent to do your errand: only, for his soul's sake, and the lives of others, swear him first, by the faith you hold in common, to give up for ever his wild calling, and the means of following a better shall not be withheld.”

The sisters exchanged a long mute embrace, and parted—the one well knowing, the other half suspecting, that if successful, they would not meet that night again—perhaps on earth no more. Why should a long tale linger? What gold might have failed to achieve, the eloquence of despair and the hope of life combined to accomplish. Pedro Garcias—whose confessor, the interpreter between the parties, facilitated a scheme which help out opportunities of future penitence to one still young—found little difficulty in repossessing

himself at midnight of his neglected bark, or rejoining the two concealed survivors of his crew. The tempests which the daring hardihood of guilt had often enabled them to baffle, were braved for once, and under holier auspices, on behalf of innocence; and a few short hours before that fixed for the ignominious fate of Moriarty Carroll, the order for the revision of his sentence and transfer of his person to the neighbouring island, was drawn from the bosom of the exulting Aileen.

None, however—such was her exemplary discretion—knew either then or since in the colonies, that family connexion had ought to do with Governor Sydenham's righteous interposition—still less with the escape of the pirate, Pedro Garcias, who, warned by past perils and turned from the error of his ways by the eloquence of ex-

ample in the Carroll's, lived to visit as an honest trader (when making a trip in quest of "*baccalao*" to Galway) Moriarty and Aileen, then happy possessors, through Sir Guy's munificence of the farm of Letrewel.

And when, in due course of time, there were two Guy Sydenhams in the army list, and a fine young cornet, the image of Lady S—, was introduced by her husband, on his return from service, as the heir to his honours—(while a second Evelyn replaced to Aileen the babe she had early deplored)—few besides their immediate connexions were ever aware that a nephew's claim was all he possessed—but, oh! how strong were its extent and nature on the love, and pride, and protection of the parents whose name he worthily bore.

AUSTRALIA.—FOURTH ARTICLE.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

It is one of the many advantages of a period of peace, that not only is the attention of the public more thoroughly directed to internal improvements, but a great amount of talent and enterprise is directed into useful channels, which might otherwise have been thrown away in the costly and pernicious occupation of fighting. In this respect, England at present teems not merely with labour seeking employment, and capital begging for profitable investment; but there is also an overflowing supply of energy, and desire of laudable distinction, which seeks to expend itself in exploring every part of the globe, in quest of geographical discovery, or of natural history, and antiquarian research. It is, no doubt, a matter of just exultation, that while Englishmen excel all other nations in enterprise and perseverance, these precious commodities are so abundant, that we can afford to expend them in the most absurd, and sometimes not very innocent objects. We throw away millions in the shape of loans to such worthless governments as those of Spanish America, and throw away lives on such worthless quarrels as those which distract Spain or Portugal. It is impossible to feel anything but regret when we reflect that if the millions of money and the thousands of lives thus recklessly lost had been

employed in founding new colonies, or in improving old ones, extensive relief might have been afforded to our pauper population, and new markets opened up for the merchant and manufacturer. It appears, however, that we are getting somewhat wiser, and that our energies are beginning to be directed into a proper channel. When we undertake to found new colonies, which, even if they should incur a heavy loss of capital at the outset, may ultimately prosper, at all events, we are not worse off than if we had invested our money in some absurd loan to some ephemeral government, situated in some obscure corner of America. The attention which the subject of colonization is exciting in every class, from the peer to the peasant, is not more than it deserves, either from the important influence which it may have on the fortunes of the emigrants, or from affording a noble opening to the exertions, and, we may add, philanthropy of the youth of the higher and educated classes of the community. When we see among the founders and projectors of new colonies, the names of those distinguished by rank and birth, we are carried back to the spirited times of old English colonization in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. There is, however, one important difference in the cir-

cumstances which gave rise to the founding of the old colonies of North America, and the new ones of Australia; that, in the former case, many of them originated like those of the ancient Greeks, in political disturbances, or religious commotions, while all such considerations are happily foreign to the new, where the motive to emigrate is disentangled from all such considerations. The colonists of New England were exiles; those of West and South Australia are simply emigrants. The subject of colonization is, happily, one of the few which may be discussed without any reference to political or religious parties, and is one in which men of every shade of political and religious faith may co-operate; and with the colonist, it is not an asylum, but an establishment for his family which he seeks. This circumstance alone, of the absence of all party feelings, in impelling the emigrant to settle in a new country, will give, from the beginning, a healthy tone to the state of society, while its presence, in the politico-religious colonies of North America, has given them a one-sidedness of which two centuries have not obliterated the traces. The circumstances which led to the colonization of New England and Maryland are still to be traced in the present condition of their respective communities.

If colonies are to be established, it is of the utmost importance, that the experience of past history should be generalized into a body of rules, to enable them to avoid the errors which have been committed, especially in the early progress of every colony. In this respect, however, the obvious principle in the management of a colony is that which eminently distinguishes the history of British colonies from those of every other modern country. The colonists were, in every instance, very much left to themselves, and to the management of their own local affairs, and were not teased by the interference of people at a distance of three thousand miles. The contrast between the growth of the English colonies and those of Spain, need not be drawn; for the latter country, with that strange perversity and mixture of nobleness and meanness which has ever characterised it, never attempted to govern their colonies, but always misgoverned them on purpose. In such colonies as were founded by the

Dutch or French, every order proceeded from the mother country, and nothing even of a local nature was left for the colonists to attempt; and hence such crippled and distorted colonies as Lower Canada or the Cape. The English, on the contrary, with that talent for co-operation which distinguishes their race, soon settled into organised societies, forming so many little miniature representations of the parent country, with all its institutions, in as far as adapted to a new colony.

It is not so much the constitution of the government that deserves attention in the founding of a colony, as the principle upon which land is disposed of; and in this respect the publications of Mr. Wakefield will form an important epoch in the art of colonization, which he has reduced to a system that appears destined to form the basis on which all future colonies will be established. In an old country, such as England, there is a disproportion between the three elements of wealth, where labour and capital are excessive, while the land is in a fixed quantity, which can only be virtually increased by the slow progress of improvements in agriculture and manufactures. In a young country, on the contrary, such as the United States, there is a deficiency in the supply of labour and capital, while there is a profusion of the finest land. So that the present condition of the two countries is the inverse of each other. In England, consequently, from the low price of labour and small profits, there must always be strong inducements to emigration; while in America, the wages and the rate of interest are high, and land abundant and cheap, and sold for a smaller price per acre than what an English farmer pays as his yearly rent. Such is the condition of a new colony, and the difficulty is to preserve a due proportion between land, labour, and capital—in short, to approximate the condition of society in a new country to what exists in an old one, in as far as it would be desirable, or to keep the colony in that cheerful and advancing state which is so well described by Smith.

If in a new colony land be too easily obtained, its progress is retarded; and paradoxical as it may appear, this very facility is the circumstance which, unless carefully attended to, will prove a cause of misfortune to the new settlement. The readiness with which land

can be obtained, and the ambition of every individual to procure as large a share as possible of a species of property to which so much importance is attached in an old country, induce the settler to surround himself with a desert, in which he is deprived of all aid and co-operation from his neighbours. The tendency of such a state of things is, to produce a society where all are landlords, and some few in addition are capitalists, and none simple labourers; and if the country be adapted for cattle, they may subsist by this means, and in a few generations relapse into a state of semi-barbarism similar to that of the Cyclops, each attending to his own interest, and indifferent to the welfare of his neighbours. Of this state of society we have examples in the Dutch colony of the Cape, or in the Spanish ones, where we find ignorant and insulated cattle-owners spread over a surface which might support millions. In some countries the expenditure of land was kept in check by various causes, which had a salutary influence, as in the New England colonies, where the presence of an energetic enemy induced the settlers to keep together as a means of a safety.—The dense forests could only be cleared with much labour; and also, as the winters were severe, the cattle required to be protected within doors, there was little risk of the colonists degenerating into nomad shepherds, as in South America* or the Cape. In other colonies the importation of slaves afforded a most iniquitous but lucrative supply of labour, and the colony rapidly increased in wealth and population; while in the two older colonies of Australia we have originated and continued a method if possible still more wicked, of supplying labour, and have inverted the structure of society by bestowing as a punishment on a convict what ought to be the recompense of the poor and virtuous emigrant, namely, a most desirable market for his labour. It is obvious that such unnatural methods of procuring labour, whether by stealing dark-coloured men, or obtaining white criminals, can never be tolerated in a colony where morality is considered of any importance. In a colony where only free labour is employed, the high rate of wages soon changes the labourer into a landowner, and the population is dispersed over a wide surface, and of course civilization retrogrades, and capital is lost or expended in vain.

In a new colony, and in a fine climate we can imagine the young society to advance a second time through all the stages of barbarism back to civilization. They may commence by subsisting on game, or in the hunting state, and when their cattle increase, they may become shepherds; and in this pastoral state they may remain for centuries, unless colonists be found in vast numbers, or the country be of limited extent. Thus we may imagine a young colony reared like a tree from the seed state; or we might adopt the more expeditious method of transplanting an ample community at the beginning—just as a mature tree may be carried from the forest, and planted in some desirable situation. In other words, we may imitate the Greeks, and transport a miniature state, with all its essentials into a new country, instead of creating one from its first elements. Such society, however, cannot be transplanted to a new country with any fair prospect of its cohering, unless means be taken to prevent the dispersion of its members, which, however, comes finally to the regulations which may be instituted respecting the disposal of land. In none of our colonies, till very recently, has this difficulty been attended to; but, on the contrary, every sort of absurdity which fraud or folly could suggest has been displayed respecting this most essential condition for the success of a colony. In New South Wales, where convict labour has counterbalanced every disadvantage in the physical prosperity of the colony, land was formerly granted on the easiest conditions. Any one who applied for land might have it, and convicts to cultivate it, free of all expense and from all stipulations. Dr. Long informs us of an Indian invalid, who, during his residence in Sydney, applied for a grant of land, and obtained two thousand acres, which he disposed of on leaving the country. It is needless to insist on the still more serious evil of the jobbing in land, which must have been most annoying to the independent settler, who thus had to compete with others who enjoyed undue and unfair advantages over him. In Upper Canada these evils were still more acutely felt, and now in this vast and fine province, with its yet scanty population, only a very small proportion of the land remains unalienated, and the principles, or, rather, want of principle, followed in the disposal of land, not only tended to scatter the population,

but excited much discontent, which common prudence might have taught the necessity of avoiding. The colonists of the upper province were usually of the poorer classes, and from their poverty ought to have remained in the class of labourers, where they might have obtained excellent wages, and acquired the most important knowledge with respect to the management of farms, and when their savings enabled them, might become proprietors of an adequate extent of land. On the contrary, the emigrant to the upper province had a large farm of perhaps three hundred acres assigned to him upon condition that within a given time a certain proportion should have been brought under cultivation. It usually happened that the poor emigrant, after a manly struggle for two or three years, was obliged to sell his farm to some land-jobber, and in despair took to intoxication, or, if of firmer nerves, emigrated to the United States, where his labour was more valuable.

In founding a colony, the chief problem, therefore, is, to prevent labour from being thrown away, and capital from being dissipated by an undue dispersion of the settlers, or, in other words, by maintaining as nearly as possible the proper relations between capital, labour, and land. The obvious method to accomplish this is by affixing a minimum price to the land, and disposing of every acre without exception by sale, and by totally excluding the system of grants whether free or conditional. By such a system every idea of unfair dealing and favouritism is precluded, and the feeling of perfect reliance on the justice of the administration is engendered, which will exert a happy effect in maintaining confidence among all classes of emigrants. In this mode of disposing of land, any one may purchase as much as he pleases, and in any locality he pleases, as soon as the survey is completed; and in this manner the formality of public auction may be very properly dispensed with; and, indeed, such a form might often be injurious to the *bonâ fide* purchaser, as fraudulent or disingenuous individuals might give much vexation by outbidding the person who was known to have incurred much trouble and expense in traversing the country to select a proper tract of land.

By demanding a fair price for the land the tendency to dispersion is prevented. The labourer cannot become

a landholder until he becomes a capitalist; and what is of far more importance, the price of the land, under a proper system of management, becomes a precious source of revenue, which may all be expended in importing labourers, who in their turn may aspire to become landholders: and thus the purchase-money is to be viewed rather in light of a portion of capital expended in the importation of labour. In short, as has been often remarked by all who have written on this topic, the price of the land is a subscription to a labour fund, much more useful and effective than if each individual were to expend his money in importing servants for himself. There will also be a fair competition in the labour market, unfettered by the annoyance of indentured servants. Nor does the advantage of this system cease here, for the purchasers, or the commissioners who act for them, have the power of selecting young married couples, and thus bringing a most important prospective accession to the population of the colony. Had some such system of emigration as this been coupled with our Irish poor law, we might anticipate the most essential benefits to the country; but a class of intelligent statesmen is a blessing which falls to the lot of few countries. Under such a system the pauper population of Ireland might have been the wealth of the North American colonies, and the price of lands sold in Canada might have been rendered available for the relief of this part of the empire, without the aid of taxes or loans. When we know that the government of the United States derives a revenue of nearly a million per annum from the sale of lands, we may form some idea of the importance of rendering the funds so raised in the British colonies available for an extensive and efficient system of emigration, and thus to purchase up a portion of the superfluous labour of the home market. It is, however, only in the new colony of South Australia that the full capabilities of this system have been tried; and to ascertain how far the experiment has been successful, it will be necessary to enter into some details respecting the progress of the settlement.

The new colony of South Australia differs little in physical character from the other known portions of this insular continent, and, like the neighbouring settlements, is better adapted for sheep farming than for corn grow-

ing. There is this unfortunate circumstance in the physical geography of South Australia, that it possesses scarcely any lofty mountain range, and, with the exception of the Murray, scarcely any stream of note, or fit for any other purpose than supplying a sufficiency of water for domestic uses. The line of coast possesses but few harbours of great value, with the exception of Port Lincoln, which is of unrivalled excellence, and capable of affording shelter in all weather, and to any number of vessels. Another advantage possessed by the new colony is, that it is traversed by the Murray, the only known river of Australia which is of great value as affording a long course of inland navigation. This fine river, which was first explored by Captain Sturt, receives the waters of the Macquarrie, Murrumbidgee, and Darling, and for at least two hundred miles of its course is as broad as the Thames at London. It has been stated that the lands on the lower part of the Murray are of very inferior value, or rather quite useless; but as the country has as yet been but very imperfectly explored, it is premature to speak decisively on the subject. Another circumstance which considerably impairs the value of the Murray is, that it is inaccessible from the sea by the barrier which the breakers have thrown up at its mouth, and which have caused its obstructed waters to expand into the fresh water lagoon to which the name of Lake Alexandrina has been given. Along the coast there are several islands, but few of them of any importance. Kangaroo Island labours under the double disadvantage of being very thickly wooded, with a very small supply of water.—The new colony possesses an extent of surface nearly as great as that of France and Spain together; and in as far as it has hitherto been explored, it has been found that the proportion of good land is much greater than in any of the other Australian settlements. The great physical advantages of the colony of South Australia are the superior quality of its land, or rather that the quantity of good land is greater in a given surface than in Western Australia or New South Wales—the excellence of its harbour, and the means of inland communication afforded by the Murray. With respect to position, it is inferior to Western Australia, where the wind is favourable during every season for sailing to India or England.

In constructing a system of rules for the management of the new colony, the projectors availed themselves, to the utmost, of all previous experience in such undertakings, and certainly the utmost praise is due to them for the foresight with which every anticipated evil was provided against. In the whole transaction, there is a mixture of bold reliance on the soundness of their principles, and, at the same time, of caution in carrying them out, which is highly creditable to the projectors, and which merited the success which has attended it. The first principle adopted as a basis of the new colony, is the self-supporting one, in accordance with which, every farthing of the expense of the colony, from its birth, is defrayed from its own resources. We need not seek the contrast in the convict colonies, where a large military and police establishment is required, but in the case of Swan River settlement, we find that that unfortunate colony, although more than double the age of South Australia, requires an annual parliamentary grant of £6,000. This system of defraying its own expenses, cannot fail to have an admirable effect, both by encouraging the self-respect of the colonists, and infusing energy and confidence into their exertions; and, above all, in preventing them from being teased by idle and useless officials. By thus defraying the entire expense of their government, and also of the protection of the colony, the settlers have a just right to claim exemption from all unnecessary interference in their affairs, and that the system under which they are advancing to prosperity, should be left to its own workings. This self-supporting plan, on which the institution of the colony is based, if new, is only so in its theoretical expression; for in fact most of the flourishing colonies either of Greece in ancient times, or of the early colonies of England, in modern times, were established without drawing upon the parent countries, either for support or protection. In all such cases, the hardy off-shoot of a vigorous stem required only to be transplanted to a favourable soil, and a healthy vegetation shows the natural result. It was only in the case of such monstrous abortions as a convict tlement, or some foreign colony, the sickly child of some continental government, that a heavy expense has been incurred by the governing state. In all the previous examples, however, of a colony prospering from its own

unaided resources, from the first moment of its existence, this has been more the result of accident than of choice. It was because the emigrants were exiles and neglected. But, in the case of South Australia, the principle has been adopted with a full consciousness of its value and importance.

The principle which has been adopted for the disposal of land, is one of still greater originality, and of far greater importance, inasmuch, as when properly carried into effect, it involves also the principle of self-support. We have already observed, that the proper method to follow in establishing a colony is, not to people it with a single class of settlers, such as mechanics and farmers, but to transport a little state or community, perfect and properly proportioned in all its parts, and destined to be highly civilized from the very commencement. To retain this young society in this desirable condition, it is necessary that the relations between capital, land, and labour, should be in due proportion; or, in other words, as the capital and labour of the young colony are not great, some means might be devised to restrict the quantity of land, and thus to prevent the population from being dissipated over a vast surface. The proper and obvious method to accomplish this object is, by selling land at a uniform price, which must be sufficiently high to ensure the purchasers being capitalists, and able to improve the land which they have acquired. Nothing can be more pernicious than disposing of vast blocks of land, either by favouritism in grants, or at a small price, inducing individuals to retain extensive and uncultivated estates, till they acquire a high degree of value from the industry of those around, whose prosperity they have obstructed. On the other hand, if this accumulation of land be prevented, the means adopted to accomplish it may be either ineffectual, or absolutely mischievous, and the history of Upper Canada will illustrate this, where every objectionable plan was had recourse to, till at length, by a process of exhaustion, the proper plan was adopted, merely because no other remained for trial. Thus, at first, land was granted unconditionally; and as such land was applied for without forethought, by people who did not possess any of the steadiness or perseverance necessary for the laborious life of a Canadian farmer, the farm was soon disposed of, often for a quantity

of rum. Subsequently, the title to the land was withheld until the occupant had fulfilled certain stipulated improvements on the property, such as clearing so many acres, building a log-house, and constructing a portion of road in front of his grant. In this case, the emigrant often got into debt, and, after struggling for a few years, betook himself to the United States, while the creditor obtained the property, often at a price far below the value of the labour expended on it. From this and other mismanagements, it has resulted, that in Upper Canada, with its scanty population, but a comparatively small portion of land remains at the disposal of the state.

In South Australia, the only method has been adopted, which is in any respect capable of meeting every difficulty. As the land is disposed of, in every case, at a fixed price, all idea of favouritism is completely excluded, and every one may become the proprietor of as much land as he can afford to purchase, and in any locality which his sagacity and knowledge may prefer. In every case, also, the price of the land must be paid for in ready money, and in no case are any remote and contingent conditions annexed to the purchase, and it is justly considered that the immediate outlay of the purchase money will do more to ensure prudence on the part of the colonist than any other plan, and also render it probable that he has reserved some of his capital to expend on the cultivation of his property.

The supply of labour, in accordance with the plan on which the new colony is founded, is as nearly as possible proportioned to the amount of land purchased, as the price of such land is always laid out on importing free labourers from England, the price of land, in some degree, regulates the rate of wages. In accordance with the views of its founders, South Australia is, under no circumstances, to become a penal colony. No convicts are permitted to be landed on its shores; and every colonist must at least maintain the character of an honest man. As convict and slave labour are both prohibited in South Australia, the only resource left was, either the plan which they have adopted, or that adopted in Western Australia, of engaging indentured servants. This latter plan, however, has, in every case where it has been tried, proved a failure, and the inducements to break the terms of the engagement with the

master, are too strong even for the best disposed men; so that this plan could only be enforced by a system of legislation which would render it little better than a temporary slavery. The other method is of importing labourers free of all expense, and permitting them to seek employment where their interests lead them; and in this manner, while free scope is given to competition, no one can become a landowner who has not some capital to enable him to obtain that distinction. It is true, that in colonies where labour is, under any conditions, an expensive commodity, its possessors are apt to acquire a certain independence, and even rudeness of manners, to which there is no alternative but to submit. Still the labourers of South Australia are far superior in civility and principle to those of Upper Canada. In the latter colony, nothing is more remarkable than the sudden change effected in the manners of the lower order of emigrants. The individual who, a few months before, during his passage out, would touch his hat most respectfully to the humblest inmate of the quarter-deck, soon learns to assume an air of equality when meeting with the first people in the country. In South Australia, the relations between employer and labourer are on as healthy a footing as can be desired under the circumstances, and the testimony of Mr. James, who is, in most cases, a severe critic on the new colony, is very satisfactory on the subject.

"It is pleasing," he says, "to see in Adelaide the importance and respectability of the labouring classes. In proportion as they were scarce, they were properly estimated, and the responsibility of their situations, particularly shepherds, stock-keepers, and such like, had a tendency very much to lessen the distinction between master and man. Of course this treatment, on the part of the employer, made the servant a more important personage in his own eyes, unveiled his self-respect, and made him doubly careful of the property committed to his charge, and altogether seemed to take off the pains of servitude. The author has often dined with respectable residents, where the overseer, after washing his hands, drew in his chair among the company, and not only with perfect propriety, but entertaining his master's guests with accounts of his days' work, the sheep and cows, &c. Though such a practice cannot be said to obtain much in England, especially in towus, yet it is the practice in many;

but coming, as the author did, from New South Wales, where there are few besides convict servants, it struck him as equally strange and praiseworthy. There seemed, also, a quickness and gentility about the females of South Australia contrasting very favourably with the rubbish of Sidney; and a person coming from the eastern colonies would not fail to be struck with the superior ruddiness, simplicity, and purity of the South Australian damsels, in strolling up to the tents and near the huts of the labouring people. They all seemed healthy and happy—the wife asking the gentleman to come out of the sun and rest himself, and, at the same time, offering all they had for his refreshment. It does not take long to see that there is a vast difference between the state of society—I mean, among the working classes here and the same classes in the other colonies. But in South Australia labour is the best capital you can have, and the wages so high, that a commonly conducted man can maintain himself and family in greater plenty and abundance than a gentleman; and it follows, as a matter of course, that there is not much scope in the colony for the talents of educated men without some capital; and if persons have not got this capital either in their hands or their pockets, it is of little use having it in their heads."

In this respect the colony of South Australia deserves the highest praise, as it has succeeded so well in preserving not merely a class of labourers but a class of capitalists, and thus prevented the otherwise inevitable decline in civilization and also in morality, which takes place when scarcely any but labouring people are the founders of a colony. In Upper Canada, so often alluded to as affording a striking contrast with every thing that is sound in colonization, the effects of dispersion upon settlers, consisting almost entirely of the labouring classes, have been most prejudicial. They were described by an intelligent observer as consisting of a lawless and unprincipled rabble, the refuse of mankind, recently emancipated from the subordination that exists in an advanced state of society, and all equal in point of right and possession, composing, of course, a democracy of the most revolting kind. No individual possesses more influence than another; and were any one, whose qualifications and pretensions entitled him to take the lead, to assume a superiority or to make an attempt at improvement, he would be strenuously opposed by all the others. Thus the whole inhabitants of a new settlement march sluggishly

forward at the same pace ; and if one advances in the least degree before the others, he is immediately pulled back to the ranks.

That this has hitherto been the case in most settlements, can be proved by a reference to facts. The farmers of the Niagara district, many of whom have been thirty or forty years in the country, and now possess fine unencumbered farms, are in no respect superior to the inhabitants of the Talbot settlement. They are equally ignorant and equally unpolished, and one would suppose, from their mode of life, that they were equally poor. Their minds have made no advance, and their ideas have not expanded in proportion to the increase of their money. Is it, then, to be supposed that the people who now fill the settlements of Upper Canada, and carry with them similar ideas and prejudices, will make greater progress in improvement than persons of the same description have done before them ?

Few of the farms in the more improved parts of the province retain their original owners, who have generally been bought out by people of similar habits but greater wealth ; and new settlements have almost invariably changed their inhabitants within ten or twelve years after their commencement.

Such is the result of colonization in Upper Canada as compared with South Australia ; and although the former splendid province possesses a far superior soil and the most magnificent water communication, and has been settled for near a century, still it is behind the youngest of our settlements in the race of improvement ; and for this no other reasons can be assigned than the more correct principles on which South Australia has been occupied, and that a higher grade of people emigrate at present, which sent few of its members abroad thirty or forty years ago.

In commencing a new colony, however sound the principles may be, a vast deal depends on the prudence and energy with which they are carried into operation. A few blunders or misfortunes at the outset will not fail to retard the progress of the settlement for many years. The Swan River colony is an example of this, where the preliminary difficulties, most of which might easily have been obviated, gave a shock to the settlement from

which it is only beginning to recover. Their example was not lost on the fathers of South Australia, who were careful to start their child fairly into life with a sufficient stock to enable him to commence his establishment on a safe and comfortable footing. To preclude the possibility of famine, or even of a scarcity of provisions, the commissioners took care that ample supplies should be forwarded from time to time, and while they had no intention of trading in articles of food, they adopted the judicious plan of keeping on hand a sufficient quantity of stores to prevent the market-price from rising to an unreasonable height. In consequence of these excellent arrangements, the settlers had no preliminary famines to contend with, although such an ordeal used to form the first event in the history of any young colony. No doubt many errors were committed, as was to have been expected in such an experiment ; but many of them appear to have been rather the result of over anxiety to anticipate any possible contingency than from neglect to the comforts of the emigrants. The following quotation from Mr. James, an able but very censorious observer of the management of the new colony, and of the principles on which it was established, will prove that famine was not one of the evils to be apprehended ;

“ This is Port Adelaide ! Port Misery would be a better name ; for nothing in any other part of the world can surpass it in every thing that is wretched and inconvenient. Packages of goods and heaps of merchandise are lying about in every direction, as if they had cost nothing—stacks of what were once beautiful London bricks crumbling away like gingerbread, and evidently at each returning tide half covered by the flood—trusses of hay now rotten, and Norway pines scattered about as if they had no owner—iron ploughs and rusty harrows—cases of door-frames and windows that had once been glazed—heaps of the best slates, half tumbling down—winnowing machines broken to pieces—blocks of Roman cement now hard as stone—Sydney cedar and laths, and shingles from Van Dieman's Land, in every direction ;— whilst on the high ground are to be seen pigs eating through the flour sacks, and kegs of raisins, with not only the head out but half the contents—onions and potatoes to be had for the picking up.* The sight

* There must be some exaggeration here, for a few pages farther on we are informed that the price of flour was 27s. per 100lbs., onions 6d. to 1s. per lb., potatoes 15s. per 112lbs., bricks £4 per 1000 !!!

is disheartening. What with the sun and the rain—the sand and the floods—the thieves with four legs and the thieves with two—the passengers hug themselves at the recollection that they have brought no merchandise for sale, and glad enough to take care of themselves.”

Passing over the rather ungenerous nature of these remarks, they afford, at all events, satisfactory evidence that the wants of the early settlers had been abundantly provided for. The colonists of Western Australia had unfortunately no such grounds for complaint. A little profusion of this kind was a far cheaper alternative than a scarcity of only a few weeks' duration.

The care which has been taken to keep the subject of South Australian colonization before the public was also an important element in its success. It has become the topic of discussion in almost every company, and its history is criticised in every newspaper; and although this has sometimes bordered on that vulgar trick called puffing, still the opponents of the colony have performed a valuable service by bringing every questionable matter under discussion. Meanwhile, emigrants are daily flocking to the country, and with their increase new land is rapidly disposed of, and that formerly purchased is becoming every day more valuable. Much of the land originally sold at 12s. per acre will bring £2, and town lots have, of course, increased in value far more rapidly, being raised £100 an acre.

Concerning the state of society in South Australia, we have as yet but little information, nor could any social peculiarities have time to spring up in a society of three or four years' growth. As might have been expected, in a colony founded after a careful discussion of the first principles in political economy, we may expect to hear of abundance of projectors, and that economical and statistical speculations will occupy much of their attention. Massachusetts still bears the marks of its puritan origin, and perhaps South Australia may for many ages supply reasoners to the southern hemisphere, and the vaticination of Gibbon may be nearly realised, and New Holland may boast of its Hume or its Locke. All, however, that we have positively learned on this subject is, that prodigious discussions, attended by much anger, have taken place respecting the disposal of land; and from words they have had,

in some cases, recourse to most unphilosophic blows and knocks. In such a community, of course a printing press is an article of first necessity, and already they possess two newspapers of adverse politics, for a plentiful exhibition of party spirit appears to be an essential ingredient in colonial society. These discussions are merely stimulants to discussion, and no way interfere in the comfort or prosperity of the colony.

With these results of a high civilization, there are many curious devices which the infant state of the colony has suggested to the settlers. All placards and printed notices are nailed to the trees, which still occupy the embryo streets of Adelaide. It is here that the price of labour and provisions, or the apparition of a runaway convict may be learned; for the early laws of South Australia, like those of Solon, are fixed on wood in the public place. As jails are not yet sufficiently common in South Australia, a substitute was at hand, not a little efficacious; the prisoner was not suspended from a tree, but tied to it until he found time to reflect on his conduct. This mode of punishment was, however, indispensable in the early history of the colony, where vigorous means were essential to preserve subordination. The first governor appeared to think that a party of marines was essential to his dignity. They turned out to be far more mischievous than useful; they did what they liked; got drunk when they could; and, like the New South Wales' corps of former days, would have assumed the command of the colony, if his late Excellency had not occasionally tied the ringleaders up to some adjoining trees for twenty-four hours, to sober them and cool their courage. The resources to devise substitutes for prisons and fetters is endless; for we find in another case where a murderer had been apprehended and sent on board a vessel, it was found that the most effectual way to keep the criminal was by enclosing him in a large cask, and feeding him through the bung-hole. It appears, therefore, that a prison and its concomitants are indispensable elements of civilization; and that the shipwrecked philosopher exhibited great sagacity when he comforted his bewildered companions, by assuring them that they had been thrown on a civilized country, for he saw the gallows. It is to the honour of Adelaide that it as yet has no executioner, and only one individual has suffered capital

punishment; and in this respect to draw the contrast with Sydney or Hobart Town, would be an unnecessary insult to the younger and more virtuous city.

It appears that the success of the new colony has been all that its friends could desire, and that it has had to contend with fewer difficulties than any colony hitherto founded by Englishmen; and this is a true source of praise to its benevolent and enterprising projectors, as the result was entirely due to their prudence and forethought. Upon the success of their plan many important principles in the theory and practice of colonization were involved. They had the discouraging example of Swan River before them, and they were looked upon with little favour by

official eyes, and had to depend solely on their own resources, and to obviate the effects of unforeseen difficulties, or of the blunders of their agents, and the result has been the establishment of the most respectable and flourishing of our new colonies. Founded only about five years ago, the population exceeds ten thousand; and besides the influx from the parent country, many respectable settlers from the convict colonies have removed to a region of purer morality. The number of vessels visiting the colony is on the increase; its resources are able to support its credit and defray all expenses either of administration or in liquidating debts; and the interests of religion have not been neglected, and no doubt now remains as to its future prospects.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. XXXVII.—A REMINISCENCE.

O'LEARY and Trevanion had scarcely left the room when the waiter entered with two letters—the one bore a German post-mark, and was in the well-known hand of Lady Callonby—the other in a writing with which I was no less familiar—that of Emily Bingham.

Let any one who has been patient enough to follow me through these "Confessions," conceive my agitation at this moment. There lay my fate before me, coupled, in all likelihood, with a view of what it might have been under happier auspices—at least so in anticipation did I read the two unopened epistles. My late interview with Miss Bingham left no doubt upon my mind that I had secured her affections; and acting in accordance with the counsel of Trevanion, no less than of my own sense of right, I resolved upon marrying her, with what prospect of happiness I dared not to think of!

Alas! and alas! there is no infatuation like the taste for flirtation—mere empty, valueless, heartless flirtation. You hide the dice-box and the billiard queue, lest your son become a gambler—you put aside the racing calendar, lest he imbibe a jockey predilection—but you never tremble at his fondness for white muslin and a satin slipper, far more dangerous tastes though they be, and infinitely more perilous to a man's peace and prosperity than all the "queens of trumps" that ever figured, whether on pasteboard or the Don-

caster. "Woman's my wakeness, yer honor," said an honest Patlander, on being charged before the lord mayor with having four wives living; and without any such Algerine act upon my conscience, I must, I fear, enter a somewhat similar plea for my downfallings, and avow, in humble gratitude, that I have scarcely had a misfortune through life unattributable to them in one way or another. And this I say without any reference to country, class, or complexion, "black, brown, or fair," from my first step forth into life, a raw sub. in the gallant 4-th, to this same hour, I have no other avowal, no other confession to make. "Be always ready with the pistol," was the dying advice of an Irish statesman to his sons: mine, in a similar circumstance, would rather be, "*Gardez vous des femmes*," and more especially if they be Irish.

There is something almost treacherous in the facility with which an Irish girl receives your early attentions and appears to like them, that invariably turns a young fellow's head very long before he has any prospect of touching *her* heart. She thinks it so natural to be made love to, that there is neither any affected coyness nor any agitated surprise. She listens to your declaration of love as quietly as the chief justice would to one of law, and refers the decision to a packed jury of her relatives, who rarely recommend you to mercy. Love and

fighting, too, are so intimately united in Ireland, that a courtship rarely progresses without at least one exchange of shots between some of the parties concerned. My first twenty-four hours in Dublin is so pleasantly characteristic of this that I may as well relate it here, while the subject is before us; besides, as these "Confessions" are intended as warnings and guides to youth, I may convey a useful lesson, showing why a man should not "make love in the dark."

It was upon a raw, cold, drizzling morning in February, 18—, that our regiment landed on the North-wall from Liverpool, whence we had been hurriedly ordered to repress some riots and disturbances then agitating Dublin.

We marched to the Royal Barracks, our band playing Patrick's Day to the very considerable admiration of as naked a population as ever loved music. The —th dragoons were at the same time quartered there—right pleasant, jovial fellows, who soon gave us to understand that the troubles were over before we arrived, and that the great city authorities were now returning thanks for their preservation from fire and sword, by a series of entertainments of the most costly, but somewhat incongruous kind—the company being scarcely less *mêlée* than the dishes. Peers and playactors, judges and jailors, archbishops, tailors, attorneys, ropemakers and apothecaries, all uniting in the festive delight of good feeding, and drinking the "glorious memory"—but of whom half the company knew not, only surmising "it was something agin the papists." You may smile, but these were pleasant times, and I scarcely care to go back there since they were changed. But to return. The —th had just received an invitation to a ball, to be given by the high sheriff, and to which they most considerably said we should also be invited. This negotiation was so well managed that before noon we all received our cards from the hands of a green-liveried youth, mounted upon a very emaciated poney—the whole turnout not auguring flatteringly of the high sheriff's taste in equipage.

We dined with the —th, and, as customary before going to an evening party, took the "other bottle" of claret that lies beyond the frontier of prudence. In fact, from the lieutenant-colonel down to the newly-joined ensign, there was not a face in the party that did not betray "signs of the times" that boded most favorably for the mirth

of the sheriff's ball. We were so perfectly up to the mark, that our major, a Connemara man, said, as we left the mess-room, "a liqueur glass would spoil us."

In this acmé of our intellectual wealth, we started about eleven o'clock upon every species of conveyance that chance could press into the service. Of hackney coaches there were few—but in jingles, noddies, and jaunting-cars, with three on a side and "one in the well," we mustered strong—down Barrack-street we galloped—the mob cheering us, we laughing, and I'm afraid shouting a little, too—the watchmen springing their rattles, as if instinctively at noise, and the whole population up and awake, evidently entertaining a high opinion of our convivial qualities. Our voices became gradually more decorous, however, as we approached the more civilized quarter of the town; and with only the slight stoppage of the procession to pick up an occasional dropper off, as he lapsed from the seat of a jaunting-car, we arrived at length at our host's residence, somewhere in Sackville-street.

Had our advent conferred the order of knighthood upon the host, he could not have received us with more "*empressement*." He shook us all in turn by the hand, to the number of eight and thirty, and then presented us *seriatim* to his spouse, a very bejewelled lady of some forty years—who, what between bugles, feathers, and her turban, looked excessively like a Chinese pagoda upon a saucer. The rooms were crowded to suffocation—the noise awful—and the company crushing and elbowing rather a little more than you expect where the moiety are of the softer sex. However, "*ou s'habille a tout*," sayeth the proverb, and with truth, for we all so perfectly fell in with the habits of the place, that ere half an hour we squeezed, ogled, leered, and drank champagne like the rest of the corporation.

"Devilish hot work, this," said the colonel, as he passed me with two rosy-cheeked, smiling ladies on either arm; "the mayor—that little fellow in the punch-colored shorts—has very nearly put me *hors de combat* with champagne; take care of him, I advise you."

Tipsy as I felt myself, I was yet sufficiently clear to be fully alive to the drollery of the scene before me. Flirtations that, under other circumstances, would demand all the secrecy and solitude of a country green lane, or

some garden bower, were here conducted in all the open effrontery of wax lights and lustres; looks were interchanged; hands were squeezed; soft things whispered, and smiles returned; till the intoxication of "punch negus" and spiced port gave way to the far greater one of bright looks and tender glances. Quadrilles and country dances—waltzing there was none, (perhaps all for the best)—whist, backgammon, loo—unlimited for uproar—sandwiches, and warm liquors, employed us pretty briskly till supper was announced, when a grand squeeze took place on the stairs—the population tending thitherward with an eagerness that a previous starvation of twenty-four hours could alone justify. Among this dense mass of moving muslin, velvet, and broad cloth, I found myself chaperoning an extremely tempting little damsel, with a pair of laughing blue eyes and dark lashes, who had been committed to my care and guidance for the passage.

"Miss Moriarty, Mr. Lorrequer," said an old lady in green and spangles, who I afterwards found was the lady mayoress.

"The nicest girl in the room," said a gentleman with a Tipperary accent, "and has a mighty nice place near Athlone."

The hint was not lost upon me, and I speedily began to *faire l'amiable* to my charge; and before we reached the supper room, learned certain particulars of her history, which I have not yet forgot. She was, it seems, sister to a lady then in the room, the wife of an attorney, who rejoiced in the pleasing and classical appellation of Mr. Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick; the aforesaid Mark Anthony being a tall, raw-boned, black-whiskered, ill-looking dog, that from time to time contrived to throw very uncomfortable looking glances at me and Mary Anne, for she was so named, the whole time of supper. After a few minutes, however, I totally forgot him, and, indeed, every thing else, in the fascination of my fair companion. She shared her chair with me, upon which I supported her by my arm passed round the back; we eat our pickled salmon, jelly, blanc mange, cold chicken, ham, and custard, off the same plate, with an occasional squeeze of the finger, as our hands met,—her eyes making sad havock with me all the while, as I poured my tale of love—love, lasting, burning, all-consuming—into her not unwilling ear.

"Ah! now, yer not in earnest?"

"Yes, Mary Anne, by all that's"—

"Well, there now, don't swear, and take care—sure Mark Anthony is looking."

"Mark Anthony be ——"

"Oh! how passionate you are; I'm sure I never could live easy with you. There, now, give me some sponge cake, and don't be squeezing me, or they'll see you."

"Yes, to my heart, dearest girl."

"Och, it's cheese you were giving me," said she, with a grimace that nearly cured my passion.

"A cottage, a hut, with you—with you," said I, in a cadence that I defy Macready to rival—"what is worldly splendour or the empty glitter of rank."

I here glanced at my epaulettes, upon which I saw her eyes rivetted.

"Isn't the ginger beer beautiful," said she, emptying a glass of champagne.

Still I was not to be roused from my trance, and continued my courtship as warmly as ever.

"I suppose you'll come home now," said a gruff voice behind Mary Anne.

I turned and perceived Mark Anthony, with a grim look of very peculiar import.

"Oh! Mark dear, I'm engaged to dance another set with this gentleman."

"Ye are, are ye?" replied Mark, eyeing me askance. "Troth and I think the gentleman would be better if he went off to his flea-bag himself."

In my then mystified intellect this west country synonyme for a bed a little puzzled me.

"Yes, sir, the lady is engaged to me: have you any thing to say to that?"

"Nothing at present, at all," said Mark, almost timidly.

"Oh dear, oh dear," sobbed Mary Anne; "they're going to fight, and he'll be killed—I know he will."

For which of us this fate was destined, I stopped not to consider, but taking the lady under my arm, elbowed my way to the drawing-room, amid a very sufficient patting upon the back, and thumping between the shoulders, bestowed by members of the company who approved of my proceedings. The three fiddles, the flute, and bassoon, that formed our band, being by this time sufficiently drunk, played after a fashion of their own, which, by one of those strange sympathies of our nature, imparted its influence to our legs, and

a country dance was performed in a style of free and easy gesticulation that defies description. At the end of eighteen couple, tired of my exertions—and they were not slight—I leaned my back against the wall of the room, which I now, for the first time, perceived was covered with a very peculiar and novel species of hanging—no less than a kind of rough, green baize cloth, that moved and floated at every motion of the air. I paid little attention to this, till suddenly turning my head, something gave way behind it. I felt myself struck upon the back of the neck, and fell forward into the room, covered by a perfect avalanche of fenders, fire-irons, frying-pans, and copper kettles, mingled with the lesser artillery of small nails, door keys, and holdfasts. There I lay, amid the most vociferous mirth I ever listened to, under the confounded torrent of iron-mongery that half-stunned me. The laughter over, I was assisted to rise, and having drank about a pint of vinegar, and had my face and temples washed in strong whiskey punch—the allocation of the fluids being mistaken, I learned that our host, the high sheriff, was a celebrated tin and iron man, and that his *salles de reception* were no less than his magazine of metals, and that to conceal the well-filled shelves from the gaze of his aristocratic guests, they were clothed in the manner related; which my unhappy head, by some misfortune, displaced, and thus brought on a calamity scarcely less afflicting to him than to myself. I should scarcely have stopped to mention this here, were it not that Mary Anne's gentle nursing of me in my misery went far to complete what her fascination had begun; and although she could not help laughing at the occurrence, I forgave her readily for her kindness.

"Remember," said I, trying to ogle through a black eye, painted by the angle of a register grate—"remember, Mary Anne, I am to see you home."

"Oh! dear, sir, sure I don't know how you can manage it——"

Here Mark Anthony's entrance cut short her speech, for he came to declare that some of the officers had taken his coach, and was, as might be supposed, in a towering passion.

"If, sir," said I, with an air of the most balmy courtesy—"If I can be of any use in assisting you to see your friends home——"

"Ah! then, ye'r a nice looking article

to see ladies home. I wish you seen yourself this minute," said he.

As I felt it would be no breach of the unities—time, place, and everything considered—to smash his skull; I should certainly have proceeded to do so, had not a look of the most imploring kind from Mary Anne restrained me. By this time, he had taken her under the arm, and was leading her away. I stood irresolute, till a glance from my charmer caught me; when I rallied at once, and followed them down stairs; here the scene was to the full as amusing as above. The cloaking, shawling, shoeing, &c., of the ladies being certainly as mirth-moving a process as I should wish to see. Here were mothers trying to collect their daughters, as a hen her chickens, and, as in that case, the pursuit of one usually lost all the others; testy papas swearing, lovers leering, as they twisted the boas round the fair throats of their sweethearts; vows of love, mingling with complaints for a lost slipper, or a stray mantle. Sometimes the candles were extinguished, and the *meleté* became greater till order and light were restored together. Meanwhile, all of our fellows had secured his fair one, save myself, and I was exposed to no small ridicule for my want of *savoir faire*. Nettled by this, I made a plunge to the corner of the room, where Mary Anne was shawling; I recognised her piuk sash, threw her cloak over her shoulders, and at the very moment that Mark Anthony drew his wife's arm within his, I performed the same by my friend, and followed them to the door. Here, the grim brother-in-law turned round to take Mary Anne's arm, and seeing her with me, merely gave a kind of hoarse chuckle, and muttered, "Very well, sir: upon my conscience, you *will* have it, I see." During this brief interval, so occupied was I in watching him, that I never once looked in my fair friend's face; but the gentle squeeze of her arm, as she leaned upon me, assured me that I had her approval of what I was doing.

What were the precise train of my thoughts, and what the subjects of conversation between us, I am unfortunately now unable to recall. It is sufficient, I remember, that I could not believe five minutes had elapsed, when we arrived at York-street. "Then you confess you love me," said I, as I squeezed her arm to my side.

"Then, by this kiss," said I, "I swear, never to relinquish." —

What I was about to add, I am sure I know not ; but true it is, that a certain smacking noise here attracted Mr. Mark Anthony's attention, who started round, looked us full in the face, and then gravely added, "Enough is as good as a feast. I wish you pleasant drames, Mr. Larry Kar, if that's your name ; and you'll hear from me in the morning."

"I intend it," said I. "Good night, dearest ; think of —." The slam of the street door in my face spoiled the peroration, and I turned towards home.

By the time I reached the barracks, the united effects of champagne, sherry, and ironmongery, had, in a good measure subsided, and my head had become sufficiently clear to permit a slight retrospect of the evening's amusement.

From two illusions I was at least awakened :—First, the high sheriff's ball was *not* the most accurate representation of high society ; secondly, I was *not* deeply enamoured of Mary Anne Moriarty. Strange as it may seem, and how little the apparent connexion between those two facts, the truth of one had a considerable influence in deciding the other. *N'importe*, said I, the thing is over ; it was rather good fun, too, upon the whole—saying the "*chute des casseroles*," and as to the lady, she must have seen it was a joke as well as myself. At least, so I am decided it shall be ; and as there was no witness to our conversation, the thing is easily got out of.

The following day, as I was dressing to ride out, my servant announced no less a person than Mr. Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick, who said "that he came upon a little business, and must see me immediately."

Mr. Fitzpatrick, upon being announced, speedily opened his negotiation by asking in very terse and unequivocal phrase, my intentions regarding his sister-in-law. After professing the most perfect astonishment at the question, and its possible import, I replied, that she was a most charming person, with whom I intended to have nothing whatever to do.

"And maybe you never proposed for her at the ball last night ?"

"Propose for a lady at a ball the first time I ever met her !"

"Just so. Can you carry your memory so far back ? or, perhaps, I had better refresh it ;" and he here repeated the whole substance of my conversa-

tion on the way homeward, sometimes in the very words I used.

"But, my dear Sir, the young lady could never have supposed I used such language as this you have repeated ?"

"So, then, you intend to break off ? Well, then, it's right to tell you that you're in a very ugly scrape, for it was my wife you took home last night—not Miss Moriarty ; and I leave you to choose at your leisure whether you'd rather be defendant in a suit for breach of promise or seduction ; and, upon my conscience, I think it's civil in me to give you a choice."

What a pretty disclosure was here ! So that while I was imagining myself squeezing the hand and winning the heart of the fair Mary Anne, I was merely making a case of strong evidence for a jury, that might expose me to the world, and half ruin me in damages. There was but one course open—to make a fight for it ; and from what I saw of my friend Mark Anthony this did not seem difficult.

I accordingly assumed a high tone—laughed at the entire affair—said it was a "way we had in the army"—that "we never meant any thing by it," &c. &c.

In a few minutes I perceived the bait was taking. Mr. Fitzpatrick's west country blood was up : all thought of the legal resource was abandoned, and he flung out of the room to find a friend, I having given him the name of "one of ours" as mine upon the occasion.

Very little time was lost, for before three o'clock that afternoon a meeting was fixed for the following morning, at the North Bull ; and I had the satisfaction of hearing that I only escaped the malignant eloquence of Holmes in the King's Bench, to be "blazed" at by the best shot on the western circuit. The thought was no way agreeable, and I indemnified myself for the scrape by a very satisfactory anathema upon the high sheriff and his ball, and his confounded saucypans, for to the lady's sympathy for my sufferings I attributed much of my folly.

At eight the next morning, I found myself standing with Curzon and the doctor upon that bleak portion of her majesty's dominion they term the North Bull, waiting in a chilly rain, and a raw fog, till it pleased Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick to come and shoot me—such being the precise

terms of our combat, in the opinion of all parties.

The time, however, passed on, and half-past eight, three quarters, and at last nine o'clock, without his appearing; when, just as Waller had resolved upon our leaving the ground, a hack jaunting-car was seen driving at full speed along the road near us. It came nearer, and at length drew up; two men leaped off, and came towards us; one of whom, as he came forward, took his hat off politely, and introduced himself as Mr. O'Gorman, the fighting friend of Mark Anthony.

"It's a mighty unpleasant business I'm come upon, gentlemen," said he. "Mr. Fitzpatrick has been unavoidably prevented from having the happiness to meet you this morning——"

"Then you can't expect us, sir, to dance attendance upon him here to-morrow," said Curzon, interrupting.

"By no manner of means," replied the other, placidly; "for it would be equally inconvenient for him to be here then. But I have only to say, that as I'm here for my friend, and know all the particulars of the case, maybe you'd have the kindness to waive all etiquette, and let me stand in his place."

"Certainly and most decidedly not," said Curzon. "Waive etiquette!—

why, sir, we have no quarrel with you; never saw you before."

"Well, now, isn't this hard?" said Mr. O'Gorman, addressing his friend, who stood by, with a pistol-case under his arm; "but I told Mark that I was sure they'd be standing upon punctilio, for they were English. Well, sir," said he, turning towards Curzon, "there's but one way to arrange it now, that I see. Mr. Fitzpatrick, you must know, was arrested this morning for a trifle of £140. If you or your friend there, will join us in the bail, we can get him out, and he'll fight you in the morning to your satisfaction."

When the astonishment this proposal had created subsided, we assured Mr. O'Gorman that we were noways disposed to pay such a price for our "menus plaisirs"—a fact that seemed considerably to surprise both him and his friend—and adding, that to Mr. Fitzpatrick personally, we should feel bound to hold ourselves pledged at a future period, we left the ground, Curzon laughing heartily at the original expedient thus suggested, and I inwardly pronouncing a most glowing eulogy upon the law of imprisonment for debt.

Before Mr. Fitzpatrick obtained the benefit of the act, we were ordered abroad, and I have never since heard of him.

IRELAND, SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS.—PART II.

SINCE, according to M. De Beaumont, the evils of Ireland all arise from its vicious aristocracy, their proper and only remedy is to be found in the destruction of that aristocracy. He arrives at this as the natural and logical conclusion from his premises. Other remedies, indeed, he suggests, but it is only for the purpose of demonstrating their impracticability or their inadequacy. The three systems which he thus puts up for the purpose of refuting, are—1st, that an endeavour should be made to procure employment for the idle poor; 2nd, to reduce the number of the superabundant population, by assisting the poor to establish themselves in some foreign country or colony; 3rd, to support, at the expense of the country, the poor who are destitute of employment or property.

These three systems he briefly denominates, "*industry*," "*emigration*," "*poor laws*." Of these our author admits the first to be the most desirable, but he denies its practicability, and endeavours to make out his proposition by some very strong assertions and some very feeble arguments. In order to give us a favourable idea of his moderation, he admits, page 106, that it is an exaggeration to state that the number of men in Ireland without any employment whatever amounts to four millions. After this candid admission, he even refers to what he calls official documents, to prove that there are only one million inhabitants totally destitute of employment. But he adds that in Ireland, and, he might truly say, in every other country, "the poor do not chiefly consist of those who have no

employment, but of those who cannot obtain constant employment. Half the Irish farmers are *poor*" (the reader is requested to remember what M. De Beaumont means by Irish poverty) "during part of the year; and if we only account agricultural labourers or mechanics who never are in want of employment, the number of occupied poor in Ireland would be reduced to a mere cypher. It may, therefore, be asserted, without any danger of mistake, that of the eight millions who live in Ireland, one-half have no occupation, or at least no occupation sufficient to provide them with a maintenance."

In this extravagant statement our author adopts the most common form of artifice employed by those who wish to disparage the remedy proposed for any evil. First—exaggerate as much as possible the evil, and then it is likely that the remedy proposed will be obviously inadequate to this exaggeration. Why manufactures cannot be introduced into Ireland which may alleviate, if it be impossible to remove, this distress, he gives some reasons which are worth examining, as they afford a fair specimen of his general style of argument. He admits the advantages that would result from their introduction, but he declares the thing to be impracticable. He commences, page 111, with a declamation against the injustice of England in former times on this point:—

"Il y avait autrefois en Irlande des industries florissantes; le gouvernement Anglais les a tuées, et pour cela il n'a en qu'à les enchaîner, car la liberté est l'air vital de l'industrie; il a chargé d'entraves la moitié des travailleurs de l'Irlande, et a interdit ses ports et ceux du monde entier aux produits du travail Irlandais. L'oppression de l'Angleterre sur l'Irlande ne se montre peut être nulle part plus à nu que dans sa politique commerciale."

"Ireland formerly possessed flourishing manufactures; the English government destroyed them; and for that it was only necessary to confine them, for liberty is the vital breath of industry. It loaded with restrictions half the workmen of Ireland, and interdicted the products of Irish industry from the ports of England and from those of the entire world. The oppression of England over Ireland has never, perhaps, been displayed with less disguise than in her commercial policy."

We deny the truth of the above

statement. The commercial policy of England towards Ireland, as well as towards itself, was, doubtless, often injudicious, and occasionally unjust. It proceeded on the exploded doctrine that it was possible, by bounties and restrictions, to guide trade into a direction more advantageous to the community than it would freely take; and the regulations made from time to time on this vain hypothesis must have had a temporary injurious effect; but we totally deny that they were the chief cause of the failure of Irish manufactures in former times, or that they have been, in any degree worth consideration, the cause of the present low state of such industry in this country. On the contrary, we find in every old tract on Irish affairs which is not a mere declamation against the English, that the failure of the Irish in particular branches of industry, is attributed to the dishonesty of the Irish merchants, or the combinations of the Irish workmen. Even in the *Drapier's Letters*, written by Dean Swift against the English government, he complains of that dishonesty of our merchants, as having deprived us of the linen trade with Spain, among other sources of profit which we lost from the same cause; and Dr. Doyle (the well-known J. K. L.) mentions an instance of a valuable woollen trade destroyed by the combinations of our workmen.

M. De Beaumont is perfectly conscious that his invectives against the former policy of England, in this respect, although they aid the general object of his work, are injurious to his immediate argument. They naturally suggest this argument, that, since the absence of manufacturing industry in Ireland, has been caused by the restrictive and oppressive commercial policy of England in times past, now when those oppressions have ceased, and those restrictions have been removed, according to the admissions of M. De Beaumont himself, we may reasonably hope that manufactures will speedily spring up and prosper in Ireland. Manufactures, indeed, cannot exist without capital, but of this, there is an abundance in England, unable to find any profitable investment, and the capitalist who comes over to Ireland, and employs the cheap Irish labour, will, in the general market of the world, compete at greater advantage with him who, remaining in England, is obliged to pay much higher wages to his workmen. M. De Beaumont

endeavours thus to meet this argument, p. 115.

"Or' en Irlande les capitaux manquent absolument et pourquoi? Parce que ce pays à été long temps sujet aux persecutions d'un gouvernement arbitraire, et que les capitaux ne se montrent que sous les auspices du droit, et des garanties; parce que ce pays, possesseur aujourd'hui de libertés considerables, en même temps qu'il est resté soumis à des institutions radicalement vicieuses, se sert des unes pour repousser les autres, et est tenu, par cette lutte inevitable, dans un état constant d'agitation. Or, voyez la difficulté; l'absence de toute industrie ajoute aux miseres, et à agitation du pays. Pour developper l'industrie en Irlande il faudrait des capitaux; mais les capitaux fuient l'agitation; les capitaux s'eloignant, la misere augmente. Cet accroissement de misere multiplie les chances de trouble et de desordre, et rend les capitaux encore plus rares. Une fois engage dans ce cercle vicieux, on n'en saurait sortir."

"But in Ireland, there is a total absence of capital, and why? Because this country has been, for a long period of time, subject to the persecutions of an arbitrary government, and capital never appears, unless under the auspices of justice and security: because this country, now in possession of considerable liberty, at the same time that some of its institutions are radically faulty, is making use of the one to remove the other; and by this inevitable struggle, is kept in a constant state of agitation. Now, observe the difficulty—the absence of all industry adds to the distress and the agitation of the country. In order to develop industry in Ireland, capital is required, but capital flies from agitation, and as capital departs, distress increases. This increase of distress multiplies the chances of trouble and disorder, and renders capital still more scarce. Once engaged in this vicious circle, it is impossible to get out of it."

We must digress a moment, to make a few remarks on the above passage, in which the author admits that the Irish at present enjoy a considerable share of liberty—that they abuse this liberty to the purposes of political agitation, in order to alter the constitution of the country—that they carry this agitation on with such violence and outrage as to banish capital from the land, (for without violence and outrage capital would not flee)—and that this departure of capital enhances the wretchedness of Ireland.

The conclusion we should draw from this would be, that the first remedy for Irish misery must be sought in the suppression of this mischievous agitation—that it is the duty of the government to discountenance the agitator, and that the laws for the protection of life and property should be administered with impartial rigour. Those who are inclined to agitate the country, in order to procure the redress of some imaginary grievance, should be looked upon as public enemies, and the people should be taught the folly of taking part in proceedings which, by driving away capital, deprives them of employment, and thus inflicts a greater evil than any alteration in the constitution could compensate. Agitation is the pursuit of an uncertain good by means which entail certain wretchedness on the country. To prevent the reader from arriving at this conclusion, M. De Beaumont assumes that it is certain that the constitution is radically vicious, which is just assuming the thing he wants to prove. Every man who admits that the constitution is radically vicious, must in consistency admit that it ought to be reformed without delay. By using in its proper place the adjective "inevitable," he endeavours to disguise his second assumption, that it is impossible to check this agitation, and that those who engage in it are not responsible for the mischief which they do. This latter assumption, indeed, pervades the entire of his essay. His theory would altogether fall to the ground, if it were considered possible that reason, conscience, or religion could induce the Irish to obey the laws of God, when they concur with the laws of their country. The "vicious circle" which he unfolds with such apparent complacency, is merely an attempt to reason with accuracy on his inaccurate and exaggerated statements. His propositions are:—In Ireland there is no capital; while disturbance exists, no capital will enter:—the disturbances will not cease while the country remains in its present state of poverty:—until capital is brought into Ireland, nothing can be done to alleviate its poverty. If these propositions were all rigorously true, there would, indeed, be what M. De Beaumont calls a vicious circle. But they are not true to that extent. The true propositions, of which they are the exaggerations, are, that although there is some capital in Ireland, there is not sufficient to pro-

vide profitable employment for all its inhabitants. That the disturbances caused by political agitation discourage the introduction of British capital. The poverty of the country contributes to its disturbance, and that poverty is in part caused by the deficiency of capital. So far from these propositions constituting a vicious circle, they show those grievances which may be separately redressed—namely, want of capital, want of quiet, and want of employment; at the same time that they are so connected that whatever is done to diminish one evil, tends at the same time to diminish the rest; and thus after the completion of the circle, to make a further addition to the good originally done. If we were asked on what part of the circle the commencement should be made, we should answer, the suppression or discouragement of political agitation, for it is on this point that a judicious government can operate with most effect.

But independent of political agitation, M. De Beaumont notices another cause which has perhaps still greater influence in preventing the introduction of British capital—namely, the combinations of workmen in every branch of trade—Vol. 2, p. 16:—

“Mais il faut aussi reconnaître que l'Irlandais, aussi longtemps qu'il demeure en Irlande, a de certains vices qui tiennent non à sa nature, mais au pays, et qui font de lui un mauvais ouvrier. Accoutumé en Irlande à subir toutes les oppressions, il a, quand il travaille, une idée fixée—c'est que celui qui l'emploie ne lui donnera aucun salaire, ou lui en paiera un moindre que celui auquel il pourrait justement prétendre. Aussi qu'arrive-t-il quand une manufacture s'établit en Irlande? A peine les ouvriers, qui, dans le premier moment ont consenti à travailler pour de faibles gages, sont-ils maîtres du terrain, qu'ils se coalisent aussitôt pour obtenir un salaire plus élevé, et appliquant à l'industrie les procédés des Whiteboys, ils fixent arbitrairement le prix de la journée de travail, portent des peines terribles contre le maître qui paierait un salaire moindre, et contre l'ouvrier qui consentirait à le recevoir; et ce code barbare ne contient pas de vaines menaces. Le châtimement a coutume de suivre de près l'infraction; et naguère encore Dublin était le théâtre d'affreux assassinats, commis sur des pauvres ouvriers, dont tout le crime était d'avoir travaillé pour un prix inférieur au taux fixé par la coalition. Infortunés qui sont frappés de mort pour s'être contentés d'un modique salaire, te qui, s'ils en eussent demandé

un plus élevé, seraient morts faute de travail. Et quel est l'infailible effet de ces violences? Si le manufacturier les subit, il se ruine; s'il résiste, les ouvriers refusent de travailler. Dans les deux hypothèses, l'entreprise industrielle échoue; et l'ouvrier qui se plaignait, non sans quelque raison peut-être, de tirer de son travail un trop faible salaire, n'a plus ni salaire ni travail.”

“But it must also be confessed that the Irishman, as long as he remains in Ireland, has certain faults attributable to the country, not to his nature, which make him a bad workman. Accustomed in Ireland to suffer all sorts of oppression, he has, when he works, a fixed idea that his employer will not give him any wages, or will pay him less than he is fairly entitled to. Hence what follows when a manufacture is established in Ireland. Scarcely have the workmen, who at first have consented to work for low wages, been fixed in their places, when they combine to obtain higher wages, and, applying the Whiteboy system to manufacturing industry, they fix at an arbitrary rate the price of a day's labour, and denounce dreadful punishment against the master who pays, and against the workman who consents, to accept a smaller sum; and this barbarous code contains no vain threats, punishment usually follows closely on disobedience; and lately even Dublin was the scene of frightful murders committed on poor workmen, whose only crime was the having worked for wages lower than the rate fixed by the combination. Unhappy wretches who are condemned to death for having been content with moderate wages, and who, if they had demanded a higher rate would have perished for want of employment. And what is the infallible consequence of those outrages? If the manufacturer submits, he is ruined; if he resists, his men refuse to work. In either hypothesis the manufacturer's speculation fails, and the workman who complained, not perhaps without some reason, that he derived from his labour too small a salary, has no longer either salary or employment.”

And yet M. De Beaumont mentions this cruel, senseless, unjustifiable conduct for the purpose of excusing it; and his excuse is, of course, to be found in the cuckoo-note with which he accounts for every thing, namely, the habitual oppression of Ireland by England—of the Roman Catholics by the Protestants. “Accoutume en Irlande à subir toutes les oppressions.” Hence he says that the Irish are good workmen in the English manufactories, because they have more confidence when

they find that in England the rights of the workmen are as much respected as those of his employer, "qu'en Angleterre les droits de l'ouvrier sont aussi sacres que ceux du maitre." For the same reason he states that manufactures succeed better in the north of Ireland, because there the working classes are chiefly Protestants, and therefore have not been accustomed to suffer oppression. But will any man believe that the workmen who combine, and by menaces force their employers to accede to their unreasonable demand, or to abandon his trade, are influenced by any serious fear of oppression? Are not the employers as well as the workmen generally Roman Catholics, in the south and west of Ireland, and are not the workmen on his own showing, the oppressors, not the oppressed? If liberty is the vital breath of trade, no parliament ever imposed such destructive restrictions as those regulations made by ignorant and reckless men, who interpose between the capitalist and the labourer, and prevent the latter, under pain of death, from accepting the wages which the former can afford to give. He concludes, "that to render possible the development of Irish industry, the commencement must be made by destroying the causes which paralyse it, but these causes are known, they are the anarchy of the country, and the spirit which animates the labouring classes."

In this we fully agree with him, but he assumes without reason that the institutions of the country must be altered by the introduction of democracy, before those injurious causes can be restrained. On the contrary, we are fully convinced that a due attention paid to the education of the people, and a vigorous execution of the laws, would effectually quiet the disturbances and suppress those combinations. M. De Beaumont all through his work assumes these two propositions. First, that if a man disapproves of any law or institution of his country, he has a right, which he will inevitably exercise, to break all laws human and divine, until the change which he desires has been made; and, secondly, that democracy is the only form of government that is worthy or capable of obtaining general approbation. The entire work is occupied with the endeavour to draw conclusions from those principles, and yet to disguise the principles themselves by enveloping them in a mass of words. The propositions

themselves are never openly stated, but are either assumed by the course of the argument, or by the use of some word or phrase which would otherwise not be applicable. Those two propositions are the key to the work; concede them, and his conclusions follow so easily that his other arguments are rather an interruption to the progress of his reasoning; deny them, and nothing will be found more inconsequential than his arguments. The Irish operatives are reduced to the depths of poverty, and cannot get employment, because combination and anarchy deter the capitalist from establishing his manufactures here: cannot education, religion, common sense, or humanity induce the workmen to abandon those senseless, those cruel combinations, which deprive the poor of all profitable employment, and impel him to violate the laws of his God and his country by murdering his brother workman for no offence but accepting those wages without which he should have starved? If they can be prevailed on to adopt habits of order and industry, they may still be prosperous, rich, and happy under the present constitution. Without those habits their wretchedness will never cease. The excuse alleged for those combinations is false, and, even if it were true, is insufficient. M. De Beaumont says that the Irish workman is accustomed to suffer every species of oppression. This he has failed to show, and we deny the fact altogether. We assert that the Irish workman suffers no oppression except from the combinations of his fellow-workmen. From his master he can experience no injustice. He has the same legal rights, and the same means of enforcing them here as in England, and the laws in his favour are administered with an equally just and kindly spirit towards the poor. A master unjust or oppressive towards his workmen could not face the public indignation which his conduct would raise against him. The only complaint alleged is that wages are too low, and every person of common sense admits that this complaint is absurd, and that if the evil existed it could not be remedied by combination. No one except M. De Beaumont supposes that the rate of wages is regulated by the degree of sympathy or friendship which exists between the manufacturer and his workmen. If this influence prevailed, there would be no difference between the rate of wages in different trades. If Irish

wages were for a time too low, one of two things should happen—either the price of Irish manufactures should fall so low as to drive English and foreign goods from the market, or else the profits of the master manufacturer, of the capitalist, would rise beyond its due proportion, and this would attract more capital from England into the Irish trade, and the competition of the capitalists would quickly raise the wages of Irish workmen to their fair level. This will certainly be seen if peace be ever restored, and the law enforced in Ireland. The cheapness of labour here will attract the capitalist, no longer deterred by any feeling of insecurity; and wherever any number of unemployed labourers are found, a manufacture will spring up, at once to create a fortune for the capitalist and a remunerating employment for the poor.

The next project which M. De Beaumont suggests, in order to oppose it, or to demonstrate its futility, is to seek for relief of Irish destitution by emigration: this he states to be the favourite scheme both in parliament and among the most esteemed political economists. Vol. ii. p. 121—

“De tous les systemes qui depuis vingt années, ont été proposés pour le salut de l’Irlande, il n’en est peut être pas un seul qui ait en Angleterre plus de faveur que celui d’une émigration pratiquée sur une grande échelle.

“Cette théorie s’appuie de l’autorité des économistes les plus distingués, elle a plusieurs fois reçu la sanction du parlement lui même, et beaucoup croiraient incurable les plaies de l’Irlande si l’émigration ne devait les guérir.”

“Of all the systems which for twenty years have been proposed for the benefit of Ireland, there is not, perhaps, one which in England is in higher repute than that of emigration practised on a great scale.

“This theory is supported by the authority of the most distinguished political economists; it has several times received the sanction of parliament; and many would think the ills of Ireland irremediable, if emigration was not to be their cure.”

M. De Beaumont, however, is of opinion that our poverty cannot be relieved by emigration. He asserts, vol. ii. p. 125, that if Ireland had to support a smaller number of inhabitants, the lot of those who remained would not be at all improved. If the Irish farmers, instead of living upon

potatoes, should venture to eat a morsel of bread, the landlord would see in this change an improvement in their condition, which would encourage him to raise their rents. In order to pay this increased rent, the poor farmer must return to his former abstemious regimen. If he delays he will be quickly ejected from his farm, and reduced to the same state of misery as heretofore. Thus, even after several millions of Irishmen have removed from Ireland, the condition of those who remain will not be in the least respect altered. The above is an abridgement, and, indeed, is almost a literal translation of our author’s argument against emigration. It would not be difficult to find many examples of equally bad reasoning in his two volumes; but perhaps it would be impossible, in the works of any author, to find any thing so obviously inconclusive, and, at the same time, meant for serious argument. In this passage he assumes what is notoriously false, that the rent of land depends entirely upon the will of the landlord, and that the competition of tenants has nothing to do with the matter. This doctrine is equally mischievous and false. It is mischievous and irritating to represent the landlord as measuring out the degree of comfort which he will permit the tenant to enjoy. It is setting the rich and the poor at war, by directly ascribing the poverty of the latter to the unfeeling avarice of the former. It is false, for nothing has been proved more clearly than that land, like every thing else, has its value, which does not depend upon the mere will of the owner. M. De Beaumont himself would scarcely venture to assert that if the hard-hearted Protestant landlords went to America, they could extort from their tenantry there the same rents which they receive here for land of equal quality. We may remark that M. De Beaumont, in other places of his work, appears to be conscious of the falsehood and absurdity of this doctrine. Thus, in vol. i. p. 232—

“Que le nombre des fermiers étant de beaucoup supérieur au nombre des fermes la concurrence accroit outre mesure le taux des fermages.”

“That the number of farmers being much greater than the number of farms, the competition increases beyond measure the rent of farms.”

Again, in page 233 :—

“La concurrence des cultivateurs qui se disputent la terre élève peut être plus

le taux des fermages que l'avidité du propriétaire et du middleman. . . . Cette misère s'augmente en proportion exacte de l'accroissement de la population, jusqu'à ce qu'il y ait comme de notre temps deux millions six cent mille pauvres, c'est à dire deux millions six cent mille individus manquant de terre, ou fermiers d'une terre trop petite pour vivre dessus."

"The competition of farmers who contend for land, has perhaps a greater influence in increasing the rent of farms than the avidity of the landlord or the middleman. . . . *This wretchedness increases in exact proportion to the increase of the population*, until there are, as in our own time, two million six hundred thousand paupers—that is to say, two millions six hundred thousand individuals, having either no land, or cultivating a farm too small to support them."

Compare the entire chapter, and especially the passage which we have marked by italics, with his present assertion, that a reduction of the numbers of the population by emigration would have no effect upon the comforts of those who remained at home, since cruel landlords would still require a rent so high, as to leave the unhappy tenant a miserable and precarious existence.

But even granting that emigration on a sufficiently extended scale, would relieve the distresses of Ireland, still M. De Beaumont contends that such emigration is altogether impracticable. To prove this, he, according to custom, exaggerates the numbers that are in distress, and whose emigration would be necessary; p. 128 he asserts that to have any sensible effect on the condition of the working classes, it would be necessary in some counties that nine-tenths should emigrate. He thence infers—

"Ce donc des millions d'Irlandais qu'il faut éloigner d'Irlande si non l'emigration passerait comme inaperçue. Mais une telle emigration, est tout à la fois singulièrement difficile et dispendieuse."

"There are, therefore, millions of Irishmen, who must be removed from Ireland, or the emigration will be imperceptible. But such an emigration is at once singularly difficult and expensive."

The difficulties, in his opinion, arise from the want of a place fitted to receive the emigrants; and a very slight obstacle weighs with him as an invincible barrier. Like other pro-

jectors, the least objection is deemed by him to be an insuperable impediment to the success of every project except his own. Accordingly, the unbounded extent of fertile land in Australia cannot receive the emigrant. P. 128,

"Mais comment envoyer la population pauvre d'Irlande, dans le lieu destiné à recevoir les criminels de l'Angleterre. L'Irlande verrait là, non sans raison peut être une sanglante injure; et cette impression, injuste ou légitime rendrait seule l'entreprise impossible."

"But how venture to send the poor of Ireland to the place destined to receive the criminals of England? Ireland would see in that, and not, perhaps, without reason, a grievous injury, and this impression, whether just or unjust, would alone render the enterprise impossible."

The antithesis between the paupers of Ireland and the criminals of England would lose some of its insulting force, if it did not imply two falsehoods. 1st. That English offenders alone are sent to Australia, (the Irish offenders being probably sent to some worse place.) 2ndly. That no English emigrants go voluntarily there. Still, there are disadvantages attending emigration to a penal settlement; but is not Mr. De Beaumont aware that, in the colony of South Australia, there are fifty millions of acres of fertile land unoccupied—that colonists may settle there on the most liberal terms—that it is many hundreds of miles distant from any penal settlement—and that by its charter, secured by act of parliament, no convict can be sent there. This ought to put an end to every thought of insult or injury being intended, by an offer of the means of emigrating there, which it is left to the choice of the Irish pauper to accept or to reject. This colony holds out the strongest inducements to men of capital to settle there, and it is chartered on the principle that all the money expended in purchasing land, shall be expended in giving a free passage to emigrant labourers. It would be difficult to frame a regulation better calculated to ensure the prosperity of the colony. Still, granting that there may be at first a prejudice against this colony, because it is in the same division of the globe with our penal settlements, is it not too much to say that this erroneous impression will prove an invincible obstacle to its colonization?

Are the Irish cottiers, whose excess of poverty M. De Beaumont admits, and even exaggerates, in that state of comfort, that they will reject the means of securing permanent comfort and independence for themselves and their families, merely because they entertain an erroneous impression, which cannot stand the light of truth or argument. M. De Beaumont himself furnishes another argument, to show that no insult could be intended by the offer of emigration to Australia, since, according to him, there are strong, and even insuperable objections to an extended system of emigration to any other quarter of the globe. The United States, he says, would not permit such an immense body of emigrants to settle in their dominions. Canada remains, and this country, he says, is the natural asylum of Irish emigrants.

"Reste le Canada, c'est à vrai dire l'asyle naturel des émigrans Irlandais. Le Canada est de toutes les colonies Britanniques, la moins éloignée de l'Irlande; c'est un pays devenu Anglais, grâce aux lachetes de Louis XV. et de sa cour. Beaucoup d'Irlandais y sont déjà établis, qui seraient les hôtes des nouveaux venus; et quoique les meilleures terres de cette colonie florissante soient occupées, il en reste encore une assez grande étendue pour recevoir pendant longtemps le surplus de la population Anglaise. Maintenant il s'agit de savoir, si lorsque la puissance Anglaise chancelle au Canada, il serait d'une politique habile d'envoyer à ce pays un renfort de quelque millions d'hommes qui comme Irlandais detestent par instinct le joug Anglais, et comme Catholiques seraient les alliés naturels de la population Canadienne la plus hostile à l'Angleterre."

"Canada is the least remote from Ireland of all the British colonies. It has become an English country, thanks to the misconduct of Louis XV. and his court. Many Irishmen are already established there, who would receive the new-comers with hospitality; and although the best land in this flourishing colony is already occupied, there still remains a sufficient extent of land to receive for a long time the surplus of the English population. But it is necessary to consider whether, while the English power is tottering in Canada, it would be politic to send there a reinforcement of some millions of men, who, as Irishmen, detest by instinct the British yoke, and, as Catholics, would be the natural allies of the party in Canada most hostile to England."

We know not what Mr. O'Connell
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would say to this assertion of the natural instinctive disloyalty of the Irish Roman Catholics. We believe it suits his present purpose to represent them as loyal and well-disposed; but as we do not trust implicitly to his authority, we shall assert no more than that we do not believe them to be such determined rebels, as that, if placed in a state of comfort and opulence in Canada, through the instrumentality of British wealth, they would turn rebels, and without any regard to their oaths or to justice they would engage in an insurrection to shake off all dependence upon Great Britain, and that without any grievance requiring redress, or any prospect of advantage from the change. We will go farther, and say, that even if we anticipated such a result, and that the loss of Canada would be the certain consequence of Irish emigration, it would not in the least deter us from recommending a scheme which would provide a comfortable asylum for four millions of our countrymen, and permit the remainder to enjoy competence and tranquillity at home. We believe that the certainty of losing Canada would not raise in England a single dissident voice against any scheme that could promote the prosperity of Ireland.

Our author's next objection to emigration is its impracticability on any system large enough to be felt. Here he assumes, as before, that no good can be done by emigration unless from three to four millions quit the country, and on this hypothesis he easily proves that the expense of sending such a number to Canada or Australia, and providing for them there until they find some employment to support them, would be more than the nation could afford, and that the British navy could scarcely supply shipping for the purpose. We readily admit this, that the emigration of such numbers as he thinks necessary would be impracticable, but it is not difficult to show that emigration on a much smaller scale may be productive of great advantage to the country.

Our author next proceeds to show that a remedy for the miseries of Ireland cannot be found in the poor laws. On this subject he compares the English and Irish systems for the purpose of drawing a disadvantageous contrast between the English and Irish aristocracies, by showing how much more liberal provisions are made by the English system for the poor; but pre-

sently he answers himself, and justifies the Irish aristocracy, by admitting that to do more for the poor would be beyond the power of Ireland. To prove, however, the inefficacy of the measure, which is his immediate object, he assumes, as usual, that there are in Ireland from two to four millions requiring relief, page 144—

“ Supposez que la societe prenne la charge de deux millions de pauvres ; c'est le chiffre le plus bas que l'on puisse admettre.”

“ Suppose that the community takes charge of two million paupers, this is the lowest number that can be assumed.”

Having made such an assumption, it is not difficult to show that the expense of supporting paupers in Ireland would be so great as to exhaust the resources of the country, if a decent and liberal measure of support is yielded to them ; and if less is given, he thinks that the irritation produced by it will more than compensate for its good effects. Thus, he proposes in detail the three principal means that have been suggested of relieving the wretchedness of the Irish poor, and assuming that there are four million supernumerary workmen in Ireland, without employment, prone to violence, indisposed to industry or peace, he contends that neither industry or emigration, or poor-laws, can separately remove that mass of vice and misery. We will not contend that it is possible by any one scheme to redress all the ills of Ireland, nor do we think that it is possible to do it suddenly ; but we are sure that much may be done by those three means which M. de Beaumont rejects, by applying to each evil its appropriate remedy. To begin with the poor-laws. Is a man or woman, through age or infirmity, disabled from earning a maintenance, the work-house offers an asylum. The blind man, or he who from any other cause is unable to work, cannot find relief from the introduction of manufactures, or from an opportunity of emigrating. To the voluntary charity of his countrymen, or to the poor laws, he must look for relief, and they insure him against such a degree of want as might produce disease or death, and every less degree is consistent with as much happiness as this world can bestow. The poor laws will not raise the general condition of the labouring poor—they were not framed with that view ; but when men are habi-

tually on the verge of utter destitution, they will sometimes, in the vicissitudes to which all are subject, fall into that state from which they are never far removed. The poor law will then relieve them ; and the condition of the poorest will be improved in this respect, that their subsistence, though poor, will be no longer precarious, and that to the discomforts of poverty will not be added the fear of starvation. The poor laws will also add indirectly to the wealth of the country, by removing that mass of idleness and vice which is at present caused by mendicancy. They will also prove a useful stimulus to induce Irish landlords to provide employment and subsistence for the poor on their estates.

From emigration we expect still greater benefits, and we conceive that M. De Beaumont is altogether mistaken as to the extent to which emigration must be carried to be serviceable. His mistake does not consist merely in an exaggerated idea of the surplus population of Ireland, but also in the opinion that this surplus is, and will continue to be uniformly spread over the island. This latter opinion he tacitly assumes, when he speaks of a small emigration having no perceptible effects. If the surplus population of Ireland be two millions, the emigration of one hundred thousand cannot, he supposes, have much effect ; it will merely reduce the excess to nineteen hundred thousand, and this surplus is fully sufficient to keep the Irish steeped in poverty. But it should be remembered, that nothing is naturally, or, without some external impulse, more immoveable than a population of paupers. They have not funds, or enterprise, or knowledge, to enable them to remove to some place where their labour might secure them a more comfortable maintenance. In general, they would rather starve where they are ; and instead of the population finding its level of superfluity through the country, it happens that there are some places in which there is no greater population than what the country requires ; in some places the surplus population is very small—in others again it is so large that it appears impossible to find a sufficient vent for it by emigration. Wherever there is any surplus, the appearance is much greater than the reality. Let us suppose a given district, with ten farms and twelve farmers in it. Of these, two will fail to get a farm, their little capital will be wasted,

and their skill and labour will be useless. Rather than be reduced to this state, they will offer more for a farm than in other circumstances it would be fairly worth. Thus, competition will increase the rent of those farms, and the result probably will be, either that the farms will be subdivided, or that the land will be held by ten miserably poor farmers at an exorbitant rent, and that there will be two miserable indigent wretches, almost dying from hunger. The twelve will be paupers, and the surplus population will appear to comprise those twelve families. But if two of them emigrate and settle in Australia, that desperate struggle for the possession of land will cease, the rent of land will fall to its fair value, and the remaining ten will live in comfort at home, and this will take place without any regard to the surplus population that may still continue to exist in other parts of the country. It is the same thing with labourers—if there are twelve where there is only work for ten, wages will fall, and even at the reduced wages the poor will often want employment. There will be twelve paupers, and an apparent surplus population of about twelve, and yet the emigration of two would restore wages and employment to their proper level. The same thing would be produced if any additional work was started which furnished occupation for two labourers. This has frequently been exemplified in Ireland, whenever any work is attempted by government, or public companies, or wealthy individuals requiring a number of labourers, it is found impossible to procure them except at an increased rate of wages. The poor have nearly employment enough, and when much more work is required to be done, the difficulty is to find labourers to do it. We are no advocates of a systematic conversion of small holdings into large farms, but it is sometimes necessary, and much depends upon the nature of the land, and the manner in which capital is divided or concentrated. It is, at all events, expedient that the owner of the land should have the power of doing this when it may be necessary; but it cannot be done safely or without cruelty, if each tenant is dependent upon his little farm for subsistence. Here emigration may be found useful to solve the difficulty. The ejected tenant is provided for in one of the colonies, where instead of a small farmer, he becomes a fee-simple

proprietor of the soil; and the landlord, by setting large farms to men of capital, increases the produce of the soil, and introduces an improved system of agriculture, to the benefit of his other tenantry, and of the country at large. The range of such improvements is extending every day, and the districts of pauperism are growing narrower.

When the population is so dense that a sufficient vent for it cannot be found by emigration, the capitalist will find a favourable opportunity for establishing a manufacture. Wages must be low, and there are many branches of manufactures in which a low rate of wages is of primary importance, and in which the amount of capital required is very small. It may be reasonably expected that in those small trades Ireland will in a few years almost possess a monopoly. The effect will be to find ample and constant employment for all the poor, and to raise wages gradually to almost a level with the English rate. The difference of the rate of wages will be no more than equal to the advantage which England must ever possess over Ireland, from her superiority in mines of coal and iron, and other manufacturing capabilities. Those manufactures, when established in Ireland, will draw many families into the towns away from the rural districts, and will thus co-operate with emigration to reduce the redundancy of population dependent on the land. This progress towards general competence is steady and certain, and all that is required from the government is to administer the laws in justice and mercy, to afford security to life and property. Let every real grievance be redressed, and all selfish unconstitutional agitation be discountenanced. Let the people be taught to depend on their own industry and sobriety for their maintenance, instead of endeavouring to find, in charges against the government or the aristocracy, (for the most part false,) an excuse for habits of idleness and disorder, which, under any government, would infallibly keep them poor. Let this be done, and Ireland will speedily rise from her present state of degradation; and no nation has ever yet made such strides towards prosperity as Ireland is about to make.

But let us not wander from M. De Beaumont's projects for her welfare. We have seen with what pertinacity he rejects every project but his own. Ireland in many places is over-peopled,

but he refuses to admit that even emigration can afford any relief. The poor willing to work cannot find any employment. We must not hope to remedy that evil by the introduction of those branches of industry which secure occupation and wealth to the inhabitants of the sister countries. The indigent sometimes pass the boundaries which separate poverty from utter destitution, and they cannot obtain sufficient food for the wants of nature, or find a place to lay their heads. In such cases it is in vain to look for relief in a law which lays a tax upon the rich to provide a maintenance for such of the poor as age, infirmity, or accident prevents from supporting themselves. What, then, is the universal remedy which is to remove all the misery, and redress the grievances, and appease the discontents of Ireland? The destruction of the church and the aristocracy, and the establishment of democracy on the ruins of the present constitution. This, he asserts, would be an easy task, as the Irish aristocracy is destitute equally of wealth and power. He considers that the Catholic aristocracy must be crushed as well as the Protestant, for their demerits have been the same. Having demonstrated to his own satisfaction, that in Ireland the rich oppressed the poor on account of their difference in religion, which dissolved the sympathy which would otherwise have generated a more kindly feeling, and produced better treatment; and having drawn all the consequences which he desired from that position, he abandons it as an instrument which has served its purposes, and which can be of no further use to him, and he lays down certain propositions which, however true they may be found, are certainly inconsistent with his former assertions.

"Mais cette vieille aristocratie catholique d'Irlande ne se borna pas à refuser au peuple toute protection politique et sociale. Tous les monuments historiques font foi que le plus souvent elle même opprima ceux qu'elle était peut être excusable de ne pas défendre. Elle n'échappa point aux passions égoïstes qui animaient les propriétaires protestants, et se montant aussi dure et aussi avide que ceux-ci envers ses fermiers elle s'attira bientôt les mêmes inimitiés. Il est bien difficile pour un propriétaire de ne pas chercher à retirer de son domaine un revenu proportionné à celui que ses voisins obtiennent de leurs terres. Quoiqu'il en soit, les riches catholiques faisant peser sur

les classes inférieures une oppression sociale tout pareille à celle qu'exerçaient les propriétaires protestants, le peuple n'eut point à distinguer entre les uns et les autres; il les confondit dans sa haine, et s'en prit dans ses cruelles vengeances, aussi bien aux riches catholiques qu'aux protestants."—Vol ii. p. 175.

"But this ancient Catholic aristocracy of Ireland did not confine itself to refusing all political and social protection to the people. All historical evidence bears testimony that most frequently it even oppressed those, whom, perhaps, it might have been excused for not defending. It was not exempt from the selfish passions which animated the Protestant landlords, and exhibiting the same unfeeling avarice which these did towards their tenants, it soon became an object of the same hostility. It is difficult for a landlord not to seek to obtain from his estate an income proportioned to that which his neighbours derive from their lands. Whatever be the cause, the rich Catholics exercising against the inferior classes a social oppression, in every respect equal to that practised by Protestant landlords, the people had no ground for distinguishing one from the other. It confounded them in its hatred, and took the same cruel vengeance on the rich Catholics as on the Protestants."

He also despises the Catholic noblemen who are so senseless or timid as to take part in the steps that are to lead to their own degradation. When a public meeting is called, some members of the aristocracy are compelled to attend.

"On a besoin d'elle; car comment former une entreprise quet conque si un lord n'y preside pas? Alors elle donne l'appui qu'elle n'ose refuser. Mais cette alliance n'est que de peu de durée."

"Its presence is necessary, for how can any enterprise be undertaken if a lord does not preside at it? Thus it gives the support which it dares not refuse. But this alliance is not to be of long duration."

The conclusion which he comes to is, page 179—

"Ce ne savait donc par assez de détruire l'aristocratie Protestante, il faut encore abolir le principe même de l'aristocratie en Irlande, pour qu'à la place de celle qui sera supprimée il ne s'en établisse pas une autre. Il faut après avoir abattu l'institution existante, balayer ses ruines, et préparer l'emplacement propre à recevoir une autre edifice."

"It would, therefore, not be enough to destroy the Protestant aristocracy, it is necessary to annihilate the very principle of aristocracy in Ireland, so that another may not be established in the room of the one suppressed. It is necessary, after having overturned the existing institutions, to sweep away their ruins, and prepare a foundation fit to receive another edifice."

Our author does not profess to desire that the Irish aristocracy should be destroyed in the same manner as the French nobility was abolished by the democrats of the French revolution; nor did the political writers, whose works led the way to the French revolution, when inculcating their doctrines of liberty and equality, venture to recommend that those natural rights of man should be enforced by massacre and confiscation. Such advice would have been imprudent, and the event proved that it would have been superfluous. It is not prudent yet to avow such doctrines, and M. De Beaumont carefully disclaims them. We shall give his disclaimer in his own words—

"Lorsque je dis qu'il faut détruire l'aristocratie d'Irlande et l'extirper jusqu'à sa racine, je n'entend point par là une destruction violente et sanguinaire."

"When I say that the Irish aristocracy must be destroyed and extirpated to its very root, I do not mean by that a sanguinary and violent destruction."

After further disclaimers of all violent and unjust means, he proceeds to show, page 181, what he means, and how the object is to be accomplished—

"J'entends l'abolition de l'aristocratie Irlandaise, en ce sens qu'on la dépouille de son pouvoir politique, dont elle ne s'est servie que pour opprimer le peuple; qu'on lui enlève ses privilèges civils qui n'ont été pour elle qu'un moyen pour satisfaire son égoïsme, et qu'on abatte sa prédominance religieuse, qui, lors même qu'elle n'engendre plus les persécutions, en perpétue les souvenirs."

"I understand the abolition of the Irish aristocracy in this sense, that it be deprived of its political power, which it has never exercised but to oppress the people; that its civil privileges be taken away, which it has merely used as an instrument to gratify its selfishness; and that its religious ascendancy be overturned, which, even when it ceases to engender persecution, preserves its memory."

He next proceeds to point out the political power of which the aristocracy must be deprived, and the means by which this is to be effected, and to the credit of his penetration and authority, as an expression of the intentions of the Whigs, it must be confessed that a process very similar to what he recommends, is at this present moment going on in Ireland. It is not enough to deprive the aristocracy of the power which they possess, as forming one branch of the legislature, but the influence which is attached to ancient birth and extensive possessions must be destroyed. According to the present, or perhaps we should say the ancient, constitution of the country, persons of property and respectability were chosen to fill the offices of sheriffs, magistrates, and grand-jurors, and were, at the same time, encouraged to frequent the Irish court, and keep up a friendly connection with the viceroy. The advantages of this system were supposed to be, that the local business of the counties was entrusted to men, whose birth and education naturally inspired them with generous ideas, and principles of truth and honour; whose wealth placed them above the reach of low temptation, and whose stake in the welfare of the country was so great, that they themselves must be the principal sufferers by any mismanagement. On account of their wealth, also, they were men who could easily be made responsible for any misconduct, either by punishment or compensation, and being peculiarly sensitive of disgrace, they could be sufficiently kept in check by a slight rebuke, which men of meaner station would not feel. Their habitual presence at the court was also supposed to be of advantage, by enabling the viceroy (generally an English nobleman) to make himself acquainted with the state of the country, by conversing with men of honour and veracity, belonging to every party, instead of being obliged to depend upon the representations made to him by the retainers of one party, who had an immediate personal interest in every act. This system contributed not a little to the power of the aristocracy. It gave them the influence naturally attached to the offices we have mentioned. It gave habits of business and application to men, whose station exempted them from the necessity of industry, and by making them useful citizens of the state, it gave them additional respectability, and preserved them from that

contempt into which, from vice and idleness, they might otherwise fall. Their presence at the court also added to their influence, as the viceroy would naturally pay some attention to the opinions, and even to the wishes and feelings of men, with whom he was in habits of frequent social intercourse. All this, in M. De Beaumont's judgment, is wrong, and must be altered. No longer must sheriffs, grand juries, or magistrates, be chosen from the landed proprietors of the counties. Their functions must, whenever it is possible, be administered by the government, and whenever this centralization is impossible, the persons appointed to fill the offices must, instead of the aristocracy of the county, be mean partisans of the government which appointed them, and must depend upon that government for encouragement and rewards. This will tend, in a great measure, to make the nobility and principal gentry mere cyphers, without occupation, influence, or authority; and lest their presence might influence, or their absence annoy the court, he recommends that the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland should be abolished, and the Irish business be transacted by a commissioner, resident in London.

"Pour détruire le pouvoir politique de l'aristocratie, il faudrait lui ôter l'application quotidienne des lois, comme on l'a privée précédemment du pouvoir de les faire. Il faudrait par conséquent ruiner de fond au comble le système administratif et judiciaire, qui repose sur l'institution des juges de paix et sur l'organisation des grands jurys, tels qu'ils sont constitués aujourd'hui. Et d'abord pour exécuter cette destruction, il faudrait centraliser le pouvoir."—Vol. 2, page 181.

"To destroy the political power of the aristocracy, the daily administration of the laws must be taken away from it, as it has been already deprived of the power of making them. It is, therefore, necessary to overturn entirely the present judicial and executive system, which rests upon the institution of justices of the peace, and on the organization of grand juries, as they are at present constituted. And first, to effect this destruction, a centralization of power must take place."

"L'assistant barrister, qui, jadis recevait du pouvoir central mission expresse ou tacite de soutenir les hautes classes contre le peuple, a pour mandat aujourd'hui de soutenir le peuple contre l'aristocratie. Autrefois il mettait tout

souart à dissimuler l'injustice ou l'incapacité des juges de paix, maintenant il travaille plutôt à jeter un voile sur les fautes, et sur les écarts du peuple. Les magistrats salariés (stipendiary magistrates) dont tout l'office consistait à seconder les juges de paix, sont institués à présent dans le but manifeste de les remplacer."—Page 311.

"The assistant barrister, who formerly received from the central government an express or secret direction, to support the upper classes against the people, has to-day instructions to support the people against the aristocracy. Formerly he used all his skill to conceal the injustice or incapacity of the justices of the peace; now he endeavours rather to throw a veil over the faults and transgressions of the people. The stipendiary magistrates, whose duty it was to act as subsidiary to the justices of the peace, are now appointed with the evident object of superseding them."

This is a bold admission for the partisan of a Whig government to make, that the officers sworn to execute the laws with justice receive instructions from the Castle to show partiality to the democratic party; and the reader will scarcely think this conduct sufficiently justified by the unauthorised, unproved assertion that the former government did the same. The assertion is evidently false, and, even if true, would be no justification for the present conduct of the Whigs. It is always M. De Beaumont's practice, when it is impossible for him to avoid making some admission against the Whigs, to accompany it with some charge of a corresponding misconduct in the Tories; and this leads to a peculiarity in his style which must strike the most careless reader, that nearly every second sentence contains or implies some assertion which is altogether irrelevant to his immediate argument, but is merely introduced for the purpose of making some general charge against the Irish aristocracy.

But it is not enough that the agents of the government, whose duty it is to administer the law, should receive secret instructions to thwart the local authorities, with whom they ought to co-operate; it is also expedient that the government should catch at every opportunity of insulting the latter, or of removing them.

"Il suffit en effet, de jeter un coup d'œil sur l'Irlande pour s'apercevoir que non seulement le gouvernement Whig

n'accorde point à l'aristocratie de ce pays l'exorbitante protection que celle-ci recevait des Tories, mais encore qu'il la traite en véritable adversaire. Il ne se borne pas à ne plus lui conférer les emplois publics dont elle avait autrefois le monopole, il s'efforce de la dépouiller de ceux qu'elle possède encore. Un juge de paix, grand propriétaire, commet il une faute, le gouvernement saisit l'occasion de le remplacer par un magistrat salarié. Quelque autre se signale-t-il comme chef du parti orangiste, on le destitue purement et simplement. En même temps qu'ils enlèvent à l'aristocratie d'Irlande les faveurs et les grâces du pouvoir exécutif, les Whigs accordent ces grâces et ces faveurs aux ennemis les plus violents de cette aristocratie; ils appellent le plus qu'ils peuvent de Catholiques dans la commission de la paix; ils nomment aux fonctions publiques les plus éminents des hommes notoirement engagés dans le parti national. Au lieu d'élire pour sheriffs des comtés les grands propriétaires que desire l'aristocratie, le gouvernement choisit ceux qu'elle considère comme des ennemis. Depuis les moindres emplois jusqu'aux plus élevés, depuis les dignités de la judicature jusqu'à la police, il prend ses agents dans le parti populaire. A vrai dire le gouvernement des Whigs en Irlande et l'aristocratie de ce pays sont en état de guerre ouverte."—Page 316.

"It is sufficient in fact to take a cursory view of Ireland, in order to perceive that not only the Whig government does not afford to the aristocracy of that country the excessive degree of protection which it received from the Tories, but even that it treats it exactly as an enemy. It does not limit its hostility to ceasing to confer on it the public offices of which it had once the monopoly, it strives to deprive it of those which it still possesses. Does a justice of peace, owner of a large estate, commit any error, the government eagerly seizes this opportunity to fill up his place by a stipendiary magistrate. Does another signalise himself as a leader of the orange party, he is at once deprived of his office. At the same time that they take away from the aristocracy the favour and protection of the executive power, the Whigs grant that favour and protection to the most violent enemies of that aristocracy. They nominate, as much as possible, Catholics to the commission of the peace; they fill all the public offices with the most eminent of the men notoriously engaged in the national party. In place of choosing the sheriffs of the counties from the men of landed property, according to the wishes of the aristocracy, the government chooses those whom the aristocracy considers as its

enemies. From the lowest employments to the highest, from the dignities of the bench to the police, it takes its agents from the popular party. In truth, the government of the whigs in Ireland, and the aristocracy of that country are at open war."

Our author remarks, page 317, that in England the most democratic laws are tempered by the spirit in which they are administered; but, in Ireland, the whigs, in their hostility to the aristocracy, go beyond the intentions of the legislature.

"En Irlande au contraire, l'exécution que les whigs donnent à cette loi est toujours plus hostile à l'aristocratie, que la loi n'a voulu l'être."

After these admissions, it was scarcely necessary for him to add, page 318,

"Il serait du reste, peut-être juste de dire que le pouvoir exécutif en Irlande s'aneantit plus complètement encore dans sa fusion avec le parti populaire que dans son alliance avec le parti aristocratique."

After this description of the conduct of the Whig government, it would be difficult for M. De Beaumont to deny that the Protestants of Ireland have serious reason to complain. They are not only excluded from every office of influence or emolument, on account of their religious, and political opinions, but they see those offices conferred on their inveterate foes. Those whose duty it is to administer the laws with impartiality, are instructed to act as partisans. The laws are perverted contrary to the intentions of the legislature, to the subversion of the aristocracy. Every opportunity is sought to dismiss them, to deprive them of all weight and influence, and to supply their places by stipendiary magistrates, mere creatures of the government, who soon find it is their interest, as it is naturally their inclination, to insult on all occasions the resident gentlemen of the country. No common degree of partiality shown by the whigs would have made M. De Beaumont admit that they have been, in all their conduct, more strongly influenced by party feeling than he, the inveterate enemy of the tories, ventures to charge against the tories. This oppressive partiality of the whig government is doubly oppressive, on account of the character and disposition of the party to which

it is subservient. This party, according to M. De Beaumont, cherishes a feeling of deadly hatred against the Protestants, and against the wealthy, and to gratify this feeling, the members of this party never scruple to commit perjury, murder, or crime of any kind. Thus, it is not an ordinary political foe that the wealthy Protestant finds opposed to him, but a party animated by fierce hatred, false, unprincipled, reckless of the means which it employs to crush or to wound its antagonists, and having the whole power of government at its disposal, to assist, or to protect, or to reward its instruments. And, what is the object for which the government deserts its duty, and makes all its functions subservient to anarchy? What is the end which is supposed to sanctify these iniquitous means?—To destroy the church, to subvert the constitution, and place Ireland under the dominion of a Roman Catholic democracy. This can scarcely be considered a consummation so devoutly to be wished for, as to induce the Protestants of Ireland to endure with equanimity the oppressions that are to lead the way to it.

Besides destroying the church establishment, and depriving aristocracy of its civil and religious privileges, it is necessary, according to M. De Beaumont, to alter the laws relating to landed property, so as to produce a race of small fee-simple proprietors, instead of the tenantry who now occupy the soil. Until this is done, he thinks that Ireland never will be peaceable or happy; and this is the general opinion of most politicians of his party, but he affects to differ with them as to the means by which this state of things is to be brought about. In this difference, we must say that they are wiser in their generation than he is, (if he is sincere,) and that in differing with them, he is not able to be consistent with himself. Their plan is very much on the principle of the "good old rule." It is to declare, that those who are in the present day in possession or occupation of any land, shall be henceforth, by operation of law, the fee-simple proprietors thereof, and that the state shall take upon itself the task of making some reasonable compensation to the landlords for the loss of their property. This plan has, at least, this one merit, that it would certainly succeed in effecting its object; but that of M. De Beaumont is more complex, less pregnant with injus-

tice, but, at the same time, it would be utterly insufficient to bring about the state of things which he thinks desirable. His plan is to repeal the law of primogeniture, and to pass a law to prevent entails and settlements, and to make all property, at the death of the parents, be equally divided among their children. In this project, and in his arguments in support of it, there is not much that is original, or much that is absurd. It is practicable, for it has been tried in other countries, and does not differ much from the present law of France. Its economical advantages and disadvantages have been often discussed, and its political merit will be judged according to each person's views, whether he is favourable to a pure democracy, or to a mixed monarchy. As a democrat, M. De Beaumont is consistent in recommending the abolition of the law of primogeniture.

He also complains, and with some justice, of the impediments which the present state of the law opposes to the transfer of real property. On this subject he declaims with great force against the trammels of the feudal system, against which the French in general entertain an unaccountable antipathy. A French democrat concludes his arguments against every principle he dislikes, with an assertion that it is a remnant of the feudal system. He thinks "the force of reason can no farther go;" but the fact is, that the feudal system is innocent of all the offences which M. De Beaumont charges against it. After the statute of "*quia emptores*" was passed in England, lands under the feudal system could be conveyed without expense or difficulty. The expense of the conveyance, and the difficulty, were less than they are at present in France. All the impediments which at present exist to the conveyance and sale of landed property, have been the effects of departures from the feudal system, which were called for by the wants and wishes of the country. Many of those impediments are caused by laws that were passed for the benefit of commerce and of the middling classes. Thus, laws have been passed, by which judgment creditors of a landed proprietor can take his land in execution, and in some instances sell it. Land may be also taken in execution for crown bonds and recognizances; and the searches and various expenses that are necessary in consequence of these

laws are enumerated by M. De Beaumont himself as among the principal impediments to the transfer of landed property. Great difficulties and expenses are also caused by the practice of mortgaging, than which nothing can be more adverse to the spirit of the feudal system. Uses and trusts, and all the complication of family settlements, are equal departures from the feudal system : and from all those causes arise the difficulties of which he complains, and which he charges against the feudal system. We perfectly agree with him, that it would be an advantage to have one simple system of registration, so that all incumbrances upon any given property could be ascertained without expense or delay, and we trust that such a system will be established before long. The cause of the delay is, that certain parties are so intent on subverting or altering the political institutions of the country, that they leave to parliament little time or inclination to attend to any measures of practical utility.

Some of M. De Beaumont's observations on this state of things are very happy. He states the consequence to be, that it is impossible to purchase land without legal advice. That whether they are necessary or not, certain investigations must be made at great expense for the security of the purchaser, and that the expense of making out the title to a small property is often equal to its price, and that this impedes the division of property into small parcels. Page 212—

“ Du reste, que les investigations soient nécessaires ou inutiles, elles coûtent toujours le même prix ; elles se conservent traditionnellement par les hommes de loi, auxquels appartiennent ainsi le privilège exclusif d'examiner et de comprendre les titres de propriété. La terre est entre leurs mains, comme ces substances tout à la fois bienfaisantes et dangereuses que nul ne peut acheter sans l'ordonnance d'un médecin. Et peu importe que la terre à vendre soit de grande ou de moindre étendue, l'examen des titres entraîne toujours les mêmes soins et les mêmes dépenses. Il en résulte qu'il y a en Angleterre, dans la division possible du sol, une limite au delà de laquelle le fractionnement de la terre est moralement impossible ; cette limite se trouve au point où les frais du contrat égaux ou supérieurs à la valeur du domaine vendue détruisent l'intérêt de la transaction. Or ces frais, qui ne varient point, sont à mesure que la

terre vendue est plus considérable comparativement moindres : c'est ce qui explique pourquoi en Angleterre il n'y a possibilité d'acheter que de grandes terres, et comment des entraves qui gênent même le riche, arrêtent tout court le pauvre. C'est ainsi que dans ce pays, alors même que le sol change de mains, il ne se divise pas.”

“ Besides, be the searches necessary or useless, they cost always the same price. They are preserved traditionally by lawyers, who thus acquire the exclusive privilege of examining and comprehending the titles to real property. Land is, in their hands, like those dangerous medicines which no one is permitted to purchase without the certificate of a physician. And it little matters whether the land to be sold is of great or small extent, the examination of the title requires always the same care and the same expense. The consequence is, that to the possible division of landed property in England there is a limit, beyond which the division of land is morally impossible. This limit is found at the point where the expenses of the contract being equal or superior to the value of the estate sold, absorb the profits of the transaction. But these expenses, which do not vary, are less comparatively when the value of the land sold is more considerable. This explains why in England there is no possibility of buying any but large property, and how those clogs which annoy even the rich stop the poor man altogether. It is thus that in that country even when the soil changes owners it is not divided.”

In those observations, although there is some exaggeration in the assertion that the expense of making out title is not at all increased by the value or extent of the estate, we are disposed to concur, and we think that an alteration in the law is loudly called for, which may make the search for incumbrances on an estate a more simple and less expensive process. This may be done by one uniform system of registration by which all incumbrances may be found recorded in the same place, instead of appearing, as at present, in a variety of different places according to the nature of the incumbrances. There are at present eight offices in any of which an incumbrance may be found to deprive the purchaser of the property for which he paid his money.

The law of entails, as it at present exists, interferes very little with the transfer of property ; but the practice of marriage settlements has a much greater influence, and M. De Beau-

mont, in many places of his work, confounds them by the use of the same term, "*substitutions*," applied to both. He seems to think the law in this respect, much more flexible in England than it really is. "The rich man," he says, "has only to speak the word if he wishes to place his property under theegis of a substitution, and to render it inalienable. Does he change his mind, and wish to dispose of it, the law comes to his aid, and, in a moment, renders that capable of alienation which before was not so." The reader must at once perceive that the passage which we have just cited is nonsense. An incapacity of alienation, dependent upon the will of the owner, is, in fact, no incapacity at all. The true statement of the law is, that on a man's marriage, or in certain other circumstances, he may settle his estate in such a manner as to render it inalienable during the lives of the existing generation; but if, afterwards, he wishes to sell it, the law does NOT come to his aid, to enable him to dispose of it. There are, indeed, certain modes of entail which the owner may get rid of; but those entails are not, in practice, considered as any restraints upon alienation.

His account of the Irish aristocracy selling their estates, is an amusing instance of the prejudice with which he regards every thing concerning them. After speaking of the English aristocracy, to whom, on account of their virtue and power, the law of entails is of service, he says, "substitute for this enlightened and powerful aristocracy, an aristocracy destitute of prudence, talents, and ability; degraded in public opinion, and impoverished equally by its vices and its faults; in one word, for the aristocracy of England, substitute that of Ireland. Then the law designed to perpetuate its wealth will only hasten its ruin. Tottering under the weight of its debts, and deprived of all credit, the aristocracy of Ireland can no longer borrow money without pledging its lands. But how pledge land that is under the dominion of an entail. Its embarrassment is great, and a hundred times it has occasion to curse the mischievous law that was established in its favour. It has then recourse to those forms of which I have spoken above, and by means of which the troublesome entail is got rid of. It would be tedious to explain here the singular legal fiction by which the proprietor who wishes to bar an entail, pretends to be dispos-

sessed of his property, supposes an imaginary usurper, brings an action against him, gains his suit, is restored to the possession of it by judges, who pronounce a formal judgment, although well knowing that the whole is a mere farce, in which every person plays an allotted part, by virtue of which, the possessor of the entailed estate becomes the fee-simple proprietor, and acquires the power of disposing of it as he pleases." Would not any person, on reading the above account of a common recovery, suppose that it was a fiction, devised to meet the wants of the Irish aristocracy, instead of being the course adopted to open estates tail in England, ever since the reign of Edward IV.? Indeed, M. De Beaumont almost asserts that the practice is peculiar to Ireland, page 222.

"Les juges depuis qu'ils sont inamovibles sont devenus amis de l'aristocratie; et ils eludent la loi au profit de celle ci, comme ils la faussaient dans l'intérêt de la royauté au temps de leur dépendance. Voilà pourquoi le juge soutient les substitutions en Angleterre, ou elles sont encore bienfaisantes à l'aristocratie, en même temps qu'il les renverse en Irlande ou l'aristocratie en est embarrassée."

"The judges, since they ceased to be removeable, have become the allies of the aristocracy, and they evade the law for its interests, as they falsified it for the interests of the crown, while they were dependent. This is the reason that the judge supports entails in England, where they are still of service to the aristocracy, at the same time that it subverts them in Ireland, where the aristocracy is embarrassed by them."

Of this false and mischievous paragraph we shall take no notice, so far as it charges the judges with corruption; but we must remark, that the legal facts stated in it are notoriously false. The law of fines and recoveries to which he alludes was devised by the judges while they were yet dependent on the crown; and the law and practice of entails and settlements, and the mode, and practice, and law of barring them are precisely the same in England as in Ireland. As if to make every possible blunder, he says it may be inquired why a simple, direct process is not substituted for those legal fictions; and he answers that the present state of the law is too profitable to the lawyers, and therefore that it will not be readily altered; whereas those legal

fictions had been abolished, and a direct conveyance substituted in their stead, four years before M. De Beaumont's work was published!

Let us suppose his proposed alterations all adopted, and what would be the effect. He assumes that the land would be shortly divided among a number of small proprietors who, paying no rent for their little farms, would cultivate them with the greatest care, whereas now the farmer has no interest to exert himself, as he is unable to pay the rent of the land, and knows that if by any exertions he can make it yield more, the added produce, after his bare subsistence is taken out of it, will all be taken by the landlord. This is expanded and illustrated at great length, and spread over a great number of pages, and although it has a semblance of truth, yet it is false and even inconsistent with the other parts of his work. If there are in Ireland four millions of wretched beings in that state of destitution which M. De Beaumont describes, how can any alteration in the law of primogeniture affect them. Property may be more divided, but they will get no part of it. They will not inherit it, and they cannot buy it. Those who can scarcely procure the cheapest food to support themselves cannot save money to purchase land. If, therefore, a middle class is to be formed by such means, it must be composed of the descendants of the present detested aristocracy, among whom the landed property of Ireland will be divided by the destruction of the law of primogeniture. If it is said it will be composed of those who purchase small lots of ground, we answer that the purchaser must have made his money, and thus become a member of the middle class before he can invest it in the purchase of land. Indeed at present a middling class is fast growing up in Ireland, and the man who saves a little money has a hundred means of investing it. Although a small fee-simple estate is not easily purchased, yet he may buy a beneficial interest in land under a lease, or he may take a lease at the fair value, and create an interest of value in it belonging to himself, by building or other improvements on it. This is much more beneficial to the country and to himself, than if he were to buy the fee-simple of the land. Let us suppose land worth £1 an acre to sell freely at 20 years' purchase, the man who has saved one hundred pounds may become absolute owner of five

acres, but will not have a shilling of capital to improve it. How much better for himself and for the country it would be if he were to take a lease of a good farm of 40 or 50 acres, and employ his little capital in stocking and improving it. M. De Beaumont's argument, that at present if a farmer improves his land, or makes it yield more by a better system of husbandry, the landlord would reap all the profit, and therefore that the tenant has no motive to exert himself, is mere idle declamation. It supposes a state of things which does not exist. He himself admits that the demand of such high rents is injurious to the landlord as well as to the tenant. If this be the case, it is not unreasonable to expect that a practice injurious to both parties will not continue long. The fact is, that it is decreasing every day, and that it is a rare exception, every day becoming more rare, to find too much rent demanded for land. The tenant at a fair rent has precisely the same motive to exert himself as if he paid no rent at all. The Irish farmer does not want motives to exert himself; but he does want skill, and habits of order and of industry; and these he will gradually acquire, if the government does its duty by enforcing obedience to the law. When M. De Beaumont repels any idea of expecting that Irish misery can be relieved by the introduction of manufacturing industry, by emigration, or by poor laws, he describes the Irish people as little better than a nation of savages—then, these four millions of paupers are in a state of misery utterly inconsistent with the maintenance of social order—then the Irish are false, and reckless, and prone to violence, so that neither law, nor religion, nor a regard to their own interests will induce them to respect the rights of property, or to abstain from those combinations which are fatal to themselves. On this hypothesis, it is easy to prove that any project for their relief must fail. But if it is his object to prove how happy Ireland would be under a democracy, then the Irish are a number of small capitalists, ready to purchase land if it was in the market to be sold—then the Irish are described as peaceable, intelligent, industrious, attentive to their interests—so much so, that when he wants to prove what course they will take, it is only necessary for him to show what course their interests point out. If they are disposed to act in such a manner, they may be happy under the existing laws.

WILBRAHAM'S TRAVELS IN CAUCASUS, GEORGIA, AND PERSIA.*

WHEN the handsome volume which is now under our consideration first came to our hands, and we cast our eyes over the imposing and somewhat pompous verbiage of its title-page, we looked forward with great pleasure to the instruction as well as entertaining information which its pages were, in all likelihood, destined to afford us. The peculiar position which the author occupied in Persia, affording, as it must have done, such favorable opportunities for becoming acquainted with the political state of that country, and its bearings and connections with Russia and Turkey, naturally led us to expect that those most interesting subjects of investigation would receive an ample discussion in the course of the work; while we felt convinced, in addition, that the tour of an educated gentleman through the comparatively unfrequented regions in which Captain (or, as his present rank entitles him to be called, Colonel) Wilbraham travelled, could not fail to be full of lively interest—regions that rise up to our fancy arrayed in hues of imperishable loveliness—the gorgeous pageantries of oriental romance, those strange yet beautiful fictions which take captive the youthful mind, binding it with fetters so strong, that multiplied years, sobered imaginations, and matured judgments weaken but little, and never dispel the delusions.

Our first and most prominent expectation has, we are forced to avow, been sadly disappointed. The author has evidently traversed a great portion of these interesting countries with a haste that appears to have set asleep or rendered impotent all his reasoning and reflective powers; and where we might fairly look to have political motives investigated or political movements discussed—where we might hope to have obtained some insight into the social and moral condition, the capabilities, prospects, and resources of nations, which for some years past have been engrossing so large a share of public attention, we are not unfre-

quently treated to the mere details of posting, hard names, or the heat of the weather.

Colonel Wilbraham seems to have felt, and naturally enough, that this omission of *philosophising* in a work of travel is a serious offence in an age when the appetite for knowledge is constantly increasing with the capacity for devouring it; and accordingly he offers an apology about as satisfactory as it is novel; and while he admits that his journal was kept for private amusement, and often written in hurry and confusion, or after a long and fatiguing march, he yet prefers giving the remarks which the moment suggested unaltered or unadded to.

“The interest,” he says, “which many of my friends have expressed in the perusal of the Journals which form the contents of this volume has encouraged me to offer them to the public; although I feel that they are by no means what I could have wished them to be, or even what they would have been had I contemplated at the time the possibility of their appearing in print.”

“A chi mi fido guardi mi dio; a chi mi non fido mi guardaro io,” saith the Tuscan proverb. God protect me from my friends, I will protect myself from my enemies; and truly Colonel Wilbraham adds one more to the innumerable instances in which, from the days when Job was comforted by the friendship of Eliphaz, Bilbad, and Zophar, to those of Peter Purcell the befriended of Daniel O'Connell, man has had to complain more of his friend than his enemy. May we, then, assure our author, in all charity which is consistent with a conscientious discharge of our duty—and we trust he will the rather believe us to be sincere, as we do not arrogate to ourselves the treacherous title of *friend*—that had he suffered himself to be less influenced by the encouragement of misjudging friendship than by the just and modest misgivings of his own mind, to which

* Travels in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces of Russia, and along the Southern Shore of the Lakes of Van and Urumiah, in the Autumn and Winter of 1837, By Captain Richard Wilbraham, 7th Royal Fusiliers, lately employed on a particular service in Persia. London: John Murray. 1839.

he alludes, he would, we are sure, before committing the crude contents of his journal to press, have sat down and thought over what he had seen and heard—he would have carried his reflections and reasonings somewhat beneath the surface of things, and thus produced a volume calculated to confer on society a greater benefit, and on himself a higher literary reputation than, in our judgment, he has now earned.

Having said so much as to the deficiencies of the volume in what we consider should be the principal end and object of such a work, we shall now look at it in the light of—what we wish it had been called—a journal of travel. No man that has the use of his eyes and ears can travel from Dan to Beersheba and contrive to find all barren. Colonel Wilbraham has passed through, or rather along, the skirts of a vast country, with the geography of which though we are tolerably familiar, yet with whose inhabitants and their peculiarities of manners and habits we are, in comparison with our knowledge of the rest of the East, by no means well acquainted; he finds us, therefore, with appetites sufficiently sharp to receive willingly whatever a traveller in those regions may think fit to bestow upon us, however we may be disposed to grumble that he has not given us more or better fare. This last reflection has a wonderful effect in reconciling us to our author, and putting us in a state of amity and good-humour with him—a temper which we are, upon such occasions as the present, most solicitous to induce—knowing that in travelling, whether over the surface of earth and sea, or that of ink and paper, there is no greater discomfort than the companionship of one with whom you are constantly dissatisfied. To begin, then, by way of *amende*, with an admission, which we feel great pleasure in making, Colonel Wilbraham's journal contains a good deal that is interesting and agreeable, and occasional sketches of personal character and general manners, that make us wish he had devoted more of his attention to such subjects: ere we conclude our observations we shall lay before our readers some extracts from the volume that we doubt not will induce them to be of our opinion.

Our readers have not yet forgotten the long-protracted negotiations between Persia and Herat in 1836 and

1837, which terminated in the summer of the latter year by the departure of the Affghan ambassador from Tehran, and the marching of the Persian army eastward from the capital, contrary to the remonstrance of the British court. This juncture released Colonel Wilbraham from his official employment, and afforded him a favorable opportunity of visiting the interesting countries lying between the Caspian and the Black Seas. Before, however, we set out with him on his wanderings, we will give our readers the benefit of his description of the present capital of Persia:—

“Tehran stands in the centre of a barren and extensive plain, bounded on three sides by arid mountains, while, to the southward, a succession of low ranges, over which leads the road to Isfahan, separates the plain from the great salt desert of Yezd. To the north-west, the high chain of the Shemeroon hills, rarely, if ever, entirely free from snow, divides the province of Irak from the dense woods of Mazanderan, (the ancient Hyrcania,) and abounds in clear streams, which, after fertilizing the numerous villages scattered along its base, flow through the plain and supply the city. High above this chain, at a distance of about forty miles from Tehran, stands the lofty mountain of Demawend, whose conical peak, clad with eternal snow, bears evidence of extinct volcanic fires. Demawend has been considered a connecting link between the Caucasus and the gigantic chain of the Himalaya, and, in common with the former, sometimes bears the name of Elburz. Its height is nearly 15,000 feet above the sea, far beyond the limit of perpetual snow, but in summer the ascent is neither perilous nor difficult. Near the summit are caves of sulphur. To the south-east of the city, at a distance of about three miles, stand the massive, but shapeless ruins of the ancient city of Rhé, not, as has often been supposed, the Rhages of Scripture, some vestiges of which may be seen farther to the eastward, but celebrated as the burying-place of Haroun Alraschid. These ruins cover a vast extent of ground, and on the rocky range, at the foot of which they lie, may be traced the interrupted lines of extensive fortifications.

“Tehran is surrounded by a mud wall and dry ditch, between four and five miles in circumference, flanked at intervals by circular towers, little higher than the wall itself. Five gates of brickwork, ornamented with coloured tiles, open upon the principal roads, and are carefully closed soon after sunset. Nothing can well be

imagined less imposing than the external appearance of the capital of Persia. The mass of low houses, all of clay or sun-dried brick, is scarcely visible above the wall; here and there a low cupola, or a broken pillar, rising above the terrace roofs, peers from among formal rows of poplar and chunar, but the eye misses the splendid mosques and the numerous taper minarets with which every town of Turkey and Asia Minor is adorned. Within, the scene is still less attractive: narrow lanes, for they are not worthy of the name of streets, choked with heaps of rubbish, and full of open drains, which threaten to break your horse's legs, wind between dead walls, which jealously exclude the gaze of the passer by from the courts which they enclose, and upon which every window opens. Under the shadow of these walls lie the most loathsome figures—men, women, and children, imploring the charity of the passer by. Nor do the bazaars present that gay and varied picture which meets the eye in those of Turkey, where the native of each country retains his national costume.

"Here, with the occasional exception of a group of Arabs, or of turbaned Koorde, all, whether Persians, Georgians, or Armenians, have adopted the graceful, but sombre dress of the country; the women, wrapped from head to foot in their dark cloaks, which quite conceal all charms of face and figure, do not contribute to enliven the scene. Tehran boasts of no spacious squares or princely palaces like those of the great Abbass at Isfahan; the Maidan, or open space in front of the palace, is choked with rubbish, and surrounded by paltry buildings. A few old guns of every form and calibre, mounted on broken carriages, line either side of the principal gateway, while, in the centre of the square, on a high pedestal of brick-work, stands a curious piece of brass ordnance, round which I have often seen the discontented troops assert the privileges of sanctuary. The pedestal is usually the stage of some wandering Dervish. In the corner of the Maidan stands the state carriage of the Shah, an ancient chariot, the gift of some European ambassador; on which has accumulated the venerable dust of years. Four ragged horses, with gun-harness, and ridden by artillery-men, draw this crazy vehicle, which never moves beyond a foot's pace.

"The palace itself consists of a vast number of distinct buildings, each with its courts and gardens, but without pretensions to architectural beauty. The lofty audience-chamber, which stands in the centre of an extensive garden laid out in formal avenues, is not unsuited to the somewhat gaudy brilliancy of an

Oriental court; and on occasions of ceremony, when the Shah sits in state, surrounded by princes of the blood, and by all the nobles of the land, in their gorgeous dresses, while the spacious avenues are lined with troops, and the bright eastern sun lights up the varied pageant, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to realize the enchanting descriptions of the Arabian Nights. But examine the scene in detail, and you will search in vain for objects worthy of your notions of Oriental splendour. The walls of unbaked brick, the roughly-hewn window-frames, and the ill-executed mosaic of mirrors and coloured porcelain look paltry and incongruous, while the perishable material of the whole, already falling into decay, forcibly contrasts with the durable and massive architecture of the palaces of Europe."

It will be recollected that when Aga Mahommed Khan, the uncle and predecessor of the late king, Fattéh Ali Shah, had raised himself to the throne, he removed the court of Persia from the brilliant capital of the Sefavean dynasty, the once magnificent Isfahan, to the city of Tehran, which has since continued to be the principal residence of the Persian sovereigns, and however political considerations might have justified the change, it was undoubtedly in no other view to be commended. At a short distance from the city, among groves of poplar and oriental plane trees, stands the Nigârîstan, or picture gallery, a summer palace, at which Mahommed Shah, the present sovereign of Persia, was residing when our author attended his levee.

"His majesty," says the Colonel, "was seated near the window, supported by a pile of cushions, while a single attendant knelt behind him, waving a broad fan of feathers above his head. His dress was, as usual, perfectly simple; the richly-jewelled handle of his dagger alone betokened his rank. His age does not exceed one or two and thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man: his countenance is rather handsome, and, except when his anger is excited, of a prepossessing and good-humoured expression: his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable; he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but, both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the Shah is a man of con-

siderable energy, and by no means deficient in information; he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has a tolerably correct idea of the geography and political state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort, and the welfare and prosperity of his country. His court is far inferior in style and splendour to that of his grandfather and predecessor, the principal offices of state being occupied by men of low origin, deficient in that magnificence and courtliness of manner which formerly distinguished the Persian noble. The late king was always attended by a numerous and gallant retinue of princes of the blood, and officers of state, besides a crowd of inferior retainers; the present monarch often rides out with a few ill-mounted and worse appointed followers."

The Shah has, however, many good qualities to recommend him: he neither drinks wine or smokes; he is a strict and conscientious mussulman, and in other domestic matters sets an example, which, however little might be thought of it in our western climes, is very creditable for the polygamists of the East.

As we have given a portrait of the master, it may not be amiss to have a sketch of the man, so we will even follow our author from the royal presence into the tent of the celebrated Haji Mirza Aghassi, the Grand Vizier of Persia. At the time of the Colonel's visit it was crowded with ministers, priests, soldiers, secretaries, and courtiers, whom the various arrangements which were then making preparatory to the intended movement of the troops, had assembled around the person of the minister.

"The Haji, or pilgrim, as this important personage is always called, from his having performed his devotions at the shrine of Mecca, is the most remarkable man that I have ever met with. He is by no means destitute of talent, but his words and actions are strongly tinctured with real or affected insanity. He is said to be deeply versed in the mysteries of Soofeism, the wild theories of which, though incompatible with the religion of the Prophet, are daily extending the number of their votaries. The extraordinary degree in which he has possessed himself of the confidence of his sovereign, both as political and spiritual adviser, has rendered him almost omnipotent, and emboldens him to treat the ancient nobles, and even the princes of the royal

family, with the utmost hauteur and coarseness, doubly galling to them from the lowness of his origin. The whole business of the state is transacted by him, and the other ministers of the Shah are mere instruments in his hands.

"It is impossible to introduce any subject but the Haji immediately assures you that he understands it more thoroughly than any man alive; and I have heard him utter the most consummate nonsense about military matters, while the whole assembly, with imperturbable gravity, agreed with all he said. On one occasion, some one having ventured to praise the generalship of Napoleon, the Haji sharply interrupted him, saying, 'Napoleon! whose dog was Napoleon?' The good sayings attributed to the Haji would fill a volume, but unfortunately few of them would admit of repetition to ears polite." * * * * "The Vizier is a short but athletic man, of about sixty, with a shrewd grey eye and a thin scanty beard, the cause of much witty remark in a country where that appendage is cultivated with so much care. Until the accession of the present Shah, the Haji filled a subordinate station in the household of the prince royal, and had something to do with the education of the reigning king. He was raised to his present dignity in 1835, when his predecessor, a bold and clever man, having excited, by his ambition, the jealousy of the monarch, met with the fate of the bowstring."

Colonel Wilbraham's long residence in the capital of Persia afforded him very extensive opportunities of becoming acquainted with the state of society there, and accordingly, as might be expected, his observations on that subject are full of interest, and afford considerable information.

"Persians of all classes are devotedly fond of society, and, when we consider how few resources they possess within themselves, we shall not wonder that they should so soon tire of their own company. Their beautiful climate (for beautiful it is to them who do not mind the heat, which to us appears excessive) contributes much to their sociability, by enabling them to spend the larger portion of their time in the open air; and you scarcely find a village, however small, which has not its shady seat, where all the idle congregate and discuss the topic of the day. The general courtesy, so remarkable among Asiatics, is very pleasing to witness, and it is impossible not to contrast it with the clashing selfishness so apparent in those busy communities where every one is eagerly intent upon his in-

dividual pursuits. Living a life of indolence, free from care and rivalry, the Persian's only thought is to enjoy the passing hour. His pleasures are few and simple, such as those around him are welcome to share in, for the habits of the higher classes differ in little from those of their inferiors. Although the precedence due to rank and office is scrupulously exacted, the intercourse between all ranks is familiar and unrestrained, and the wandering Dervish will enter without ceremony the tent or chamber of the Vizier, and join freely in the conversation. The attachment displayed by the retainers of the Persian nobles towards their lord, and the kindness with which they are treated by him, has often reminded me of the devotion of the Scottish clansmen towards their chief, and speaks highly in favour of both parties. Their treatment of their slaves is another proof of the natural kindness of the Persian disposition. Many of these old servants are regarded quite in the light of friends, and I have frequently seen them standing near their lords, with folded arms, listening to all that was said, and often giving their opinion unasked. I remember being very much struck with a scene which occurred at the table of Mr. Ellis, our ambassador in Persia in 1836. One of the sons of the late Shah was the ambassador's guest, together with several other Persians. During dinner the prince handed a goblet of wine to his confidential retainer, who stood behind him; the man refused it, saying, 'Who am I that I should drink in the presence of your highness?' The prince, repeating the offer, answered, 'You are my friend.' The man still demurred; when the prince exclaimed, 'You are my brother.' The man then took the cup, and turning away, quaffed off its contents."

Though the women are strictly prohibited from mixing in the society of the men, and only their nearest relations are permitted to see them unveiled, yet they are by no means subjected to that close confinement which it is commonly said they are; and once out of doors and wrapped up in the concealment of the dark blue "chaddar," their liberty would appear to be quite as unrestrained as our own rational and confiding notions of license would accord to our wives and daughters at home.

From the capital our author proceeded westward by Sulimaniah to Casveen, through a country, as he informs us, devoid of interest, and destitute of water and cultivation.

Farther on, however, in approaching Zanzan, he had the good, or, we rather believe, ill fortune to fall in with a large detachment of Persian troops, and his observations on them, their disorderly march, marked with plunder and devastation of their own countrymen, their wretched equipments and unsoldierlike appearance, are not calculated to give us any very exalted ideas of Persian discipline. We shall take no notice of posts or stages, or the common-place annoyances of travelling, which it is not to be wondered befell our author, as well as every other tourist, but shall pass rapidly forward through the great commercial town of Tabreez, and rejoin him at Tiflis, which he made for some time his head-quarters while making excursions to the adjacent places that were worthy of observation. So far as we can incidentally collect from our author's remarks, it would seem that the society and manners of Tiflis are gradually becoming Russianized—to use an expression of his own—under the influence of the nobles of that nation who now resort to it. And the recent visit of the emperor and his suite to this remote portion of his empire will be likely to make a sad inroad amongst the peculiarities of the Georgians, though as yet few of the ladies have adopted the costume of the Europeans, or speak any other than their native language. The rank of Colonel Wilbraham of course introduced him to the society of the highest classes as well of the Georgians as of the Russians, whom the near approach of the emperor has brought to the city; and we are bound to say that the introduction of many distinguished personages and some pleasant domestic chit-chat render these pages very agreeable. After having had an interview at Erivan with the young heir apparent of Persia, the Emperor arrived at Tiflis: our author attended at his private levee, and gives the following sketch of the autocrat:

"We were not long kept waiting: an inner door was thrown open and the Emperor entered, attended by the governor-general, Count Orloff, General Alderberg, and half a dozen aides-de-camp. The boast of the Russian—that among a thousand men you would not fail to recognise the Emperor—is scarcely exaggerated. His figure is commanding and his countenance striking; his height must be nearly six feet two, and his frame unites symmetry with strength; his smile

is peculiarly fascinating, but the high forehead, the short and curved upper lip, and the expression of a rather small mouth, impart somewhat of sternness to his features when in repose. His naturally fair complexion is now bronzed by exposure to a southern sun, but the forehead where the cap has sheltered it is white as marble. His blue eye is quick and expressive, and a small moustache adds to his soldierlike appearance. His majesty wore the full dress of a general-officer, distinguished only by his decorations. Passing round the circle, he addressed a few words to each individual as Baron Rosen presented him, and his manner towards the Asiatics was peculiarly gracious. An Armenian officer served as interpreter. It soon came to my turn to be presented. After remarking that I ought to have been at the cavalry review of Vosnesensk, the Emperor asked me several questions concerning the state of Persia, and mentioned his having seen the heir-apparent at Erivan. He then made some observations on the recent accession of Queen Victoria; on which subject he referred me to Count Orloff, and passed on to my neighbour Souvoroff. On his name being announced by the governor-general, the Emperor immediately exclaimed that it did not please him to see the grandson of the Prince Souvoroff Italisky in other than a military uniform, whereupon my friend had to kiss hands and to become a soldier *volens volens*. This struck me as rather an arbitrary mode of changing a man's profession, especially when he has for many years been following some other line, and has, perhaps, no inclination for a military life."

During the residence of the Emperor in this part of his dominions, the duties of the interior of the palace were performed by a body of young Georgian princes, whose appearance excited the admiration of the author, and must no doubt have added to the splendour of the court.

"Dressed in their splendid and becoming national costume, they fully uphold the character which the Georgians have acquired of being the handsomest nation in the world. Over a closely-fitting tunic of rich silk or brocade they wear a cloth dress with short sleeves, which reaches to the knee. Their loose Eastern trouser is of silk, and a black boot, fitting close to the leg, confines it below the knee. A sword and pistols, richly inlaid, are fastened in their girdle, and on their head they wear a low lambskin cap."

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Before we leave this subject, we will give our readers one more extract, and introduce them to the grand ball given at the palace, the evening before the Emperor's departure from Tiflis.

"It was little after eight when we arrived, but the saloon and corridors were already thronged. The men were standing in groups in the middle of the room, or elbowing their way through the crowd, while the women were ranged in formal rows on benches placed against the walls. Beyond the ball-room lay a long suite of rooms, terminating in a small octagonal boudoir, the recesses of which were occupied by couches of the most inviting luxury. I must confess that I was sadly disappointed in the beauty of the far-famed Georgian women; and yet I do not know what right I had to raise my expectations high. Their praises have been sung almost exclusively by the poets of the East; and the absence of mind, without which the most perfect features fail to charm the refined taste of an educated European, matters little to the sensual eye of an Asiatic. Their dress is also most unbecoming. A golden tiara, pressed low upon foreheads already somewhat deficient in elevation, is the universal ornament for the hair; while their gowns, too liberal in the display of their bosoms, conceal the foot and ankle, and hide the prettiest figure. Then, almost all, young as well as old, are painted, and their stained eyebrows impart a coarseness and unpleasing boldness to the countenance. In short, if there be beauty, it is beauty of a low and unintellectual order. At some little distance, many a face struck me as very pretty, but, on a nearer inspection, there was always some fault, usually about the mouth. The Georgian costume is far more becoming to the men, who showed to great advantage beside the Armenian merchant, with his sober garb. There was also a sprinkling of Turks and Persians; and had any European been transported thither, unconscious where he was, he might have fancied himself at a masquerade, so motley were the groups. The old Mushtehed was there, and seizing both my hands in his, he overwhelmed me with questions regarding his native country. Were he to show himself there, I doubt whether the sanctity of his office would ensure the safety of his life.

"At nine, the Emperor arrived, and the ball commenced. His Majesty opened it in person, by walking a polonaise with a little Georgian 'Tzarevna,' or Princess Royal, long past the bloom of youth. With great difficulty, and at the risk of

leaving my pelisse in the press, I contrived to reach the circle where the Europeans were quadrilling. A few Georgians in European dress joined in the dance. This was succeeded by another polonaise; and the promenade was extended, far beyond hearing of the music, through the long suite of rooms."

"After the quadrille was finished, some of the Georgians danced the 'Lesghian', a monotonous and ungraceful dance. The Emperor did not remain long; and, when the room was becoming a little less crowded, a few couples stood up to waltz. My partner, the Princess Katinka —, a pretty little Georgian, spoke French with ease, and her manner as well as her dress was European."

"Etiquette forbids the lady to take more than one turn with the same gentleman; and there was a constant change of partners. At a late hour, supper was served up in a very handsome style; and, as the Georgians were beginning to become uproarious, I beat a retreat, and drove home."

In the latter end of October, Colonel Wilbraham left Tiflis, and turning his course to the south-west, in a few days reached the fortress of Goomri, which is on the Russian frontier. The little river of Arpachai, a branch of the Arras, flows at a short distance to the westward, and divides the territories of Russia and Turkey. Having sent forward a horseman from a small Armenian village to the town of Haji Villi, to apprise the Beg of his intended visit, our traveller was met at the outskirts by a servant of the Beg's, and, with many assurances of hospitality, led to his master's mansion. Our author has not failed to record his Turkish entertainment.

"It was very late when the servants appeared with preparations for the evening meal. My host, my guide, and I, seated ourselves round the tray, and the old major-domo presented us water to wash our hands. The supper consisted of a succession of somewhat savoury and very palatable dishes, in which sweets and acids were strangely mingled, and ended with a princely pillau, the pride of Eastern cookery. The word 'Bismillah' (in the name of God) gave us the signal to fall to. Thin wheaten cakes served us in lieu of plates, and fingers performed the office of knives and forks. Once or twice my host tore off some dainty morsel and handed it to me; but, though one could well dispense with such marks of

civility, they are intended as a compliment, and should be taken as such. Water was again handed round, and our host, with the pious ejaculation of God be praised, ('Alhamdolillah,') rose from his seat, and we followed his example. Coffee and pipes were then produced, and one by one the Beg's guests returned to their homes."

By far the most interesting object in this part of Armenia are the ruins of the once celebrated city of Anni. This city continued for several centuries to be the capital of Armenia, and was destined, during that period, to become more than once the prey and the property of those ruthless conquerors who, during the middle ages, overran, and in a great measure devastated the East, and whose savage and unsparing slaughter choked up the streets of the devoted city with the bodies of the slain, and crimsoned the waters of the Arpa with their blood. Attended by a guide and single servant, Colonel Wilbraham proceeded to visit the town, traversing the dreary, cheerless, and scarcely inhabited country that lies around. At a distance, the city does not appear deserted, for the long line of wall which stretches along the rocky heights, on which the city, with admirable judgment, was placed, hides from the eye the internal ruin and desolation, while towers of massive masonry and the spires of churches rise apparently in perfect preservation. Once within, however, and the delusion vanishes.

"We entered by the principal gate, which stands in the centre of this face. Over the gateway are some curiously sculptured figures. The walls and towers are built of irregular masses of stone, cemented with mortar, but they are faced with well-hewn blocks of sandstone. The sacred symbol of Christianity is introduced in various places. Huge blocks of blood-red stone, let into the masonry of the tower, form gigantic crosses, which have defied the hand of the destroying Moslem.

"The only buildings which are now standing are the Christian churches, a Turkish mosque, several baths, and a palace, said to have been the residence of the last Armenian monarchs. All these display much splendour and architectural beauty, and the fretwork of some of the arches is very rich; but it is evident that the public buildings alone were on this massive scale, and that the private dwellings were always very humble. The hollows in the ground, and the mounds of

loose stones scattered over the whole area of the city, would lead me to suppose that they were much of the same style as those now in use. Throughout the whole of Armenia and Georgia, I have remarked, that, while the villages are scarcely raised above the level of the ground, the churches are massive structures, visible from a great distance. There are a vast number of inscriptions at Anni, some in Turkish, but the greater part in Armenian. The churches are precisely of the same architecture with those of Etchmiadzin, and some of them are still in perfect preservation. In one, the walls are covered with rude paintings, in some of which I recognised subjects from the Scriptures; but the miracles of St. Gregory, and other saints of the Armenian calendar, occupied the large share. The Oriental Christians appear always to have had a fancy for building their churches in the most inaccessible situations; and of this there is a curious instance at Anni. On a narrow ledge of rock, washed on three sides by the Arpachai, stands a little chapel, accessible only by a steep and dangerous footpath. Tradition says that it was erected by the daughter of some old Armenian king, famous for her piety and beauty, who used to spend the greater portion of her days in this isolated spot.

"As I rode among the mounds of stones, several covies of the rock partridge rose from beneath my horse's feet, so seldom are they disturbed in the once crowded streets of the capital of Armenia. One solitary Koordish shepherd, with his white felt cloak, was standing beneath the shelter of a ruined porch, while his small flock of mountain goats were perched upon the crumbling arches of an adjoining bath. Shepherd and flock were both in keeping with the desolation of the surrounding scene, and would have furnished a subject worthy of Salvator's pencil. In one of the old roofless churches, a scanty fire, still smouldering among the blackened ruins of the fallen altar, marked his cheerless bivouac. My guide dismounting allowed his horse to stray within the gateway of the sacred pile, and, sheltered from the raw and piercing blast by the massive buttress of the vaulted aisle, vainly attempted to fan the dying embers to a flame."

"The feelings excited by the sight of this deserted city are very melancholy. The forsaken churches remind you that a powerful Christian nation here sank beneath the repeated attacks of the most barbarous tribes of Asia, the bitterest foes of civilization and Christianity. The very preservation of the buildings heightens the impression of loneliness, and you

involuntarily look around for signs of life. Amid the utter ruin of more remote antiquity, very different feelings are excited. The shapeless mounds of Babylon are like the skeleton; but the deserted yet still standing city resembles the corpse whose breath has fled, but which still retains the semblance of life."

Our author proceeded to Kars, which was once a thriving town, till the forcible expulsion of the Armenian population at the close of the last war between Turkey and Russia, destroyed its trade, and deprived it of some of its wealthiest inhabitants. The severity of the season, now advanced to winter, contributed, no doubt, to the dreary and miserable appearance of the country and villages, for our author pronounces Kars to be the most wretched place that he ever met with in his wanderings. The city of Erzeroum has also, of late years, suffered severely, and from the same cause as Kars. We could wish to have found, throughout this volume, more observations like the following. It is a matter of the greater regret, as we are not disposed to attribute the want of them either to the lack of opportunities, or abilities of the author.

"The trade of Erzeroum is almost limited to the passage of goods between Constantinople and Persia, which has been considerably increased since the establishment of weekly steam-boats on the Black Sea. The khans, or caravanserais, when I was there, were filled with pack-horses; and the custom-house, an extensive establishment, was lumbered up with bales of goods. Yet, in spite of this thriving appearance, our trade in Persia is by no means flourishing, the markets are glutted with British manufactures, by the over-speculations of the Persian merchants resident in Constantinople, numbers of whom have failed in consequence; and in the present impoverished state of Persia, the consumption of European goods is daily diminishing. Besides these causes, large quantities of manufactures are annually imported into Persia from Russia, both by the way of Tabreez and by the Caspian, which, though inferior to ours, are cheaper, and find a readier sale. The bazaars of Erzeroum are poor and of small extent; and the manufacture of copper utensils, which once formed the principal branch of its industry, is now almost abandoned. The market appears to be well supplied, and great numbers of oxen are weekly killed. In Persia, especially in Tehran, beef is rarely seen, and is eaten only by the very poorest classes.

This does not arise from any religious scruple, but merely from the decided inferiority of that meat in a country where there is so little pasturage.

"The horses of Erzeroum are stout, serviceable animals, rarely standing above fourteen hands and a half high, with heavy necks, but generally showing some blood about the head. Their price varies from five hundred to fifteen hundred piastres, viz., from five to fifteen pounds. The pilgrims, on their return from Mecca and Damascus, not unfrequently bring with them some of the Arabs of the Desert. I saw a grey colt in the stable of the head of the customs, for which I offered seven thousand piastres—a long price in this country—but his master demanded twelve."

The undulating plains which form the common feature of Armenia, protected by ranges of hills, repel the approach of winter, and the genial and delicious climate in these nomadal regions still tempted some families of the wandering Koords to linger in their autumnal pastures, even in the month of November. Near the village of Aroos, Colonel Wilbraham fell in with some of those happy and primitive groups as they lay basking in the sun, in the midst of their vast flock, spread over the still green and fresh pastures. We can readily appreciate the pleasing picture which the scene presented.

"An 'Eelyaut' encampment, in a cheerful and well-watered country, is one of the most picturesque and happiest scenes imaginable. A patriarchal simplicity stamps their manners, and seems almost to realize the sweet pictures of the poet's Arcadia. Free as the air they breathe, they shift their goat-hair tents from stream to spring, from valley to mountain, with the changing seasons, and look down with pity and contempt upon the 'sitters in houses.' Although Mahomedans, their women are unveiled, and they not only share the toils of their husbands and brothers, but sometimes emulate them in feats of horsemanship. Though rarely pretty, the glow of health, and the good-humoured expression of these young Koordish maidens, supply the place of beauty, and their gay costume displays to great advantage their full round forms and sun-burnt features. Upon them devolve the labours of the dairy and the loom, while the young men tend the flocks, or scour the country round in search of game. The elders of the tribe enjoy the true *otium cum dignitate*, seated in front of

their huts, where they receive the passing stranger, and smoke with him the pipe of welcome. The black Koordish tent, supported by its many poles, is a very picturesque object; and when they are grouped together on the margin of some mountain-stream, surrounded by their flocks and herds, they form a very pretty picture."

When winter, at length, drives these nomadal tribes from their pastures, they quarter themselves in the Armenian villages, with which the plains are thickly studded. It would seem, indeed, that the Armenians have undergone surprisingly little changes in their manner of life during the lapse of many centuries; and our author assures us, that it is curious, in traversing those regions, to peruse the description which Xenophon, who passed through them more than two thousand years before, gives of the mode of living of the inhabitants of his day, and mark how much of that description is applicable at present. Speaking of them elsewhere, our author observes:—

"The Armenians are a wonderful nation, and it is much to be regretted that their early history should be involved in so much obscurity. Like the Jews, they are scattered over the face of the earth, and have retained, in the heart of foreign nations, their religion and their language, besides many peculiarities of manner and appearance. By their industry and enterprise, they have succeeded in monopolizing almost entirely the trade and commerce of the East, and form the wealthier portion of the population both of Persia and Turkey. In the latter country more especially, they have possessed themselves of every lucrative calling, owing to the pride and indolence of the Turks, who think it derogatory to their dignity to follow any mercantile pursuit. The greatest ambition of an Armenian is to become the banker of a Pasha, which post gives him almost an unlimited control over the revenues of the pashalik. A considerable proportion of the Armenians have returned to the Catholic Church, from which their nation seceded, when, in the year 491, they rejected the authority of the Council of Chalcedon. These Catholic Armenians are generally superior in education and intelligence to their countrymen, which is in some measure owing to the circulation of knowledge occasioned by the literary labours of the Catholic Armenian convent in Venice. When we consider how often the kingdom of Armenia has been overrun by the

armies of Toghrul and Timour, of the Caliphs and of the Shahs of Persia, each of whom carried into captivity vast numbers of its inhabitants; when we consider also how many thousands have migrated to distant countries in search of wealth or safety, we cannot but wonder that so many should still be found in the homes of their fathers. The Armenian villages in these pashaliks which border upon Koordistan are not promising in their exterior, but the large herds of cows and buffaloes, and the numerous flocks of sheep which, at evening, may be seen returning from their pastures, attest the pastoral wealth of their inhabitants. These flocks furnish them with almost every article of food and raiment; and the high plains of Armenia, watered by frequent showers, yield abundant crops of wheat and barley. Fuel, the next most necessary article for the poor, is furnished plentifully by the sweeping of their stables, which is made into cakes, and dried during the summer."

It will be perceived, that Colonel Wilbraham had now crossed the Euphrates, or Mourad, as it is called in Armenia; from thence he proceeded to the town of Bitlis, situated on the east of the lake of Van, and built upon the steep banks of two mountain streams, and having experienced here the hospitality of the Beg, he visited the shores of the lake. It is a fine sheet of water, about forty miles in length, and half that in breadth, bounded on the northern extremity by a noble range of mountains; and, to the eye accustomed to the painful monotony of the vast and arid plains of Asia, must be inexpressibly refreshing. On the southern shores of the lake, resides a powerful Koordish chief, nominally a subject of the Pasha of Van, but, in reality, an independent freebooter. Our author did not fail to visit the old Koord, with whom, notwithstanding his most unequivocal admiration of the watch of his guest, the latter was much pleased, as with his fine manly retainers, armed with spears and pistols, and arrayed in the picturesque garb of their country. Between the lake of Van and that of Urumiah, to the south-east of the former, lies a fertile and well cultivated district. The waters of Urumiah are so salt, that no fish will live in them; but the lake is extensive and beautiful. Our traveller was now, it will be remembered, within a small distance of Tabreez, which, having soon reached, he retraced his former route, and arrived before Christmas at

the capital of Persia. We shall offer but one other extract, for the purpose rather of exhibiting the author's own views on a subject which we think involves very great difficulties, than our concurrence in them.

"It does not appear to me that any thing can be done, at the present time, towards the diffusion of Christianity among the Persians, although it is evident that many of their religious prejudices are giving way, and that the doctrines of the Prophet have loosened their hold upon the minds of all classes. In my opinion, it is not the bigotry of the Mahomedans which raises the chief obstacle to the introduction of Christianity among them; but the deep and universal corruption of morals which must be overcome before they can receive a religion which enjoins so much purity and self-denial. The Persians are very fond of entering into religious discussions with Europeans, and conduct them not only with great quickness of argument, but, not unfrequently, with much apparent candour. A missionary should be thorough master of their language, and of his own subject, before he ventures to engage in a controversy in which, if foiled, his want of success will be attributed to the weakness of his cause, and not to his deficiency in advocating that cause. I have frequently heard Persians boast of having worsted in argument the well-known missionary Wolff.

"The safest argument to be used in such a discussion, at least that which I have always found the most unanswerable, is to call their attention to the superior morality, integrity, and love of truth which characterize the Christian, qualities which they not only observe, but involuntary respect. On the other hand, the absence of all public worship (for the service which is performed on Sunday at the Embassy comes under the observation of but few) naturally enough leads many to doubt our possessing any religion. It is now generally acknowledged, among missionaries, that the improvement of the Christian population of these countries must be a preparatory step to the conversion of the Mahomedans."

In the early part of the subsequent year, Colonel Wilbraham made an excursion through the forests of Hyrcania, towards the southern shores of the Caspian Sea. The enterprise of the great Shah Abbas, the contemporary of our own Elizabeth, and to whom Persia is indebted for almost all her vast and magnificent works of architecture, formerly constructed a

massive causeway through these forests; but our author informs us that it is now in a ruinous and almost impassible condition. The region, however, is one of no common interest associated with the memory of the luxurious Sefavean monarch, which, though romance and fable have conspired to invest with an undeserved splendour, yet history has handed down as that of a capricious and blood-stained tyrant. Throughout the province of Mazanderan are still to be seen the ruins of the numerous palaces of that noble dynasty; hall and bower, silent and tenantless; the fountains choked and dried up; the gardens wild and neglected; and the whole presenting a desolation tenfold more affecting than the desert that human hand never had redeemed from its barrenness.

And now, having accompanied our author through his tour, we feel confident that we have fairly redeemed our pledge, and proved to our readers, that however Colonel Wilbraham may have fallen short of our expectations in some respects, he has nevertheless

afforded us no small pleasure upon the whole. For the author himself, we can assure him, that our discontent, which, we confess, we felt strongly, and expressed freely, arose not from any positive demerits in the work, but from the conviction that, while he possessed unusual opportunities, and great facilities of informing himself on subjects of the deepest interest, he has suffered them to pass without availing himself of them for the benefit of the public. Had we a less high opinion of his talents or intelligence than a perusal of this volume leads us to entertain, we should be disposed to judge him less severely, and we now take our leave of him, with the hope that his long residence in Persia has enabled him to collect information of greater importance than that which he has in this volume given to the public. We trust, some future occasion may bring Colonel Wilbraham again before us, when we shall confidently expect him to occupy higher ground, and command more unqualified approbation.

THE QUEEN, THE PARLIAMENT, AND THE PEOPLE.*

THE session which is just about to close may be called the *do-nothing*, or the *lock-jawed* session of parliament. Parties have been so evenly balanced, that the wretched ministerial faction have not been able to accomplish the evil which they meditated; nor have the saving measures which would, no doubt, have resulted from the ascendancy of better men, been carried into effect by the Conservatives; because, although the Lords are with them, and the country is with them, they are still in a minority in the House of Commons, and the first personage in the realm has manifested partialities and prejudices, which have, for a season, deferred a consummation most devoutly to be desired by all to whom the well-being of the empire is a primary object.

We believe we may assert, without contradiction, that every succeeding day is adding to the numbers of those who range under the banners of the Conservative leaders; and that the

faction by whom the institutions of the country are menaced, are experiencing daily disappointment and humiliation; and that, notwithstanding the smiles of the court, and a profligate abuse of patronage, in the worst periods of any former reigns unexampled. That we here but speak the convictions of ministers themselves, is manifest from the dread with which they shrink from the experiment of a dissolution. Could they hope to better their condition by an appeal to the people, such an appeal, no doubt, would, ere this, have been made; for we cannot suppose that their present ignominious position, in which the very "subjects shoot out their lips against them unawares," can be to them a source of enjoyment. No; they feel, poignantly, the scorn, the contumely, the grief, the indignation, of which, in their blundering helplessness, for one cause or another, they are continually the objects. Even salary and patronage are not sufficient to sweeten the bitter menses which they are condemned

* An Address and Remonstrance to her Majesty, the Queen, on the imminent danger and perilous consequences of her Majesty's late measures, particularly that of having committed and continuing to confide the Government of the Empire to a Ministry who avow they have lost the confidence of the public. By a Loyal Protestant Subject. Dublin; Milliken and Son.

continually to eat, so as to enable them to swallow their food without making wry faces. And it is our belief that some of them, at least, were perfectly sincere in their desire to sacrifice the advantages and escape from the responsibilities of office, when the bedchamber manœuvres frustrated at the same time their intentions and the wishes of the nation; and that England is this moment doomed to feel the curse of profligate incapacity in the administration of her affairs, only because a court intrigue has baffled the honesty and made sport of the feelings of the truly able and experienced counsellors who were willing to do what in them lay to succour a labouring empire.

Well, it is something, at least, that the people of England are beginning to know and to understand the real position of the country, and the men and the measures by which it has been reduced from its once proud pre-eminence to the condition of a second or third-rate power amongst the nations of Europe. The Brummagem folk will soon be able to form an accurate estimate of the value of the reform bill. The men by whose contrivance the revolution of '32 was effected, knew, well, the probable result of that capsizing of the constitution. Some of them there were whose judgments were deceived; who did not anticipate all the consequences of opening wide the flood-gates of democracy, and swamping the intelligence and the wisdom, by the ignorance, the presumption, and the rashness of the people. We can well make allowance for the blockheadism of Lord Althorp, and for the sanguine temperament of some of the younger members of Lord Grey's cabinet, whose ardent imaginations were dazzled by the prospect which so unexpectedly opened upon them, of realising, to their fullest extent, those theories of liberal constitutional government, which, from their earliest years, they had entertained. But the *older* members, the more *veteran* politicians, those whose experience must have made them wide awake to the dangers of revolutionary violence, and who had previously made it their boast, that they could never be betrayed into the folly of exchanging their "old lamps for new ones,"* were, we believe, seduced by the bait of office, to lend themselves to a project, respecting which nothing appeared to them certain but a temporary triumph over

their political opponents. The Whigs were now sure of getting the whip-hand of the Duke and Sir Robert Peel. As emancipation had compelled them to relinquish office, so the reform bill, it was thought, must perpetuate their exclusion, and render it altogether impossible for them to form an administration.

Such were the objects which were uppermost in their minds, and respecting which they may be said to have gained their purpose. Lord Grey glutted himself and his followers with official spoils to an extent almost unexampled, or for which, if we would find any example, we must go back to the administration of Sir Robert Walpole. Other hungry and unprincipled place-hunters also had their reward. But England, what has *she* gained by the changes which have insured the ascendancy of profligate incapacity in her councils? Let our domestic turmoils, our colonial distractions, our humbled position amongst European governments answer the question. Let the flagrant admission implied in that infamous minute of privy council, for which the present abandoned ministers should be impeached, namely, that the personal comfort of the sovereign is to be set above the safety of the empire, answer the question. Let the triumph of a bedchamber intrigue, which has made this once favoured and honoured country the scorn of the world, answer the question. Let the nefarious education project, by which the church has been outraged, and the almost universal wishes of the British people set at nought, answer the question. And these are but the first-fruits of that measure which so many honest but inexperienced persons regarded as the forerunner of halcyon times of civil and social regeneration. Why do we allude to this? Is it because we now entertain the mad project of reversing what was then done? No. The deed is irrevocable. Well we know that it is now impossible to retrace our steps. If there were no safety but in such a course, our condition were indeed deplorable. Sir Robert Peel and the senators who in concert with him struggled in vain against the democratic madness which forced on the perilous innovations, were amongst the first and the most sincere in declaring their determination to abide by the constitution in its altered condition, and rally

* Lord John Russell.

whatever of support could be gathered from the ranks of their political opponents, in order to make a resolute stand against any further deterioration. And success almost beyond what could be expected has already attended their efforts to preserve whatever remains of the institutions of our ancestors which have made England the envy and the admiration of surrounding nations. Every man of sense and of honour, who has either property to preserve or character to lose, now feels that unless a stand be made against the anarchists and the republicans, who only regarded the reform bill as the first instalment of their revolutionary demands, there will soon remain no security for either constitutional liberty or personal safety. And the profligates and levellers are themselves constrained to admit, that unless they can effect more sweeping changes than have as yet been accomplished, they must fail of attaining the end for which fraud and lying, as well as intimidation and violence have been hitherto so shamelessly practised. The ballot, universal suffrage, a swamping of the House of Lords, an exclusion of the spiritual peers from parliament, a repeal of the law of primogeniture—these constitute a few of the heads of those ulterior measures which lie in the vista through which they look for that political millennium which is the object of their hopes. And those by whom those wild projects are renounced, and who feel the necessity of abiding by those landmarks of law and of order, beyond which popular violence may not safely be permitted to pass, are stigmatised by the name of "*finality men*," or men who are guilty of the absurdity of supposing that there is either a "settled habitation" or a "quiet resting-place" under a predominantly democratic constitution.

The contest now, therefore, is between the finalists and the anti-finalists. Under the former denomination are ranged all the Conservative party, and all those of the reformers who are satisfied, that for all purposes of good government, the constitution is, at present, democratic enough. Under the latter are to be found the discontented, the malevolent, the ignorant, and the unprincipled of every class, who hate the monarchy, detest the church, abhor the aristocracy; and who are resolved to consider nothing gained, until the swinish multitude have trodden to the dust the proudest distinc-

tions of society, and the most sacred and venerable of our institutions.

Undoubtedly, the most ominous of the signs of the times at the present conjuncture is, that this last-mentioned faction enjoys the favour and the protection of the sovereign. Our youthful Queen has been deceived into the belief that they are her best friends. By dexterous flattery, they have contrived to impose upon her unsuspecting credulity; and even to persuade her that the men by whom alone her throne can be preserved, are enemies to her crown and dignity, and that they cannot be admitted to her councils without a sacrifice on her part, which she is not called upon to bear. No one now denies, that the present wretched ministers, by whom the empire has been brought into so great peril, hold their office by the tenure of court favour alone, and in defiance of the indignantly expressed opinion of the people. This is, indeed, a new order of things. The crown is in a false position. The whole weight of the monarchy is thrown into the scale of revolution. Let no one, therefore, suppose that infinite mischief may not at present be done by even the most contemptible of men; or that those who are powerless for good, may not be most powerful for evil. The truth is, that the vantage-ground which the present wretched ministers and their profligate partizans occupy, is more than a compensation for the almost universal execration with which they are regarded. They have now had considerable experience in public affairs, and they know well how the immense machinery of patronage and influence which is at their disposal, both at home and abroad, may be employed for effectuating, by little and little, all their nefarious objects. That they are resolved to stick at nothing in the accomplishment of their designs, is clear, from the mad pertinacity with which they have adhered to their education project, in defiance of public opinion, most loudly and indignantly expressed, to which, it may be truly said, the resolution of the House of Lords did no more than give a constitutional utterance. Let no man, therefore, deceive himself by supposing that, in their contempt and their infamy, they may be regarded as harmless. No such thing. They are as formidable from their position as they are personally insignificant. Yea, the very scorn and loathing of which they are con-

scious, and the political annihilation, which they well know would be the consequence of their ejection from power, are the stimulants which drive them to those desperate expedients to which no sane men could have recourse but under the influence of a despairing and an almost phrenetic exasperation. Let the nation, therefore, be prepared to see all the resources of the monarchy employed for its own undoing. England is, this moment, without any efficient government. Those who occupy the places of a ministry, are incapable either of advancing the public weal, or of carrying those legislative measures by which it might be seriously endangered. They are, in fact, wholly intent upon the means of securing themselves in power, and they care not to what expedients they may have recourse, for the purpose of increasing and multiplying the number of their adherents ; and desperate and apparently hopeless as is the condition to which they have been reduced, it will cost them a hard struggle, with the means still at their disposal, before they gratify the wishes of the nation by retiring from the public councils. Let, therefore, the nation be up and doing in the great contest which is now going on, and in which is involved neither more nor less than national ruin, or national safety. Let the registries be diligently attended to. Let nothing be left undone which may enable the public to form a just appreciation of their present rulers, and afford them an insight into the probable consequences of suffering them any longer to hold the reins of power. Let sound principle be disseminated, by which plain and honest men may be instructed in their public duties, and made to feel the heavy responsibility which rests upon them, as the depositories of political power. Let this be done wisely and sedulously, and we will answer for the result. The country will be taken out of its difficulties. Tranquillity and prosperity will visit us again. Let these precautionary measures be neglected, and not all the contempt and execration with which her majesty's ministers are at present regarded, can prevent them working our signal ruin.

We have said that the present contest is between the finalists and the anti-finalists ; but it would be wrong so to define the parties who are at this moment at issue respecting all that we hold most dear. The real parties

are, the religious and the irreligious, or the anti-religious, portions of the people. Our readers will bear us witness, that when the revolution of '32 was accomplished, we did not even then despair of the fortunes of the country ; and they will also hold in mind that our hopes of ultimate deliverance from democratic tyranny were founded upon our conviction of the beneficial effects which must have been produced upon the characters of Englishmen by being a Bible-reading and a Gospel-hearing people for three hundred years. This it was which constituted the specific difference between them and the people of France, from which we argued that there would be a restraining and modifying principle at work in the one case, which was not to be found in the other ; and the absence of which it was that caused almost all the crime and all the misery of the French revolution. Nor have we been disappointed. Nobly, already, have the religious people of England manifested their worthiness of free institutions, by discriminating between the liberty and the licentiousness of the people ; and on the late occasion, when a disposition betrayed itself on the part of the constituted authorities to pollute, by a latitudinarian education grant, the well-spring of the nation's moral life, the project has been met by a burst of execration by which any but the present desperate men would have been daunted.

We repeat, therefore, that the heart of the nation is sound. The spirit of Christianity has arrested the progress of revolution. It is, however, right to add, that if we would be finally saved, much must be done to increase and to multiply the means of spiritual instruction, that the people may not be left without an internal preservative against the contagion of those pestilent doctrines which are disseminated with such malevolent eagerness by the arch-propagators of infidelity and sedition. What is the sum which would be necessary to put the church into a state of efficiency which might enable it to act upon the whole of our population, compared with the blessed effects, even humanly considered, of which such an expenditure must be productive ? The state has sinned too long in neglecting this its bounden duty ; and the consequence has been a spread of profligacy and infidelity which it is frightful to contemplate : especially in the vici-

nity of the large manufacturing districts, which furnish audiences for the pestilent agitators, who have their own ends to serve in availing themselves of popular ignorance and discontent, to disturb the settled relations of society, and cause the overthrow of the most ancient and venerable of our institutions. Let an inquiry be made into the number of church-going men who belong to the Chartists, by whom Birmingham, within the last few days, has been reduced to a condition worse than that of any city which the Duke of Wellington ever saw taken by storm, and it will be found how very small the proportion is to the whole mass; nor is it possible to avoid the conclusion, that if the church had been well and wisely administered, and enabled to keep pace with the growing population, an influence for good would have gone forth by which all the efforts of the emissaries of sedition would have been counteracted.

But that is just the course which it would not suit the purposes of the present ministers to pursue. The good and the wise are against them; and it would not, therefore, answer their purpose to strengthen the hands of the good and the wise. No. They must by all means ratify their alliance with the political dissenters, (by whom alone, in conjunction with O'Connell and the Irish priests, they have hitherto been enabled to defy the moral indignation of the people of England,) by lending themselves to a project which, while it cripples and disparages the church, introduces a taint of latitudinarianism and infidelity into the education of the people.

We have before us a tract, entitled "An Address and Remonstrance to her Majesty the Queen, on the imminent danger and perilous consequences of her Majesty's late measures, particularly that of having committed, and continuing to commit, the government of the empire to a ministry who avow that they have lost the confidence of the public;" and we can truly say that we have perused it with deep satisfaction. It is obviously the production of a most able man, of well-stored mind and mature experience, and may be most advantageously studied by any one who desires fully to understand the present most anomalous position of the British empire. The writer handles his topics with the fearless spirit of one to whom truth is paramount to all other

considerations, and uses towards his royal mistress a tone of bold and honest expostulation, which, were it permitted to reach her ear, could scarcely fail to awaken her to her own and her country's danger.

"It is in this hope only that I commit to paper the few following observations on matters which it most nearly concerns your Majesty to make the daily and nightly occupation of your thoughts. They may not be so pleasant to you as the chuckling mirth of your First Lord of the Treasury, or the fawning frivolity of the Irish ex-Viceroy; but be assured they will, if they reach you, and be suffered to produce their intended and natural effect, afford more substantial "comfort" to your coming years than the gossip, the intrigue, or the slanders on Tory statesmen, administered by any or all of the accomplished corps of your bedchamber."

The new education project is that against which the writer chiefly directs his attack; and he shows, to our minds, with great force and clearness, that the coronation oath should have interposed an insurmountable barrier to the introduction of a scheme, which, under the pretext of liberality, is neither more nor less than a covert attack upon the national religion.

"The alleged object of the measure is to establish a plan of general education for youth of all religious persuasions, without reference or preference to any particular religious description. And this education is to be provided by the public purse.

"Now, there are some things upon which all parties agree—upon which even your bedchamber ladies could give you safe counsel; without reference even to the learned Marchioness of Normanby!

"1st. That all sound education implies or comprehends religious instruction.

"2d. That religious instruction is properly to be taught or given by the clergy of the church to which the pupil belongs.

"3d. That by the plan proposed, or in contemplation, religious instruction, as well as literary, shall be provided for the pupils to be educated by this ministerial measure.

"4th. That the religious instruction thus given by the clergy of each religious denomination, as well as the respective secular masters, shall be remunerated out of the public fund. If it were not so, the project as to education must fail in the outset.

"It follows from these admitted facts,

that there must in effect be, under this novel project, as many religious establishments as there are creeds acknowledged by, or as there may be persons of different religious denominations educated in, the schools under this newly-devised mode of giving religious information; for, what is a religious establishment but the payment by the state of religious teachers for the public teaching of either the adults or the youth of such particular denomination? And here it is distinctly admitted that the clergy or teachers of all denominations in those projected schools must be paid for their services—their religious services! Under this system, therefore, no matter what the creed may be, or by whom the clergy may be chosen, if they be admitted to teach, and be paid by the public for teaching, in the necessary matter of religion, they are, *ipso facto*, on a religious establishment, *pro tanto*, of the empire. If the teaching clergy are not to be paid for religious instruction, then as to such religious instruction it is a bubble—a fallacy—as undoubtedly no clergy will devote their time thus for nothing: if ever the maxim were true that ‘no money, no paternoster,’ this is that case.

“How many hundred denominations and sub-denominations may thus be led eventually to offer themselves, it is, *a priori*, impossible to say; but whoever they may be, this at least is indisputable, that this measure affords a premium—a stimulus—to the interminable multiplication of sects! Among them must be reckoned, not merely the acknowledged and various respectable Dissenting congregations and Christian sects of every denomination, but even the ridiculously absurd and impious disciples of Mrs. Johanna Southcote herself, if they seek education, &c. &c. &c. Judaism too must or may be established; nay, synagogues prepared for that worship. Why not Paganism itself, under the restored dominion of the classical deities, whose thrones we were taught to believe had been everted by the religion of Christ! but which we have historical evidence to prove were re-established by more than one or two of the Roman emperors, though they again fell—perhaps to be now again raised by your Majesty’s liberal whig cabinet!

“Laying aside for the present the obvious mischief and incongruity of having Popery, Protestantism, and all religions equally taught and promoted in the same schools, and under the same establishment, can your Majesty overlook the danger of thus establishing Popery and its gross superstitions, its hatred to England, to its religion, and its liberties—none of which could, or ever can, subsist with the usurping, the

intolerant, the persecuting, and enslaving temper of the Popish priesthood and doctrines? Are we to have, not only Popery spreading, as it now does, so rapidly, by the agency of monks and friars of every name and hue; but are we to have an hot-bed for it, of orthodox temperature, in every parish—maintained at the public expense of the empire—to cherish, and cultivate, and sublimiate its deadly malice against the free institutions of Protestant England! to foment its inherent and never-dying treason against the Protestant people, who abhor its deceptions, and against a Protestant sovereign, who is sworn to maintain the adverse Protestant faith!”

This is sound, constitutional language; and her Majesty will yet find (may she do so before it is too late,) that one such counsellor is more worthy of confidence than all her bedchamber advisers. Nor is this writer less plain, or less forcible, in the following strictures upon the cabinet juggle, by which the nation was tantalized by a prospect of good government, which ended so strangely in mockery and disappointment.

“I begin by recalling your attention to that first constitutional maxim, viz.:—‘That the sovereign of this free nation is placed in that high station, not that his particular interests, or his peculiar comforts or pleasures, should be promoted or secured, but those of the public;’ and that, therefore, on the plainest principle of reason and common sense, the petty, personal, perhaps imaginary conveniences or comforts of the prince should never in the mind of an honest sovereign be purchased at the price of a great public evil to the community. Let me, then, compare this maxim with recent events, in which your Majesty has borne so very important a part, and one which, I am sorry to say, cannot upon recollection afford any pleasure either to your Majesty’s friends or to yourself. Let me, therefore, but shortly abstract the incidents of the two unfortunate days in which your Majesty, either hastily of your own motion, or by the advice of your confidants, no friends to our country or to you, accepted the voluntary resignation of one set of ministers because they had lost, (and avowed it,) the confidence of your subjects—and called other statesmen to your confidence, empowering them to select a ministry for you, but whom afterwards, and within the course of one natural day, you dismissed, and immediately recalled to your councils the abdicating ministers—of course to govern WITHOUT the confidence of your subjects!

and, therefore, destitute of that indispensable qualification, without which the business of a free state cannot be carried on with safety to prince or people, or with utility and credit to themselves.

"Whence arose this unaccountable and mysterious conduct? The real secret of the transaction—the *vis matrix*—may be unknown—but enough is known to assure us that your Majesty's case has been rested upon the fact—that the Ministers who had the confidence of the country were dismissed by your Majesty—and those who confessed they had lost that confidence were re-appointed, because the ministers whom you had consulted when their predecessors had resigned on that occasion ventured to state, that they could not be answerable in your Majesty's stead to the country for the exercise of their ministerial power, unless they had the general power of choice of the servants, who were to act as officials in the other places held under your Majesty, and in whom they conceived they should have confidence. Rather than submit to this most reasonable condition, your Majesty instantly dismissed those new ministers, because you feared, or you felt you would be deprived of the comfort and society of some ladies of your household! and you forthwith persuade, or are persuaded by, the ministers who had resigned because they could not govern without public confidence, which they had lost, to resume their high offices, and govern as they might in defiance of public opinion! Thus the Queen of England weighed in one scale the private comfort afforded by one or two of her domestics, and in the other the confidence of her subjects, and of an empire, in her Majesty's government! In her sound judgment, the private comfort of the Queen, in the company of her domestics, outweighed a popular, able, and wise cabinet, and upthrew the beam with the suddenly chosen, and as suddenly dismissed ministers! Here then your Majesty has demonstrated to your subjects—1st, That you assume upon yourself the novel, unconstitutional, and most perilous task of ruling the British empire by ministers repudiated and disowned by the public! You do still more—you willingly become responsible to the empire for placing the peace, safety, and well-being of the public in men who confess they are unable to discharge these awful duties because they are destitute of the indispensable qualification for discharging this great duty—public confidence!

"2nd, You place yourself in a still more invidious position, if you do not actually incur a violation of the first great cardinal maxim of the constitution, by sa-

crificing or deeply endangering the public welfare, to secure what has been ludicrously called, the comfort of having a favourite servant in a lady of the bedchamber.

"Royal Lady!—Into what a perilous abyss have you plunged! You have, at the age of nineteen, placed yourself in opposition to the reasonable wish and will of the British people! For what?—to enjoy the comfort of Lady Normanby's service as a bedchamber attendant! Or if not for that, then to have the benefit and pleasure of taking counsel with the wife of the man who during four years of his administration of Ireland has warred equally against the Protestant church, the Protestant people, the law, and the peace of that most unfortunate island! whose official conduct is now a subject of solemn inquiry before the second branch of the legislature, and against whom is charged, by the almost unanimous voice of the loyal and Protestant people of Ireland, the concealment of treasonable conspiracies existing to his knowledge, and of which, if he shall be found guilty, on the pending inquiry, his offence will be treason, or misprision of it!

"By recalling to office an incapable ministry, whose incapability to govern is admitted by themselves, you have placed the safety of the empire on a needle's point! a breath may be destruction! Measures futile, impracticable, unconstitutional, monstrous, are forced upon the public by majorities of two, obtained by the perjury of Papist legislators on one hand, and by lavish corruption of places and honour on the other! Such is at present the result of the sacrifice made by the sovereign of a free people, to secure, forsooth, the 'comfort' or the 'counsel' of a particular female servant in a queen's bedchamber!"

We have no doubt that every care will be taken to exclude from the eyes of the sovereign these plain and honest representations. But it concerns the nation that they should be deeply pondered. A sentiment of loyalty, proceeding, we think, to romantic extravagance, has hitherto restrained the Conservative party from giving that indignant expression to their feelings towards the minions of the court, which such intriguers and parasites deserve. We doubt the wisdom of this. We doubt its loyalty. Forbearance upon such themes is akin to treason. We believe that it has been referred to, by those who beleaguer the sovereign, as a proof that the general course of her government is not distasteful to the bulk of her people. Is she to be suffered to lie under this delusion? We

trust the great organs of Conservative sentiment will reconsider their course in that particular, and no longer neglect any constitutional means of presenting, in unmistakeable characters, to the eye of the sovereign, a transcript of the mind of the nation. If

they do, it is only justice to her Majesty to suppose that she will not long continue insensible to their desires, and that her chamber-women will not be suffered to oppose any further obstacle to the formation of an honest and a vigorous administration.

A MEMORY OF JOHNSTOWN.—BY S. C. HALL.

[Johnstown Castle, County of Wexford, is the seat of Hamilton Knox Grogan Morgan, Esq., a "Landlord at Home."]

My heart is with thee, Johnstown, as I roam
Through scenes where beauty greets the ear and eye,
And every footstep brings me nearer home ;
Still do I think of thee and thine—and sigh !
Sigh o'er the proverb, " Happiness fades fast ;"
Sigh once again to sit beneath thy towers,
And find how quickly joyous Time goes by,
And count my ebbing life by pleasant hours.

My heart is with thee, Johnstown—and will be,
Roam where I will—for all sweet memories
Of what is great and good are linked with thee ;
And with remembrance of thee, love will rise.
Grandeur hath laboured in thy cause, and shows
Wealth fitly spent a liberal heart and hand,
And nought is humble, save the minds of those
Who rule thee—gentle Magnates of the land !

My heart is with thee, Johnstown ; yet, I turn
To happier themes than gorgeous halls and towers ;
To generous acts that glow, but do not burn ;
To gifts that fall in soft and dew-like showers ;
To active care, and zeal that lessens woe,
Bids labour thrive, and comfort keep the home
Of him who toils : such blessings from thee flow,
Flow freely, Johnstown, from thy lofty dome.

My heart is with thee, Johnstown ; for thy walls
Contain the stores that grow in our own clime.
No foreign fripperies adorn thy halls ;
No foreign helps, to kill or sicken time,
Are sought by those who own thee ; for, at home,
They find their pleasures and their dearest joys ;
While others vainly squander wealth, and roam,
And bid a thousand work, to buy their toys !

My heart is with thee, Johnstown ; for I've seen
The hands that give thee splendour ; those who toil,
That strength and taste may be where wealth has been,
Were born around thee—native to thy soil.
I've seen their children crowding to the schools
Where virtue regulates each word and thought,
And " love your neighbour " is the golden rule,
Johnstown, thy noble owners learned and taught.

My heart is with thee, Johnstown ; and I pray
Such lords of those who toil, may be less few ;
That Ireland, bountifully dowered, may say,
" See what my patriot sons and daughters do !"
So shall her natural blessings know increase ;
So shall she safely proud and prosperous be ;
So shall she triumph with internal peace,
And be, indeed, all " glorious, great, and free !"

Wooden-Bridge, September, 1838.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NEW MUSIC.

"The Fairies' Song," "Sing of those Days."

We are glad to see that Dr. Smith has brought out two new songs, and they are such as bring no discredit on the *already* high fame of the talented composer. One of them, "*The Fairies' Song*," is just such a one as we would expect from these moonlight revellers. The music is exceedingly light, airy, and fairy-like, and admirably embodies the ideas of the poetry to which it has been adapted. The accompaniment is very good, especially at the close of the strain, where the composer has introduced an imitative accompaniment of faint and far-off

music, which to our ear seemed so appropriate, and so beautiful, that we almost fancied ourselves in the land of "*faerie*" itself while listening to it. The other, "*Sing of those Days*," is a sweet and melancholy strain, full of the deepest feeling and impression. It is, in fact, one of those songs whose music sinks into the heart, and lives there, like a pleasant memory that we fear to lose. Both songs must, as soon as they are known, become universal favourites; and we should be paying a poor compliment to the taste of our *fair pianistes*, should we for a moment doubt that they will be so.

Gertrude and Beatrice; or, the Queen of Hungary. An Historical Tragedy. By George Stephens. London, Mitchell. 1839.

THE publication of Mr. Stephens's play is intended as an appeal from the unfavorable judgment of the manager of Covent-garden, to whom it was offered for representation. The drama has some passages of great beauty. We, however, affirm the judgment of the court below, *with costs*.

Adrian. A Tale of Italy, in three Cantos. With other Poems. By Henry Cook. London, Parker. 1839.

THESE poems are written by a very young man, whose "time is," he tells us, "occupied in the arduous profession of a painter." They contain many passages of great beauty. In addition to the leading poem, which is the best in the volume, it contains descriptive pieces, entitled, "Morning," "Noon," and "Night," in which the flow both of the verse and thought reminds us not unpleasantly of that class of Wordsworth's poems which he calls "Voluntaries." The "Star of Destiny," an "Ode to the Queen," and "Lines on the Duchess of Wurtemburgh," are the remaining poems.

Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Constantine J. Smyth, B.A., of Lincoln's-Inn.—London: Butterworth. 1839.

THIS is a very convenient and useful compilation. It contains accurate lists of the chancellors, keepers of the great seal, and other law officers of Ireland, from the time of Henry the Third to our own day. The list of appointments down to the accession of George the Third are taken from Lodge's list of

patent offices, printed in the *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*. The *Liber Munerum* was printed at the public expense; but few copies of it, however, have been issued to the public, and of those few most are imperfect. The copies which have fewest deficiencies, are that in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and that presented to the Dublin Society by Mr. Justice Crampton. Great service is done to the public and to the legal profession by Mr. Smyth's publication.

An appendix gives what is called "an outline of the legal history of Ireland from the time of the English settlement." This is a judicious abridgment of Duhigg's History of the King's Inns. Duhigg was a faithful but feeble and tedious writer, and Mr. Smyth's abridgment is far more readable than the corresponding passages of the work that has supplied the materials. Reference to every part of Mr. Smyth's book is rendered easy by a very convenient index. The book is one absolutely necessary to every one at all interested in the study of the history of Ireland.

The Foreign Monthly Review and Continental Literary Journal. Nos. I. and II.—May and June, 1839. London: Nutt, Fleet-street; Dulau & Co., Soho-square. 1839.

A well planned and well executed work. The manly and impartial tone in which its authors write of foreign works is calculated to impress our French and German brethren with a high opinion of the state of periodical criticism in England. Hitherto most of the English writers who have given

us accounts of the continental writers have in general been written in a style vitiated with the peculiarities of the writers whom they wished to introduce. The authors of the *Foreign Monthly Review* write in the language and with the feelings of Englishmen, but do full justice to the works which they review. In their reviews of German poetry, extracts, translated into unrhymed verse, are given of several poems. We are far from sure that this is the best way of representing the original. In such a work as the *Foreign Review* professes to be, and is, a few pages ought now and then be given to the exhibition of poems in the original languages. The omission of this is sometimes even ludicrous—as, for instance, the poems of Count Platen are mentioned as chiefly valuable on account of their metrical structure. “He was,” says the reviewer, “a noble *metriker*: his poems seemed formed for the express purpose of accommodating themselves to his numbers, and in his best odes the accordance was wonderful; his subject rose and fell precisely with the variations of his metre.” And after some more observations of the same kind, he gives, in illustration, the following lines:—

“Ever cleaves the soul unto matter—Action
Is the world’s omnipotent pulse, and therefore
Often tunes his lays to dull ears the lofty
Lyrical poet.”

Now, surely, whatever be the merit of versification in the above lines, it is the translator’s not the author’s. To illustrate such positions as we have quoted, a passage of the original should have been given,—no translation could have supplied its place. The second number of the *Review* is better than the first, but both are good; and even to persons whose sources of enjoyment are derived more from English than foreign writers, this new *Review* is far more instructive than any other monthly publication which we could name.

Sir John Froissart’s *Chronicles of England, France, Spain, &c.* Johnes’s Translation, a New Edition, with Notes and Illustrations. In 2 vols. 8vo. or 16 parts. London: William Smith, Fleet-street. 1839.

WHILE this work was in progress of issuing from the press, we refrained from offering any observations upon it. Now, however, that it is completed, we feel no hesitation in saying, that it has in no respect fallen short of the expectations we had formed of it. The last

number, in particular, is exceedingly creditable to the publisher, and besides being enriched with a memoir of the life of the chronicler, together with an essay and criticism on his writings, from the French of M. de St. Palaye, it is adorned with a beautifully executed coloured title-page, in imitation of the illuminated titles of ancient manuscripts.

Of the *Chronicles of Froissart* it is scarcely necessary for us to speak in commendation. They contain the history of a period extending from 1326 to 1400, and comprehend the affairs of England, France, Spain, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, Germany, and Italy, as well as occasional notices of many other countries. The author’s extensive travel through the courts of Europe, and the readiness with which he was admitted to the palaces, and sometimes the confidence of the great, gave him opportunities of acquiring extensive information which his inconceivable diligence improved to the utmost. And though the charge of partiality has been often reiterated against him, we think it has been successfully disproved, and is now fully exploded. But there is another light in which we love to look at Froissart—a light in which he is to us invaluable; we mean as the knightly poet of the ancient days of chivalry—the writer of facts in a style so animated and poetical, that they surpass in interest the fictions of tale or drama. Were any testimony to his merits needed to be adduced, we could have no higher than that of Sir Walter Scott. “Whoever,” says he, “has taken up the *Chronicles of Froissart* must have been dull indeed, if he did not find himself transported back to the days of Cressy and Poitiers. In truth his history has less the air of a narrative than of a dramatic representation. The figures live and move before us; we not only know what they did, but learn the mode and process of the action, and the very words with which it was accompanied.”

Mr. Johnes’s translation is certainly upon the whole preferable to that of Lord Berners; besides possessing the advantage of a more modern phraseology, whatever important differences arise between the translators or the numerous manuscripts of the original are observed upon in the notes. We have only further to remark, that an excellently digested index completes the value of the work, and we recom-

mend it with great confidence to every one who has a love, not only for the early historical records of his country, but for the romance of royal achievement and deeds of knightly valour. We rejoice to perceive that the same publishers are now bringing out the *Chronicles of Monstrelet*, in a style conformable to those of Froissart.

—
The *Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Tilt, London. 1839.

WE are undoubtedly at present living in a laugh-and-grow-fat age of the world. Byron remarks that the older one grows the less one is inclined to scold, and the more to laugh. Perhaps this is true of nations as well as individuals. Literature, at least, is nothing just now, if not laughable. Quizzing is the order of the day: scientific associations are by common consent voted humbugs, and men of learning immitigable bores. "There are some persons," says Chesterfield, "who are always on the grin; they cannot speak without laughing." Latterly those said persons have multiplied, and are in high request: he who grins longest or causes most grinning, is the patronised of society—is he to whom all others "stand the grin;" and whereas of old you should win if you would laugh, you must now laugh if you would win. Our inimitable friend, George Cruikshank, is fully aware of these laughter-loving propensities in the public, and caters for them accordingly in right capital style. He takes good care that if we are pleased and tickled, we shall not be pleased with a feather or tickled with a straw. Every successive effort of George appears to our wondering eyes to surpass his last. He is the *Thaumaturgus* of designers—an etcher unapproachable, and *sui generis*. Look at the hero of the song himself in the frontispiece—his wild Paganini-like face shows you that in setting out to wander over the world he goes for fun and the romance

of the thing purely; yet, though such an Ariel by the sea-side, what a woe-begone Pilgric he looks chained to that tree in the next plate! Here the difficulty was to preserve the individuality in opposite circumstances, and triumphantly has the artist succeeded. The "proud young porter" is admirable: his pompous step, his wand of office, that self-consequential physiognomy, and the air with which, even while kneeling before his master, he holds back his head, as if to exemplify Combe's theory of the effect of self-esteem on the bearing—all combine to form a personification that would alone have immortalised our friend. Then the demure English bride—nothing can be more perfect than her downcast look and deportment of resignation under all circumstances: she was resigned to be married, and she is equally resigned to be trotted home to her mother's again, unmarried. We do not forget the ancient lady herself, nor even the fat coachman who drives her. Every thing in this charming little book, in fact, is redolent of character. If there be a failure, perhaps it is in the Turk's "ounly darter," to whom, we think, George has communicated a somewhat masculine and inappropriate expression of countenance. In this opinion, at the same time, we may blunder—very probably we do. We must not omit all allusion to the notes at the end, which are highly amusing, and remind us of Canning's commentaries on his own nursery poem, "The Knave of Hearts." The two-fold warning in the preface is quite in keeping with the mystifying character of the entire ballad; and there is a certain humour even in the aspect of the music and lithography. Altogether we can conscientiously recommend this little production as one of the happiest *jeux d'esprits* of the season—if not of the age—and extremely cheap at thrice the trifle demanded for it.

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RODEN'S COMMITTEE ON THE STATE OF CRIME IN IRELAND.

THE session, like a wounded snake, still drags its weary length through the month of August. The exhausted members have, most of them, betaken themselves to their country recreations, to avoid the pestilence of the dog days in London, and recruit their wasted energies; leaving free scope to the ministers and their cunning and profligate adherents, to hurry forward those measures upon which, from the necessity of their condition, they feel constrained to legislate, but which they were reluctant to submit for free discussion, as long as the opposition benches were filled by Conservative opponents. Thus, the whole stress and business of the session has been accumulated upon its latter end. Bill after bill, with an accelerated velocity, has been shot into the house of lords, as if for the purpose of embarrassing the peers in their deliberations, and rendering it impossible that that due consideration should be bestowed upon them in the one house, which was refused them in the other; or, of exciting obloquy against that august assembly, by provoking, and almost necessitating, the rejection of measures which were recommended by the clamour of the Radicals, and the adoption of which, in one shape or another, was necessary for the prolongation of their existence.

But while the reformed house of commons has thus been damaging itself in the opinion of all the honest and enlightened portion of the public, the house of lords has not only maintained its character for dignity and wisdom, but, in the judgment of all

sound politicians, risen even higher than it was before. There the errors and the crudities of the bungling or unprincipled legislators in the other assembly, have received their due correction; and the temper with which the insolent demeanour of their would-be censors and revilers has been met, is as creditable as the spirit and the wisdom by which their insolent pretensions have been resisted. Indeed it may be truly said that the country now looks up to the house of lords as that branch of the legislature without the intervention of which its best interests must be almost hourly exposed to danger. There it is that the friends of the Church of England see the only available defence of the Church; there, the friends of royalty, the only available defence of our monarchical institutions. There it is that our foreign relations are wisely discussed; there it is that our colonial possessions are brought under review, with statesman-like sagacity; and the measures indicated by which we might best prevent or subdue rebellion, or dismemberment, or disorganization. But by no one measure has the house of lords entitled itself to national confidence and respect, more than by the appointment of the committee upon Lord Roden's motion, to inquire into the state of crime in Ireland. That committee has now made its report; or, rather, published the evidence which was delivered on oath before it; and, without a word of comment, suffered that evidence to speak for itself. And we venture to say, that disclosures more seriously com-

promising the character of an executive never were made, than those by which Lord Normanby and his employers now stand impeached for the mal-administration of the government of Ireland.

Well might *they* eschew inquiry. Well might the delinquents, who were already convicted in their own consciences, deprecate their more public conviction by anticipation. Well might they endeavour to disparage, by clamour, that process of judicial inquiry by which light must be let in upon their misdeeds, and the prodigious enormity of their doings in this distracted country be exposed to the indignation of the empire. Fearful, indeed, was the exposure that awaited them; and crushing the weight of the charges under which they must have sunk, if guilt itself did not, now-a-days, throw a sort of infamous protection around convicted delinquents.

And, first, how stands the state of the account, as between Lord Normanby and the landlords of Ireland? It suited the purposes of O'Connell's lord lieutenant to represent the country as prosperous and tranquil; and, accordingly, he felt constrained to disregard the repeated memorials of the Tipperary magistrates, which represented that part of Ireland as in such a state of disorder as to require not only an increase of vigour in the administration, but an addition to the ordinary resources of the law. Murders were perpetrated with a frequency and an impunity, which proved the utter inefficiency, either for the prevention of crime or the detection of criminals, of the law as it at present stands; and stronger measures were imperiously required, if the country was not to be abandoned to the tender mercies of the miscreants by whom it was infested. What was Lord Normanby's answer to this? A refusal to comply with their solicitations, and an insinuation, not to be misunderstood, that the condition in which they were placed was chiefly their own fault, and that if they had been as attentive to the duties, as they were exact respecting the rights of property, a very different state of things would prevail, and crimes which owed their origin to misery, caused by unfeeling landlords, never would have had an existence. "Property," says Mr. Drummond, "has its duties, as well as its rights;" thereby broadly intimating that the neglect of the one it was which

caused the violation of the other. It was, in fact, in other words, telling the gentry that they were themselves responsible for the outrages to which they were exposed; and proclaiming, to the blood-stained peasantry, with the voice of one having authority, that the present government would not be extreme to mark what they might do amiss, so long as a gentry, so justly obnoxious to vengeance, were the only sufferers from the system of terror which had hitherto baffled the energy and the vigilance of the law. Such, we submit, is the unforced interpretation which every man of common sense must put upon Lord Normanby's answer to the Tipperary magistrates. Such, we feel confident, was the construction put upon it by every ribbonman in Ireland. It is also our persuasion that many noblemen and gentlemen in England, yea, a large and an influential class of the English proprietary, were thus induced to believe that the Irish landlords were a set of selfish tyrants, and that the unhappy state of the country was chiefly owing to their unrelenting rigour and remorseless rapacity. But what has been the result of the inquiry? Have any facts transpired which would justify such a representation? No. On the contrary, it has been proved, by most competent and unsuspicious witnesses, that the Irish landlords have, of late years, been distinguished for their humanity and their moderation. What says the chairman of the committee, Lord Wharncliffe? He avers that no one can come from the perusal of the evidence without being convinced that, "notwithstanding what had been said of them, the gentlemen of Ireland were fully alive to their duty, and ready to improve their estates, and make their tenants comfortable;" and that "there was no truth in the charge that they made ejectments by wholesale," but, on the contrary, "that they made a very sparing use of the power of ejectment." What says the Duke of Richmond? He acknowledges, that before he entered into the committee, he had a prejudice against the Irish landlords, and thought they required to be reformed; but, by attending the committee, and reading every line of the evidence which he did not hear, he certainly must say that he was convinced, that the great body of the Irish landlords were most anxious for the prosperity of the country, and the well-being of their tenants and labourers." In fact, no attempt was

made to sustain an opposite case, or to afford any colour of justification to the atrocious insinuation in the letter by which the Irish gentry were so foully stigmatized, and which, if it were true, would have marked them as worthy of extirpation. It appears, then, that they stand clear of this charge; that the author of it did not even attempt to produce a shadow of justification for having preferred it. And what follows? That he stands himself chargeable with having had recourse to false pretences, for the purpose of excusing his abandonment of his bounden duty; that duty being, the more vigorous enforcement of the law, for the purpose of arresting the progress of a system of noon-day assassination; and those pretences being, a slanderous vilification of the noblemen and gentlemen whom the unpunished assassins had marked out for vengeance! They call upon him to protect their lives, and he answers them by murdering their characters;—and that, for the purpose of leaving them as completely bereft of moral respectability, as they were destitute of legal protection or redress; of outlawing them in public opinion; while the wretches who rule the country with a rod of iron, defying equally the laws of God and of man, are regarded with sympathy and commiseration! Thus it was that Lord Normanby governed Ireland! Is it any wonder that he should be idolized by the lawless and the profligate? Is it any wonder that O'Connell and his myrmidons should have rejoiced under his tutelary protection? Is it any wonder that he should have been loathed and scorned by men of a different stamp, who could not easily accommodate themselves to this newly-invented mode of administering justice? And how can we sufficiently admire the wisdom and the virtue of the reformed house of commons, (we pray the constituencies to mark this well,) who declared, that such a mode of conducting the government of the country was entitled to their warmest approbation, and that any deviation from it was to be deprecated as a calamity which might seriously endanger the security of the empire?

Well—such has been the verdict of his peers upon the first count in the indictment. What was the second, and what did the inquiry prove? We shall see. Our readers will remember the frequency and the earnestness with which the attention of the government

at various times was called to that system of treason denominated the Ribbon conspiracy, which had spread itself over the whole surface of the country, and engaged almost the entire of the rustic population. This conspiracy was represented as exclusively Roman Catholic, and their objects were variously described—as, the separation of this country from Great Britain; the extirpation of Protestantism; the wresting of the forfeited estates from their present proprietors; the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion;—but whatever the ultimate design of the contrivers might be, it is obvious that the conspiracy was calculated, amongst an ignorant and mercurial people, to poison the fountains of their allegiance, to keep alive amongst them sectarian and political rancour, to encourage dim and visionary hopes of national regeneration and independence, which, among a fondly national and imaginative people, were not the less stimulating because they were vague and driftless, and shrouded in mystery;—and thus to generate what may be called a shapeless mass of elemental treason, which floated like a fire-damp through the subterranean regions of society, and only awaited the first spark, to make its destructive energies terribly apparent, in a wide-spread and almost universal ruin. What did Lord Normanby say to this? He laughed at it—he derided it—he denied that any such conspiracy had any existence. Let us now hear the witnesses. Major George Warburton, an active magistrate, connected with the constabulary for two-and-twenty years, deposes to the existence of the Ribbon conspiracy in Sligo, Westmeath, Meath, Armagh, Dublin, Galway, Wicklow, and Tipperary:—

“He thinks, from the general arrangement, and the great ability with which he considers it is conducted, it must have some able and directing head; but neither the place where that head is, nor the persons actually directing, have yet been discovered by any authority, although it is undoubtedly general, as far as he can collect, and increasing of late years.”

“He never knew a Protestant engaged in it.”

“Major Warburton also states, that he understands the members of the society are bound to give false evidence in a court of justice, if necessary, for the purpose

of supporting each other ; and that persons who have suffered from outrages will not give an account of them, from the apprehension of the consequences of doing so. In a subsequent part of his evidence he further states, that ' Ribbonism is a system that is convertible for any objects which may arise ; that the people are kept in a state of organization without defining objects to them, but merely keeping them in such a state that if any occurrence took place where a popular demonstration was desirable, they could be collected immediately, from the organization, to make a show upon that occasion ; that ' all the instructions or regulations tend to the object of disaffection generally ;' and ' *that the system is more political than agrarian.*' "

Hill Wilson Rowan, also a stipendiary magistrate, in which capacity he has acted in Clare, Galway, Waterford, Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Westmeath, swears—

" That he feels himself competent to give information upon the ribbon conspiracy, which information has been derived chiefly from Ribbonmen themselves at different times and places ; and that he has not the slightest doubt of the accuracy of that information, it having been given partly upon oath and partly by parole, all the individuals having expressed their willingness to swear to their statements, provided their names were not disclosed ; that all the information he has received is to the effect that the Ribbon societies are governed by a central society, or what they call the ' Chief Ribbon Board, supposed to be in Dublin.' "

" They regulate," he says, " all kind of local concerns as they please ; that the system appears to have been increasing very much of late years, but that he has not known any thing specific upon the subject till about a year and a half ago, and that chiefly in the county of Westmeath ; in other counties he has known a great deal of crime that appeared to be conducted or managed by secret societies, but that he has not been aware until lately of the precise causes or modes of operation.' This mode Mr. Rowan proceeds to detail, (his testimony having been received by him from members of the ribbon conspiracy, of whose veracity he has no doubt,) that ' the objects of the principal board appear to be chiefly connected with increasing the numbers of the society in all parts of the kingdom, there being branches of it in England and Scotland ;' that ' in Ireland the central board originate the passwords and

signs and tokens by which they are known to each other, and also the oaths or vows by which they are bound to each other ; they communicate those passwords and signs to the different branches of the country, through persons confidential and members of the society, who assemble in Dublin from time to time to receive those communications ; they are transmitted to delegates called county delegates, thence to baronial delegates, and they communicate them to the parochial delegates or committee, there being a parish master in each committee who writes them out for the different members of the parochial society respectively.' In reply to the question ' whether he can trace the crimes affecting life and property in Ireland to the direct orders of any society ?' Mr. Rowan answers that ' he can ; that is to say, that he has known crimes perpetrated and outrages committed, respecting the origin of which he should have been in the dark if members of the society had not communicated to him the fact, that it was by members of that society they were committed.' He also states, in reply to several questions, that he first became acquainted with the particulars respecting this society when examining an individual upon another subject, whom he ascertained to be a ribbonman, who expected a reward for his information ; that his information has been corroborated by others of the same description, to the number of seven or eight, in no degree connected with the first ; and although they were not aware of what each or any of the others had said, the informations corroborated each other, and there could have been no collusion, as they belonged to and were examined in different counties. He states they all appear to have had great fear of the fact of their giving information being divulged ; that no temptation would induce them to give it if they thought it would be so ; and they make a special condition that the names of the parties shall be perfectly confidential, unless revealed by their own consent. Mr. Rowan then states that ' he has seen the passwords of the society, which are changed quarterly ; and if there be reason to apprehend that they have been disclosed or betrayed by any member, a communication is made to the principal board, from the district in which the apprehension arises, and the board is assembled to authorise the changing of the words ;' that he has reason to believe that the passwords in one district are sufficient to ensure a safe passage throughout all the counties the members may visit. He then details the manner in which outrages are planned and committed under the local

authorities of the district: 'An individual from the locality where an outrage is to take place, goes to the committee or parish master of a district some eight or ten or twelve miles distant. The first eight or ten men who are for duty in that district return with him to the spot indicated by him; he points out the individuals and keeps himself in the background while the others execute his purposes.' He says that although the names and places of residence of the perpetrators of these outrages have been given him in some cases by members of the society, few persons have been apprehended, and for this reason: 'Persons committed or held to bail are now entitled to a copy of the information against them, and the almost invariable result would be death to the informant before the time of trial, or he would be bought off and sent out of the kingdom by a subscription. Independently of the fear of being murdered, there is also an abhorrence of being called informers.—The first individual who communicated with him respecting ribbonism told him, when he offered him his own terms to come forward, *that the Lord Lieutenant's wealth would not tempt him to do so, for there was not a branch of his family that would not suffer by it.*

"He has never had any information of any individual of rank, property, or extensive influence being connected with the ribbon society directly; but he has had it inferred or insinuated by several of the informants, that the chief design is to accumulate as large a body as possible throughout the kingdom, with a conviction that after having such a force organised, they will find it very easy to procure leaders such as may suit their purposes and effect their objects; which objects are unequivocally stated by the oath he had seen, and corroboration of every Ribbonman he has examined, to be subverting the Protestant religion, and establishing the Catholic religion in its stead, the greatest pains being taken, previously to the admission of a member, to ascertain whether he has any near relative or connexion of the Protestant faith, lest through him they might be betrayed; to overturn the British government in Ireland, to recover the forfeited estates, and, when strong enough, to establish an independent monarchy in Ireland under a Catholic king. There are minor objects, having reference to a competition for land and the regulation of property; and 'one part of their oath is to bind them to obey their leader at two hours' notice, without any reference as to what his command may be, and that under the penalty of death.' Mr.

Rowan states that he 'has no doubt that this society exerts itself at a general election, and that the statement of one individual Ribbonman to him was, that they were resolved to have the county of — in that state of organization that they would be able to chair a cabbage-stalk if they should think fit. He then proceeds to give instances of persons being injured or threatened with injury to their lives and properties, for reasons connected with the tenure of land, which he has been informed of subsequently by ribbonmen; and he says that he has not the slightest doubt that life and property are more insecure in counties where this society exists than in others. When asked as to the existence of faction fights, and whether the ribbon society have endeavoured to prevent them, his answer is, that 'the object of the ribbon society is to allay the feelings which create the various factions, to absorb them into one body, and make it one association throughout Ireland, instead of fighting with each other in the way they have hitherto done; which confederacy they call the Religious Liberty System.' He further states that 'he has been informed by Roman Catholic constables that Ribbonism had been denounced by the priests in the chapels, but that ribbonmen have told him that that is considered *superficial denunciation*; that the Roman Catholic priests have a particular object in keeping the country tranquil, at least on the surface; but that when they wish to obtain votes at elections in favour of a particular candidate, they apply to individuals whom they know to have influence with the class of which Ribbonmen are composed.' In reply to inquiries why Ribbonmen did not attend to the injunctions of their priests, and abandon those societies, he states that Ribbonmen have answered, 'Because we do not believe the priests are sincere in their denunciation.' It is also stated by Mr. Rowan, that 'there is a great anxiety to procure arms in that society, as many fire-arms as possible; that large quantities are sent into the country from Dublin, and at particular meetings each individual is bound to subscribe, for the purpose of procuring arms and ammunition, to a special fund allocated to that purpose.' In a subsequent part of his evidence, Mr. Rowan says, that a statement has been made to him, 'that they have no doubt that when the time comes they will be strong enough to effect their objects, they will get an abundant supply of arms from America; and that all the recent passwords have reference to the Canadian rebellion, or to the prospect of an embroilment with America.'

"Upon the subject of the increase of ribbonism, he says, that 'it has increased lately to a very alarming extent, and that he should say, that within a year and a half, in the counties of which he knows any thing, it has doubled itself;' and he afterwards adds, that 'it is stated to him to prevail to some extent wherever there is a Roman Catholic population;' and again, that 'a good many among the persons recently introduced, within six or eight months, into the police, are ribbon-men.' Mr. Rowan also states, that he 'has received every assistance from the local authorities for the prosecution of his inquiries by order of the government, and from the government itself, and money has been placed in the hands of certain parties at his disposal.' Being asked, whether he has not heard much from informants which he himself has deemed improbable and ludicrous, he answers, 'I have not. I think that an organization so rude, and yet so efficient for its purposes, carries upon its face something ridiculous; but I know, from its effects, that it is extremely serious;' and he adds, 'I cannot say, with respect to all the details of all the circumstances that have fallen under my knowledge, that there is no part of it which appears improbable; but I can state, with perfect confidence, that the general statements made to me appear to be completely borne out by the circumstances of the country, and the corroboration which each witness has given to another, totally unconnected as they are.' In the conclusion of his examination, he enumerates, as the counties where, as he is informed and believes, ribbonism exists, Westmeath, Meath, Sligo, Longford, King's County, Kildare, Louth, Dublin, and Cavan."

Captain Despard, another stipendiary magistrate, thus deposes, that he has reason to believe in the existence of the ribbon conspiracy, and that,

"According to his information, it spreads from the county of Kildare northward and westward into Connaught; that it is at present increasing rapidly, and has increased,—and that the words used to him were, '*that the society was never working so strong as at present.*' He details at great length the proceedings and organization of the society, and produces informations and oaths, and other documents relating to the society. As to their ultimate intentions, he states, 'They anticipate being able to effect a general rising in the country, with a view to taking possession of it; and that their intentions are, as sworn before him, whenever they can do that, to upset all the authori-

ties, murder all the Protestants, and take possession of the country.' He explains the manner in which what are called in some of these papers, 'the quarrelling words' are used, in this way: 'If there is an obnoxious person to be beaten in a fair, the parties who are to beat him are strangers to him, and therefore he must be pointed out: the party to point him out goes up to him, and immediately puts his hand upon him, and makes use of one of these quarrelling words; for instance, "Do not be fond of quarrelling;" then the party who is to beat, to show that he sees the object, says, "I am not so disposed." The man who has pointed him out, walks off as if nothing had happened; the others keep him in view until the other man is out of sight, and then they lay upon him and lick him unmercifully.' And in the following answer, he also fully explains how the persons who are unacquainted with the person to be maltreated or murdered, are ordered by the authorities of the society to do so. He states, 'They sit in committee on that person—they debate what is to be done. It may be, they think it is only deserving of a beating; then men are brought ten or twenty miles who have never seen the person to be beaten, and who know nothing at all about him. If a man is to be shot, either one, two, or more persons are selected from a distance, to shoot that man, and they must do it or forfeit their own lives.' In a subsequent answer, Captain Despard expresses himself in the following manner, upon being asked as to the means of the society to raise the country for any particular object:—'*Your lordships must see that a society which is enabled, on discovery of its passwords, to change the whole of these passwords throughout the entire country, within the course of a very few days, must have some extraordinary means of communication. One mode of communication has come to my knowledge, and it is this: if a particular part of the county is to be raised, or the whole county, there is a man sent from, say, a lodge in Dublin, to the nearest town, with verbal directions; he communicates to one man there what the orders are; that man gives them to three, whom he sends in different directions; each of these communicates with three others, and so on, each person multiplying by three, if I may so make myself understood, until the whole thing spreads rapidly through the county.*'"

Thus we have unexceptionable evidence, the evidence of intelligent gentlemen and government officers, to the existence of the formidable system; to the fearful extent of its influence over the lower orders; to some of the uses

to which it is at present applied ; to its subserviency to election purposes ; and the manner in which it may be employed by the leading demagogues in accomplishing any of the purposes upon which they may be bent. The gentlemen who thus testified, either are, or were, all of them, in the employment of the executive, and many of them nominees of Lord Normanby himself ; and whose interest it would, decidedly, have been, to have given testimony more in accordance with the views and the statements of the noble marquis, to whom they must have been personally indebted, or upon whose colleagues in office they must have felt themselves dependent. In truth, much of their evidence was most reluctantly given. But we appeal to the reader whether it does not prove, to the utmost extent, that case of treasonable conspiracy which had been so perseveringly denied, and the dreadful state of social disorganization which was the consequence of the impunity with which it had been regarded ? Does it not prove, that the lord lieutenant, and the other functionaries of government, were regularly and abundantly supplied with authentic information respecting this formidable conspiracy, which they studiously concealed from parliament, and in defiance of which, they had the hardihood to affirm, that tranquillity, and contentment, and obedience to the laws, were the result of the new system adopted under the Normanby administration ? Mr. Rowan states, that, to a congratulatory address which was presented to the lord lieutenant from the county of Meath, there were appended more than forty names, which he knew to be those of affiliated ribbonmen ! One of the papers found in a committee-room in Sligo, containing, among other things, some doggerel verses of a seditious character, concludes with these words :—

" May Francis, Earl of Mulgrave, sit on the throne,
For, surely, my friend, he is one of our own."

Nor are these the only instances from which it appears that these misguided men calculated upon the forbearance, if not the friendship, of the executive, while Lord Normanby remained as viceroy in Ireland. It has been proved that many of them found their way into the police ; and they were taught to believe that they might confidently expect the forbearance, at least, of the government, because of the services which they rendered the popish

and radical candidates at contested elections. It is, therefore, no wonder that the system increased as it did, while Lord Normanby remained here. The very screen which he held before it was favourable to its growth. "*Creat in occulto, velut arbor, in ævo.*" And were not that screen forcibly drawn aside, and the mischievous policy of the political man-milliner laid bare, it would have proceeded in its subtle and serpentine ramifications, until it had coiled its sinewy folds around all the institutions in the empire.

But a defence has been got up for the ex-lord lieutenant, and Mr. Drummond, the Irish under-secretary, was produced to swear that he did not believe the ribbon conspiracy to be the formidable thing that it was represented. It had, he said, no head ; a fact, however, which remains to be proved ; his allegation, supposing it to be true, only proving that he had not discovered the head ; and it was, he said, utterly despicable for any purposes of extensive mischief ; a statement contradicted by almost every other respectable witness, and utterly at variance with all the facts, which prove that the society is secret, energetic, prompt, and formidable, to a degree which invests it with a sort of demoniacal omnipresence in all the disturbed districts of Ireland. Mr. Rowan, a gentleman whose great intelligence and sound discretion are duly appreciated by all who know him, whose coolness of judgment is one of his most remarkable peculiarities, and whose sagacity and discrimination have repeatedly obtained for him the strongest marks of approbation, the under-secretary coolly represents as weak and credulous, and endeavours to break the effect of his testimony by disparaging his understanding. We need not say that the attempt has proved abortive. There was not a member of the committee who heard his testimony, who did not come from it with the impression that Mr. Rowan was not only a most intelligent, but a most straightforward and honest man ; and they saw, clearly, that the statements which he made were borne out, in almost all their parts, by other independent witnesses, and that they were grounded upon information cautiously received, and carefully sifted, and which was found, wherever an opportunity of testing it was afforded, to be strikingly in accordance with facts.

But what is the account which Mr.

Drummond gives of this system, which, whether formidable or otherwise, is found in extensive operation throughout ten or twelve of the counties of Ireland? Why, that it is a contrivance of some Dublin publicans, adopted for the purpose of enabling them to sell their whiskey! Talk of credulity after that! Dublin publicans, the contrivers of a secret and illegal organization, for their own pecuniary emolument, and which has extended for more than half a century over the greater portion of the country! Verily, Mr. Drummond himself does not strain at a gnat, although he seeks to disparage Mr. Rowan for having, as he alleges, swallowed a camel. But would it not have become him to have informed the committee, when the ribbon society became the comparatively contemptible thing which he represents it? It was not so in 1825, when Mr. O'Connell bore testimony respecting it, before a committee of the house of commons; and when he declared it to be his belief that it was a continuance of the

defender system, which was in full operation before 1792, and was regarded by the leading united Irishmen, (for this we have Wolf Tone's testimony,) as the most hopeful nursery of treason. Mr. Drummond is mistaken, if he supposes that the ribbon system is a mushroom growth of recent years. His friend, Mr. O'Connell, could tell him a very different story; and had he been properly interrogated, his own credulity, (supposing that he believed himself,) might be made to appear at least as remarkable, as that of the gentleman whom he sought to discredit, and by whose skilful and most meritorious investigations, this mystery of iniquity has been detected.*

It is not, however, necessary to pursue this part of the subject farther. The Duke of Wellington but expressed the convictions of all the honest and enlightened members of the House of Lords, when he declared his belief in the existence of this atrocious conspiracy; and "that it was fortunate for the British public that complete evi-

* "H. W. ROWAN, ESQ.—Have you ever known of any policemen in ribbon societies?—It has been stated to me by a ribbonman, that there were a good many among those recently introduced, who are ribbonmen. I refer to some who have been appointed within those six or eight months. He mentioned the names and residences of several. Have you had any means to ascertain whether there were the names of such persons in the police?—I ascertained that there were. Do you conceive that this testimony was proved to be true?—I have no doubt of it. Are those men still in the force?—I know nothing to the contrary. Can individual Ribbonmen leave their Ribbon associations with safety?—That is a question I have frequently asked the parties. *I think that where they have a pretext of being employed in the police establishment, either in the constabulary or the Dublin metropolitan police, that would be accepted as a sufficient reason.* I think they have an object in that; that they conceive it is a desirable thing to have as many of them introduced into the police as possible.

"CAPTAIN G. DESPARD.—Do you believe that there are any Ribbonmen in the police?—I do not know that there are any in the police at this moment; but I was obliged to dismiss one man for passing the Ribbon signs in the town of Slane; that is about six years ago. Subsequently to that, another man was employed by the chief constable to arrest a man against whom he has had my warrant now for two years, for a most outrageous offence; he posted this man and another man on a part by which this person was in the habit of escaping, and when he came up, one of the two policemen arrested him, and the other said, 'Let him go; he is not the man we want; he is a decent farmer's son, and I know him, for I was drinking in a shebeen-house (which is an unlicensed whiskey-house) with him last night.' 'Oh,' said the other, 'take care you know him, for I think he is the very man we want.' He said, 'No, he is not; he is such a man's son.' The consequence was, he induced the other policeman to let him go; and it turned out, on investigation, that he was absolutely the man against whom the warrant was. The policeman was brought to trial, and was dismissed by the lord lieutenant; but, subsequently to his dismissal, in the town of Trim, he said, 'I did not know who he was at the time, but he threw that sign which no man that ever gives it to me shall ever fall into the hands of justice, and I do not care for my situation:' that man against whom the warrant was, remains at large to this day; he has never been arrested. For what was the warrant?—The crime was waylaying a man at night, and beating him with a ploughshare; splitting his head with a ploughshare. He beat him to that degree, that I think I never saw a man recover from, though I have seen many bad beatings. When did this circumstance take place?—That man was dismissed on the 31st of March, 1838."

dence of it had been at length obtained; and that the country knew it was a conspiracy, founded upon the same principles, and carrying on its measures by the same means, as the conspiracy of United Irishmen, and other more extended conspiracies existing abroad; *and that we likewise know that the government, her Majesty's government, had as it appears now, the knowledge of these things; that they were acquainted with the existence of these conspiracies at the very moment at which they were boasting, in the speeches of the sovereign, of the tranquillity of Ireland.*"

Perhaps it will be also said that the Duke is a gull; or, that he is factious; if so, it ought to be added, as a corollary, that it is quite a mistake to suppose he ever won a battle, or performed any distinguished part in public affairs.

"Nil intra est oleum, nil extra est in nuce duri."

How say Lord Normanby's peers, then, upon the second count of the indictment? Guilty or not guilty? His very friends, those who have always stretched their consciences to vote with government whenever they could, the Duke of Richmond, for instance, are constrained to bring in a hostile verdict.

With respect to the third point, the administration of justice, and the fourth, the wholesale and indiscriminating gaol-deliveries, we are the less inclined to dwell upon them at length; because they were brought under the review of the house of lords by Lord Brougham, in a speech of consummate eloquence; and not more remarkable for its eloquence, than its moderation. We are told that the effect of the noble lord's denunciation was withering upon the wretched ministers, who were compelled to make common cause with the ex-lord lieutenant; inasmuch as they had adopted all his public acts, and made the capricious and fantastic tom-fooleries by which he travestied royalty, the ground for giving him a step in the peerage. Well may he rejoice in the passing of the Reform bill; as we are assured that nothing but a house of commons, constituted as the present is, and composed of a majority, although, thank heaven, an evanishing majority, favourable to organic changes, by which the monarchy itself must be brought into peril, could save him from impeachment.

The cases of Gahan and of Sly, upon which the noble lord dwelt with such thrilling effect, are alone sufficient to ascertain the animus of Lord

Normanby and his law officers, in the administration of criminal justice in Ireland.

Gahan was convicted of an assault upon a policeman, of a most aggravated nature, obviously made with an intention to take away his life. The provocation was, that he had given some evidence by which offenders against the laws were brought to justice. This took place during Lord Haddington's administration, to whom an appeal had been made on Gahan's behalf, and by whom, after communication with the judge who tried the case, it was directed that the law should take its course. Before, however, this could be, the ministry were changed, and the place of the Earl of Haddington was filled by the Earl of Mulgrave. The criminal again appealed to viceregal clemency, the case was again, as before, referred to Chief Justice Doherty, and the decision to which he a second time came, was again adopted. Earl Mulgrave decided now, as Lord Haddington had decided before, that the law should take its course; and, accordingly, this hopeful blade was almost about to be sent to the hulk for transportation. But, as his good luck would have it, he had a brother who was a Roman Catholic priest; and that reverend personage soon found out a way of showing that there was still balm in Gilead for even the most notorious offenders. His mode of proceeding was as follows: he wrote a letter to Lord Normanby, most coarsely abusive of the Chief Justice, whom he accused of a leaning against his unfortunate brother, and broadly insinuated that the only reason why he had not been recommended to mercy was, that he was the brother of a priest. This letter was the foundation of a re-consideration of the case, which was taken out of the hands of the chief justice, and placed in the hands of the attorney-general, Sir Michael O'Loughlin, by whose advice the culprit was pardoned, and suffered to go at large, to the great delight of the Romish priesthood, who felt that they once more enjoyed, according to its ancient sense, *the benefit of clergy*, and that a refractory chief justice might be safely despised; and for the edification and encouragement of all similar offenders.

Such, in brief, was Gahan's case. The letter of the priest, his brother, had been enclosed to the chief justice, it is said *by mistake*; and the indignation which he expressed that such a

memorial should have been acted on, together with his expressed determination to keep a copy of it, was made, by the Irish government, an excuse for the further insult of passing him over altogether, not only upon that, but upon every other case which he tried, and thus leaving the executive without the least advice, in cases of appeals for mercy. A more reckless or wanton departure from an approved and ancient usage could scarcely be conceived, or one more fatally calculated to compromise the ends of justice.

And now, a word or two respecting the manner in which this case was disposed of by Sir Michael O'Loughlin, when the application of the priest caused the lord lieutenant, contrary to his former decision, a second time, to take it into consideration. The attorney-general discovered that a man named Connors had been previously tried for the same offence, *before Judge Moore*, found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation; the extreme punishment provided by the law for the crime for which he stood indicted. The judge, however, when he passed this sentence, was *under a latent conviction that the man was innocent*, but sentenced him to the extreme penalty, *because a very strong feeling existed against him*. And he never moved for any mitigation or remission of the sentence, until the matter was pressed upon him by the government; when he advises, first that transportation should be commuted into imprisonment; and afterwards that he should receive a free pardon. All this, as Sir Michael observed, *was for Judge Moore to explain*; all that he was concerned with was, that Connors, who had been tried for the same offence with which Gahan was charged, had been pardoned, and he immediately jumps to the inference, *that Gahan should be pardoned also*. One of the grounds, it must be observed, upon which a suspicion was entertained that Connors might have been unjustly convicted, was, that the prosecutors were suspected to be so drunk when the transaction occurred, that they could not identify the assailants. This suspicion was caused by the smell of whiskey having been perceived upon the persons of the wounded men, immediately after the outrage was perpetrated upon them; which was, however, accounted for by another witness, by the fact that their heads had been washed with whiskey. All this was

before the two juries who tried both cases, and who decided, without hesitation, that there were no grounds whatever for entertaining such a notion. But Sir Michael, who had not tried the case, before whom none of the witnesses appeared, without any conference with Chief Justice Doherty, such as might have put him more fully in possession of all the particulars than he could have been in any other way, thought fit, in the plenitude of his wisdom, to reverse the decision of both the juries, and set at nought the opinion of the judge, by recommending that Gahan, as well as Connors, should receive a free pardon. When asked, whether the lord lieutenant should not have had more reliance upon the judgment of the jury who tried, and the judge who presided at the trial, than upon his judgment, who could only have a second hand, and, comparatively, very imperfect knowledge of all the particulars, he naively observes, *"that was for the government to decide."* And Lord Normanby was too happy to have even that excuse for complying with the requisition of the priest, and showing him, that notwithstanding the decisions of juries, and the opinion of a chief justice, he was determined that no such trifling obstacles should interfere with the manner in which he was resolved to execute justice in Ireland. And well has he entitled himself to the cognomen of the felon's friend.

It would not be easy to convey an adequate idea of the power with which this case was handled by Lord Brougham; and we the more readily content ourselves with the very brief outline of it we have at present given, because we expect that his speech will shortly appear in a fuller or more correct form, when we may take an opportunity of again bringing the subject under the notice of our readers.

The case of Sly is one with which the public in this country are very familiar, but yet which never appeared so monstrous as when it was contrasted by Lord Brougham with that to which we have above alluded. A priest had been found dead, and some wretches were encouraged to accuse Sly, a Protestant, of his murder. Such was the prejudice excited against this unfortunate man, and so far was it countenanced by individuals connected with the government, that Mr. Macdonald, private secretary to Lord Morpeth, was heard to say, in a public coach, *"that the public would not be satisfied unless*

Sly was hanged." And that such was not the case, that the innocent man was not victimised, is not to be ascribed to the course pursued by the Irish executive, but to one of those providential interpositions by which, it sometimes happens, the guilty designs of the wicked are defeated, and in the net which they had laid for others are they themselves taken. A wretched woman was produced to swear, that *she saw* Sly commit the murder. It was clearly proved that she was in close confinement at the time when the murder was alleged to be committed, so that her perjury was but too plain. Sir Michael could not proceed upon it. Still, however, it was resolved to bring the man to trial, and another witness was produced, a wretch named Corrigan, who swore that *Sly told him* he committed the murder. And notwithstanding the monstrous improbability of the statement, Corrigan was put into the witness-box, and suffered to depose against the life of Sly, the attorney-general having had, as he tells us, such reason to distrust him that he actually despatched a short-hand writer to take notes of his evidence, that, in case of any gross prevarication, he might be prosecuted for perjury. He did most grossly prevaricate, and Sly was acquitted;—and both he and Rooney were afterwards prosecuted for perjury, and both were convicted, and have been since transported. But we have heard of no inquiry into the statement which they are alleged to have made to Mr. Vignoles, the stipendiary magistrate, to wit, that they were moved and instigated to act as they had done, by some Roman Catholic priests, *who put the perjuries into their mouths, and drilled them, by repeated rehearsals, for the performance of their parts in the court of justice!* We hear nothing at all of this. We know not how far Sir Michael may have deemed it right or prudent to have pursued such an inquiry. But this we must say, that to wreak the vengeance of the law upon such subordinate wretches as Rooney and Corrigan, and to leave their employers and seducers untouched, may be justice and policy, in Sir Michael's and Lord Normanby's acceptance of the term; but cannot be the justice which the wise and the righteous people of England must be desirous of seeing administered in Ireland.

With respect to the gaol deliveries,

as they have been called, or the wholesale discharge of prisoners without inquiry or discrimination—that has been so clearly and fully proved, and, indeed, so little attempt was made to justify the course which, in that particular, had been pursued, that all defence of it might be said to be abandoned. By Lord Normanby's statements upon this part of the subject, his claims to character for veracity may be ascertained. He averred, in the most solemn manner, that *it was false that he ever ordered a prisoner to be discharged from confinement, without making the most patient and deliberate inquiry into the case; or that any prisoners owed their discharge to the mere accident of his passing through the towns, and visiting the places of their confinement.* But what are the facts? In Clonmel 57 prisoners were discharged, out of 200 who were in prison, and that without any examination of their cases at all, or any other recommendation than that of the gaoler or turnkey! And the whole was done in somewhat less than an hour, affording less than a minute for each case, or less than half a minute, if all the cases were considered, from which it was deemed right to make a selection! After this, we can readily understand the modesty of Lord Normanby, in being slow to prosecute any witnesses for any deliberate perjury, no matter how revolting!

Well,—we have now touched, and but barely touched, upon some of the topics which suggested Lord Brougham's resolutions; and these constitute but a very small portion of the mass of iniquity which was brought to light by the labours of the committee. Will the house of commons now resolve, that the course of government pursued by this shallow and mischievous charlatan, is one in which it is wise and righteous to persevere? Is it thus justice is to be administered? Is it thus the opinions of the judges are to be set at nought? Is it thus a foul and dangerous conspiracy is to be concealed, if not countenanced? Is it thus the gaols are to be emptied of convicted felons, and gaolers and turnkeys permitted to reverse the sentences of the judges of the land? Is the brightest jewel of the crown thus to be entrusted to the safe-keeping of the very off-scourings of human society? Is it thus royalty is to be travestied, and the dearest interests of a great community jeopardied, and the grave questions of guilt or innocence made a

matter of capricious mockery, so that they could not have been more wantonly trifled with, if a baboon, from central Africa, were decorated with the insignia, and invested with the prerogatives, of the lord lieutenant of Ireland? Will the house of commons *now* affirm all this? Will that grave and solemn assembly *now* take it upon them to say that nothing came out, before Lord Roden's committee, which was not matter of praise and gratulation to Lord Normanby, and that they were justified in the anticipatory verdict which they pronounced upon the case which they had not heard, and by which they hoped to prevent inquiry?

Never did a minister of the crown appear in so thoroughly despicable a point of view, as that in which Lord John Russell lately exhibited himself, when, with sneering petulance, he alluded to the resolutions of the lords, and, with a studied ambiguity of language, vaunted of his determination to disregard them. Never have we witnessed such an exhibition of mean and impotent resentment. Before the inquiry took place, when it was only about to commence, nothing would satisfy him short of a resolution of the house of commons, which implied that it was uncalled for; that, in proceeding upon it, the lords were arrogating an unconstitutional power; and that, so clear did Lord Normanby stand of any culpability, he should be regarded as a pattern to all future lords lieutenants, and the course which he pursued as so rigidly right and just, that *any* departure from it was to be deprecated as an evil. Well,—the lords were nothing daunted by this vapouring resolution of a body, who no longer represent the people. The inquiry went on. The malversations of the Irish government were brought to light. The wholesale prostitution of the prerogative of the crown was detected and exposed. The Ribbon conspiracy was made manifest. The Roman Catholic priesthood were proved to be the *de facto* government of Ireland. In short, an exposure takes place, which would, in the better times of the constitution, have furnished grounds for an impeachment. And what, then, does Lord John Russell do, whose wrath was so moved by the presumption of the lords in even meditating inquiry? Does he storm and threaten them with any marks of his high displeasure? No. Does

he even chafe and bluster, and talk big, as he did before; or make any attempt to show that the criminatory matters of fact, upon which the resolutions of their lordships were built, had, in reality, no existence? No. Does he offer any explanation of them which might furnish even a colourable justification? No such thing at all. He takes the proceedings of the upper house with about the same degree of commendable meekness which ancient Pistol exhibited when he was compelled by the choleric Welshman to eat the leek; and even showed that he could rival the same celebrated character, by playing the part of lion as mildly as a sucking dove. The fire which threatened wide-spread conflagration, goes out with an expiring hiss. And a few ambiguous expressions of petty malevolence and discontent are all that remain of the high-sounding and boastful phrasology with which he championed the cause of the Irish lord lieutenant, before the public were yet fully informed of the case that has been made against him. The steed whose prancings and curvetings threatened to dismount the most practised of the equestrian order, has now become so manageable and quiet that even a lady may ride him.

Much as the labours of the committee have brought to light, we venture, deliberately, to affirm, that they have as yet gone but skin deep into the subject of their inquiries. The atrocious Ribbon conspiracy remains, as yet, a mystery to their lordships and to the public; nor have they discovered any clue by which they might be enabled to trace to their source its subterraneous ramifications. We are ourselves in possession of evidence which would lead pretty directly to the inference, that it is not without a head; and should the inquiry be resumed, we are not without a hope that the guilt of, at least, a passive participation in its designs, will be brought home to some of the most conspicuous of the public disturbers. But it is clearly conceivable that their ends may be as effectually answered, even while they stand aloof from it, as they could be, if by sworn brotherhood they were connected with its leaders.

The Defender system, which was in full operation in 1792, and which, as we before observed, Mr. O'Connell described as identical with what is now called the Ribbon Society, had no as-

signable connection with the United Irishmen, who afterwards became so formidable; but it was well known that its members generally, sympathised with the views of the more conspicuous disturbers; and their co-operation was confidently calculated upon, whenever a favourable moment arrived for throwing off British authority, and setting up an independent government in Ireland. Hear what Wolfe Tone says of that body, in the memorial which he presented to the French Directory in the February of 1796, and how confidently he calculates upon their co-operation, in the case of invasion by a French force—

"For the Catholics, from what has been said of their situation, it will appear that little previous arrangement would be necessary to ensure their unanimous support of any measure which held out to them a chance of bettering their condition; yet they also have an organization, commencing about the same time with the clubs last mentioned, but composing Catholics. Until within these few months this organization baffled the most active vigilance of the Irish government, unsuccessfully employed to discover its principles; and, to this hour, they are, I believe, unapprised of its extent. The fact is, that in June last it embraced the whole peasantry of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught, three-fourths of this nation; and I have little doubt but it has since extended into Munster, the remaining province. These men, who are called Defenders, are completely organized on a military plan, divided according to their respective districts, and officered by men chosen by themselves. The principle of their union is implicit obedience to the orders of those whom they have elected for their generals, and whose object is the emancipation of their country, the subversion of English usurpation, and the bettering of the condition of the wretched peasantry of Ireland. The eyes of this whole body—which may be said, almost without a figure, to be the people of Ireland—are turned, with the most anxious expectation, to France for assistance and support. The oath of their union recites, 'that they will be faithful to the united nations of France and Ireland;' and several of them have already sealed it with their blood. I suppose there is no instance of a conspiracy, if a whole people can be said to conspire, which has continued for as many years as this has done, where the secret has been so religiously kept, and where, in so vast a number, so few traitors have been found."

The reader will observe, that the same mystery as to the moving power of this body then was felt by Wolfe Tone, as it is at present by Mr. Drummond and others; but with this difference, that in the former case, it did not give rise to any incredulity respecting the existence of such a society, or the power which it possessed of aiding in the cause of insurrection. When the rebellion did break out, the narrow isthmus which separated the United Irishmen from the Defenders, was cut away, and the two bodies came together in one continuous flood of treason. It may be added, that it was the odious and revolting bigotry exhibited by the popish portion of the confederacy, which afterwards gave rise to that disunion amongst the insurgents, which was one of the causes of their ultimate defeat. The Protestant, or latitudinarian liberals, whose watch-words were "Liberty and Equality," were sickened by the horrors of Scullabogue, and the bridge of Wexford; and began to feel that instead of using the Defenders for the accomplishment of their views, these latter were using them for the purposes of Protestant extermination. The United Irishmen thus became disunited, and the confederacy was paralysed.

But it is right, perhaps, to lay before the reader the distinct manner in which Mr. O'Connell testifies as to his belief that the Defender and the Ribbon societies are, essentially, one and the same. He is asked, on the first of March, 1825, before a committee of the house of commons, whether he knows "at what time the Ribbon association began in the north of Ireland?" His answer is, "No. I cannot say when it began; my own opinion is, that it is a continuation of the Defender system, which immediately ensued on the original formation of the Orange association in the north, and was connecting itself with the French Revolution, looking at a complete revolution in Ireland, and a separation from England. The Defender association was at first confined to the lower classes, but had the bad feature of being almost exclusively Catholic, as the Ribbon system is exclusively Catholic. Before the Defender system was put down, the Presbyterians joined a good deal among the Defenders, and thus combined, they mixed with the United Irishmen, when the events of the rebellion put down Defenderism."

Such is the testimony of this man;

and his acknowledgment must be regarded as good, as far as the Defenders are concerned, although accompanied by a justifying statement that is altogether unfounded. It is utterly false, that the Defenders owed their origin to the Orangemen; for the latter did not exist until 1795, whilst the former, so early as 1792, had spread over three of the provinces of Ireland. And, in point of fact, the very reverse of what Mr. O'Connell states, was what took place. It was the organization of the Defenders which prompted the necessity of organization on the part of defenceless Protestants; and not organization on the part of Protestants which prompted organization on the part of the Defenders.*

But the point to which we would confine attention at the present moment is, the acknowledgment, on the part of Mr. O'Connell, that Ribbonism and Defenderism are substantially the same. What is known of the one, therefore, may enable us to form some idea of what may be expected from the other. The one was exclusively Roman Catholic; so is the other. The one professed to aim at the domination of the Roman Catholic church, and the separation of Great Britain and Ireland; so does the other. The one veiled its proceedings in impenetrable mystery; so does the other. Both are remarkable for their signs and passwords, and other marks of confederacy and bonds of union. By both a system of terror has been established, which effectually intimidates and constrains the rustic population. Emmet, and Wolfe Tone, and Mr. Nevin, and Napper Tandy hoped for powerful auxiliaries in the one—Normanby, and O'Connell, and their helpmates and associates, find useful allies amongst the other. In both, the leaders are effectually screened from public observation; and by both a system of under-ground treason has been hatched and brought to maturity, which, without instigating its adherents to take the field, causes them to feel their strength by secret confederacy, and by the power with which they are able to direct their energies against isolated and defenceless individuals, either for purposes of vengeance, or for local or agrarian objects. Thus it is that the spirit and the discipline of the body is maintained. And not only are they dis-

ciplined for the field, where the pike and the musket are to be employed, but also instructed, by dextrous practice, to perform their parts in the courts of justice, so as to make the forms of law as effectual for compassing the destruction of their adversaries, as the most pernicious implements of violence and murder. "I have heard," said Curran, speaking of the hired informer, "of assassination by the sword, the pistol, and the dagger; but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood." And thus it is in the Ribbon conspiracies. An innocent and unoffending man is waylaid and beaten; *and then informations are sworn against him, as though he were the aggressor*, when, by a skilful system of the most reckless and audacious perjury, a conviction is obtained; and whatever of revengeful purpose was left unaccomplished upon the highway, is completed at the tribunal of law, when the judge consigns the victim to the executioner.

The reader may easily imagine how effectually a system like this may be made to tell, one by one, upon all the institutions of the empire. Already its destructive energies have been exemplified in the warfare that has been waged against the Established clergy. The tithe system has, literally crumbled before it; and the success which it has had in that instance, has emboldened the conspirators to direct the force of the confederacy against the landlords, who, in many instances, feel that they are no longer the proprietors of their own estates, except so far as they are permitted to be so by an invisible and irresponsible body, who exercise all the attributes of sovereignty, (a sort of *imperium in imperio*,) until the time comes when England's embarrassments may tempt them to a more open manifestation of their views, and the incredulous may be startled by a demonstration of their power and energy, just then when it could be least effectually resisted.

Meanwhile, they are growing every day in strength and in confidence. They feel that they are favoured by the powers that be. Just what the Defenders of '92 would have expected, if Emmet and M'Nevin constituted the executive government, *they expect*, and indeed experience, from those who now fill the chief places of trust and of influence in Ireland.

* Mr. O'Connell acknowledges that the Orange Society was formed in 1795; and Dr. Murray gives in evidence a pastoral letter of Dr. Troy to the Defenders, written in the year 1793.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. XXXVIII.—THE TWO LETTERS.

FROM the digression of the last chapter I was recalled by the sight of the two letters which lay during my reverie unopened before me. I first broke the seal of Lady Callonby's epistle, which ran thus :

"Munich, La Croix Blanche.

"My dear Mr. Lorrequer—I have just heard from Kilkee, that you are at length about to pay us your long-promised visit, and I write these few lines to beg that before leaving Paris you will kindly execute for me the commissions of which I enclose a formidable list, or at least as many of them as you can conveniently accomplish. Our stay here now will be so short, that it will require all your despatch to overtake us before reaching Milan, Lady Jane's health requiring an immediate change of climate. Our present plans are, to winter in Italy, although such will interfere considerably with Lord Callonby, who is pressed much by his friends to accept office. However, all this and our other gossip I reserve for our meeting. Meanwhile, adieu, and if any of my '*emplettes*' bore you, omit them at once, except the white roses and the Brussels veil, which Lady Jane is most anxious for.

"Sincerely yours,

"CHARLOTTE CALLONBY."

How much did these few and apparently common-place lines convey to me? First, my visit was not only expected, but actually looked forward to, canvassed—perhaps I might almost whisper to myself the flattery—wished for. Again, Lady Jane's health was spoken of as precarious, less actual illness—I said to myself—than mere delicacy requiring the bluer sky and warmer airs of Italy. Perhaps her spirits were affected—some mental malady—some ill-placed passion—*que sais je?* In fact, my brain run on so fast in its devisings, that by a quick process, less logical than pleasing, I satisfied myself that the lovely Lady Jane Callonby was actually in love, with whom let the reader guess at. And Lord Callonby, too, about to join the ministry—well, all the better to have one's father-in-law in power—promotion is so cursed slow now-a-days.

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And lastly, the sly allusion to the commissions—the *mechanceté* of introducing her name to interest me. With such materials as these to build upon, frail as they may seem to others, I found no difficulty in regarding myself as the dear friend of the family, and the acknowledged suitor of Lady Jane.

In the midst, however, of all my self-gratulation, my eye fell upon the letter of Emily Bingham, and I suddenly remembered how fatal to all such happy anticipations might it prove. I tore it open in passionate haste and read—

"My dear Mr. Lorrequer—As in the interview we have had this morning I am inclined to believe that I have gained your affections, I think that I should ill requite such a state of your feeling for me, were I to conceal that I cannot return you mine—in fact they are not mine to bestow. This frank avowal, whatever pain it may have cost me, I think I owe to you to make. You will perhaps say, the confession should have been earlier; to which I reply, it should have been so, had I known, or even guessed at the nature of your feelings for me. For—and I write it in all truth, and perfect respect for you—I only saw in your attentions the flirting habits of a man of the world, with a very uninformed and ignorant girl of eighteen, with whom as it was his amusement to travel, he deemed it worth his while to talk. I now see, and bitterly regret my error, yet deem it better to make this painful confession than suffer you to remain in a delusion which may involve your happiness in the wreck of mine. I am most faithfully your friend,

"EMILY BINGHAM."

What a charming girl she is, I cried, as I finished the letter; how full of true feeling, how honourable, how straight-forward; and yet it is devilish strange how cunningly she played her part—and it seems now that I never did touch her affections. Master Harry, I begin to fear you are not altogether the awful lady-killer you have been thinking. Thus did I meditate upon this singular note—my delight at being once more free, mingling with some chagrin that I was jockeyed, and by a young miss of

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eighteen, too. Confounded disagreeable if the mess knew it, thought I. Per Baccho—how they would quiz upon my difficulty to break off a match, when the lady was only anxious to get rid of me.

This affair must never come to their ears, or I am ruined; and now, the sooner all negotiations are concluded the better. I must obtain a meeting with Emily, acknowledge the truth and justice of all her views, express my deep regret at the issue of the affair, slyly hint that I have been merely playing her own game back upon her; for it would be the devil to let her go off with the idea that she had singed me, yet never caught fire herself; so that we both shall draw stakes and part friends.

This valiant resolution taken, I wrote a very short note, begging an interview, and proceeded to make as formidable a toilet as I could for the forthcoming meeting; before I had concluded which, a verbal answer by her maid informed me, that "Miss Bingham was alone, and ready to receive me."

As I took my way along the corridor, I could not help feeling that among all my singular scrapes and embarrassing situations through life, my present mission was certainly not the least—the difficulty, such as it was, being considerably increased by my own confounded "*amour propre*," that would not leave me satisfied with obtaining my liberty, if I could not insist upon coming off scatheless also. In fact, I was not content to evacuate the fortress, if I were not to march out with all the honours of war. This feeling I neither attempt to palliate nor defend. I merely chronicle it as, are too many of these Confessions, a matter of truth, yet not the less a subject for sorrow.

My hand was upon the lock of the door. I stopped, hesitated, and listened. I certainly heard something. Yes, it is too true—she is sobbing. What a total overthrow to all my selfish resolves, all my egotistical plans, did that slight cadence give. She was crying—her tears for the bitter pain she concluded I was suffering—mingling doubtless with sorrow for her own sources of grief—for it was clear to me that whoever may have been my favoured rival, the attachment was either unknown to or unsanctioned by the mother. I wished I had not listened; all my determinations were completely routed, and as I opened the door I

felt my heart beating almost audibly against my side.

In a subdued, half-light—tempered through the rose-coloured curtains, with a small service cup of newly-plucked moss-roses upon the table—sat, or rather leaned, Emily Bingham, her face buried in her hands as I entered. She did not hear my approach, so that I had above a minute to admire the graceful character of her head, and the fine undulating curve of her neck and shoulders, before I spoke.

"Miss Bingham," said I—

She started—looked up—her dark blue eyes, brilliant though tearful, were fixed upon me for a second, as if searching my very inmost thoughts. She held out her hand, and, turning her head aside, made room for me on the sofa beside her. Strange girl, thought I, that in the very moment of breaking with a man for ever, put on her most fascinating toilette—arrays herself in her most bewitching manners, and gives him a reception only calculated to turn his head, and render him ten times more in love than ever. Her hand, which remained still in mine, was burning as if in fever, and the convulsive movement of her neck and shoulder showed me how much this meeting cost her. We were both silent, till at length, feeling that any chance interruption might leave us as far as ever from understanding each other, I resolved to begin.

"My dear, dear Emily," I said, "do not, I entreat of you, add to the misery I am this moment enduring, by letting me see you thus. Whatever your wrongs towards me, this is far too heavy a retribution. My object was never to make you wretched. If I am not to obtain the bliss, to strive and make you happy."

"Oh, Harry"—this was the first time she had ever so called me—"how like you, to think of me—of me, at such a time, as if I was not the cause of all our present unhappiness—but not wilfully, not intentionally. Oh, no, no—your attentions—the flattery of your notice, took me at once, and, in the gratification of my self-esteem, I forgot all else. I heard, too, that you were engaged to another, and believing, as I did, that you were trifling with my affections, I spared no effort to win yours. I confess it. I wished this with all my soul."

"And now," said I, "that you have gained them"—Here was a pretty

sequel to my well-matured plans!—
"And now, Emily!"

"But have I really done so?" said she, hurriedly turning round and fixing her large full eyes upon me, while one of her hands played convulsively through my hair—"have I your heart? your whole heart?"

"Can you doubt it, dearest," said I, passionately pressing her to my bosom; and at the same time muttering, "What the devil's in the wind now; we are surely not going to patch up our separation, and make love in earnest."

There she lay, her head upon my shoulder, her long, brown, waving ringlets falling loosely across my face, and on my bosom, her hand in mine. What were her thoughts I cannot guess—mine, God forgive me, were a fervent wish either for her mother's appearance, or that the hotel would suddenly take fire, or some other extensive calamity arise to put the finishing stroke to this embarrassing situation.

None of these, however, were destined to occur; and Emily lay still and motionless as she was, scarce seeming to breathe, and pale as death. What can this mean, said I, surely this is not the usual way to treat with a rejected suitor; if it be, why then, by Jupiter, the successful one must have rather the worst of it—and I fervently hope that Lady Jane be not at this moment giving his *conge* to some disappointed swain. She slowly raised her long, black, fringed eyelids, and looked into my face, with an expression at once so tender and so plaintive, that I felt a struggle within myself whether to press her to my heart, or—what the deuce was the alternative. I hope my reader knows, for I really do not. And after all, thought I, if we are not to marry, I am only anticipating a little; and if not, why then a "*chaste salute*," as Winifred Jenkins calls it, she'll be none the worse for. Acting at once upon this resolve, I leaned downwards, and passing back her ringlets from her now flushed cheek, when I was startled by my name, which I heard called several times in the corridor. The door at

the same instant was burst suddenly open, and Trevanion appeared.

"Harry, Harry Lorrequer," cried he, as he entered; then suddenly checking himself, added "a thousand, ten thousand pardons. But—"

"But what," cried I, passionately, forgetting all save the situation of poor Emily at the moment, "what can justify—"

"Nothing certainly can justify such an intrusion," said Trevanion, finishing my sentence for me, "except the very near danger you run this moment in being arrested. O'Leary's imprudence has compromised your safety, and you must leave Paris within an hour."

"Oh, Mr. Trevanion," said Emily, who by this time had regained a more befitting attitude, "pray speak out; what is it? is Harry—is Mr. Lorrequer, I mean, in any danger?"

"Nothing of consequence, Miss Bingham, if he only act with prudence, and be guided by his friends. Lorrequer, you will find me in your apartments in half an hour—till then, adieu."

While Emily poured forth question after question as to the nature and extent of present difficulty, I could not help thinking of the tact by which Trevanion escaped, leaving me to make my adieux to Emily as best I might—for I saw in a glance that I must leave Paris at once. I, therefore, briefly gave her to understand the affair at the *salon*—what I suspected to be the cause of the threatened arrest—and was about to profess my unaltered and unalterable attachment, when she suddenly stopped me.

"No, Mr. Lorrequer, no. All is over between us. We must never meet again—never. We have been both playing a part. Good by—good by: do not altogether forget me—and once more, Harry, good by."

What I might have said, thought, or done, I know not; but the arrival of Mrs. Bingham's carriage at the door left no time for any thing but escape. So, once more pressing her hand firmly to my lips, I said—"Au revoir, Emily, au revoir, not good by," rushed from the room, and regained my own, just as Mrs. Bingham reached the corridor.

CHAP. XXXIX.—MR. O'LEARY'S CAPTURE.

Does she really care for me? was my first question to myself as I left the room. Is this story about pre-engaged affections merely a got up thing, to try

the force of my attachment for her? for, if not, her conduct is most inexplicable; and great as my experience has been in such affairs, I vow myself

out-maneuvred. While I thought over this difficulty, Trevanion came up, and in a few words, informed me more fully upon what he hinted at before. It appeared that O'Leary, much more alive to the imperative necessity of avoiding detection by his sposa, than of involving himself with the police, had thrown out most dark and mysterious hints in the hotel as to the reasons of his residence at Paris: fully impressed with the idea that, to be a good Pole, he need only talk "revolutionary;" devote to the powers below, all kings, czars, and kaisers; weep over the wrongs of his nation; wear rather seedy habiliments, and smoke profusely. The latter were with him easy conditions, and he so completely acted the former to the life, that he had been that morning arrested in the Tuileries gardens, under several treasonable charges—among others, the conspiring, with some of his compatriots to murder the minister of war.

However laughable such an accusation against poor O'Leary, one circumstance rendered the matter any thing but ludicrous. Although he must come off free of this impotent offence, yet, the salon transaction would necessarily now become known. I should be immediately involved, and my departure from Paris prevented.

"So," said Trevanion, as he briefly laid before me the difficulty of my position, "you may perceive that however strongly your affections may be engaged in a certain quarter, it is quite as well to think of leaving Paris without delay. O'Leary's arrest will be followed by yours, depend upon it; and once under the surveillance of the police, escape is impossible."

"But, seriously, Trevanion," said I, nettled at the tone of raillery he spoke in, "you must see that there is nothing whatever in that business. I was merely taking my farewell of the fair Emily. Her affections have been long since engaged, and I was——"

"Only endeavouring to support her in her attachment to the more favoured rival. Is it not so?"

"Come, no quizzing. Faith, I began to feel very uncomfortable about parting with her, the moment that I discovered that I must do so."

"So I guessed," said Trevanion, with a dry look, "from the interesting scene I so abruptly trespassed upon. But you are right; a little bit of *tendresse* is never misplaced, as long as

the object be young, pretty, and still more than all, disposed for it."

"Quite out; perfectly mistaken, believe me. Emily not only never cared for me; but she has gone far enough to tell me so."

"Then, for all I know of such matters," replied he, "you were both in a very fair way to repair that mistake on her part. But hark! what is this?" A tremendous noise in the street here interrupted our colloquy, and on opening the window, a strange scene presented itself to our eyes. In the middle of a dense mass of moving rabble, shouting, yelling, and screaming, with all their might, were two *gens d'armes*, with a prisoner between them. The unhappy man was followed by a rather well-dressed, middle-aged looking woman, who appeared to be desirous of bestowing the most *coram publico* endearments upon the culprit, whom a second glance showed us was O'Leary.

"I tell you, my dear madam, you are mistaken," said O'Leary, addressing her with great sternness of manner and voice.

"Mistaken! never, never. How could I ever be mistaken in that dear voice, those lovely eyes, that sweet little nose?"

"Take her away; she's deranged," said O'Leary to the *gens d'armes*.

"Sure, if I'm a Pole, that's enough of misfortune."

"I'll follow him to the end of the earth, I will."

"I'm going to the gallies, God be praised," said O'Leary.

"To the gallies—to the guillotine—anywhere," responded she, throwing herself upon his neck, much less, as it seemed, to his gratification, than that of the mob, who laughed and shouted most uproariously.

"Mrs. Ram, ain't you ashamed?"

"He calls me by my name," said she, "and he attempts to disown me. Ha! ha! ha! ha!" and immediately fell off into a strong paroxysm of kicking, and pinching, and punching the bystanders, a malady well known under the name of hystercia; but being little more than a privileged mode, among certain ladies, of paying off some scores, which it is not thought decent to do in their more sober moments.

"Lead me away—anywhere—convict me of what you like," said he, "but don't let her follow me."

The *gens d'armes*, who little comprehended the nature of the scene be-

fore them, were not sorry to anticipate a renewal of it, on Mrs. Ram's recovery, and accordingly seized the opportunity to march on with O'Leary, who turned the corner of the Rue Rivoli, under a shower of "meurtriers" and "scelerats" from the mob, that fell fortunately most unconsciously upon his ears.

The possibility of figuring in such a procession contributed much to the force of Trevanion's reasonings, and I resolved to leave Paris at once.

"Promise me, then, to involve yourself in no more scrapes for half-an-hour. Pack every thing you shall want with you, and, by seven o'clock, I shall be here with your passport, and all ready for a start."

With a beating brain, and in a whirlwind of aspiring thoughts, I threw my clothes hither and thither into my trunk; Lady Jane and Emily both flitting every instant before my imagination, and frequently an irresolution to proceed stopping all my preparations for departure, I sat down musing upon a chair, and half determined to stay where I was, *comme qui coule*. Finally, the possibility of exposure in a trial, had its weight. I continued my occupation till the last coat was folded, and the lock turned, when I seated myself opposite my luggage, and waited impatiently for my friend's return.

CHAP. XL.—THE JOURNEY.

TREVANION came at last. He had obtained my passport, and engaged a carriage to convey me about eight miles, where I should overtake the diligence—such a mode of travelling being judged more likely to favor my escape, by attracting less attention than posting. It was past ten when I left the Rue St. Honoré, having shaken hands with Trevanion for the last time, and charged him with ten thousand soft messages for the "friends" I left behind me.

When I arrived at the little village of St. Jacques, the diligence had not come up. To pass away the time, I ordered a little supper and a bottle of St. Julien. Scarcely had I seated myself to my "cotelette," when the rapid whirl of wheels was heard without, and a cab was drew up suddenly at the door. So naturally does the fugitive suspect pursuit, that my immediate impression was, that I was followed. In this notion I was strengthened by the tones of a cracked, discordant voice asking in very peculiar French if the "diligence had passed?" Being answered in the negative, he walked into the room I was in, and speedily, by his appearance, removed any apprehensions I had felt as to my safety. Nothing could less resemble the tall port and sturdy bearing of a gendarme, than the diminutive and dwarfish individual before me. His height could scarcely have reached five feet, of which the head formed fully a fourth part; and even this was rendered in appearance still greater by a mass of loosely floating black hair that fell upon his neck and shoulders, and gave him

much the air of a "black lion" on a sign-board. His black frock, fur-collared and braided—his ill-made boots, his meerschaum projecting from his breast pocket, and, above all, his unwashed hands, and a heavy gold ring upon his thumb—all made up an *ensemble* of evidences that showed he could be nothing but a German. His manner was bustling, impatient, and, had it not been ludicrous, would certainly have been considered as insolent to every one about him, as he stared each person abruptly in the face, and mumbled some broken expressions of his opinion of them half-aloud in German. His comments ran on:—"Bon soir, Monsieur," to the host:—"Ein bösewicht, ganz sicher"—"a scoundrel, without doubt;" and then added, still lower, "Rob you here as soon as look at you." "Ah, postilion! comment va?"—"much more like a brigand after all—I know which I'd take you for." "Verfluchte frau"—"how ugly the woman is." This compliment was intended for the hostess, who curtsied down to the ground in her ignorance. At last approaching me, he stopped, and having steadily surveyed me, muttered, "Ein echter Engländer"—"a thorough Englishman, always eating." I could not resist the temptation to assure him that I was perfectly aware of his flattering impression in my behalf: though I had speedily to regret my precipitancy, for, less mindful of the rebuke than pleased at finding some one who understood German, he drew his chair beside me and entered into conversation.

Every one has surely felt, some time or other in life, the insufferable annoy-

ance of having his thoughts and reflections interfered with and broken in upon by the vulgar impertinence and egotism of some "bore," who, mistaking your abstraction for attention, and your despair for delight, inflicts upon you his whole life and adventures, when your own immediate destinies are perhaps vacillating in the scale.

Such a doom was now mine! Occupied as I was by the hope of the future, and my fears lest any impediment to my escape should blast my prospects for ever, I preferred appearing to pay attention to this confounded fellow's "personal narrative" lest his questions, turning on my own affairs, might excite suspicions as to the reasons of my journey.

I longed most ardently for the arrival of the diligence, trusting that with true German thrift, my friend might prefer the cheapness of the "interieure" to the magnificence of the "coupé," and that thus I should see no more of him. But in this pleasing hope I was destined to be disappointed, for I was scarcely seated in my place when I found him beside me. The third occupant of this "privileged den," as well as my lamp-light survey of him permitted, afforded nothing to build on as a compensation for the German. He was a tall, lanky, lantern-jawed man, with a hook-nose and projecting chin; his hair, which had only been permitted to grow very lately, formed that curve upon his forehead we see in certain old-fashioned horse-shoe wigs; his compressed lip and hard features gave the expression of one who had seen a good deal of the world, and didn't think the better of it in consequence. I observed that he listened to the few words we spoke getting in, with some attention, and then, like a person who did not comprehend the language, turned his shoulder towards us, and soon fell asleep. I was now left to the "tender mercies" of my talkative companion, who certainly spared me not. Notwithstanding my vigorous resolves to turn a deaf ear to his narratives, I could not avoid learning that he was the director of music to a small German "operatic corps"—that he had been to Paris to bring out a little German piece, which having, as he said, a "succès pyramidal," he was about to repeat in Strasbourg. He further informed me that some "*Deputé*" from Alsace had obtained for him a government permission to travel with the courier; but that he being "social"

withal, and no ways proud, preferred the democracy of the diligence to the solitary grandeur of the caleche, (for which heaven confound him,) and thus became my present companion.

Music, in all its shapes and forms, made up the staple of the little man's talk. There was scarcely an opera or an overture, from Mozart to Meerbeer, that he did not insist upon singing a scene from; and wound up all by a very pathetic lamentation over English insensibility to music, which he in great part attributed to our having only one opera, which he kindly informed me was, "Bobet Joan." However indisposed to check the current of his loquacity by any effort of mine, I could not avoid the temptation to translate for him a story which Sir Walter Scott once related to me, and so far *apropos*, as conveying my own sense of the merits of our national music, such as we have it, by its association with scenes, and persons, and places we are all familiar with, however unintelligible it be to the ear of a stranger.

A young French vicomte was fortunate enough to obtain in marriage the hand of a singularly pretty Scotch heiress of old family and good fortune, who, amongst her other endowments, possessed a large old-fashioned house in a remote district of the highlands, where her ancestors had resided for centuries. Thither the young couple repaired to pass the honeymoon. The enamoured bridegroom gladly availing himself of the opportunity to ingratiate himself with his new connexion, by adopting the seclusion he saw practised by the English on such occasions. However consonant to our notions of happiness, and however conducive to our enjoyment this custom be—and I have strong doubts upon the subject—it certainly prospered ill with the volatile Frenchman, who pined for Paris, its cafés; its boulevards, its maisons de jeu, and its soirées. His days were now passed in looking from the deep and narrow windows of some oak-framed room upon the bare and heath-clad moors, or watching the cloud shadows as they passed across the dark pine trees that closed the distance.

Ennuyé to death, and convinced that he had sacrificed enough and more than enough to the barbarism which demanded such a "*sejour*," he was was sitting one evening listlessly upon the terrace in front of the house, plotting a speedy escape from his gloomy

abode, and meditating upon the life of pleasure that awaited him, when the discordant twang of some savage music broke upon his ear, and roused him from his reverie. The wild scream and fitful burst of a highland pibroch is certainly not the most likely thing in nature to allay the irritable and ruffled feelings of an irascible person—unless, perhaps, the hearer eschew breeches. So thought the vicomte. He started hurriedly up, and straight upon the gravel-walk before him beheld the stalwart figure and bony frame of an old highlander, blowing, with all his lungs, the "Gathering of the Clans." With all the speed he could muster, he rushed into the house, and, calling his servants, ordered them to expel the intruder, and drive him at once outside the demesne. When the mandate was made known to the old piper, it was with the greatest difficulty he could be brought to comprehend it—for, time out of mind, his approach had been hailed with every demonstration of rejoicing; and now—but no; the thing was impossible—there must be a mistake somewhere. He was accordingly about to recommence, when a second and stronger hint suggested to him that it were safer to depart. "Perhaps the 'carl' did na like the pipes," said the highlander musingly, as he packed them up for his march. "Perhaps he did na like me;" "perhaps, too, he was na in the humour of music." He paused for an instant as if reflecting—not satisfied probably that he had hit upon the true solution—when suddenly his eye brightened—his lips curled, and, fixing a look upon the angry Frenchman, he said—"Mayhap, ye are right enow—ye heard them ower muckle in Waterloo to like the skirl o' them ever after;" with which satisfactory explanation, made in no spirit of bitterness or railery, but in a simple belief that he had at last hit the mark of the vicomte's antipathy, the old man gathered up his plaid and departed.

However disposed I might have felt towards sleep, the little German resolved I should not obtain any, for when for half an hour together I would

preserve a rigid silence, he, nowise daunted, had recourse to some German "sied," which he gave forth with an energy of voice and manner that must have roused every sleeper in the diligence: so that, fain to avoid this, I did my best to keep him on the subject of his adventures, which, as a man of successful gallantry were manifold indeed. Wearying at last even of this subordinate part, I fell into a kind of half-doze. The words of a student song he continued to sing without ceasing for above an hour—being the last waking thought in my memory.

Less as a *souvenir* of the singer than a specimen of its class, I give here a rough translation of the well-known Beuschen melody, called

THE POPE.

I.

The Pope, he leads a happy life,
He fears not married care, nor strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

CHORUS.

He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

II.

But then all happy's not his life,
He has not maid, nor blooming wife;
Nor child has he to raise his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

III.

The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity;
His wives are many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

IV.

But even he's a wretched man,
He must obey his Alcoran;
And dares not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

V.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand,
And live in German Vaterland;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

VI.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
I'll think that I the Sultan be;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

CHAP. XLI.—THE JOURNEY.

It was with a feeling of pleasure I cannot explain, that I awoke in the morning, and found myself upon the road. The turmoil, the bustle, the

never-ending difficulties of my late life in Paris had so over-excited and worried me, that I could neither think nor reflect. Now all these cares and

troubles were behind me, and I felt like a liberated prisoner as I looked upon the grey dawn of the coming day, as it gradually melted from its dull and leaden tint to the pink and yellow hue of the rising sun. The broad and richly-coloured plains of la belle France were before me—and it is la belle France, however inferior to parts of England in rural beauty—the large tracts of waving yellow corn, undulating like a sea in the morning breeze—the interminable reaches of forest, upon which the shadows played and flitted, deepening the effect and mellowing the mass, as we see them in Rysdael's pictures—while now and then some tall-gabled, antiquated chateau, with its mutilated terrace and dowager-like air of by-gone grandeur, would peep forth at the end of some long avenue of lime trees, all having their own features of beauty—and a beauty with which every object around harmonizes well. The sluggish peasant, in his blouse and striped night-cap—the heavily caparisoned horse, shaking his head amid a Babel-tower of gaudy worsted tassels and brass bells—the deeply-laden waggon, creeping slowly along—are all in keeping with a scene, where the very mist that rises from the valley seems indolent and lazy, and unwilling to impart the rich perfume of verdure with which it is loaded. Every land has its own peculiar character of beauty. The glaciated mountain, the Alpine peak, the dashing cataract of Switzerland and the Tyrol, are not finer in their way than the long flat moorlands of a Flemish landscape, with its clump of stunted willows clustering over some limpid brook, in which the oxen are standing for shelter from the noonday heat—while, lower down, some rude water-wheel is mingling its sounds with the summer bees and the merry voices of the miller and his companions. So strayed my thoughts as the German shook me by the arm, and asked if “I were not ready for my breakfast?” Luckily to this question there is rarely but the one answer. Who is not ready for his breakfast when on the road? How delightful, if on the continent, to escape from the narrow limits of the dungeon-like diligence, where you sit with your knees next your collar-bone, fainting with heat and suffocated by dust, and find yourself suddenly beside the tempting “plats” of a little French *dejeuné*, with its culetts, its fried fish, its poulet, its salad, and its little *entré*

of fruit, tempered with a no despicable bottle of Beaune. If in England, the exchange is nearly as grateful—for though our travelling be better, and our equipage less “*genante*,” still it is no small alternative from the stage-coach to the inn parlour, redolent of aromatic black tea, eggs, and hot toast, with a hospitable side-board of red, raw surloins, and York hams, that would make a Jew's mouth water. While, in America, the change is greatest of all, as any one can vouch for who has been suddenly emancipated from the stove-heat of a “nine-inside” leathern “convenience,” bumping ten miles an hour over a corduroy road, the company smoking, if not worse; to the ample display of luxurious viands displayed upon the breakfast-table, where, what with buffalo steaks, pumpkin pie, gin cock-tail, and other aristocratically called temptations, he must be indeed fastidious who cannot employ his half-hour. Pity it is, when there is so much good treat, that people will not eat it like civilized beings, and with that air of cheerful thankfulness that all other nations more or less express when partaking of the earth's bounties. But true it is, there is a spirit of discontent in the Yankee, that seems to accept of benefits with a tone of dissatisfaction, if not distrust. I once made this remark to an excellent friend of mine now no more, who, however, would not permit of my attributing this feature to the Americans exclusively, adding, “Where have you more of this than in Ireland? and surely you would not call the Irish ungrateful?” He illustrated his first remark by the following short anecdote:—

The rector of the parish my friend lived in was a man who added to the income he derived for his living a very handsome private fortune, which he entirely devoted to the benefit of the poor around him. Among the objects of his bounty, one old woman, a childless widow, was remarkably distinguished. Whether commiserating her utter helplessness or her complete isolation, he went farther to relieve her than to many, if not all, the other poor. She frequently was in the habit of pleading her poverty as a reason for not appearing in church among her neighbours; and he gladly seized an opportunity of so improving her condition, that on this score at least no impediment existed. When all his little plans for her comfort had been carried into execution, he took the

opportunity one day of dropping in, as if accidentally, to speak to her. By degrees he led the subject to her changed condition in life—the alternative from a cold, damp, smoky hovel, to a warm, clean, slated house—the cheerful garden before the door, that replaced the mud-heap and the duck-pool—and all the other happy changes which a few weeks had effected. And he then asked, did she not feel grateful to a bountiful Providence that had showered down so many blessings upon her head?

"Ah, troth, it's thrue for yer honor, I am grateful," she replied, in a whining, discordant tone, which astonished the worthy parson.

"Of course you are, my good woman,

of course you are—but I mean to say, don't you feel that every moment you live is too short to express your thankfulness to this kind Providence for what he has done?"

"Ah, darlin', it's all thrue, he's very good, he's mighty kind, so he is."

"Why, then, not acknowledge it in a different manner?" said the parson, with some heat—"has he not housed you, and fed you, and clothed you?"

"Yes, alannah, he done it all."

"Well, where is your gratitude for all these mercies?"

"Ah, sure if he did," said the old crone, roused at length by the importunity of the questioner—"sure if he did, *doesn't he take it out o' me in the corns?*"

CHAP. XLII.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE EAST.

THE breakfast-table assembled around it the three generations of men who issued from the three subdivisions of the dilligence, and presented that motley and mixed assemblage of ranks, ages, and countries, which forms so very amusing a part of a traveller's experience.

First came the "haute aristocratie" of the coupé, then the middle class of the interieure, and lastly, the tiers état of the rotonde, with its melange of Jew money-lenders, under-officers and their wives, a Norman nurse with a high cap and a red jupe; while, to close the procession, a German student descended from the roof, with a beard, a blouse, and a meerscham. Of such materials was our party made up; and yet, differing in all our objects and interests, we speedily amalgamated into a very tolerably social state of intimacy, and chatted away over our breakfast with much good humour and gaiety. Each person of the number seeming pleased at the momentary opportunity of finding a new listener, save my tall companion of the coupé. He preserved a dogged silence, unbroken by even a chance expression to the waiter, who observed his wants and supplied them by a species of quick instinct, evidently acquired by practice. As I could not help feeling somewhat interested about the hermit-like attachment he evinced towards solitude, I watched him narrowly for some time, and at length as the "*roti*" made its appearance before him, after he had helped himself and tasted it, he caught my eye fixed upon him, and looking at

me intently for a few seconds, he seemed to be satisfied in some passing doubt he laboured under, as he said with a most peculiar shake of the head—"No mangez, no mangez cela."

"Ah," said I, detecting in my friend's French his English origin, "you are an Englishman I find."

"The devil a doubt of it, darlin'," said he half testily.

"An Irishman, too—still better," said I.

"Why then isn't it strange that my French always shows me to be English, and my English proves me Irish? It's lucky for me there's no going farther any how."

Delighted to have thus fallen upon a "character," as the Irishman evidently appeared, I moved my chair towards his; and finding, however, that he was not half pleased at the manner in which my acquaintance had been made with him, and knowing his country's susceptibility of being taken by a story, I resolved to make my advances by narrating a circumstance which had once befallen me in my early life.

Our countrymen, English and Irish, travel so much now a days, that one ought never to feel surprised at finding them anywhere. The instance I am about to relate will verify to a certain extent the fact, by showing that no situation is too odd or too unlikely to be within the verge of calculation.

When the 10th foot, to which I then belonged, were at Corfu, I obtained with three other officers a short leave of absence, to make a hurried tour of the Morea, and take a passing glance

at Constantinople—in those days much less frequently visited by travellers than at present.

After rambling pleasantly about for some weeks, we were about to return, when we determined that before sailing we should accept an invitation some officers of the "Dwarf" frigate then stationed there had given us, to pass a day at Pera, and *pic-nic* in the mountain.

One fine bright morning was therefore selected—a most appetizing little dinner being carefully packed up—we set out, a party of fourteen, upon our excursion.

The weather was glorious, and the scene far finer than any of us had anticipated—the view from the mountain extending over the entire city, gorgeous in the rich colouring of its domes and minarets; while, at one side, the golden horn was visible, crowded with ships of every nation, and, at the other, a glimpse might be had of the sea of Marmora, blue and tranquil as it lay beneath. The broad bosom of the Bosphorous was sheeted out like a map before us—peaceful yet bustling with life and animation. Here lay the union-jack of old England, floating beside the lilies of France—we speak of times when lilies were and barricades were not—the tall and taper spars of a Yankee frigate towering above the low timbers and heavy hull of a Dutch schooner—the gilded poop and curved galleries of a Turkish three-decker, anchored beside the raking mast and curved deck of a suspicious looking craft, whose red-capped and dark-visaged crew needed not the naked creese at their sides to bespeak them Malays. The whole was redolent of life, and teeming with food for one's fancy to conjure from.

While we were debating upon the choice of a spot for our luncheon, which should command the chief points of view within our reach, one of the party came to inform us that he had just discovered the very thing we were in search of. It was a small kiosk, built upon a projecting rock that looked down upon the Bosphorus and the city, and had evidently, from the extended views it presented, been selected as the spot to build upon. The building itself was a small octagon, open on every side, and presenting a series of prospects, land and seaward, of the most varied and magnificent kind.

Seeing no one near, nor any trace of habitation, we resolved to avail ourselves of the good taste of the founder;

and spreading out the contents of our kaissers, proceeded to discuss a most excellent cold dinner. When the good things had disappeared, and the wine began to circulate, one of the party observed that we should not think of enjoying ourselves before we had filled a bumper to the brim, to the health of our good king, whose birth-day it chanced to be. Our homeward thoughts and loyalty uniting, we filled our glasses, and gave so hearty a "hip, hip, hurra," to our toast, that I doubt if the echoes of those old rocks ever heard the equal of it.

Scarcely was the last cheer dying away in the distance, when the door of the kiosk opened, and a negro dressed in white muslin appeared, his arms and ancles bearing those huge rings of massive gold, which only persons of rank distinguish their servants by.

After a most profound obeisance to the party, he explained in very tolerable French, that his master the Effendi, Ben Mustapha Al Habak, at whose charge (in house rent) we were then feasting, sent us, greeting, and begged that, if not considered as contrary to our usages, &c. that we should permit him and his suite to approach the kiosk and observe us at our meal.

Independent of his politeness in the mode of conveying the request, as he would prove fully as entertaining a sight to us as we could possibly be to him, we immediately expressed our great willingness to receive his visit, coupled with a half hint that perhaps he might honour us by joining the party.

After a half-hour's delay, the door was once more thrown open, and a venerable old Turk entered: he salaamed three times most reverently, and motioned to us to be seated, declining, at the same time, by a gentle gesture of his hand, our invitation. He was followed by a train of six persons, all splendidly attired, and attesting, by their costume and manner, the rank and importance of their chief. Conceiving that as his visit had but one object—to observe our convivial customs—we immediately resented ourselves, and filled our glasses.

As one after one the officers of the effendi's household passed round the apartments, we offered them a goblet of champagne, which they severally declined, with a polite but solemn smile—all except one, a large, savage-looking Turk, with a most ferocious

scowl, and the largest black beard I ever beheld. He did not content himself with a mute refusal of our offer, but, stopping suddenly, he raised up his hands above his head, and muttered some words in Turkish, which one of the party informed us was a very satisfactory recommendation of the whole company to Satan for their heretic abomination.

The procession moved slowly round the room, and when it reached the door again retired, each member of it salaaming three times as they had done on entering. Scarcely had they gone, than we burst into a loud fit of laughter at the savage-looking fellow who thought proper to excommunicate us, and were about to discuss his more than common appearance of disgust at

our proceedings, when again the door opened, and a turbaned head peeped in, but so altered were the features that although seen but the moment before, none of us could believe them the same. The dark complexion—the long and bushy beard were there—but instead of the sleepy and solemn character of the oriental, with heavy eye and closed lip, there was a droll, half-devilry in the look and partly open mouth, that made a most laughable contrast with the head-dress. He looked stealthily around him for an instant, as if to see that all was right, and then, with an accent and expression I shall never forget, said, "*I'll taste your wine, gentlemen, as it be pleasing to ye.*"

ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

MR. ALISON will do us but justice if he believes that we are always glad to meet with him in print, and that we seldom rise from the perusal of his pages without feelings of respect and admiration.

He has now traced the progress of social disorganization, as it has been exemplified by revolutionary France, from the first germs of civil disorder which appear to have been coeval with the very foundation of the monarchy, to that period when they manifested themselves by open violence, and convulsed and agitated the entire kingdom, even to the overthrow of the throne and the altar; and also the rise of the portentous despotism which was erected upon the ruins of ancient institutions; and which seems to have been permitted to control, for a season, the terrible energies of anarchical violence, for the purpose of directing them, with increased effect, against the peace and the well-being of surrounding nations. Mr. Alison is thus brought into contact with the histories of other states; and as he proceeds, his horizon becomes more and more extended, until it takes in, in succession, the social and political condition of every country in Europe.

We are not ourselves sure that the extent to which he has pursued some of the themes which were suggested in the progress of his work, has been altogether judicious; we mean, of course,

when considered with relation to his leading object, namely, that of impressing upon the mind of the reader a just idea of revolutionary violence, both in its causes and in its consequences. We rather incline to think that this object would have been best attained by briefer summaries of the histories of other states, and a less minute detail of the wars, and the rumours of wars, by which the French emperor agitated the world, in the career of his frantic and profligate ambition. But assuredly the lucid and spirited statements of the writer, upon any of the subjects which he undertakes to discuss or to illustrate, will find a ready acceptance with the majority of his readers, especially when it is considered that there is, probably, no other single work in the language, in which the same information has been brought together, and in which the useful is rendered so agreeable, while the agreeable is always so useful.

The volume before us commences with a very minute account of the progress of British power in India, while England had yet a government, and before the wisdom of her counsellors was superseded by the madness of the people. As that portion of our dominions at present attracts peculiar attention, our readers will not be displeased to see the view which Mr. Alison gives of its financial condition and military resources—the two principal points

* History of Europe, from the commencement of the French revolution in 1769, to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E. Advocate. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh; and Thomas Cadell, London. 1839.

which engage the attention of the politician, in considering the advantage of possessing, or the probability of retaining, our vast oriental empire.

"Taxation in India is for the most part direct; that is, it consists of the rent of lands belonging in property to the government, and which, from time immemorial, have been devoted to the maintenance of the supreme authority. Of the nineteen millions which at present constitute the general revenue of India, nearly eleven millions are drawn in this manner from the rent of the government lands. The principle on which this immense revenue is derived from land, has no analogy to the European land-tax, which is a burden superinduced upon the owner of the rent; it is, on the contrary, the rent itself. The modes in which this tax is levied over India are three: either a perpetual settlement with, or fixed rent constantly payable by, the proprietors of land; or a temporary settlement with the heads of villages or townships; or a definite settlement with each individual occupant of the ground. These different modes of taxation are all founded on one principle, which is universally admitted and acknowledged in every part of Hindostan, viz., that government, as the paramount owner of the soil, has right to a certain portion of the gross produce of every foot of cultivated land, which may be commuted generally, by permanent or partial settlements, with classes of men or separate individuals, but never can be wholly alienated by any ruler to the prejudice of his successors. Government, therefore, in India, is at once the ruling power and the universal landlord in the state; and hence the general and omnipotent influence which its severity or justice has upon the prosperity and well-being of the people, and the immediate effect of the British sway,—by whose agents the collection of rent has been fixed, upon comparatively equitable principles,—upon the welfare of the humbler classes.

"When the East India Company came into possession of the Bengal provinces, they found the land revenue every where collected by the intervention of officers under the Mahomedan government, who had charge of districts or provinces under the title of *zemindars*. These officers were paid by a per-centage on the sums which they collected: the utmost irregularity and abuse generally existed; military force was constantly resorted to, to enforce the collection; and some of them held their offices for life only, others transmitted them, by hereditary succession, to their descendants.

Misled by the analogy of European institutions, or desirous of laying the foundation for their establishment in the east, Marquis Cornwallis, in 1793, conceived and carried into effect the idea of transforming the *zemindars* into landed proprietors, by conferring upon them and their descendants an indefeasible right to the territories over which their powers extended, so long as they continue to pay regularly the fixed land-tax to government. The propriety of this change was very much doubted at the time, and gave rise to a long and interesting controversy; but it was, nevertheless, carried into execution, and now forms the basis on which the taxation of two hundred thousand square miles of the Bengal territory, a district thrice the size of Great Britain, is founded. Though framed on the principles of benevolence and moderation, it has, however, like almost all similar institutions borrowed from the analogy of other nations, and a different state of society, proved altogether ineffective for the principal object in view. The *zemindars* could not, by the mere regulation of the company, be converted from Asiatic to European habits: instead of acquiring the interests and views of hereditary landholders, they continued to act with the characteristic improvidence of eastern rulers. To squeeze the last farthing, by any means how unjust soever, from the ryots, and squander it in extravagance or luxury upon themselves or their families, was the general practice: numbers were ruined and dispossessed by the company, who exacted the quit rent with unrelenting and injudicious rigour; and thus no step was made towards the formation of a landed aristocracy, while no alleviation was experienced in the burdens of the poor.

"The evil, in effect, became so great, that it has in some degree worked out, like all other excessive ills, its own cure. The *zemindar* system has come in the end to benefit a class of landed proprietors, though not the one which Lord Cornwallis originally intended. From the general ruin which overtook these powerful officers, and the terror every where inspired by the rigorous exactions of the company, the price of estates fell so low, that at last it became a prudent matter of speculation to buy land, and look to its returns for the interest of the price. A different and more provident class has thus, to a considerable extent, been introduced into the management of estates; and, as the land-rent which they are required to pay continues fixed, they have the strongest possible inducement to increase by good management the surplus which may accrue to themselves and their

families. But, unfortunately, they have not learned in the east to look so far into the future as to see that this is to be most effectually done by equitable and just dealings towards the cultivators: the burdens imposed on the ryots are still generally exorbitant, often ruinous; and the benefits of the British government are felt by that numerous and important class rather by the cessation of war and depredation, than in any practical diminution of the duties legally exigible from them by their landlords."

But it is in the village system Mr. Alison sees the most interesting feature in the financial polity of British India. This prevails chiefly in the upper districts, and is as follows:—

"Each village forms a little community or republic in itself, possessing a certain district of surrounding territory, and paying a certain fixed rent for the whole to government. As long as this is regularly paid, the public authorities have no title to interfere in the internal concerns of the community: they elect their own *mocuddims*, or head men, who levy the proportions of the quit rent from each individual, settle disputes, and allocate to each profession or individual the share of the general produce of the public territory which is to belong to it. As the community is justly desirous of avoiding any pretext for the interference of the state collectors in its internal concerns, they make good the quota of every defaulter from the funds of his neighbours, so as to exhibit no defaultions in the general return to government. The only point in which the interference of the national authorities is required, is in fixing the limits of the village territories in a question with each other, which is done with great care by surveyors, in presence of the competing parties and their witnesses, and a great concourse of the neighbouring inhabitants. In times of trouble they arm and fortify themselves, drive their cattle within their walls, and often contrive, by the payment of a certain contribution, to avoid the evils of actual pillage, even by the most considerable armies. These villages are, indeed, frequently burned or destroyed by hostile forces, the little community dispersed, and its lands restored to a state of nature; but when better times return, and the means of peaceable occupation are again restored, the remnant re-assemble with their children in their paternal inheritance. A generation may pass away, but the succeeding generation return: the sons take the place of their fathers; the same trades and occupations are filled by the

descendants of the same individuals; the same division of lands takes place; the very houses are rebuilt on the site of those which had been destroyed; and, emerging from the storm, the community revives, 'another and the same.'

"It is in these village municipalities that the real secret of the durability of society in the east is to be found. If we contemplate the desolating invasions to which, from the earliest times, the Asiatic monarchies have been exposed from their proximity to the regions of central Asia; if we reflect on the wide-spread devastation consequent on the the twelve dreadful irruptions of the Tartars into Hindostan; and recollect that society, in the intervals of these terrific scourges, has invariably been subjected to the varied but never-ending oppression of different rulers, who seemed to have no other idea of government but to extract as large contributions as possible from the people,—it seems surprising how the human race did not become extinct under such a succession of calamities. But amidst those multiplied evils, the village system has provided an unheeded, but enduring and effectual refuge for mankind. Invasion may succeed invasion, horde after horde may sweep over the country—dynasty may overturn dynasty, revolution be followed by revolution; but the wide-spread foundations of rural society are unchanged: the social families bend, but break not, beneath the storm; industry revives in its ancient seats, and in its pristine form, under whatever government ultimately prevails; and the dominant power, intent only on fresh objects of plunder or aggrandisement, rolls past these unheeded fountains of industry and population. The Hindoos, the Patans, the Moguls, the Mahrattas, the Seiks, and the English, have all been masters in turn; but the village communities remain the same. Abuses and oppression, without doubt, may prevail in this as in all other human institutions; but its extensive establishment and long duration in the east, proves that it has been found capable by experience of affording tolerable security to the labouring classes; and perhaps by no other means, in the absence of those effective bulwarks of freedom which the intelligence, hereditary succession, and free spirit of Europe, create, is the inestimable blessing of protection to humble industry to be so generally and effectually obtained. The whole upper and western provinces of Bengal, the greater part of the Bombay territories, the ceded districts on the Nerbuddah, and the province of Tanjore, comprising about 260,000 square miles, are assessed according to this system."

It seems strange, but yet it is true, that religious distinctions, and the exclusive possession of power by persons of one ecclesiastical establishment, have been in India amongst the leading causes of perfect toleration and permanent tranquillity.

"The Indian population is divided into so great a number of different faiths, that no one is predominant or can claim an undisputed pre-eminence over the others; and political power has so long been discovered from religious belief, that it no longer constitutes a bond of union by which any formidable coalition can be held together. Not only are there to be found Hindoos of every province, and tribe, and dialect, in the ranks of the British native army, but the worshippers of Shiva, the adorers of Vishnu, a multitude of Mahomedans, both of the Soonee and Shiah sects, Protestant and Catholic half-castes, and even Jews and Ghebirs. By this intermixture, unparalleled in history, the chances of any considerable combination, either for the purposes of military revolt or political hostility, have been considerably reduced. Although all classes live together on terms of mutual forbearance, and this amazing diversity of religious sentiment in no way interrupts the chain of military subordination, no sooner are their professional duties at an end, than the distinctions of religion and caste return with undiminished influence. When the regimental parade is dismissed, the soldiers break into separate knots, the gradation of caste is restored, the distinctions of faith return; the Sudra sergeant makes his *salaam* to the Brahmin or the Rajpoot private; the Mussulman avoids the Christian, the Shiah the Soonee, the Hindoo all; and an almost impassable barrier of mutual distrust and jealousy obstructs all amalgamation of opinion, or unity of action, even upon those national objects which separately interest the whole body. Thus the heterogeneous and discordant mass is kept in a state of complete subordination by the only power among them which possesses the inestimable advantage of unity of action; and the British government, strong in its established probity, and the good faith with which it observes its engagements both towards its subjects and its enemies, is enabled to maintain an undisputed dominion over its innumerable and multifarious subjects."

The following is our author's description of the Sepoy Force, which, when our readers shall have perused, they will be the better able to estimate the

wisdom of those economical considerations which have prompted a reduction in their pay and allowances, and thus made it doubtful how far they can at present be calculated upon as faithful and efficient soldiers in the coming contest:—

"Among all the prodigies attending the British dominions in India, none, perhaps, is so extraordinary as the rise, progress, and fidelity of the Sepoy Force. It was in Bombay that these invaluable auxiliaries were originally organised, and the first mention of them in history is when a corps of 100 natives from Bombay, and 400 from Tellicherry, assisted the army at Madras in 1747. From these humble beginnings has arisen the present magnificent native army of India, which at one period amounted to nearly three hundred thousand men, and even now, on a reduced peace establishment, numbers a hundred and ninety-five thousand. Their ranks have from the first been filled indiscriminately with recruits of all nations and religious persuasions; and Mahomedans, Hindoos, Parsees, Jews, and Christians are to be found blended among them, without the distinction of race having ever interfered with the unity of action, or the difference of religion ever shaken fidelity to duty. The whole have throughout been raised entirely by voluntary enrolment, without a conscription or forced levy having ever been found necessary; and, great as the present army is, it could be quadrupled in a few months, if the circumstances of the Indian government required such an augmentation of force. The facility with which vast armies can be raised in the east, when compared to the violent measures by which it has been found necessary in Europe to accomplish the same object, appears at first sight surprising; but it ceases to be so, when the effects of the distinction of castes, and the relative situation of the Sepoy soldiers and the other classes of the community, are considered. The military form a distinct caste in all the Hindoo communities; and from father to son, deeds of arms are handed down, as the only object of honourable ambition, the true incitement to glorious exploit. The Rajpoot of Bengal is born a soldier. The mother recounts acts of heroism to her infant; from earliest youth he is habituated to the use and exercise of arms. Even when still a child, the future warrior is accustomed to handle the sword and dagger, and to look without fear on the implements of death. If his father tills the ground, the sword and shield are placed near the furrow, and moved as his labour advances. The

frame of the youth is constantly strengthened by martial exercises; he is habitually temperate in his diet; of a generous though warm disposition; and, if well treated, zealous, faithful, and obedient. It was from this military caste that the chief Indian armies were first formed, and they still form the strength of the native infantry. In process of time, however, as our empire has extended into more distant regions, the military qualities of its varied inhabitants have been called into action; and the desultory activity of the Mahratta horse, not less than the firm intrepidity of the Mysore cavalry, or the chivalrous valour of the Affghan gunners, have contributed to the formation of our mighty dominions.

"Unlike the soldier of Europe, the sepoy is an object of envy to his less fortunate compatriots. His profession gives him the precedency, not less in general estimation than in that of his caste, to persons engaged in civil occupations; and his pay is so considerable as to raise him, both in station and enjoyments, far above his brethren who are left behind him in his native village. Each private sepoy is attended by two servants: in the field there are, at an average, nine followers to every two fighting men: a system which gives to a hundred thousand men, in a campaign, nearly five hundred thousand attendants: and goes far to explain both the prodigious hosts recorded in history, as commanded by Xerxes and Darius, and the facility with which they were routed by a comparatively small body of Greeks, all real soldiers. Such a mode of carrying on war augments to a great degree the difficulty of providing subsistence for so prodigious a multitude as attend every considerable army, but it renders it comparatively an easy matter to raise a military force. When the pay given to a private soldier is so considerable as to admit of his keeping two servants in the camp, and a still greater number in the field, no want of recruits will ever be experienced: the real difficulty is to find resources adequate to the support of a large army at that elevated standard. When Cromwell gave half a crown a day to every dragoon, he readily got recruits for the parliamentary armies.

"The Indian infantry can hardly be said to be equal, even when led by British officers, to that of England; and, when left to the direction of their own leaders, evince the general inferiority of the Asiatic race to the European; but it is only in the last extremity or most trying situations that this difference is conspicuous, and for the ordinary duties of a campaign, no troops in the world are

superior to the sepoys. In many of the most essential duties of a soldier,—sobriety during duty, patience under privation, docility in learning, hardihood in undergoing fatigue, steady enduring valour, and fidelity to their colours under every temptation to swerve from them, the Indian auxiliaries might serve as a model to every service in Europe. Nay, examples are numerous, in which, emulous of the deeds of their British comrades, they have performed deeds of daring worthy of being placed beside the most exalted of European glory, and instances are not wanting where they have unhesitatingly faced dangers, before which even English troops had recoiled. The native cavalry is of more recent introduction than the infantry, but it is not less admirable in many of the most valuable qualities: the men are fearless riders, indefatigable in the service of light troops, sober and vigilant; they take exemplary care of their horses, many of which are of the best Persian and Arabian breeds, and in the sword exercise or single combat are superior to almost any of the cavaliers of Europe. Nor is the artillery inferior to any in the world, either in the perfection of the material, the condition of the horses, or the coolness, precision, or bravery of the gunners. The immense host is entirely under the direction of British officers, nearly five thousand of whom are employed in this important service; but the non-commissioned officers and subalterns always were natives, and the avenue to more elevated promotion is now opened to the most deserving of their number. In the shock of a regular charge alone, the native horse is still inferior to the British, a peculiarity which has distinguished the cavalry of the eastern and western worlds in every age, from the days of Marathon to those of the Crusades."

Many and striking are the instances to which our author refers, not only of the endurance and bravery, but of the fidelity of this singular force to their European masters; the secret of which, as he justly observes:—

"Is to be found in the wise and magnanimous policy with which the East India Company, through every vicissitude of fortune, have made good their engagements, and the inviolable fidelity with which they have rewarded the services of the troops engaged in their ranks. From the earliest times the Indian princes have known no other way of paying their troops than by quartering them on some of the hereditary or conquered provinces of their dominions; where,

though military license was allowed every latitude in the exaction of their pay or provisions, the soldiers experienced great difficulty, and were subject to a most vexatious uncertainty in the recovery of their dues. When, therefore, instead of the harassing and oppressive system, the Indian troops found that they received their daily pay as regularly as an English soldier, that their wants were all provided for by a vigilant and honest government; that no sullen fraud or chicanery was permitted to intercept the just rewards of their valour; and that, after a certain number of years' service, they were permitted to retire on ample allowances, or a grant of land which formed a little patrimony to themselves and their descendants; they were struck with astonishment, and conceived the most unbounded confidence in a power which had thus for the first time set them the example of an upright and beneficent administration. Power in India, even more than elsewhere in the world, founded on opinion; and the belief which gradually spread universally that the East India Company would, with perfect regularity and good faith, discharge all its engagements, formed a magnet of attraction which in the end drew almost all the strength and military virtue of the Peninsula to its standards. When minutely examined, it will be found that it was neither the military discipline, nor the scientific acquisitions, nor the political talents of the British which gave them the empire of India, for all these were matched in the ranks of their enemies, recruited and directed as they were by French officers; but their HONESTY AND GOOD FAITH, which filled them with confidence in each other, and inspired the same reliance in the native powers; qualities which, though often over-reached in the outset by cunning and perfidy, generally prove more than a match for them in the end, and are destined ultimately to give to the Anglo-Saxon race the dominion of the globe."

How long this wise and magnanimous policy may be persevered in, under a predominantly democratic constitution, a very little time will now decide; but it can scarcely be doubted, that any serious departure from it, by which the *present* may be made to usurp the consideration due to the *permanent*, and the crude and narrow views of interested ephemeral traffickers, which look not beyond immediate gain, to supersede the far-sighted and provident arrangements of a body, having, as it were, *an estate for ever* in those distant and extensive provinces,

will be the prelude to the final overthrow of British power, when our splendid eastern empire will entirely pass away, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

The rapid growth of this mighty empire, under a company of British merchants, and the amazing disproportion still subsisting between the British and the native residents, is thus well described:—

"To complete the almost fabulous wonders of this oriental dominion, it only requires to be added, that it has been achieved by a mercantile company in an island of the Atlantic, possessing no territorial force at home: who merely took into their temporary pay, while in India, such parts of the English troops as could be spared from the contests of European ambition; who never had at any period thirty thousand British soldiers in their service, while their civil and military servants did not amount to six thousand; the number of persons under their auspices who proceed yearly to India, is never six hundred, and the total number of white inhabitants who reside among the two hundred millions of the sable population, is hardly eight thousand! So enormous, indeed, is the disproportion between the British rulers and their native subjects, that it is literally true what the Hindoos say, that if every one of the followers of Bramah were to throw a handful of earth on the Europeans, they would be buried alive in the midst of their conquests."

We cannot afford to follow Mr. Alison in his brilliant sketch of British conquests, under Lord Cornwallis's and Lord Wellesley's administration. Suffice it to say, it is sufficiently full for all purposes of information to the general reader, and may be read with advantage by many who take an interest in Asiatic concerns, even without any reference to the importance of India as a dependency of the British crown. But we must add, that a greater degree of abridgment and condensation might have been practised, without any departure from the principles by which he should have been regulated in composing a history of Europe from the commencement of the French revolution.

In the work before us, we have what Mr. Alison intended as a full-length portrait of the Duke of Wellington; and, while it contains what appears to us internal evidence that it is a favourite with the author, we freely confess that he has seldom written any

thing which we have perused with less satisfaction. It wants all the characteristics which, in the depiction of character, should mark the historic style—the deliberative calmness which affords a pledge of impartiality—the practised sagacity and penetration, which bespeaks an insight into human nature—the power of depicting, by a few felicitous strokes, the leading peculiarities in the mind, or conduct, of the individual described, so as to exhibit how he was discriminated from other men, and how far he was indebted to art, or how far to nature; and that judicious estimate of the circumstances in which he was placed, which might serve to show how far his greatness was adventitious or real—the creature of accident, or the acquisition of worth and genius. And instead of this, our author has substituted a strain of high-flown panegyric, in which he appears more in the character of the flatterer of the living great man, than the severe and dignified appraiser of human conduct, by whom a just impression of the moral actors, on the great stage of the world, may be transmitted to posterity.

Against such a course, we would feel that we deserted our duty, if we did not enter a strong protest. Indeed we do not approve of the practice of going, in detail, into the character of an individual, before that period when his life and actions may be so fully before the public, as to enable the reader to see clearly, and in detail, how far the conduct which he pursued, and the qualities which he exemplified, either support or discredit the judgment of the historian. The interest of history consists very much in the *development* of character; and the writer, who aspires to a permanent reputation, should endeavour to trace its growth, and wait upon the progress of events, before he describes the finished product. Thus he will best ensure that his own motives shall not be misconstrued, and that perfect justice may be done to his subject. The contrary practice, that of making the character anticipate the life, we hold as liable to grave objections, both as tempting the writer to be panegyric overmuch, and depriving the reader of the instruction, as well as the interest to be derived from the more legitimate exercise of the province of the historian.

We agree substantially with Mr. Alison, when he says, "there are few whose public character possesses, with so many excellencies, so simple and

unblemished a complexion;" but we do not think that he has hit upon, or discriminated, those simple and elementary qualities, so as to render them characteristic. To our minds they appear to be, an energetic temperament, vigorous common sense, a strong sense of duty, great promptitude of resolve, and inflexible fixedness of determination. Never did a man exist who viewed the various relations in which he has, at different times, been placed, with a more single eye, or evinced, in his public conduct, a more utter disregard of personal considerations. There was something in the simple, straightforward manliness of all his proceedings, which alike despised finesse, and put to flight temptation; so that it could scarcely, with more truth, be said, that he resisted opportunities of wealth and of aggrandisement, which would have been felt irresistible by many other men, as that he never suffered himself to dally with them for an instant, when they appeared opposed to his sense of what was right, which was, indeed, his polar star, and might with less propriety be called a principle in his mind, than a passionate instinct of his nature. When, at the termination of the Marhatta war, Mohiput Ram, at a secret conference, offered him ten lacs of rupees, (£70,000,) for some information respecting the particular districts which were to be ceded, by treaty, to his master, the Nizam. "Can you keep a secret?" asked the Duke, with affected earnestness. "I can," said Mohiput Ram, fully and eagerly expecting the desired disclosure. "So can I," was the answer. And yet, his early difficulties had taught him keenly the value of money, and he looked with sufficiently longing eyes at the great prizes of worldly ambition; but even the richest of them was not, for a moment, to be thought of, when the consideration of it involved any violation of the principles of truth or honour.

But we begin to feel, ourselves, the temptation which Mr. Alison was unable to resist—namely, that of being panegyric overmuch; and can the more readily excuse him, when we consider the difficulty which, in the ardour of his admiration, he must have felt, so to subdue the tone of his colouring, as that it might, in all respects, harmonize with the character of this simple, straightforward, and gallant soldier.

The campaign of 1809, during which the battles of Ecmuhl, Aspern, and Wagram were fought, is the subject of

some of our author's most animated chapters ; and the readers who follow him through the important and interesting details upon which he enters, cannot fail to be struck by the fulness of his information, and the force and the felicity of his descriptions.

Of Mr. Alison's capabilities as the describer of the mixed and tumultuous events of a battle, we have, in former numbers, spoken as he deserves, and furnished our readers with instances of a graphical power, in that particular, which might stand a comparison with any exhibited by the ablest of our historians. We are, therefore, the less disposed to draw upon this volume for similar scenes, the more especially as we do not think that he is equally felicitous as on former occasions, and rather felt that there was sometimes a turbulent wordiness which struggled to be grand, instead of the regulated and concentrated energy, which is content with being clear and forcible. The describer of a battle should never write, as though he himself were mixed up with the battle, and partook of the enthusiasm of the troops ; but rather as if he contemplated the whole from some aerial observatory, where he stood alone and unassailable,

"Above the arrows, shouts, and fears of men,"

and as incapable of being infected with the passions of those whose evolutions he depicts, as he was of being exposed to their vicissitudes, or affected by their dangers. Mr. Alison would do well to remember this for the future, and to take Cæsar as his example, who knew something both of fighting and of description, rather than the most gasconading of the French writers, whose object it frequently was to flatter a national prejudice, or fall in with a popular delusion.

In the following passage we have an exceedingly lively picture of the indefatigable vigour of the French emperor, immediately previous to the battle of Eckmühl, which was followed by such important results ; and the manner in which, by his distribution of honours and rewards, he was wont to captivate the hearts of his soldiers, after his most brilliant victories :—

"It was by great activity and the nicest calculation of time, that these astonishing results had been obtained ; and never had the Emperor displayed in a more striking manner the indefatigable energy of his character. Unwearied by a rapid journey, night and day, for six successive

days, from Paris, he no sooner arrived at Donauwerth, than he began the incessant questioning and correspondence, which, with him, were the invariable preludes to great achievements. His letters to his lieutenants during the next five days would, of themselves, make a volume. His calculation of time was so exact, and the habits of precise obedience on the part of his generals so complete, that his divisions invariably arrived on the ground assigned them at the very moment on which he relied, and when their operation was required ; and generally again marched and combated on the day following, without any intermediate repose. By this means, though his forces were not, upon the whole, more numerous, at least at that period, than those of the Austrians, they were almost always greatly superior at the point of attack. Nor did the Emperor shun the fatigue which he thus imposed on his soldiers ; on the contrary, not one of them underwent anything like the mental and bodily labour to which he subjected himself. From the morning of the 19th, when the battle of Abensberg began, till the night of the 23d, when that of Ratisbon terminated, he was on horseback, or dictating letters, at least eighteen hours a day ; he had outstripped his own saddle-horses by the rapidity of his journey, and knocked up those of the King of Bavaria by the fatigue they had undergone ; and when all around him were ready to drop down with exhaustion, he began to read and dictate despatches, and sat up half the night receiving reports from the generals and marshals, and completing the directions for the succeeding day. He has himself told us that his manœuvres at this time in Bavaria were the most brilliant of his life ; and without going the length of so extraordinary an eulogium, it may safely be affirmed that they never were excelled by the operations either of himself or any other general.

"On the day following, the Emperor reviewed a great part of his army at Ratisbon, and one of those imposing spectacles was exhibited, which, almost as much as his military talents, contributed to his astonishing successes. As each regiment defiled before him, Napoleon demanded from the colonel who were the most deserving among the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, and in presence of the army conferred their honours upon them. On those interesting occasions he decided alone, and often conferred the reward on a common soldier in preference to those of higher grade who were recommended. He recognised some of the veterans of Marengo or the

Pyramids as they were presented to him, and when conferring the cross, gave them a signal of recognition by a slight tap on the cheek or clap on the shoulder, accompanied by a kind expression, as 'I make you a baron or a chevalier.' One of these veterans, on being presented, asked the Emperor if he did not recognise him. 'How should I?' answered Napoleon. 'It was me,' replied the soldier, 'who in the desert of Syria, at the moment of your utmost necessity, gave you a portion of my rations.' Napoleon at once recognised him, and said, 'Oh! I recollect you perfectly, and make you a knight, with an annual endowment of twelve hundred francs.' (501.) These heart-thrilling scenes excited the usual transports among the soldiers; but in the troops of the confederation, upon whom honours and bounties were showered, and to whom they were perfectly new, they produced an unbounded impression; and it then appeared how strongly the German heart was capable of being moved by those appeals to honour and generous feeling, of which the allied sovereigns in after times so largely availed themselves. At the same time forty of the most deserving of the 65th regiment, which had capitulated at Ratibon, were admitted into the old guard, to show that the Emperor entertained no displeasure at that corps for that untoward event; and a proclamation was addressed to the army, which, with just pride, though in exaggerated terms, recounted their great exploits."

Such was Buonaparte triumphant, when he was most favoured by fortune. Let us now take a view of him when fortune was not his friend—when, at the battle of Aspern, he for the first time experienced defeat in a general action, and was compelled to take shelter, with the remnant of his army, in the island of Lobau, where he was cut off, apparently, from all resources, and surrounded by exulting enemies. We doubt if he ever, in the most brilliant of his triumphs, appeared to such advantage:—

"Driven back with all his army into an island in the Danube, after sustaining this frightful loss, the French Emperor, at ten at night, hastily called a council of war on the margin of the river. Seated under a tree which overhung the stream, Napoleon beheld the great bridge in the central channel entirely swept away, and the lesser one of pontoons to the intermediate island of Reduit also in ruins. Retreat to the southern bank from the island of Lobau was evidently impossible;

for the Danube, which had risen fourteen feet during the three preceding days, from the melting of the snows in the Alps of Tyrol, was rolling impetuously in a raging flood, which had carried down every boat in the main channel, overflowed the whole low grounds in the island, and rendered even the narrow branch which separated them from the Marchfeld, usually only a few feet deep, a rapid and dangerous torrent. Never was an army assembled under more disastrous circumstances than the French on that memorable night. To the deep roar of artillery, the shouts of the combatants, and the incessant clang of musketry, had succeeded a silence yet more awful, interrupted only by the challenges of the sentinels, as they paced their melancholy rounds, or the groans of the wounded, who, without covering or shelter of any kind, lay scattered on the humid surface. Above twenty thousand brave men were there, weltering in their blood, or murmuring in their last moments a prayer for their mother, their children, their country. Gloom had seized on every mind—despair had penetrated the bravest hearts. It was universally known that the artillery ammunition was exhausted, and the communication with the southern bank cut off; and it was difficult to see how an attack from the enemy on the succeeding day could be resisted with any prospect of success. Nearly half the combatants had fallen: every one, even though unhurt himself, had to deplore the death of a friend, a comrade, a benefactor. Provisions there were none in the island; succour for the wounded, burial for the dead, were alike beyond the strength of the wearied survivors. A few were still buoyant with hope, and protesting they had not been defeated, vociferously demanded a renewal of the combat on the morrow; but the great majority, in gloomy silence, mused upon their fate, and not a few openly murmured against the chief, whose imprudence and obstinacy had brought them into a situation where victory was hopeless and retreat impossible.

"The influence of these gloomy feelings strongly appeared in the opinions of the chiefs who attended Napoleon at his council of war on the banks of the island of Lobau. The bravest marshals of the army, Massena, Davoust, Berthier, Oudinot, were there; but they unanimously and strongly expressed the opinion that it was necessary to retire entirely to the right bank of the river. Napoleon heard them all, and then observed—'But, gentlemen, when you advise me to withdraw across the river, it is the same thing as desiring me to retreat to Strasburg. W

can no longer cross but in boats, and that is to say, it is nearly impracticable, and could not be effected without abandoning the wounded, the artillery, the horses, which would entirely disorganise the army. Shall we abandon the wounded? Shall twenty thousand brave men add to the trophies of the enemy? Shall we thus openly proclaim, in the face of Europe, that we have been vanquished? If we repass the Danube, the enemy will instantly do the same, and then we shall never find rest until we are under the cannon of Strasburg. Is it on the Traun, the Inn, or the Lech, that we can make a stand? No, we shall speedily be driven behind the Rhine, and all the allies whom victory has given us, will at once pass over to the enemy. Shall we add to the loss of these two days that of the men who are now dispersed among the woods of these islands? If I retire to Vienna, the Archduke will pass the Danube at Lintz, and I shall be under the necessity of marching to meet him, and sacrificing twenty thousand more in the hospitals, one half of whom, if I remain here, will rejoin their standards in a month. In a few days Eugene will descend from the Alps of Styria; the half of Lefebvre's corps will be disposable from the Tyrol; and even if the enemy, by passing at Lintz, should menace our existing retreat, we will have a clear route open into Italy, where, with eight corps assembled, we shall speedily regain our ascendancy. We must therefore remain at Lobau; you, Massena, will complete what you have so gloriously begun; you can alone restrain the Archduke, and prevent his advancing, during the few days which are necessary to re-establish our communications.'

"The marshals, struck by the justice as well as fortitude of these remarks, all assented to the Emperor's opinions; and it was resolved to defend the isle of Lobau to the last extremity. The whole engineers and sappers in the island were immediately embarked for the right bank, and at midnight the Emperor committed himself to a frail bark with Berthier and Savary, and was ferried across the roaring flood to Ebersdorf. He leant on Savary's arm in passing from the bark to the village; but though his mind laboured, he was not agitated. Exhausted by fatigue, he threw himself on some straw, and took a few hours' sleep; but shortly after day-break he was again on horseback, actively organising the transmission of provisions to the troops in the island, and preparing the means of re-establishing the bridges."

Here it was that, by the supineness

and mismanagement of the coalition, he was suffered to prepare for the battle of Wagram, by which he again established his ascendancy in Europe, when, by a vigorous and united effort, his effectual overthrow might have been completed. But the Archduke John, by his disobedience of orders, paralyzed the Austrians; and England was, as yet, timid as a land power, and knew not the might of that arm of its service, which Wellington so soon after led to victory.

There is a painful interest in the account which our author gives of the heroic struggle in the Tyrol, during which the brave mountaineers were so cruelly mocked by hopes of assistance which never arrived; and, in the end, so basely abandoned to the wrath of the immitigable conqueror. The characters of the rustic warriors are sketched with much spirit and effect; but we desiderate a livelier abhorrence of the baseness and wickedness of the sanguinary tyrant, who, although not naturally a bad man, was always steeled by reasons of state against the impulses of humanity, and, where the interests of his unprincipled ambition seemed to require it, found no difficulty in trampling to the dust the best and holiest instincts of our nature. The following is Mr. Alison's description of the discovery of Hofer in his place of concealment, and the treatment which he received from his captors:—

"His place of concealment was a lonely alpine hut, four leagues distant from his home, in general inaccessible from the snow which surrounded it. In that deep solitude he was furnished, by stealth, with provisions by a few faithful followers, and more than once visited by secret messengers from the Emperor of Austria, who in vain used every entreaty to induce him to abandon the Tyrol, and accept an asylum in the Imperial dominions. But Hofer steadily refused all their offers, declaring his resolution to be fixed never to abandon his country or family. He even resisted all their entreaties to shave his beard, or use any disguise which might prevent his person from being known to the enemy. At length he was seized by a French force of sixteen hundred men, led by Douay, once his intimate friend, whom the magnitude of the reward induced to betray his benefactor. Two thousand more were in readiness to support them; the column set out at midnight, and, after marching four leagues over ice and snow, surrounded the hut at five in the morning on the 5th January.

No sooner did Hofer hear the voice of the officer inquiring for him than he quietly came to the door and delivered himself up. He was immediately bound, and marched down his beloved valley, amidst the tears of the inhabitants and the shouts of the French soldiers, to Bolsano, and thence by Trent to Mantua.

"On his journey, he was treated by the French officers, and particularly General Baraguay d'Hilliers, with the kindness which true valour ever pays to misfortune, and which, in his case, was well deserved by the efforts he had uniformly made to protect the French prisoners who fell into his hands. On his arrival at Mantua, a court-martial was immediately summoned, with General Bison, the governor of the fortress, whom he had formerly vanquished, at its head, to try him for combating against the French after the last proclamation of Eugene Beauharnois offering a general amnesty. The proceedings were very short, as the facts charged were at once admitted by the accused; but, notwithstanding this, a very great difference of opinion prevailed as to the punishment to be inflicted. A majority were for confinement; two had the courage to vote for his entire deliverance; but a telegraphic despatch from Milan decided the question, by ordering his death within twenty-four hours; thus putting it out of the power of Austria to interfere. He received his sentence with unshaken firmness, though he had no idea previously that his life was endangered; and only requested that he might be attended by a confessor, which was immediately complied with. By this priest, Manifesti, who never quitted him till his death, he transmitted his last adieu to his family, and every thing he possessed to be delivered to his countrymen, consisting of five hundred florins in Austrian bank-notes, his silver snuff-box, and beautiful rosary, which he had constantly carried about with him. In the intervals of religious duty, he conversed eagerly about the Tyrolese war, expressing always his firm conviction that sooner or later his countrymen would be re-united to the Austrian government.

"On the following morning he was led out to execution. As he passed by the barracks on the Porta Molina, where the Tyrolese prisoners were confined, they fell on their knees and wept aloud; those who were near enough to approach his escort, threw themselves on the ground and implored his blessing. This he freely gave them, requesting their forgiveness for the misfortunes in which he had involved their country, and assuring them,

that he felt confident they would, ere long, return under the dominion of their beloved Emperor, to whom he cried out the last 'Vivat!' with a clear and steady voice. On the broad bastion, a little distance from the Porta Ceresa, the grenadiers formed a square, open in the rear, while twelve men and a corporal stood forth with loaded pieces. A drummer offered Hofer a white handkerchief to bandage his eyes, and requested him to kneel; but this he refused, saying, 'that he was used to stand upright before his Creator, and in that posture he would deliver up his spirit to him.' Having then presented the corporal who commanded the detachment with his whole remaining property, consisting of twenty kreutzers, and uttered a few words expressive of attachment to his sovereign and country, he faced the guard, and with a loud voice pronounced the word 'Fire!' On the first discharge he sunk only on one knee: a merciful shot, however, at length dispatched him!"

And now we come to what is decidedly the greatest blemish in this, or any of the former volumes of our author, and which indicates a raw and jejune apprehension of spiritual things, and a want of insight into the principles which regulate the divine administration of the moral world, which is highly discreditable to the philosophical historian.

While Buonaparte was combating the great powers of Europe with his arms, he was engaged in a contest of a different description with his holiness the pope, and sought, by dexterity and address, to baffle the practised adroitness of the Vatican, and to convert the chair of St. Peter into an instrument of spiritual dominion, which should shed a grace and a sanctity upon his unhallowed usurpations. The pope was nothing loath to try his hand, at his own weapons, with such an adversary; and hoped to win back for the tiara much of the temporal dominion which it had lost, in exchange for the *condescension* with which he made the offices of religion minister to the ambition of the man of blood. But while the French emperor was fully alive to the value of spiritual considerations, as far as they might be regarded as sanctions of his power, he had no notion whatever of gratifying his holiness, by paying for them the price which he expected. The time, he imagined, had gone by, when a priest should be indulged with temporal dominion; and accordingly he lent a

deaf ear to the importunate applications of his holiness, who found, to his infinite chagrin, that the wages of his iniquity were likely to be withheld, after he had stooped to compliances by which he was degraded in the eyes of Europe. He, accordingly, waxed petulant and restive; and was by no means the compliant and accommodating vassal which Buonaparte had hoped to find him. The cardinal Pacca, a wily and determined intriguer, had gained his entire confidence; and he expected, still, to secure some portion of those objects upon which his heart was set, and even to make the conqueror of Europe as great an instrument for the exaltation of the papacy, as that conqueror had meditated to make of him, for exalting and consecrating the power of the sword.

It is to be observed, that as long as ever Pope Pius had a prospect of compassing the schemes of worldly ambition upon which he was intent, there was scarcely any compliance which he declined, no matter how seriously it might have compromised the sacredness of his character, or militated against the best interests of true religion. When he consented to travel to Paris, for the purpose of placing the crown of Charlemagne on the brow of an unprincipled soldier of fortune, he showed the lengths which he was willing to go for the attainment of his darling objects. But when every hope of attaining those objects was at an end; and when Buonaparte clearly manifested his determination neither to be entrapped by finesse, nor to yield to entreaty; and even proceeded to the length of stripping him of the little remnant of temporal power which he still possessed,—then, at length, the indignation of his holiness was awakened, and he proposed to fulminate against his imperious oppressor those spiritual censures which lay dormant so long as the object of them had only imbrued his hands in innocent blood, or invaded the independence of other unoffending nations. The following is the description which Mr. Alison gives of this last act of violence, which seemed, at the time, to have given a finishing blow to the continuance of the papal empire:—

“ Though the assembly of the troops took place on the preceding night, it was not till six o'clock on the following morning that the entry of the palace itself took

place. The Pope and Cardinal Pacca were awakened by the strokes of the hatchets which broke down the interior doors, and both instantly rising, perceived, from the tumult in the court, glitter of arms, and troops in all quarters, that the French had effected an entrance into the palace. The holy father expected immediate death; he called for the ring which his predecessor Pius VI. had worn when dying, the gift of Queen Clotilda, and, putting it on his finger, looked at it with calm satisfaction. To prevent further violence, the doors were thrown open, and Radet with his officers and gendarmes entered the apartment, where the pope stood between Cardinal Pacca, Cardinal Despuig, and a few other faithful prelates. Radet then, in a respectful manner, pale and trembling with emotion, announced to his holiness that he was charged with a painful duty; but that he was obliged to declare to him, that he must renounce the temporal sovereignty of Rome and the ecclesiastical states, and that, if he refused, he must conduct him to General Miollis, who would assign him his ulterior place of destination. The pope, without agitation, replied that if the obligations of a soldier required of him such a duty, those of a pontiff imposed on him others still more sacred; that the emperor might ‘cut him in pieces, but would never extract from him such a resignation, which he neither could, nor ought, nor would subscribe. Radet then ordered him to prepare for immediate departure, intimating that Cardinal Pacca might accompany him on the journey. The pontiff immediately complied; and the French general having assured him that nothing in his palace should be violated, he said, with a smile, ‘He who makes light of his own life, is not likely to be disquieted for the loss of his effects.’ Their preparations having been quickly made, the pontiff took his place in the carriage, with Cardinal Pacca by his side, and, escorted by a powerful body of French cavalry, soon passed the Porta del Popolo, and emerged into the open and desert Campagna. ‘Cardinal,’ said the pope, ‘we did well to publish the bull of excommunication on the 10th, or how could it have been done now?’ At the first post-house he wished to give some charity to a poor person; but, upon inquiry of Cardinal Pacca, he found that between them they had only a papetto, or tenpence. He showed it, smilingly, to Radet, saying, ‘Behold, general, all that we possess of our principality!’ ”

But it is to the following passage we would principally direct the attention of our readers, in which Mr. Alison

professes to see a moral connection between the fate which ultimately overtook Buonaparte himself, and the conduct which he pursued on this occasion towards the father of the faithful. The following are his words :—

“ ‘What does the pope mean?’ said Napoleon to Eugene, in July, 1807, ‘by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? *Does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?*’ Within two years after these remarkable words were written, the pope did excommunicate him, in return for the confiscation of his whole dominions; and in less than four years more, the arms *did fall from the hands of his soldiers*; and the hosts, apparently invincible, which he had collected, were dispersed and ruined by the blasts of winter: he extorted from the supreme pontiff at Fontainebleau, in 1813, by the terrors and exhaustion of a long captivity, a renunciation of the rights of the church over the Roman states; and within a year after, he himself was compelled, at Fontainebleau, to sign the abdication of all his dominions: he consigned Cardinal Pacca and several other prelates, the courageous counsellors of the bull of excommunication, to a dreary imprisonment of four years amidst the snows of the Alps; and he himself was shortly after doomed to a painful exile of six on the rock of St. Helena! There is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operations of chance, and which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages. The world had not gone back a thousand years, but that Being existed, with whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years. And, without ascribing any deviation from ordinary laws to these events, or supposing that the common Father, ‘who sees with equal eye, as Lord of all,’ the varied modes of worship of his different creatures, had interposed in a peculiar manner in favour of any particular church, we may, without presumption, rest in the humble belief, that the laws of the moral world are of universal application; that there are limits to the oppression of virtue even in this scene of trial; and that, when a power, elevated on the ascendancy of passion and crime, has gone such a length as to outrage alike the principles of justice and the religious feelings of a whole quarter of the globe, the period is not far distant when the aroused indignation of mankind will bring about its punishment.”

Now upon this we must remark,

that it is perfectly childish to make the words “Does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?” and which were spoken with reference to the effect of a papal excommunication in modern times, have their fulfilment more than three years after amidst the snows of Russia, when the French troops were benumbed with cold. It was not the effect of intense frost which the French emperor meant to deny, but only of those weapons from the spiritual armoury of the Vatican, which formerly were wielded with such tremendous power, but in his day had lost all their importance. In despite of that excommunication his soldiers still fought and conquered; nor is there any more traceable connection between the words and their presumed fulfilment, so as to justify a moral inference, than there can be imagined between the same words, and the causes which give rise to the severity of a Russian winter.

But if the writer means that Buonaparte's downfall and punishment was a judgment upon him for his conduct to the pope, verily we must say that there were other events in his life which must have rendered him more obnoxious to the divine malediction;—and that if he reflected at all in the solitude of St. Helena, it was not his treatment of the wily Italian that caused him most pain, and which, in comparison with other pungent remembrances, might well have been forgotten or disregarded; but his murder of Palm, his murder of Wright, his murder of the Duke de Engien, his murder of Touissant L'Overture, his base repudiation of his lawful wife, his profligate disregard of treaties, his unprincipled invasion of unoffending states, his determination to subordinate every consideration, human and divine, to the gratification of an all-devouring ambition—these were adequate causes of the divine displeasure, which we all can perfectly understand; but, omitting all consideration of them, to connect the overthrow and the exile of this extraordinary man, prominently, with his deposition and imprisonment of the pope, and that, by the misapplication of a metaphor, may fall in, very well, with the superstition of a monk, but is altogether unpardonable in a rational historian.

The following observations upon the want of wisdom observable in the policy of revolutionary England, are very just, with the exception of the strong approval conveyed of the measure which erected Holland and Bel-

gium into a separate kingdom. Of that we have always doubted the policy. The materials were too heterogeneous ever to coalesce; and nothing, in our judgment, could have followed but dismemberment and alienation:—

“It is one of the most singular facts in the history of mankind, that the English government, after having for a hundred and fifty years contended for the attainment of this object, and at length secured it, by the restoration, under the guarantee of the European powers, of the seventeen provinces into one united dominion, should have voluntarily, within twenty years afterwards, undone the work of its own hands; aided in the partition of the Netherlands into two separate states, alike incapable of maintaining their independence, one of which necessarily fell under the dominion of her enemies; and at length actually joined her fleets to the Gallic revolutionary armies to restore Antwerp, the great stronghold prepared by Napoleon for our subjugation, to the son-in-law of France, and the sway of the tricolor flag! Such a proceeding would be unparalleled in history, if it were not equalled, perhaps exceeded, by the refusal at the same time to lend any assistance to the Grand Seignior, then reduced to the last straits by the defeat of Koniah, and consequent abandonment of him to the arms of Russia, who failed not, as the price of protection, to exact the humiliating treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, and the exclusion of the British flag from the Dardanelles and the Black Sea. Thus, in our anxiety to restore Antwerp, the fulcrum from which our independence is to be assailed in Western Europe, to France, we have surrendered Constantinople, the bulwark of the east, the key of our eastern dominions, to Russia! The simultaneous occurrence of two such acts on the part of government, without any mark of disapprobation, save from the reflecting few in the country, proves that there are occasions in which, under the influence of faction and in the heat of political contest, a nation may not only lose its reason, but become insensible to the strongest even of all animal instincts, that of self-preservation.”

There is one other point upon which we are desirous of offering a very few remarks, as it is a position of our author which we feel the more anxious that he reconsider and qualify, because, in its true acceptation, it is most important; and that is, the value of an aristocratic, and the danger of a democratic government. He neglects no proper op-

portunity of enlarging upon the advantages of the one, and the disadvantages of the other, and is able to point to many instances, in which prudence, fortitude, foresight, have been evinced by the former; and many, in which rashness, imbecility, and narrow and short-sighted views have characterised the latter. The one have often lived for the future, at the expense of the present; the other, generally, live for the present, at the expense of the future, with but little sense of national responsibility, and scarcely any feeling of national honour. Now all this is very true; but there is a deeper truth, of which Mr. Alison seems all unconscious—namely, that unless an aristocracy be enlightened by religious principles, it may be betrayed into errors as fatal as any into which the wildest democracy could fall; and that if a democracy be animated and actuated by sound views of religious truth, it will be preserved from much of the recklessness, by which it would inevitably be characterised, if it were without them.

We would ask Mr. Alison, by whom were the taxes repealed in 1815 and 1816, which carried us triumphantly through the war, and would, if they had been continued, (and he well knows that either they themselves, or substitutes for them, might well have been continued, without any sensible inconvenience being felt by the nation,) have now nearly extinguished the national debt? Was it not by a corrupted and half-enlightened aristocracy? By whom was the sinking fund abolished? Was it not by the same? By whom was church patronage abused, and incompetency so frequently made to take the place of merit? Was it not by the same? By whom was the emancipation act opposed, during the whole of the period when it is just possible that it might have been safely and satisfactorily passed, and passed at the very time when it was most dangerous? Was it not by the same? By whom was the reform bill carried, which has already been productive of so many evils, and still bears in its womb the seeds of organic changes, the most perilous to which the British constitution has ever yet been exposed, and which, if it survive, it must be by the aid of views and principles very different from those which have been hitherto adopted? Was it not by the same? Against all these heavy charges our aristocracy have little or nothing

to offer, except that they were deluded by the bubble of modern liberality, and regarded as antiquated prejudices those wise precautions of their ancestors, by which they would have been protected against such errors and such dangers.

And what is the remedy? Not, assuredly, a recurrence to that aristocratic form of government, either as a consequence, or in spite of which these mistakes have been committed, but a diffusion of right religious principles throughout the bulk of the people. The aristocracy, as an aristocracy, have deliberately parted with their power, and it may not again be resumed; but much may be done to train and educate its present possessors in such a way as to prevent its abuse, and even to render its tempered exercise, conducive, still, to the national greatness and prosperity. A democracy brought fully under the action of religious teachers, by whom their minds and hearts may be beneficially influenced, would, we are persuaded, prove safer depositories of supreme power, than an aristocracy such as that which it has superseded; and it now remains our only hope of escape from the most fearful overthrow that ever befell a nation.

We earnestly wish that Mr. Alison would lay this to heart. When he considers the immense disproportion between the population of the British empire, and the means for their moral and religious instruction, he will see the necessity, on the part of our rulers, for taking some prompt and efficient steps towards supplying so deplorable a deficiency—and a just appreciation of the church of England, in all its varied excellencies, must convince him, that it is only necessary to extend it, and to render it efficient, in order to the production of a greater amount both of moral and political good, than any one religious institute ever yet conferred upon the people by whom it was adopted. It would, indeed, prove to be the cheap defence of the nation.

Against many of the changes to which we have above referred, the religious people of England most strongly

objected. O'Connell could never have swaggered after his present fashion, had *their* voices, or the voices of *their* representatives prevailed. But a spurious liberalism was then ascendant, and religious truth was set at nought upon grounds of political expediency. All this was the work of an aristocracy, who evinced, we are perfectly willing to admit, on other important occasions, much of enlightened patriotism and true wisdom; but they were occasions confined exclusively to the uses and purposes of the present world. Whenever they were called upon to look beyond it, and to contemplate man in his relation to a hereafter, their shortcomings became deplorably apparent. And it is our belief that a well-instructed democracy—a democracy consisting predominantly of the middle classes, whose religious instruction was duly provided for—might be relied upon with more confidence, for the upholding of those institutions which are essential to the promotion and the preservation of the morals of a nation, than a class more ostensibly elevated in rank, but without those sanctifying impressions which constitute the only infallible antiseptic to the contagion of radicalism and revolution.

But we have already exceeded our limits, and must reluctantly leave unextracted many passages which we had marked for quotation, and which afford very favourable specimens of Mr. Alison's powers. Enough has, we trust, been exhibited, to stimulate the curiosity of our readers, and induce them to procure for themselves the volumes to which we have so frequently called their attention. He will, we are assured, forgive us, for using the freedom of literary censors, in animadverting as we have done upon such passages as we could not altogether approve of. But, upon the whole, his work is a valuable addition to the historical literature of the country; and, as his readers will find that it combines instruction with delight, so it is our fervent wish that the author may find it productive of present profit as well as lasting reputation.

THE JOURNAL OF FRANÇAISE KRASINSKA.—PART III.

19th of March, 1799. Tuesday.

THE Prince and Princess Lubomirska left us half an hour since, and here we are once more quite alone. They refused all entreaties to remain yesterday, even though my father reminded them that Monday is an unlucky day for commencing a journey; so finding that they would not listen to reason, he took the wheels off their carriages, which, of course, reduced them to compliance with his wishes. During their stay here they loaded me with caresses, especially the Princess, who testifies the warmest interest in my welfare, and has engaged my parents to send me to Warsaw to finish my education. A lady, Mademoiselle Strumlé, (who has adopted the title of *Madame*), established lately a school for young ladies, which is so excellent for forming the minds and manners, that all young persons of distinction are desirous of finishing their education there. For a lady to have spent some time with Madame Strumlé, is an equal recommendation as if you said of a young man that he had been to Paris or Luneville. The Prince Palatin recommends that I should be directly placed with her, saying that a short period in her establishment would do more towards my acquiring the manners of the court, than *ten* years spent elsewhere—that it is, in fact, indispensable to my having my education perfected. My mother prefers that I should go to the sisters of the Holy Sacrament, thinking that a convent is the only safe place of education for a girl when from under her mother's protection.

I don't know what will be decided, but I am disquieted—agitated! I don't know how it is, but my reading no longer delights me, my work is tiresome, and I feel as if some event interesting to me ought to happen. Before this visit of the Prince and Princess I did not think so much of myself, and I was happier. I often now find myself dwelling with infinite complacency upon the thoughts of my beauty, of which my aunt spoke so much; and I can scarcely now recognize my former light-hearted, innocent self, in the self-centred creature I am lately become. Oh! that the Prince and Princess had not made this visit, or

(for that is a very ill-natured and ungrateful sentence) that they had refrained from telling me so much of their thoughts respecting me!

Sunday, 24th of March.

Thank God! to-morrow we depart for Warsaw! My parents are called there by pressing business, my father having succeeded to the large fortune of my uncle Blaise Krasinski, who has just died. I don't know if I am to be placed at school or not; but I suspect I am not to return here for a long time, from the circumstance that my mother has packed up all my wardrobe, and has altered for me two of her own dresses.

This will be no doubt a most delightful journey! We are to pass a few days with the Starostine at Sulgostow on our way. She has just returned to her palace from a tour. The Starost presented her to his cousins, his friends, and his neighbours, by all of whom she was favourably received. At present she writes that she is fixed at home, and the happier for being there. The Palatin Swidzinski spoke of her in such high terms, in one of his letters to my parents, that they shed tears of joy. Happy Barbara! she is destined never to be a source of any thing but joy to my parents!

Warsaw, 7th of April, 1799.
Sunday.

I can scarcely believe my senses, but surely here I am fixed at Madame Strumlé's celebrated establishment since yesterday! The counsels of the Princess my aunt have prevailed, and carried the day against the sisters of the Holy Sacrament, for which, and all his other mercies, God be praised. I had a great desire to be here, and have been very kindly received.

On our way to Warsaw we rested at Sulgostow, and found the Starostine gay and happy, and the sight of us all completed her delight. She told me that the joy of receiving her parents in her own house could neither be divined nor described, that it must be felt to be comprehended. The table was spread with all the meats, pastry, and wines, that my parents prefer. Barbara remembered their tastes even

to the least thing, and the Starost marvellously well seconds her in her dutiful behaviour to them. My mother happening to remark that Barbara was even more amiable since her marriage than before, he replied—

“Not more amiable, for she is precisely such as I received her from your hands, but she avails herself of this opportunity to testify to you the gratitude she owes you for making her the angel of goodness that she is. For those three days she has been to you only as she is every day of her life to me.”

In thus speaking, the Starost only expressed his feelings without the least exaggeration. He adores my sister, and she feels for him the highest respect, and honours and obeys him as a father. She acquits herself most cleverly of all her household management, of which she has a thorough knowledge, and her manner of reception and of doing the honors of her palace is perfect—replete with grace, ease, and dignity. All the people who accompanied her from Sulgostow are enchanted with their situation.

My parents quitted the Starostine with great regret, and would have liked to prolong their stay at Sulgostow, but I confess I was not very sorry when letters arrived obliging them to take an immediate departure.

It was a sort of happy instinct which led me ardently to desire coming here. I learn with ease, and feel that I shall make rapid progress towards perfection. My education will soon be completed, and I shall take pains to become a superior woman. This is the great desire of my heart, but to attain it I shall require to study much, and to use great perseverance—a quality I am not much blessed with, I fear. I must, first of all, collect my thoughts, and not suffer them to wander as they have been wont to do. Yesterday my mother came to seek me and brought me to a chapel where I confessed and received the sacrament with a view to obtaining the blessing of God upon the manner of life I am entering, and that I may be enabled to make a good use of the learning I shall acquire.

When I am here long enough to become acquainted with the ways of my new residence, I shall resume my journal with great regularity, but at present I can find no time for any other occupation than the duties and tasks imposed on me by my governesses.

12th of April. Wednesday.

I am now *au courant* of this mansion and its habits. Madame Strumlé pleases me exceedingly, as she has very good manners, and is distinguished in her good nature to me. I miss our court with its magnificence, its ease, and its noise; but there is a time for all things, and here we have many pleasures too, while the quiet and regularity is a necessary evil, since it forwards the end for which we are all here. What strikes me as most singular is, that in the whole establishment there is not a man of any sort, not even a little boy! No heidukes!—no chamberlains!—women do all, even to attending at table!

There are fifteen of us, all young, and all of families of the first distinction. A sister of the Starost's, Miss Marianne, (now married to the Castellán of Polaniec,) is much spoken of as a charming young person. She passed two years here, and has left an impression on all minds greatly in her favour. Madame Strumlé is passionately fond of her, and says she never had a pupil more amiable, accomplished, or persevering.

My parents, after a careful examination of the routine of business here, have declared themselves perfectly satisfied with it as a residence for me; and with reason, for in no convent could the pupils be more carefully kept from all contact with evil than here. Madame keeps herself the key of all the entrance doors, therefore no one can either enter or leave without her knowledge; and if it were not for the attendance of four or five masters to instruct in music and languages, (all as old as Methuselahs,) we would run some risk of forgetting what sort of creature a man is. We are expressly forbidden to receive the visits of our cousins within the house. Our dancing-master begged that the Messrs. Patocka might learn country-dances with their sisters and me; but Madame rejected the proposition very decidedly, saying—

“These gentlemen are not the brothers of *all* my pupils, therefore I deem it my duty to deny them an entrance into my house.”

I have a master for French and German, and am also learning drawing, music, and embroidery. I learn music on a very fine piano forte, which has five and a half octaves, a very different instrument from that on which I practised at Maleszow. Some of the pupils play Polonaises pretty well, but we

are not yet arrived at the difficult art of playing any thing off-book. As yet we must have the notes before us, and read according as we play.

I can copy drawings pretty well, but before I proceed further, I shall paint in oil a tree, from the branches of which shall be suspended a crown of flowers, in the midst of which crown shall be the cyphers of my parents' names, and thus will I testify my gratitude for all the pains they have been at for my education. The Princess Sapieha is at present employed upon one of those pictures; and it has such very lovely effect that I almost envy her for having it so nearly finished. How beautiful mine will look in the audience-chamber at Maleszow, hung just over my uncle's picture!

Our dancing-master teaches us, besides minuets, contre-dances, and Polonaises, to walk and salute gracefully. I was so ignorant, that until I took lessons from him, I did not know more than one mode of salutation; but now I practise the salutation for the king, for the princes of the blood, and for lords and ladies of high rank. I practise most assiduously that for the Prince royal, and already I succeed passably. Perhaps I may yet practise it in his presence.

Altogether, I get on very well, now that I am habituated to matters which at first appeared very strange and disagreeable to me—such as being corrected for awkward, inelegant modes of expressing myself, my being punished when I waste time—having a cross of iron strapped to my back, to oblige my holding myself quite erect, my knees being placed in cases of wood to make them still straighter. (I'm sure I always thought they were straight enough.) All this was any thing but amusing to one who thought herself a great lady—who has had a proposal of marriage, and was declared "exquisitely lovely" by the Prince and Princess Lubomirska. Madame Strumlé has forbidden me to pray any more for a good husband, but desires me to substitute, "Give me grace, oh, Lord! to profit by the good education I receive."

Here I perceive we must study, absolutely study, and think of nothing else!

28th of April, Sunday.

I have now been here three weeks, and have, during this time, neglected my journal completely. The uni-

formity of my life, the monotony of those hours perpetually recurring, in which we do precisely the same things, give no matter for detail or description. I have taken up my pen, intending to continue journalising, but must lay it by for want of any events worth remembering.

My parents will soon leave. The Princess Palatine has honoured me with a visit, and finds my carriage and mode of salutation much improved. My masters are all pleased with me—so is Madame; and my companions are affectionate and polite. But is this worth writing about?

Sometimes I ask myself am I really at Warsaw, so complete is my ignorance of public affairs. I have neither seen the king nor any of the royal family. Were I at Maleszow, at least I would hear the gazettes, and see some distinguished men!

I have ascertained that the Duke of Courland is absent, and will not return for some time.

9th of June, Sunday.

If I were to live always at school, I would certainly give up journal-writing, which has but one advantage in the present very insipid state of things, that but for it I should infallibly forget how to speak Polish, for but in the letters I write my parents, and my orders to my waiting-maid, I never speak or hear my native tongue.

I am improving in a degree that astonishes myself, and delights my teachers; and if I am occasionally bored, I have at least the comfort to know that I am laying the foundation for future brilliancy.

The Princess Lubomirska has been again to visit me. A month had elapsed between her visits, and she found me greatly improved—grown tall and holding myself very erect. I am the tallest among the young ladies here, which is to me a very pleasant triumph, and another is, that the round of my waist does not measure quite half a yard.

Here we are in the height of summer!—such lovely weather—and, alas! I cannot stir out. This is shockingly tiresome! Would I were a little bird! I would fly far—ever so far; and when the sun went down, I'd return to my cage. I must pass days and weeks in this house—so stupid, and in such a dull street, (Cooper's street, Ulica Bednarska,) the darkest and dirtiest by far in all Warsaw.

Well, please God! this time twelve months I shall be far enough from here!

23th of July, Wednesday.

Study has one advantage certainly—that it makes time appear short. Without news from without, without events of any sort, how could we support existence, did not our numerous occupations prevent our having time to bewail our hard fate in being mewed up here at this season, when all the rest of the world are enjoying themselves in the open air and the lovely green fields.

To-day an event has occurred, and so I hasten to re-open my journal. On looking in the almanack for the date of my last entry, I find that *seven* weeks have elapsed since I made one. But to-day something happened quite unlike any thing that ever befell me since I was born: I received a letter through the post! They are no longer ignorant that there exists at Warsaw the Starostine Française Krasinska. I leaped with delight at the receipt of this letter, which is from the Starostine Swidzinska. She writes that her health and happiness are perfect, and sends me four golden ducats, which she saved from her own allowance. This is the first time in my life I have had any money at my disposal—any property of *my own*—and I am so very glad! With money comes the desire to dispose of it, and I have a thousand projects. It seems to me that with so ample a sum I can buy half the city.

Thanks to my parents' foresight, I want for nothing, and I shall therefore not make any purchase for myself, but I desired ardently to give my companions a *souvenir*, and wished to buy a pretty gold ring for each. What, therefore, was my disappointment, on consulting Madame Strumlé, to find that my four ducats would only buy for me four rings. I who hoped, in addition, to buy for Madame a fine blonde mantelet, and presents for each of the governesses. All my projects have failed, as I find the mantelet alone would cost a hundred ducats. I shall, therefore, bestow a ducat on the parish church, to have a mass celebrated in the chapel of Jesus, in hope of obtaining a blessing on the family affairs which now interest my parents, and also to implore that God will mercifully continue the great happiness that my beloved sister enjoys. Another

ducat I will divide into small sums and distribute to the servants of the house, and the two remaining ones I will dispose of in giving a feast to my companions on Sunday next. I shall have coffee—delicious coffee—that we never get a taste of here; also plenty of cakes and fruit—and we shall be so gay and happy! Madame has consented in the kindest manner to this arrangement. May the good God repay to my dear Starostine the happiness she has bestowed on me! There is no such pleasure as making presents and giving feasts; and if ever I wish for a rich husband, it is because I wish to have the means of being generous.

I am daily improving in my accomplishments. I already play a great number of country dances and minuets, and presently I am to learn a Polonaise. The Polonaise at present most danced to has a very strange name—"The Hundred Devils." In a month I am to be permitted to make my tree with its allegoric crown. I am attending much to needle-work, and am embroidering on canvass a hunter carrying a gun, and holding a beautiful greyhound. I read a prodigious deal, and write from dictation, which, as the extracts are from the best works, is an excellent plan to form an easy style. I speak French very fluently—better, I believe, than Polish. In fact, I see no reason, arising from want of knowing as much as others, why I should not now enter into the world. As to dancing, it is needless to say that I do it to perfection, for I am passionately fond of it. My master says there is not a better dancer in all Warsaw.

I sometimes go to the Princess, but always at hours when she does not receive company. She overwhelms me with praises of my appearance, manners, and progress in accomplishments; and the Prince is yet more flattering in his eulogiums. He is an advocate for my leaving school directly, but the Princess and my parents wish me to remain until spring. It is only the end of July. How many weary days and weeks ere we arrive at spring!

26th December, Friday.

At last, God be praised! the time is come for me to leave school. A new and delightful existence opens before me. Once more I shall resume my journal! Incidents will abound now, and I shall have charming adventures to write!

The Prince and Princess are so

good to me! They have induced my parents to withdraw me from school, and have now begged (and their request has been granted) that I may remain with them all the winter. After to-morrow I shall quit Madame Strumlé, and be established with the Princess. I am certainly pained, now that the time is actually come for my departure from my kind governess, and dear affectionate companions; but still I am overjoyed to see the great world, and have been a very long time caged up here!

I am to be presented at court—to the king and all the royal family; and some day or other I shall see the Duke of Courland, of whom I have been hearing so much. The days have appeared to me of interminable length since my departure was settled!

28th of Dec. 1799, Saturday.

This day will ever be dear to my memory! Early this morning the Princess Lubomirska came for me, and I made my adieux to my friends. I was heartily glad to go, and yet I could not refrain from tears.

Before we arrived at the Princess's palace, we attended divine service; but, notwithstanding my utmost efforts, I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to derive any benefit from being in the presence of God. All the future was before my eyes, arrayed in such tempting forms that it was in vain I tried to shut out worldly thoughts. They would intrude in a manner and with a frequency that makes me tremble for my irreverence.

Behold me installed as my aunt's guest! Our house is in the Faubourg of Warsaw, directly opposite to that of the Palatin of Red Russia, Czartoryski.

This palace is not very large, but is very elegantly fitted up. On one side it faces the Vistula, having a beautiful garden between. My room is a very pleasant one now, and will be delightful in summer, as it has a balcony and a door opening into the garden. On the right it communicates with the Princess's room, and on the left with the apartments of my maid.

The dress-maker has called to take my measure, and to receive orders for several dresses. The Princess orders all, without once referring to my taste or wishes; so I have not an idea of how they are to be made, and she inspires me with so great a degree of respect (or of awe) that I do not ven-

ture to ask her one question. The Prince, on the other hand, inspires no fear, he is so mild and engaging. He departs now for Bialstok where the Duke of Courland is staying, with whom he is a great favourite. To-morrow we are to make visits, and the Princess will make me known to the first families in the kingdom, which will be necessary to insure my being included in her evening engagements. I am resigned; and yet the thought of these visits frightens me! So many strangers will observe me! My aunt will be so angry if I make the least mistake in a mode of speech or a salutation! But then I shall see numbers of new faces and new things. I shall have so much food for observation! That is the bright side of my new position.

Sunday, 29th December.

The Prince Royal arrived yesterday, accompanied by the Palatin. Truly, I am confused at the goodness of the Palatin! Had I been his own daughter he could not have met me on his arrival with greater demonstrations of affection. There is really no mark of friendship and interest that he does not hourly lavish on me.

We made our visits and called at fifteen houses, but did not seek to be admitted to all of them. Among those where the Princess only left cards were the ambassadors of France and Spain, the prince primate, &c. &c.

Our first visit was to Madame Humiecka, wife to the King's sword-bearer, and sister to my mother. Then we went to Princess Lubomirska, wife to the general commanding the vanguard of the King's army, and cousin-german to the Princess. This lady, whose maiden title was Princess Czartoryska, is young and exceedingly beautiful. She is one of the most admired persons at court, and is extravagantly fond of whatever is French; so that my conversing fluently in that language enchanted her. Beside its enabling me to understand all that is going on around me, I already perceive that a knowledge of that language causes girls to be sought for to a degree in society. Here I never hear any other language spoken, except by very old men, who have retained the tiresome habit of mixing Latin with all they say—a pedantry carefully avoided by all well-bred young persons.

We then visited the wife of General Branicka. He is generalissimo of all

the King's troops, and one of the richest lords in Poland, but not very popular at court. Then we paid our respects to the Princess Czartoryska, Palatine of Red Russia, who conversed entirely in the Polish language; but she is a very old woman, which accounts for this unfashionable predilection.—She presented her son to us—a handsome boy, with the most finished manners. He addressed to me innumerable compliments, very prettily turned, and altogether behaved in a manner surprisingly mature for his tender years. But the visit from which I derived most amusement was that to the Castellane of Crakow, Poniatowska—a woman every way superior to any one I have met. She speaks a vast deal, with great rapidity, but with an elegance and animation that cannot fail to interest one in the most unimportant subject she discusses. We found her overwhelmed with joy because her beloved son had just returned from a long absence. This son is one of the persons most confidently spoken of as likely one day to be King of Poland, which report caused me to regard him with more attention, though I trust the desires of his partisans will not in this respect be realised. He did not at all please me, though I grant him to be good-looking, and he seems amiable; but there is a stiffness in his manners, a pretension to dignity that quite spoils his appearance, in my opinion. I must not forget in my enumeration of our visits that we made the acquaintance of the Palatine of Podolia, Rzewuski. This visit had a double interest for me, as I was curious about the vice-grand general of the crown, Rzewuski, of whom my father has so frequently spoken. The vice grand general of the crown, Rzewuski, belonging to a most illustrious family, has been educated with the children of the people, and a most curious education he has been for a man of his rank. He walks always with bare feet, as they walk, eats the coarsest food, and partakes of all their diversions—never evincing the least taste for any others. The practice of these singular oddities has given him a strength and hardiness perfectly wonderful, since he takes pleasure in walking and riding in a manner that would be great feats of strength for young men of twenty years old, and his age far exceeds fifty years. According to the habits of the ancient Poles, he lets his beard grow, and it being of great length, it gives him an

appearance of much dignity. He composes tragedies.

We visited Madame Brühl, who received us with infinite politeness, and conversed most agreeably. Her husband is the favourite minister, and consequently universally unpopular; but I perceive that people of fashion must sacrifice, occasionally, private inclinations to etiquette, and Madame Brühl is as much sought for as if every body approved of her husband's counsels to royalty. We also went to see Madame Stolz, Castellane of Sandomir, who is a widow, but still very young and pretty. Her son, nine years old, is a charming creature, perfectly beautiful, and with the manners of an agreeable man of the world. The moment we entered, he hastened to place a chair for me, and seating himself at my feet, he poured forth a crowd of most flattering speeches, until, child as he was, I felt quite confused; which feeling was not removed by the Castellane saying that he had a passion for lovely faces and fine black eyes. The Bishop of Crakow is his uncle, and wished earnestly to have him brought up under his immediate superintendence; but his mother refuses to separate from him. After all, among all the persons whose acquaintance we made on that day, the one who pleases me most is Madame Moszynska, widow to the grand treasurer of the crown. She received me most amiably, and I feel for her already quite an affection. She praised my appearance extremely; but so did all to whom I paid my respects on that day, which compliments, I, no doubt, owe, in part, to my toilette, which was very elegant. My dress was of thick white flowered silk, with flounces and trimmings of gauze, and my hair was dressed with pearls.

If I had met the Duke of Courland, I should have been completely satisfied, but I had not the good fortune to see him at any of the places where we visited. The Prince says of him, that he is so happy at being once more at home, after his long absence, that he devotes his whole time to his family, never leaving the palace for any length of time. This feeling appears to me extremely natural; for, when I was at school, I was perfectly wretched at not seeing my parents, and felt an anxiety to behold them, which was more poignant than any feeling of my life.

1st of January, 1760, Wednesday.

All my wishes are accomplished, and

oh! how far beyond my hopes, my most sanguine dreams! I have seen Prince Charles—seen and spoken to him! I think I dream! I live now in such a whirlwind of new impressions, new interests—feelings that almost overwhelm me—that occasion me fear and joy at the same moment. I dare not confide to any one what I feel, for it may be only illusion—only courtly flattery—and yet, hitherto, inexperienced as I am, I have ever seen quite truly what has been the amount of impression I produced. I guessed exactly what those thought of me with whom I conversed. Am I now mistaken? Have I overrated the value of attentions that, for the first time in my life, touched my heart? And yet, of what is a prince's heart composed, that he should not find her beautiful, whom all men pronounce to be so? But, in the prince's look and manner, was expressed far more than mere admiration! His eyes have a searching, penetrating expression that wears the air of looking into the hearts of those with whom he converses, and he did look so pleased and so much interested! It is an expression, a thousand times more amiable than ordinary and more interesting than volumes of words. Perhaps, all royal princes look thus!

But, to preserve all my life a record of my impressions this evening, I shall transcribe all the details of these hours I passed in his company, and to begin with the events that preceded the ball.

Yesterday morning, my aunt called me to her, and said, "This being the last day of the year, there will be a grand *ridotte*—a masked ball, at which all people of distinction will attend; and, in all probability, even the king and his sons will be there. You must be present. I have chosen your costume, which will be that of a daughter of the sun." I was so pleased at this intelligence, that I kissed her hands.

After dinner, all the princess's attendants came to assist in dressing me, and certainly they succeeded to perfection. My hair was unpowdered, and no hoop! therefore, the princess said to me, "This costume is a dangerous experiment, and any other woman would be undone did she venture to assume it; but yet, I suffer you to appear in it, because I know you will atone for its departure from the present style, by assuming a more than ordinary degree of reserve, and even of severe virtue in your bearing." I did not forget her recommendation;

for, notwithstanding my general vivacity, I well know how, when it suits me, to adopt a very dignified air, and I heard many say, from time to time, during the night, "Who is this queen in disguise?" Ah! I know that I looked beautiful as the day! My hair, without any powder, and black as jet, fell in large curls on my forehead, neck, and shoulders. My dress was of white gauze, made very full, but without any long train, which I rejoiced at, for it hides the feet, and embarrasses one's movements. Round my waist was a zone of gold and precious stones, and a very transparent veil fell from my head to my feet, enveloping my whole person, so that I looked as if in a cloud. When my toilette was concluded, I looked in the glass, and could scarcely recognize myself.

Nothing could be more lovely than the *coup d'œil* of the ball-room, dazzling with lights, and brilliant with gold and jewels. The women were all in costumes, and I could scarcely say which was most charming.

A few minutes after I entered, I heard some one say that the Duke of Courland was in the room. I looked round, and presently beheld him the centre of a group composed of all the youth and beauty of the court. His dress was pretty much that of all other gentlemen present; but somehow, while he seemed to converse with the utmost vivacity, he held himself with an air of superiority, that caused me instantly to recognize him. His figure is tall and full of dignity; his air noble, yet perfectly free from affectation of superiority; his eyes blue and very expressive; his smile, the most fascinating expression I ever beheld on any countenance, and in fact, his whole appearance is most distinguished. I had scarcely looked at him (and certainly had not made a quarter of these observations) when my glance met his fixed on me. I cast down my eyes, although I was full of curiosity to see one of whom I heard so much; but when I ventured to raise them again, he was still gazing at me; and what was my surprise and secret joy when I saw him address the Prince Lubomirska to make an inquiry who I was? He looked up joyfully at the Prince's reply, and immediately crossing the room to where the Princess stood, paid his respects to her with infinite grace, and begged an introduction to her niece. Although I knew she had no other niece in the room, it was not

until he named the Countess Krasinska that I was assured he meant me, so great was my confusion. I saluted him, I know not how; but assuredly very differently from the manner in which my dancing-master instructed me. I was so agitated, and am still so much bewildered, that I cannot recall the exact words he at first addressed to me; but the impression is not fugitive, like the words. What a delightful evening! The Prince opened the ball with the Princess Palatine, but danced the second Polonaise with me. Then he spoke to me, and I, so timid, so agitated at first, felt, after a few minutes, restored to an inconceivable degree of confidence and self-possession. He asked kindly after the health of my parents, and of the Starostine, with all the details of whose marriage he was, to my surprise, perfectly acquainted; but, on afterthought, I remembered that Kochanowski is a favourite of his. What a kind person is Kochanowski! Not only has he digested the goose in black sauce (*jurynik*), but I find made the most favourable report possible of us to the Prince. For the rest of the evening, the Prince danced only with me, and spoke to me incessantly. If I wrote what he said, the words would appear insignificant, because I cannot commit to paper the expression with which they were uttered. Looks are, with him, as fertile as thought. Ordinary words, accompanied by such looks, mean volumes of eloquence. I cherish the recollection of them; but fear to weaken my future impression of their value by committing them to paper.

At midnight, when loud cannonading announced the departure of the old year, and the commencement of 1760, the Prince said to me, "Ah! never shall the memory depart from my heart of these dear hours I have had the happiness to pass with you! It is not a new *year* but a new *life* that opens upon me since I have been with you." This was one of a thousand such speeches that he made me—that he showered upon me—but as he spoke entirely in French, I have considerable difficulty in translating his gracefully turned compliments into this rugged native language of mine. Suffice

it, that all I have read in the romances of Mademoiselle Scuderi and Madame La Fayette, is cold, and fades in comparison with the delights of the evening I spent, or the charming things the Prince said to me. Were they mere words of course? Ah! good Heavens, if it was only mere courtesy! One of those amiable deceptions so much practised, I'm told, in the great world. Language applied equally to all women whatsoever, belonging to the court circle, and which I shared in common with every pretty maiden the Prince has met for years back! I am a prey to cruel perplexities, and dare not confide my doubts to any one. To whom could I bring myself to say, "Does he prefer me? Has he fallen in love with me?" and those are the thoughts perpetually occurring to me, the questions my heart perpetually asks and longs to utter. But to no one can I confide them. My parents are far away, and the manners of the Princess Palatine are any thing but inviting to confidence. I should fear her as a cold-hearted severe judge. The Prince is good and kind; but how could I—any girl—bring herself to tell those thoughts to any man? I am, then, completely abandoned to myself without any one to advise or help me! A few days since, I was studying as a child at school, and now I am playing a part in the great world, and if I am not mistaken—not deceived—such a part as any woman might envy. I surely dream, or have lost my senses! But, in eleven days, Barbara will be here, and will be my guide and my guardian angel. She is so wise, that I shall open my whole heart to her with the firmest reliance upon her judgment. She inspires me with no fear, she is so compassionate and gentle. In fact, she is handsome and happy, and I have always observed that being so, renders women good and amiable also. Nine months have elapsed since I saw this beloved sister, but I see by her letters, which are frequent, that she is each day happier, and more pleased with her destiny.

Shall I behold the Prince soon again, and will he think me handsome when he sees me in my ordinary dress?

NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND, when viewed with respect to its position and physical circumstances, as well as the future prospects of its settlers, may be regarded as the destined Britain of the southern hemisphere. The points of analogy between these two remote countries, separated from each other by half the circumference of the globe, are both numerous and obvious. Situated nearly at our antipodes, New Zealand occupies a similar position with respect to the vast region of New Holland that Great Britain does to the European continent, only with this additional security, that it is removed upwards of a week's sail from any possible source of hostility. The two islands of New Zealand resemble Great Britain by occupying nearly the same superficial extent, in possessing a most extensive line of sea coast, and many fine rivers, which afford valuable means of inland communication. With these advantages, the position of New Zealand with respect to distant countries renders it probable that it will one day become the centre of a vast commerce between Asia, America, and New Holland. Cook's Strait, which separates the northern from the southern island of New Zealand, and which abounds in fine harbours, may be taken as the centre of a circle, in whose circumference are Hobart Town, Sidney, the New Hebrides, and the Friendly Islands, all these points being about 1200 miles distant from Cook's Strait. If we now regard the same point as the centre of a still larger circle, we find that New Zealand is nearly equidistant from Chili and Canton, both those countries being about 5,000 miles from Cook's Strait. It appears from its happy position on the globe alone, that New Zealand is destined to occupy an important station in the history of the southern hemisphere; and this element of its future prosperity is combined with many other physical advantages. New Zealand, in all its immense line of coast, possesses harbours of unrivalled excellence, into some of which fine rivers enter after having passed through districts of great extent and fertility. The insular position of the country, intersected by lofty mountains, insure a perpetual supply of moisture, and hence the country abounds in beautiful forests

and in wild flax, thus containing every physical element necessary for the formation of a great naval power.

To appreciate all the natural advantages which New Zealand offers to the enterprising colonist, it will be requisite to consider them with a somewhat greater detail. With respect to harbours, it may be confidently stated that no country in the world surpasses New Zealand in the number and safety of its bays and inlets; and in short, it is only necessary to inspect any map of the country to perceive, that whether on the eastern or western shores of the islands, from Stewart's Island on the south to Cape Van Diemen on the north, for a distance of nearly nine hundred miles, there is a succession of fine harbours at very moderate distances from each other. There is, however, one circumstance deserving of notice, with respect to the harbours of New Zealand. On account of the prevalence of westerly winds, the western side of the islands is more exposed to gales than the eastern, which have the whole breadth of the island as a shelter; and for this reason, the harbours on the western side are often obstructed by bars or sandbanks thrown up by the prevailing wind. To enumerate all the harbours which have been discovered in the northern and southern islands of New Zealand would be an uninteresting task: we shall only mention a few of the more important, or at least more frequented ones. The Bay of Islands, at the north-eastern extremity of the northern island, is the best known, and is much frequented by European vessels. This harbour can afford shelter for any number of vessels, and during every season; and is valued accordingly, being the favourite resort of the South Sea whalers, and it is said that no fewer than one hundred and fifty such vessels entered the Bay of Islands during the year 1836. In this well-frequented harbour many runaway convicts and seamen from the whaling vessels have established themselves, as keepers of grog-shops and worse occupations, so that this part of the country is at present occupied by those who may, without exaggeration, be denominated the vilest of mankind. Passing from the Bay of Islands southward to Cook's Strait, we find the beautiful harbour of Port Nicholson.

This bay is about twelve miles long and three miles wide, the shelter is perfect and the access easy to ships of any size and in all weathers. In a country which abounds in bays and safe anchorages on every part of its coast, the value of a harbour must depend on something more than mere security. It must be situated in a fertile district, and have easy access to the interior, and also be in the tract most frequented by trading vessels. Port Nicholson appears to unite most of these conditions. It is situated in the entrance of Cook's Strait, in the track of the homeward-bound vessels from Van Diemen's Land and Sidney, and also in the centre of the South Sea whale-fishery, and consequently well adapted to become the resort of vessels to refit and obtain refreshments. This harbour has also the advantage of being in a situation favourable for communicating with the interior either of the northern or southern island. Behind it there is a very fertile country, watered by the Haritoua river, which is believed to be navigable for a distance of from ninety to a hundred miles.

The harbours on the western side of the northern island are also very numerous. Of these, Hokianga is one of the most northerly, and is a good deal frequented by the whaling vessels. Several streams enter this harbour, and the land in its vicinity is a rich alluvial soil, supporting a numerous native population. The distance across the country from Hokianga to the Bay of Islands does not amount to more than about twenty miles. Several years ago the New Zealand Land Company purchased a tract of land on the Hokianga river, which will probably be the first part of the country which will be colonized by Englishmen. A great proportion of this land has been, we believe, already disposed of.

The harbour of Waikato, to the south of Hokianga, will one day become a most important station. The river of the same name which enters this bay flows through a beautiful and fertile country, and is navigable in boats for about two hundred miles from the sea. The river is described as being wooded to the water's edge, and numerous valleys extend into the interior of the country, which possess a most luxuriant vegetation. Grass is very abundant, and the ferns attain a height of from five to eight feet. This beautiful district, therefore, only requires to be

colonized by an industrious people, to become one of the richest agricultural districts in New Zealand.

The southern island is equally well supplied with harbours as the northern one; and the southern side of Cook's Straits contains many fine bays. The north-eastern angle of the island opposite to Port Nicholson is said to be an uninterrupted tract of fine level land as far south as Banks's peninsula. At the southern extremity of the island we find the extensive harbour of Knowlesly bay, receiving a fine river which has a course of about one hundred miles.

It is unfortunate that the knowledge which we as yet possess concerning New Zealand is exceedingly defective; so that we know little more than the leading features and capabilities of the country, and in the present case, with respect to climate, we have no thermometrical observations to guide us to definite statements. The islands of New Zealand are situated between the 36th and 48th degrees of south latitude, so that the climate even of their southern extremity must be a mild one. As the islands are narrow in proportion to their length, the interior is no where very distant from the sea, and hence the climate is eminently an insular one, and supplied with abundance of moisture, forming in this respect a complete contrast with the arid plains of Australia. The supply of moisture is still farther increased by the lofty mountain chain which extends through the whole length of the southern island and the southern half of the northern one. This range attracting the moisture, and its loftier portions being covered with snow, affords a perpetual supply of water, giving rise to the numerous streams which flow through the more level parts of the country. The temperature of the northern island may be called a semi-tropical one, and somewhat similar to that of the Azores; while the southern portions of the country appear to possess a climate like that of Devonshire or Cornwall. The climate of New Zealand appears to be variable from day to day, but equable throughout the year, without any violent extremes of heat or cold, while the atmosphere is almost always saturated with moisture.

The southern parts of New Zealand appear to be well adapted for such crops as flourish in Britain or Ireland, and the winters appear to be even

milder than in the most favoured situations in our own country, for Captain Cook observed that various plants which he had left during a former voyage were thriving and had propagated themselves, although they would have perished if they had been exposed in a similar way in England. Potatoes flourish throughout every part of the islands, and appear to have improved under the climate; and large quantities are annually exported to Sidney and Hobart Town, besides what are consumed by the whalers. Wheat has been raised in considerable quantities, both by the natives and settlers; and the climate of the northern island at least appears to be well adapted to the cultivation of Indian corn. It has also been ascertained that the vine is well fitted for the soil and climate of New Zealand, and there appears to be no reason to doubt that all the useful vegetables of southern Europe may be naturalised in these fine islands.

The natural productions of New Zealand have been but little explored. With regard to its minerals we are completely ignorant, and the vague intimations of the discovery of coal or iron will obtain but little regard from any one qualified to form an independent opinion on such subjects. We are, however, certain that the greater part of New Zealand is of volcanic origin. Many of the mountains contain craters which, in some cases, are still in activity, throwing forth volcanic matters. We have evidence of the same fact in the abundance of hot and mineral springs. Some of the former are so hot as to be capable of boiling meat, as is the case with the waters of the celebrated Geysers of Iceland.

New Zealand forms a remarkable contrast with New Holland in respect to its vegetable productions. In the latter region there is not a single indigenous product which is of any value in a commercial point of view; while in the former there are several valuable articles for exportation. Of these the most valuable are the flax and timber, both of which may be procured in inexhaustible quantities, and thus furnish materials for an increasing commerce. The trees of New Holland are chiefly *Acacias*, *Bankseas*, *Proteas*, and *Eucalypti*, &c.; trees which are not of great value for the carpenter or ship builder. They grow in scattered patches, or spread over the level tracts, more in the way in which we see trees in a park than resembling

such forests as abound in North or South America. Adapted for a dry climate, their leaves have a sombre hue, very different from the brilliant vegetation of the Indian archipelago, or the cheerful verdure of the forests of Europe. New Zealand abounds in forests which spread around the bases of the mountains or climb up their flanks. The trees are not scattered as in Australia, but form dense forests. The kinds of trees is also different, consisting chiefly of plants of the pine tribe, analogous to our firs in general properties, being elastic woods, and yielding abundance of resinous juices. But the New Zealand forests do not resemble the dark and gloomy ones of Norway and Canada, and no one but a botanist would recognise them as belonging to the pine family: their leaves are not needle-shaped and slender, but broad and green, like those of the willow or the beech, and thus resembling, in some degree, the forest scenery of England. Many kinds of trees of the pine family are found in New Zealand, but their characters are as yet very imperfectly ascertained. One of the most important of them is the *Cowdie* tree of the natives, the *Dammara excelsa* of botanists, which is equally remarkable for its beauty and utility. This fine tree sometimes attains a diameter of fifteen feet, and a height of from ninety to one hundred, and growing tall and straight, with very few branches. The wood of the *Cowdie* possesses the same valuable properties as the Norway fir. The timber of this tree has been found to answer admirably for masts, and it is coming into extensive use in the navy, and in consequence of good qualities is becoming fully appreciated. Large quantities of timber are also exported to Sidney and Hobart Town; and in New Zealand several vessels have been constructed of native timber alone. As the supply of timber is nearly inexhaustible, so we may anticipate that the demand for it will continue to increase. It will enter into more general use in Europe, and will become every day more important to the older Australian colonies. This demand for the timber will also prove a valuable assistance to the colonist, by enabling him to defray the expenses of clearing his ground by the sale of his trees.

Another important vegetable production of New Zealand is the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax. This valuable plant grows wild in every

part of the northern or southern islands, and any quantity of it might be obtained for exportation. The value of this plant is not yet properly estimated, as no art has been introduced in its preparation, and consequently much that is exported is damaged and unfit for any but the most ordinary purposes. Even with these disadvantages, it is coming more and more into use, and is found to answer admirably for cordage of vessels and for lines for whalers. This valuable article may be imported from New Zealand at the rate of eight pounds per ton, or at about one-seventh of the cost of hemp. It appears that during the year 1828 about sixty tons of flax, valued at £2600, was exported from Sidney for London. During the year 1830, continues Mr. Busby, according to returns taken from the custom-house books, twenty-eight vessels, averaging 110 tons burden each, made, in the aggregate, fifty-six voyages to New Zealand—the total tonnage of the vessels cleared out for New Zealand being, that year, 5,888 tons. In the same year, twenty-six distinct vessels, of the average burden of 114 tons, arrived from these islands, having made, in the aggregate, forty-six voyages inwards, their total tonnage amounting to 4,959 tons. It also appears that of seventy-eight vessels which cleared out from Sidney for foreign states, South Sea Islands, and fisheries, fifty-six were for New Zealand; and of sixty-four reported as arrived under the same heads, forty-six were from the same place. These voyages were undertaken chiefly for the purpose of procuring New Zealand flax. The vegetable productions of New Zealand have been but imperfectly explored; although nothing would be more important to the colonists than to obtain such information, which, to them, would be invaluable, and we may add that, reciprocally, it might be of advantage to ourselves. The climate of the southern islands must produce many both useful and ornamental plants, which could be naturalised in England. The New Zealand flax flourishes in the open air in France, and we believe will also support an Irish winter. Another plant from the same country, the *Tetragonia expansa*, is perfectly adapted to our climate, and is no contemptible substitute for spinach, especially as it may be easily obtained at periods when the latter vegetable is not to be had. During the last few years a

very great accession to our out-of-door plants has been obtained from moist and temperate districts of North-west America, and it is scarcely to be doubted but that an equally rich accession to our shrubberies will soon be procured from New Zealand.

When these islands were first visited by Europeans, the only indigenous vegetables which were important as affording food to the inhabitants, were the roots of the ferns and the sweet potato, the former growing wild, while the latter was cultivated very extensively. The fern-roots constituted a great portion of the food of the lower orders, and appears to contain a considerable proportion of vegetable matter. The vast profusion of ferns which cover the surface of the country is one of the most conclusive evidences of a warm and moist climate, as it is in such situations that ferns delight to grow.

Concerning the animal productions of the country little need be said, for it is a remarkable circumstance that with the exception of the rat, and, perhaps, a few lizards, the extensive islands of New Zealand did not possess a native terrestrial quadruped; and it appears that the fresh waters are equally destitute of fishes, the eel being the only kind hitherto found in them. Like Ireland, New Zealand enjoys the good fortune of a complete immunity from poisonous reptiles.

We have thus given an exceedingly brief outline of the various physical advantages which New Zealand offers, as a field of emigration, for the enterprise and philanthropy of Englishmen; and if the region were as destitute of human inhabitants as it originally was of terrestrial quadrupeds, the problem of its colonization could be readily solved. In short, the adoption of the principles of Mr. Wakefield, which have produced such fortunate results in the far inferior country of South Australia, could not fail to have established a splendid colony in New Zealand. In founding settlements in New Zealand, the case is far more complicated than in Australia, where there are only a few wandering savages to deal with. In the former country there is a numerous population of aborigines, whose interests must be attentively and conscientiously considered and provided for. The spirit and humanity of Britain will tolerate no other method of proceeding than one which will comprehend a rational

scheme for civilizing the native inhabitants.

Any person in the smallest degree acquainted with the history of the New Zealanders, cannot but feel a vivid interest in their welfare. They are unquestionably the noblest specimens of savage man with which voyagers have made us acquainted; and from their high intellectual qualities they offer the most favourable opportunity for attempting the interesting experiment of bringing a nation of barbarians within the pale of civilization and religion. Among the various causes which modify the habits both of civilized and savage man, physical circumstances exercise a most powerful influence; and these conditions may be such on the one hand as to retain a tribe in a state of hopeless barbarism, or on the other to carry it in spite of itself a certain distance on the tract of improvement. If we compare the condition of the New Hollander with that of the physical objects around him, we shall soon arrive at the conclusion that thousands of years might have elapsed during which he would not have made the smallest improvement in his condition. In the vast island of New Holland, with scarcely a navigable river, abounding in large tracts of sterile country, with a coast line affording but few points of shelter for vessels or even canoes, the resources of its inhabitants must be very few indeed. When we further reflect that game is far from being abundant, and that the country does not produce a single esculent root capable of being cultivated by human industry, it is not difficult to see that in such a region the people, if civilized at all, can only be so by some aid from without, and never by their own exertions. They could not pass into the pastoral state, for there were no animals capable of being collected into herds; and they could not adopt an agricultural life, as there were no cereal grasses or esculent roots to cultivate. In the case of the poor New Hollanders, the tendency was, naturally, not to civilization, but to the lowest grade of savage existence. Such was the condition of the New Hollanders, that so far from being able to maintain their ground in the presence of civilized man, we may question whether they could have defended themselves from the intrusion of some of the fiercer carnivorous quadrupeds. It is no wild supposition to imagine that if a colony of tigers had

made their way to New Holland, along the chain of islands which extend between it and Java, that the wretched inhabitants might have been extirpated from their contests with their powerful quadrupedal foes, as well as from the diminished supply of game which would have been left. At the present day, at the Cape of Good Hope, the miserable Bushman fares much worse than the voracious animals by which he is surrounded. Such reflections may throw doubt on the favourite doctrine of a progressive civilization of any tribe of savages from the hunting to the pastoral, agricultural, and then manufacturing and commercial conditions. In the case of New Holland, such a progress, we have seen, was impossible; and in most civilized nations we can usually trace the origin of their civilization to some extrinsic source. We are not aware of any authentic instance of a tribe of savage fishers or hunters becoming settled and agricultural, even by any pressure from without, much less from their own unaided efforts. So far from adopting civilized habits, the experience of America and New Holland has shown that the savage hovers on the advancing frontier of civilization, till he finally disappears along with the game which afforded him support. There appears to be something in the unsettled life of a hunter which produces a change in the bodily organization gradually unfitting the individual, and perhaps ultimately the race, from being brought under the influence of a sedentary life. Those Europeans who have lived among the Indians of America for some years, can seldom be reconciled to a steady and uniform course of life; and in the Indians themselves the tendency becomes hereditary, and almost incurable. Hence even the Indian child, when brought up in a populous city, and educated in the arts and religion of civilized men, often betrays his dislike to a settled life, and endeavours by all means to rejoin his wild countrymen of the woods. We know that in the inferior animals the lessons taught the individual may become hereditary to its descendants, who do not require to learn what may have been a difficult acquirement to their ancestors. Thus the dogs imported into Mexico have, within a few generations, acquired a new mode of killing the deer of the lofty table-lands of that country. Instead of attacking the animal in front, as they did at first, at the great risk of being destroyed by

the stag, they now, from an acquired instinct, spring upon it when poised upon its hind legs, preparing to spring, and in this attitude it is easily overturned and mastered. Similar instincts appeared to be induced upon men, and may oppose a strong barrier to the taming and domestication of a wandering tribe of savage hunters; while in settled societies the uniformity and security of life, and the multitude of individuals every one must come into contact with, effectually prevent the formation of any such habits.

In the New Zealander the case is very different from that of the North American or New Holland savage; for the former is neither a hunter nor a shepherd, but is, and always has been, an agriculturist, and consequently possesses in some degree the habits which are the foundation of a civilized life. Contrary to the ideas of philosophers, he never passed through the ordeals of a hunting and pastoral state. His country never possessed wild animals for the chase, or domestic animals to protect. From the beginning he was in part an agriculturist, and consequently had an aptitude for civilization. In this respect the uncivilized tribe with which the New Zealander may be most readily compared is that of the Araucans of South America. Both tribes lived chiefly by agriculture; but the Araucans had also an abundant supply of wild animals, and perhaps some domesticated ones. When brought into collision with Europeans, the Araucans had the advantage of a more complicated government, which admitted of military subordination, while they were not inferior in courage to the New Zealanders; and consequently they were able to act against their foes with a union and energy which could not be brought about in the independent and hostile fractions into which the New Zealanders are broken up. In the case of the Araucans, the discipline and the fire-arms of the Spaniards could not destroy the independence of a brave race. The acquisition of the horse has, however, destroyed all hopes of the further improvement of the Araucan, and he is now more like the Tartar of the deserts of Asia than the aboriginal Indian of America. In this case a change in his condition with respect to the animals around him has worked an immense revolution in his intellectual and moral condition.

The New Zealander belongs to the Polynesian race—that aquatic and in-

sular tribe of mankind which has spread over the islands and shores of nearly half the circumference of the globe. This race, although found throughout its scattered habitations under a considerable diversity of circumstances, has every where displayed an aptitude for adopting the usages of civilized men. In the Society Islands they are mild and effeminate—the effect of their delightful climate and abundant supply of food: in the Marquesas they are comparatively savage: while the New Zealander, who has had most difficulties to contend with, is brave, intelligent, and energetic, and highly desirous of acquiring the habits of civilized life. The bravery of the New Zealander is undoubted; and since his first interview with Europeans in the days of Tasman, he has uniformly resisted all aggression, and will submit to no insult from his white visiter. The courage of the New Zealander degenerates into ferocity and revenge, and even in ordinary circumstances to a most reckless disregard of life. In the eyes of the New Zealander nothing can atone for an insult but the life of the offending individual. The slaves, who are usually prisoners taken in war, and constitute the great bulk of the population, are treated with the most reckless barbarity. They are often sacrificed to appease the manes of some deceased chief; and what is still worse, they are often killed on the most trifling provocation. Mr. Earle, in his very entertaining book, mentions a case of an unfortunate boy who was set to guard a potato field from the pigs. Happening to neglect his duty for a moment, to witness the entrance of a ship into the harbour, he was killed on the spot, and his body eaten by his master. But a still more shocking instance of such barbarity is afforded by an anecdote related by the late Mr. Marsden. While conversing one day with a chief, famous for his skill in the art of preserving the heads of his enemies, and expressing some curiosity to learn the details of the process, the friendly chief offered to kill a slave who happened to be in the vicinity, to exhibit the secrets of his art, on condition that Mr. Marsden made him the present of an axe. The most decisive evidence of the vindictive nature of the New Zealander is the practise of cannibalism, which is, or at all events was, till very lately, the universal practice of this cruel but interesting people. The

sagacity of Captain Cook soon detected the existence of this practice, and subsequent information has proved that it is a matter of ordinary, almost of every-day occurrence. A most unreasonable scepticism prevailed for some time with respect to the prevalence of these horrid repasts; but recent observations have put its reality beyond all doubt, both in New Zealand and among the Battas of Sumatra. The custom appears to have prevailed among savage tribes from the most remote antiquity. The writings of Homer render it extremely probable that the early inhabitants of Sicily were cannibals; and in the times of Pliny and Tacitus our Gothic or Scythian ancestors appear to have feasted on human flesh; and we know that many centuries later they used the skulls of their enemies as drinking vessels.

Horrible as is the custom of feeding on human food, it would argue a great ignorance of human nature to infer that the cannibal was of necessity the most cruel or degraded of mankind. We estimate the atrocity of the proceeding by our own carefully cultivated moral feelings, and not by those of the ignorant and uninstructed heathen. Gladiatorial shows were at least as bad as cannibalism, and yet, they were the delight of the polished Romans, in the days of Cicero and Virgil; and, as Pliny has observed, the difference between cannibalism and offering human victims is not great. The cannibal Battas are a highly civilized, and, in most circumstances, a just and humane people, and the individuals liable to be eaten are defined by their code of laws with the precision of a learned jurist. But we need not travel so far from New Zealand in quest of greater savages than its islands produce; for only within a few days' sail of its shores, we may find a modern Gomorrah of our own founding, in which something very nearly allied to cannibalism is not a rare occurrence. It is only thirty years since Van Diemen's Land was made a penal colony, and now there is not a single native left within its shores. This colony lately afforded

an example of cruelty equal to any thing New Zealand can produce. Speaking of the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, "these are the people," says Dr. Lang, "whom the colonists of that island have been shooting down like wild beasts for twenty years past. A spot was pointed out to me, a few years ago, in the interior of the island, where seventeen of them had been shot, at one time, in cold blood. They had been bathing in the heat of the day, in the deep pool of a river, in a sequestered and romantic glen, when they were suddenly surprised by a party of armed colonists, who had secured the passes, and, I believe, not one of them was left to tell the tale. Nay, a convict bush-ranger in Van Diemen's Land, who was hanged a few years ago for crimes committed against the European inhabitants of the country, confessed, when under sentence of death, that he had actually been in the habit of shooting the black natives to feed his dogs."

The most deplorable circumstance attending these horrors is, that the honest endeavours of the government to put them down, have given deep offence to many wealthy and influential individuals in New South Wales. Nay, these miscreants have lately given it out, that they will thwart the humane efforts of the government in favour of the natives, by giving them wheaten bread, of which they are exceedingly fond, *steeped in a solution of arsenic*. Had these instances we have quoted been exceptional cases, the parallel between the New Zealander and the emancipist of Sidney, would have been unjust; but such practices have the approval of a numerous party in New South Wales, and sufficiently wealthy to support a paper to advocate such views.* The obvious conclusion from all this is, that even an advanced state of intellectual improvement is perfectly compatible with a very low state of morality, and that persons and property may be quite as safe among the savages of New Zealand as with the emancipists of Sidney.

It ought to be remembered that a

* This party and the accredited journal under the appropriate management of a Dublin convict, seem to possess an elective affinity for vice, even if perpetrated in the most remote regions of the earth. In a recent file of Sidney papers, this convict editor, in commenting on the efforts of the government of the Cape of Good Hope to prevent the Dutch boors from oppressing the Caffres, observes, that they should emigrate beyond the frontiers, and form a new settlement under the protection of Russia. The deplorable feature in all this is the state of society which can tolerate such a mixture of vice and treason.

savage love of war, and an indulgence in the most inordinate feelings of revenge, is only the dark side of the New Zealander's character, and that he also possesses many noble qualities, which command respect, and which give him an aptitude, above all other barbarous nations, for adopting the habits of civilized life. Along with the attribute of courage, which he possesses in an eminent degree, the New Zealander has the no less valuable quality of self-respect. He will not submit to the insults even of the white man armed with the musket, but will, on all occasions, return blow for blow. He is not like the timid Hindoo or Peruvian, or the slothful Otaheitean, but resembles our Gothic ancestors in the proud energy of his character. The New Zealander also possesses that generosity which is the almost invariable attendant of energy and courage, and is, in the highest degree hospitable and kind to his friends, and, above all, to his white visitors; and we have abundant instances of their devotion to their children, and of the attachment of relatives to each other. A very important feature in their character appears to be a shrewd, calculating common sense, which enables them to attach more importance to what is truly useful than to any articles of mere pleasure or display, and to look farther into futurity than most uncivilised races are accustomed to do. From the first moment of their intercourse with Europeans, they were fully aware of the superiority of their white visitors, and have evinced, on all occasions, a most vivid desire to acquire the arts of civilized life; and in accordance with these views, those chiefs who have visited Sydney or London, have, on all occasions, exhibited far more interest in the really useful than in the glittering displays of wealth and luxury. Looking-glasses, beads, or paints were despised by the observant savages, who felt far more interested in the operations of the blacksmith or the carpenter, and their great object was to obtain iron, not trinkets.

With a people so shrewd and observant, the progress of civilization may be stated to have commenced with the first visit of Captain Cooke to their shores. They then became acquainted with the power of the musket, and the utility of iron; while scientific visitors left two still more valuable gifts among them, the pig and the potato, which are now abundant every where

through the islands. Previous to this, their chief vegetable food consisted of fern roots, and the sweet potato; and, exclusive of fishes, they were acquainted with no animal food, but the flesh of their enemies. Their subsequent progress in civilization was under the very worst imaginable masters, the crews of South Sea whalers, and run-away convicts from Sydney. Wretched as such chances of improvement were, they were not altogether useless to the New Zealander. His desire to possess gunpowder, and fire arms, and iron implements, induced him to exert himself in raising potatoes and other refreshments for the whalers, and in collecting flax for exportation. The consequences of this intercourse cannot but have been so far useful in increasing habits of industry, and in connecting the idea of labour with its reward. In addition to this source of improvement, many of the natives entered as seamen on board the whalers, and some of the chiefs undertook journeys to Sydney or to London, to acquire some knowledge of civilized society; and although some of these chiefs, as the celebrated warrior Hungi, only availed themselves of their increased resources to carry on bloody and extensive wars; others, as Duaterra, exerted themselves more usefully in endeavouring to improve their countrymen. Duaterra introduced the cultivation of wheat, which thrives admirably in New Zealand; and Indian corn is now very generally cultivated by the natives. In consequence of these improvements, the New Zealanders are able to afford abundant supplies to the numerous whaling vessels which put into their harbours, and the best potatoes in the Sidney market are obtained from this quarter.

As soon as it was ascertained, from the experience of the whalers, that the harbours of New Zealand might be frequented with safety, several individuals settled in the country, but chiefly in the Bay of Islands and Hokianga at the northern extremity of the northern island. These settlers belonged to two very different classes of men; the run-away convict, on the one hand, diffusing vice and misery wherever his influence extended, and the Christian missionary, whose efforts were often paralysed, or impeded far more from the conduct of his profligate countrymen, than from any opposition on the part of the natives. Still, under these most adverse circumstances, the New Zealander has contrived to make

considerable progress in civilization, and even in morality. A number of the natives have embraced the Christian faith, and their conduct has been, in many instances, what such a change would have led us to expect. Many of them have also been taught to read and write, and, consequently, have made considerable intellectual improvement. The arts of industry have, at the same time, made great progress. Several vessels of a considerable tonnage have been built under the superintendence of European workmen, and this must have been attended with some proficiency on the part of the natives in the mechanical arts. This improvement on the part of the natives is still better seen in the nature of the exports and imports during the last few years. In addition to the old staples of fire-arms, ammunition, and iron implements, we find that tobacco, woollen and cotton goods form important items in the New Zealand imports. The natives have now acquired a taste for European clothing, which has led to this increase in their commerce, and their awkward appearance, when they first appeared in the habiliments of civilized men, gave rise to much amusement. They have, however, carried their new tastes so far as to import shoe-blackening and such articles. Along with this increased use of European commodities, the exportation of Indian corn, potatoes, flax, and timber has continued steadily to increase.

Such, however, is only the favourable side of the picture; but the reverse presents the melancholy exhibition of a fine race of mankind making the most strenuous but unavailing efforts to compete with foreigners, whose only point of superiority is the accident of their having been born in a civilized country, but who, in point of morals, are far inferior to the untutored savage. The aborigines of New Zealand are undergoing a gradual, but certain process of extermination in consequence of their intercourse with Europeans. Since their harbours became the resort of whaling vessels, their wars and bloodshed have increased; whole districts have been depopulated; new diseases have been introduced among them; the remaining natives have been impoverished, and induced to dispose of their lands at almost nominal prices, to worthless settlers, and a multitude of evils have ensued, which nothing but the interference of the British government can amend. In fact, a thorough

examination of the causes in operation in producing the demoralization even of New Zealand, will afford a melancholy exhibition of the guilt which England has incurred by planting such sources of every kind of wickedness among the uncivilized but interesting tribes of the southern hemisphere.

The islands of New Zealand first rose into importance from becoming the favourite asylum of the South Sea whalers; and, in due course, became in part colonized by run-away convicts from Hobart Town or Sidney. With respect to the commanders and crews of whaling vessels, we believe that a worse class of people could not come in contact with uncivilized men. During their intercourse with New Zealand, they have been the causes of numerous wars; and independent of such second-hand murders, they have frequently been the immediate agents of the most atrocious transactions. So insulting and oppressive has their conduct been, that if we investigate the history of any of the murders perpetrated by the natives, we shall find that, with scarcely an exception, they may be traced to some primary aggression on the part of the Europeans. In many cases, the procuring of a cargo of flax, or a few tons of potatoes, has been esteemed a sufficient reason for stirring up a war among the natives; and on some of these occasions, even the New Zealand cannibal has been outdone in cruelty and treachery. Even so late as 1830, the exploits of Captain Stewart of the English brig, *Elizabeth*, left the achievements of *Hungu* deep in the shade. In December, 1830, this miscreant—

“On a promise of ten tons of flax, took above one hundred New Zealanders, concealed in his vessel, from *Rappetu*, in Cook's Straits, to *Takow*, or *Bank's Peninsula*, on the the middle island, to a tribe with whom they were at war. He then invited and enticed on board the chief of *Takow*, with his brother, and his daughters. When they were come on board, the Captain took hold of the chief's hand in a friendly manner, and conducted him and his two daughters into the cabin, showed him the muskets, how they were arranged round the sides of the cabin. When all was prepared for securing the chief, the cabin-door was locked, and the chief was laid hold on, and his hands were tied fast; at the same time, a hook, with a cord to it, was stuck through the skin of his throat, under the side of

his jaw, and this line fastened to some part of the cabin. In this state of torture he was kept for some days, until the vessel arrived at Rappetu. One of his children clung fast to her father, and cried aloud. The sailors dragged her from her father, and threw her from him; her head struck against some hard substance, which killed her on the spot. The brother or nephew, Alin, (one of the narrators,) who had been ordered to the fore-castle, came as far as the capstan, and peeped through into the cabin, and saw the chief in the state above mentioned. They also got the chief's wife and two sisters on board, with one hundred bushels of flax. All the men and women who came in the chief canoe were killed. Several more canoes came off also, with flax, and the people were all killed by the natives of Rappetu, who had been concealed on board for this purpose, and the sailors, who were on deck, fired upon them with their muskets. The natives of Rappetu were then sent on shore with some of the sailors, with orders to kill all the inhabitants they could find. It was reported that those parties who went on shore murdered many of the natives. None escaped but those who fled into the woods. The chief, his wife, and two sisters were killed when the vessel arrived at Rappetu, and other circumstances, yet more revolting, are added."

Well might Governor Darling remark on these transactions, that the sanguinary proceedings of the savages could only be equalled by the atrocious conduct of Captain Stewart and his men. Ronparalia (the aggressor chief) may, according to his notions, have supposed that he had sufficient cause for acting as he did. Captain Stewart became instrumental to the massacre, (which could not have taken place but for his agency,) in order to obtain a supply of flax.

This infamous conduct is not an anomaly in Captain Stewart, but evidence obtained by a parliamentary committee, proves that he could perpetrate crimes even still more atrocious.

"By whom was this corrosive sublimate introduced? It was by the captain of a vessel trading from New South Wales to New Zealand. One of the principal chiefs, Rewa came up to me one day with a small paper parcel of corrosive sublimate in hand; he said to me, captain so and so has given me this paper parcel; he has told me that if I will ask the Taurunga people down here as friends, three hundred or four hundred of them, and then

give them a feast, we, according to our custom, waiting upon them—if we sprinkle a little of this white powder upon their potatoes, they will all die, and our lives will not be in danger, and so we will be able to get possession of their lands. Now I am going to do so, but I have not quite enough of it, and you are a doctor, you have white powder upon your shelves, and I want you to give me some of it. The same Captain Stewart had but a short time before produced to me out of his quadrant case a bottle of laudanum, with which he told me that when the natives did any thing which he did not like, and were particularly troublesome, he gave them a bottle of this, which destroyed them at once, and they did not know the way in which they were killed; he put a little of it in their grog."

Although, perhaps, the career of Stewart has been pre-eminent for atrocity—and fortunately human nature is not so bad as to produce such monsters every day—still a vast amount of similar crimes has been perpetrated, and are in course of perpetration, on the shores of New Zealand. It would require a volume to catalogue the murders and other crimes committed by our English whalers. Kidnapping natives and selling them for flax, assisting one tribe to destroy another, promoting quarrels between tribes which were living at peace with each other, carrying off their women, are common occurrences. What is still more remarkable, some commanders of vessels have carried on a traffic in the preserved and tattooed heads of the natives.

"Till lately the tattooed heads of New Zealanders were sold at Sidney as objects of curiosity; and Mr. Yate says he has known people give property to a chief for the purpose of getting them to kill their slaves, that they might have some heads to take to New South Wales.

"This degrading traffic was prohibited by General Darling on the following occasion:—In a representation made to Governor Darling, the Rev. Mr. Marsden states, that the captain of an English vessel being, as he conceived, insulted by some native women, set one tribe upon another to avenge his quarrel, and supplied them with arms and ammunition to fight. The natives were thus involved in a war through the recklessness of a foreigner, for as they alleged it was not their own quarrel, and they wished to know what satisfaction the English would give them for the lives which had been

taken. In this prosecution of the war thus excited, a party of forty-one Bay of Islanders made an expedition against some tribes of the south. Forty of the former were cut off, and a few weeks after the slaughter, a Captain Jack went and purchased thirteen chiefs' heads, and bringing them back to the Bay of Islands, emptied them out of a sack in the presence of their relations. The New Zealanders were very properly so much enraged, that they told the captain they would take possession of the ship, and put the laws of their country in execution. When he found they were in earnest, he cut his cable and left the harbour, and afterwards had a narrow escape from them at Taurunga. He afterwards reached Sidney, and it came to the knowledge of the governor that he brought there ten of those heads for sale; on which discovery, the practice was declared unlawful."

We have quoted enough to illustrate the character of the men who carry on the commercial intercourse between England and New Zealand; and certainly in as far as their dealings with the natives of the latter country are concerned, may be not inappropriately described as piratical. If the line of conduct had been pursued on the coasts of England, which is daily acted at our antipodes, the perpetrators would in most instances have suffered the last penalty of the law. If it appears that the commanders of many of these vessels ought to be convicts, most of the permanent settlers on New Zealand actually are so in the legal sense of the word, and are thus truly and emphatically described by Dr. Lang—

"With a few honourable exceptions, it consists of the veriest refuse of civilized society; of runaway sailors, of runaway convicts, of convicts who have served out their term of bondage in one or other of the two penal colonies, of fraudulent debtors who have escaped from their creditors in Sidney or Hobart Town, and of needy adventurers from the two colonies, almost equally unprincipled. In conjunction with the whalers that occasionally visit the coast, the influence of these individuals on the natives is demoralizing in the extreme. Their usual articles of barter are either muskets and gunpowder, or tobacco and rum. Most of them live in open concubinage or adultery with native women; and the scenes of outrageous licentiousness and debauchery ever and anon occurring on their premises, are often sufficiently revolting to excite the reprobation and disgust of the natives themselves."

The evils which our penal colonies inflict on the adjacent countries, admits of no doubt; and the following statement of the committee of the House of Commons, on the aborigines, is strictly true. "We next turn our view to the islands in the Pacific Ocean, to which we resort for purposes of traffic, without having planted colonies upon them; and again we must repeat our belief that our penal colonies have been the inlet of incalculable mischief to this whole quarter of the world. It will be hard, we think, to find compensation not only to Australia, but to New Zealand, and the innumerable islands of the South Seas, for the murders, the misery, the contamination which we have brought upon them. Our runaway convicts are the pests of savage as well as of civilized society, so are our runaway sailors; and the crews of our whaling vessels, and of the traders of New South Wales, so often act in the most reckless and immoral manner, when at a distance from the restraints of justice. In proof of this we need only refer to the evidence of the missionaries."

From the influence of such visitors and settlers, the progress of demoralization and ruin is advancing among the New Zealanders, with a rapidity which their imperfect civilization, aided by missionary instruction, is unable to contend. Wars have become more frequent and bloody, and diseases, the consequences of European profligacy, are spreading fast throughout the islands; and it is the opinion of those best acquainted with the country, that the population is rapidly diminishing. Along with these evils, the impoverishment of chiefs, and their loss of self-respect from having sold their lands at nominal prices to rapacious settlers, presents a melancholy picture of the prospects of the aborigines of New Zealand.

"The more intelligent natives," says Dr. Lang, "perceive, and all acknowledge their unfortunate condition in these respects themselves; but they are spell-bound, as it were, and cannot resist the temptation to which the offer of articles of European produce and manufacture infallibly exposes them like mere children. They will give all they are worth to-day for the veriest trifle to-morrow. Poncome, native chief, who speaks tolerably good English, but who has already alienated the greater part of his valuable land in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands, observed to one of my fellow-

passengers, Englishmen give us blankets, powder, and iron pots for our land; but we soon blow away the powder, the iron pots get broken, and the blankets wear out, but the land never blows away or wears out. On going ashore at the village of Keraradika, the day after we cast anchor, he (the captain) called at the house of a native chief of the name of Riva, with whom he had formerly been well acquainted, and asked him how he had not come on board the ship to welcome him as he used to do when he heard of his arrival in the Bay. 'I was ashamed to go,' replied the noble-minded but unfortunate chief, 'because I had no present to offer you. Formerly when I went to see my friends, I always carried them a present of pigs or potatoes; but I am a poor man now; I have sold all my land, and have nothing to give my friends.' Riva is as fine a looking man as I have seen; tall, muscular, and athletic, with an expression of kindness on his open countenance, which it was impossible not to perceive, notwithstanding the tattooing, with which it was disfigured. Having no land to reside on, as he formerly had, at some distance from the Bay, he is compelled to take up his permanent residence in the village of Kororadika, among the lawless crews of English, French, and American whalers that frequent the port; his daughter, one of the handsomest native women I have seen, being actually living, at the time I visited the island, with a civilised brute who commands a whaler out of London."

It would be easy to multiply similar examples, but from the brief statements we have made, and which may be found at much greater detail in various parliamentary reports, and in recent publications respecting these interesting but unfortunate islands, enough has been given to convince any one that the extinction of the noblest race of aborigines in the southern hemisphere is inevitable, unless averted by the speedy interference of the English government. To leave the natives to form a government capable of protecting themselves, is much the same as to allow the present system to continue in operation. The idea of forming such a government could be founded on one of those analogies which are calculated to mislead only superficial minds. The New Zealanders are sprung from the same Polynesian family as the Sandwich and Society islanders, but it does not follow from this that they could be brought under one supreme authority, as has been the case in these two groups of islands.

In Tahiti and Hawaii the structure of society was more complicated than in New Zealand. There was a hereditary chieftainship and a powerful priesthood, and a union of the various islands under one chief was perfectly in accordance with the habits of the people. It is very different in New Zealand, where there are only two classes of people, the *coorkies* or slaves, and their *angatiras* or gentlemen, the chiefs only obtaining their superiority from their greater wealth and superior courage and ability, and the inhabitants divided into numerous hostile tribes, engaged in incessant and exterminating warfare. Under these circumstances, to attempt to bring even one of the islands under a vigorous native government is a sufficiently preposterous idea. It is also to be remembered that such a government must be able not only to preserve internal tranquillity among its own turbulent subjects, but also be able to enforce a vigorous control over the no less vicious whalers which frequent their harbours, or the convicts which may cause mischief on shore. As it is at present, nothing is done for the protection of the natives. The government of Sidney have an agent at the Bay of Islands, but as he has no means of enforcing the laws he is only the helpless witness of the crimes he cannot prevent, and has not inaptly been compared to a man-of-war without guns.

As there is but little probability of the natives being able to protect themselves, it appears that no other resource is left than the adoption of a judicious system of colonization; and the objection which some humane individuals may feel to this proposal may be met by the fact, that the process of colonization is going on, and we have it only in our option to substitute a virtuous and Christian colonization for the present vicious immigration of the runaway convicts, or devil's missionaries, as they have been called. A well-regulated system of colonization is the only resource left for the protection and improvement of the natives. Such a colony has been projected, and although from misapprehensions, which we trust have now been removed, and which originated in well-meaning and benevolent mistakes, the project did not meet with the sanction of the legislature, there is little doubt that that sanction will soon be granted.

The brilliant success of South Aus-

tralia has now demonstrated that the scientific principles on which a colony ought to be founded are sufficiently understood, and far from difficult in the application. South Australia has made more progress in three years than New South Wales in twenty, although it neither had the advantage of a single farthing of the public money, nor a single convict labourer to construct its roads or erect its public buildings. A proper disposal of the land, and the judicious proportions of the three ingredients of wealth, land, capital, and labour, has effected wonders, whose influence will be extended to the management of the old as well as to the founding of new settlements.

If New Zealand were an uninhabited land, or nearly so, as many parts of Australia, there would not be a more admirable situation for putting the new system of colonization in practice. But in the present instance it is complicated with another and most important element—the physical and moral improvement of the native inhabitants. It is only on this part of the subject that we mean to make any observations, as the other portion was alluded to in speaking of South Australia. In as far as respects the upright intentions of the projectors of the new colony, and the sincere desire for the welfare of the natives, no suspicion can possibly be entertained, while we may be assured that the plans will be practical and well adapted to accomplish the end in view. Their plan of colonization is founded upon the justice of acknowledging, in every case, the supreme authority of the native chiefs, of obtaining land from them by purchase alone—the land so obtained to be disposed of as in South Australia, and such districts to be placed under British law. The effect of establishing such settlements, founded on principles of equity to the natives, will have the tendency of inducing them, one after another, to put themselves under the authority of the British government, which can protect them both from internal wars and from the still greater evils inflicted by their lawless visitors.

Along with the purchase of the lands from the natives, several important obligations are incurred on the part of the settlers, which must be religiously fulfilled. The emancipation of the slaves, and their elevation to the rank of free-labourers will of course

be observed in every instance; and perhaps the best protection of such labourers from the possibility of wrong, might be some institution like our poor law, which would prevent their utter destitution. On the other hand, the chiefs, after disposing of their lands and slaves, would be in as destitute a condition as the latter, and they equally require some protection, not in the shape of a poor law, but in reserved portions of land for their use, which it will not be lawful to alienate in any manner, but be religiously preserved for its destined object. Along with these precautions the chiefs ought to have the preference over Englishmen in being promoted to every situation for which they have any capacity, and whose duties they can discharge, and every kind of honourable distinction should be placed within their reach.

It is needless to add, that in addition to these measures, and in short of every other calculated to ensure the self-respect of the natives, every means will be taken to advance their intellectual, moral, and religious condition, by educating their children in common with those of the settlers, and by furnishing them with religious teachers.

It is obvious, that to place the natives at once under the control of English laws, without making such modifications in them as the peculiar condition of the aborigines may require, would be merely one of the most artist like plans of effecting their ruin which could well be devised. It would be opening the door to every kind of oppression on the part of the settlers, similar to what the state of Georgia attempts to inflict on the unhappy Cherokees within their dominions. To obviate this difficulty, however, it is proposed to appoint a protector of the natives for each district, whose duty it will be to acquire their language, to attend to their interests, and to conduct their law-suits, and seek redress for them at the public expense. These precautions, which we have only glanced at, appear to be well qualified to accomplish the intentions of their humane projectors, and doubtless they will be improved by such alterations as experience may suggest. One of the most important circumstances in the founding of this new colony would be to empower the board of directors with ample authority to control their officers in the settlement so as to enable them to expel such runaway convicts as may take refuge in the islands, and also

to maintain an efficient police over the whalers who may beset their harbours, to check their crimes, and regulate their intercourse with the colonists and natives.

Another most important consideration suggested by Dr. Lang is of such obvious propriety, that we trust it will be acted upon—we mean that all purchases of land from the natives should be made by agents appointed by the government, or, what is the same thing, by the founders of the colony. It is obvious that unless this be done, land speculators may disturb every arrangement for conducting the colony on these principles, with respect to the disposal of land, which have produced such splendid results in South Australia. Besides this principle of expediency, we believe justice to the natives requires that all unauthorised purchases of land should be annulled, and those which have already been contracted by the land-sharks of the penal colonies should be revoked. The law of England would not permit a minor to alienate his estate for a fowling-piece or a few trifles; and we conceive that in the purchases, as they are called, which have taken place in New Zealand, the unhappy and impoverished natives ought in justice to be considered in the light of minors. Already, in the case of South Australia Felix, this equitable principle has been acted on, and the natives were treated as an independent power, from which her Majesty's government alone could negotiate for the purchase of their lands. The consequence was, that many previous purchases of land from the natives, by adventurers from Van Dieman's Land, were at once quashed, and the property taken possession of for the public good.

We sincerely trust that the New

Zealand Colonization Society will meet with the success their efforts deserve; and it is a pleasing feature in the improved spirit of the age, that this is the first time in the history of colonization that the welfare of the natives forms a prominent and honest condition in the scheme. Although the welfare of the natives has always been put forward; with the exception of Penn and his Quakers, it has never been in any degree acted on by any class of Christians. The first Dutch governor of the Cape of Good Hope wondered how providence should have enriched the heathen Hottentots with abundance of herds and flocks, and immediately conceived the project of robbing them of their cattle, and converting their owners into slaves. The consequence has been, that the numbers of this unfortunate people, the most inoffensive of barbarians, have been diminished from 200,000 to 32,000. In our colonies we have not been slow to act upon this Dutch creed, and with conformable results. Within forty years the Cree Indians have been diminished from 8000 to 2000: the last man and woman of the aborigines of Newfoundland were shot in 1833 by a party of Englishmen; so that like Dodo of the Mauritius, they may be considered an instance of the extinction of a race in the case both of the bird and the Indians brought about by human means. In a penal colony such a process is, as we have seen, wonderfully accelerated; and in New Zealand the only way to avert this evil is by adopting a regular and humane system of colonization, instead of negligently and culpably permitting a beautiful country to be acquired by men who are the outcasts even of convict society.

THE MAN ON THE MAST.

THE little fishing village of — is placed on a flat neck of land which unites a small, rocky promontory with the sandy district of Fingal, and forms the point of junction of two sweeping bays that take a long curve inwards at both sides, leaving it standing far into the sea, so as to present from the distant heights the appearance of being built upon, or rather *in* the water. On this rocky promontory, which forms, as it were, the Acropolis to the village, a small, ruined chapel of antique and rude workmanship, stands, bleak and unsheltered, to buffet as it may the

force of the waves, which are occasionally swept in long white lines of spray, completely over the roofless walls into the streets of the hamlet behind it. Here the sea boils with peculiar fury over a reef of rocks, which runs out for more than a quarter of a mile in a direct line, as if it chafed at its long sea-line of sand being intruded upon by so stubborn an obstacle as this bold and black ridge of limestone. When the wind blows from the east and north-east especially, the point to which the neighbouring ruin has given the name of the Chapel Head, may be distinguished

for many a league by its hoary crest of foam ; and it would appear as if the superstition of the primitive inhabitants had raised this little religious edifice as a sort of deprecatory barrier against the fury of that element which they found it in vain to think of excluding by any mote or bulwark they could raise for the purpose.

It seems, however, that the simple villagers have been long convinced that their prayers were of no more avail than Canute's commands to stay its progress, as they have prudently withdrawn by degrees from that part of the isthmus more immediately exposed to the incursions of the sea ; and the few end houses now present an appearance almost as completely dismantled as their outpost the chapel itself ; some being wholly untenanted, while the rest form the miserable residences of the poorest and most destitute of the sea-faring population of —.

By way of making up for the intrusion of the element in this quarter, a race more modern and practical, though still possessed of little engineering skill, have constructed on the northern shore of the promontory, a small and rude pier, which running at first at right angles to the reef above mentioned, and then bending in near the extremity towards the land, forms a narrow and imperfect shelter for the few wherries, by the assistance of which the village contrives to exist and pay the landlord for the use of the patch of barren land it stands upon. This miniature harbour is fast filling with shingle, while at its mouth a bar is yearly shallowing ; and when the tide is at ebb, the rough but staunch boats stand high and dry on the slimy beach, propped on a pair of immense crutches, and reeking, as it were, in the effluvia of rank sea-weed, blubber-fish, and numerous heads of decapitated ling and dog-fish which are strewn around them, with little advantage, it is to be feared, to the health or cleanliness of the village. As the tide rises, its progress may be distinguished first by the splash of its broken waves against the projecting planks of the clinker-built hulls, and presently by the creaking and groaning of these, as, when once afloat, they confusedly swing amongst each other, and rub and chafe in their efforts for room.

It is immediately opposite to where this stony arm has its shoulder in the land, that the most ruinous of the de-

serted huts I have described is placed ; and to a stranger rounding the point into the little harbour, the whole scene, the barren sand, the bare walls, the ruin, present such a picture of desolation, that he will naturally hesitate a moment before he can bring himself to feel that here he can have shelter from any mischance by land or water.

One autumn afternoon, in the year —, three figures were observed standing in front of one of these habitations, against which two of them leaned, whilst the third stood a little in advance, and, with his hand over his eyes, seemed to be intently gazing in the direction of the seaward horizon. To a person less skilled in the prognostics of change of wind or weather, than the hardy race of deep-sea fishermen on the coast of Ireland, it would have been difficult to account for the evident marks of anxiety which could be discerned on the countenances of all three, imparting a thoughtful cast to those of the two elder and more retired of the party, and exhibiting itself in the most lively manner in the attitude and expression of the third, as he alternately swept the distant sea-line with his eye, and threw it up for an instant, nearly closed, to the sky. There is something peculiarly striking in the bearing of the fisherman. It is an error to suppose he is to be classed with the rollicking man-of-war's man, into which he so often, however, degenerates. He is generally, when concerned in the business of his craft, silent and reserved, with all the intelligence, however, which having a knowledge of, as well as an interest in what he is about, is sure to give ; and there is a manly gravity in his air, approaching in some instances almost to dignity, which would at first sight argue him scarcely alert enough for the rapidity of marine evolutions, but that his eye is ever open, watchful, and keen, and discovers the energy which might escape notice in the slouching position and folded arms. The men of whom I speak at present were, two of them at least, in costume and bearing, by no means of the higher order even of their own craft. Their garments were rough and tattered, seeming to be held together by tar as much as by stitch or button ; their linen, if linen there were, was invisible ; and their shoes were not separated from the foot by any interposed layer of stocking whatever. Yet was there nothing either of vulgarity or meanness about them ;

their appearance was savage more than miserable; they were ragged, it is true, but not beggarly.

"They'll be late, some of them, I'm afraid, after all," said the youngest of the party, turning to his companions after a long and intent gaze to the eastward. "As for that cockle-shell, the Kittywake, with the young gentlemen in her, it's well she's so near in shore, or she'd have but a bad look-out of it. Three of us have hove in sight, and are making for home; but the rest had better keep their offing, and seek to weather it out as they are for to-night."

"Ay, Jack, if they let the daylight go, they have no business in shore. It will be a dark night as well as a breezy one, and should they miss the harbour, and the ebb set in, it's all over with them, I'm afraid."

"Two more of them yonder to the north-east I see crowding up," said the third of the party, "and one of them's Buckner Bryan's boat, I'll warrant. I think I can tell the schooner-rig even with my old eyes. He's sure to run for it if he doubts the weather."

"But I say, Rooney, what's she just loomed out from behind the island yonder, nor'ward of the Coffin Rocks?—Picking for the water-dogs, I suspect, from the cut of her jib. She's right to keep to windward now, anyhow, and let them have a sleep; she might land more than her cargo before morning if she were half a league closer in. I've some doubts of her too, even where she is; she's deep in the water, and, now I look again, she's running a point or two too much to the westward, to have any one on board who knows much about the Chapel-head."

"Well, our business is with ourselves," said Rooney; "and here comes another of us smoking over the bar. It's long since I've seen a dirtier evening. I knew what it would come to after the lull to-day, to say nothing of the twinging of my shoulders and elbows."

In truth the signs of coming tempest were now too apparent to be mistaken. The wind, which had been blowing at first lightly from the westward, and then had lulled altogether, had within the last hour chopped about to the north-east, and continued every moment to gain in force, as was evidenced by the small, white foam with which every wave was tipped as it rolled shoreward, and the deeper swing and strain of the boats riding in the little harbour. The day had been cloudless;

but as the sun approached the west, the eastern quarter of the heavens had become heavy with a lurid haze, which rose like an exhalation out of the waters, and stretched itself gradually onwards towards the land, tingeing the sea of a dull brown, and leaving only one narrow rim of light running along the line of its distance, in which, as if touched by a pale gleam of sunshine, were discernible the far-off sails of some of the fishing-boats, whose return was so anxiously looked for by the three mariners on shore.

Many sea-birds were sweeping inland, making the air resound with their doleful screams; and the roar from the Chapel-head, coming on the ear like distant salvos of artillery, announced the approach of the swell, which as yet was but partially felt in the harbour. As the twilight became fainter, which it did with unusual rapidity, owing to the huge masses of cloud that began to push each other up the sky from the eastward, one or two of the little vessels appeared close at hand, sweeping forward with a rapidity scarcely less than that of the wind, which rushed directly after them, distending their coarse, red canvas to the utmost; while at the same time the sea hissed and boiled at their bows, and glanced off in thick spray, as they alternately entered and were left behind by the hastening billows. As each boat shot by the pier-head, with her sails dark against the sky, there might be heard above the wind the strong flap and flutter of her canvas, the shouted commands of her helmsman, and the seething of the smoother water, as her head was brought round, and she gradually took her station on the outer or western side of the wherries moored in the harbour.

At last, something seemed to flit past so lightly and rapidly, that it might have been taken for a sea-bird's wing in the gathering gloom. In another instant, a gig of the lightest and most fragile build, had shot to the westward of all the other boats, under a small lug-sail, which was lowered in an instant, and was already aground on the foamy swell of the backwater at the bottom of the harbour. The next moment four persons—her whole crew—had jumped out of her into the water, and taking her under the thwarts, had run the frail bark high and dry upon the sand. A merry cheer announced the landing accomplished, and the figures began slowly to ascend the

beach towards the sailors. It was not necessary to see their high cast of features, their graceful forms, or delicate limbs, to know them for *gentlemen*. The circumstances of their having been out in so wafery a skiff, on such a night, having shot so boldly ashore, and handled their craft in so dashing a style, were enough. It is absurd to talk of practised seamen, hardy tars, &c. and laugh, as is the fashion, at gentlemen amateurs. They may be rash, and suffer for it; but it is the same rashness which spurs them at a six-foot wall, or a twenty-foot drain, and carries them over it, while a "practised" plebeian will look at it, and ride to a gate. They cannot do every thing that a sailor will, but they will do many a thing that a sailor will not, and do it well.

The youngest of the three fishermen descended to the beach at a signal from one of the party, and took charge of the boat. The amateurs were dressed in loose white shirts and trousers, with a small black handkerchief hanging round their necks. Their whole air was that of joyous excitement, and as the gale swept the long hair from their brows, and heightened the colour on their surburnt cheeks, it was hard to say whether the recollection or the expectation of pleasure was predominant in the expression of their countenances. They had invigorated their bodies with manly exercise—got through difficulty and danger with success, and were now within reach of a hospitable house, where good cheer and smiling faces awaited them, and where the exertions of the day would serve only to give a topic to conversation, and a zest to the banquet. Alas! how different the lot of many a hardy youth who surmounted the same peril, with the same relish for enjoyment. Of those who arrived at the pier that evening, after a weary day, there were more than one whose wet garments were their only ones, who had little more shelter in their wind-swept hovels than on the deck they had left, and whose hunger was to be but half appeased with the wet and unwholesome food to which poverty in Ireland is generally restricted. There must be a spring at the heart of an Irishman, more elastic than is to be found animating the bosoms of his fellow-mortals elsewhere through the world, or the old paradox must be reconciled, and suffering become indifferent by habit.

We will follow the party which had

just landed, to the neighbouring hall, where they had been anxiously looked for by sundry portly looking personages, with rubicund faces, and snow-white waistcoats spread over the torrid zone of their stomachs. Dinner had been detained till the youths should arrive, and dinner was the object which always engrossed these worthy gentlemen's thoughts about this hour, to the exclusion of every thing else. These individuals had been two or three times out upon the hall-door steps, silk stockinged, and brushed up to perfection, their little puffy hands, glittering with rings, being thrust impatiently under the skirts of their coats, as they threw their eyes up to the sky and along the avenue, and then cast their thoughts forward longingly to the dinner-table. It was a view, that before them, as they stood at the hall-door of — house, which might well have claimed a moment's regard, as it lay expanded beneath the last gleam of daylight. The island, the town, the tower, the grove,—but what was it all to them? Set such a creature amidst the most exquisite display of art, or in the grandest scenes of nature, and he preserves the tenor of his soul with surprising equanimity. The senses, like the old Duke of Clarence's person, are drowned in the wine-cask; the juices of his eyes are turtle-soup; and creation, to him, is one vast kitchen-garden. How many have lived and died in this happy state of sensual insensibility! How many are there, even now, "in like predicament?"

Having been driven in at last, however, by the increasing violence of the gale, which blew full in front of the house, they ascended once more to the drawing-room, and endeavoured to persuade the ladies of the party that they considered waiting, in their society, preferable even to dinner without it; their fidgetty twitches and half-swallowed yawns, interspersed with occasional sighs, showing but too plainly the struggle between their politeness and the truth. At length, a rush of wind into the hall announced the door opened, and the loud voices and ringing laugh of the expected party found their echo in the brightened countenances of the drawing-room circle. The door was shut and barred in a moment again; the youths' toilette was soon made, and, in a few minutes, the whole company were seated at dinner in the spacious parlour, amidst a blaze of lamps, partaking of the substantial cheer of — house.

It is not my intention to follow the courses in my description, as if I were *building* a story instead of *telling* one. I must leave the soup, fish, *entremets*, and *pieces de resistance* to be discussed as they may, washed down by the vintages of France and Spain, and seasoned with social converse and convivial glee. The party was little more than a family one, although it amounted to twelve or fourteen in number—the exceptions being two of the nautical adventurers, one of the corpulent white-waistcoated folk, and the village doctor, a pale young man, with a peculiarly *death-bed* address. All, however, were intimates, and it was in the country: there was no restraint or reserve. Characters were pulled to pieces; sermons criticised; friends sneered at; ladies rallied; the doctor quizzed to his face; and O'Connell abused, just as usual in every such assembly, and with perfect freedom, in the most good-natured way in the world.

When the fair sex had withdrawn, (on which occasion the white waistcoats could not restrain a sigh of relief) the party closed up round their host, and their comfort seemed only increased by the occasional gusts which swept past the windows, and bellowed in the chimney. They talked of politics, of literature (slightly), of agriculture, of petty sessions, of nauticals, of proposed systems of poor laws (at large), of wine, of lunatic asylums, of women. At last, one of the younger of the party proposed a song, turning, at the same time, to the most corpulent of the white waistcoats. He expected the challenge, and was evidently an old offender, for his excuses were only protracted till he had decided upon the key, and then, having touched his forehead with the hand which had most rings on it, by way of giving notice to his memory that it was about to be taxed, he sung the following stanzas to a fine old Protestant tune, lisping strongly, and swelling out each note in the middle, like the down stroke of a capital letter, in the fashionable, "now imperfect," style of half a century back:—

"As Chloe fled, the other day,
And hotly I pursued,
The breeze it rent her veil away,
And oh, what charms it showed!

"So round her cheek, so full her lip,
So snowy white her skin,
That, coming near a stream, I trip,
And tumble headlong in.

"I shout and flounder—save, oh save!
But, no—the cruel fair
Runs laughing off, content to leave
Her Damon drowning there.

"I rise, at length, walk calmly out,
Forswear the heartless lass,
And now, to put it past a doubt,
I'm wedded to my glass.

"We live from hand to mouth, 'tis true;
And frail the jade may be,
But then she's kind, and comic, too,
And that's enough for me.

"Curst be the Chloe who could cast
In puddle, him who sought her!
If drowning be my fate at last,
The liquor *shan't* be water!"

Here ceased the vocal effort of the plethoric bon vivant. Effort it might be called, for his red face grew redder as he proceeded; his full veins more swollen; his breath shorter, and more thick; and had there been another verse, it would most probably have proved the truth of the preceding stanza, by settling his fate in another way. The conclusion was drowned in a shout of applause, on the part of the listeners, and, on his own, in a glass of port of such ample dimensions, that it might have been mistaken for a tumbler at any less hospitable board. Upon it he floated all the melody that might have stuck to his lips back to his heart, to be ready there for further use.

"Well, Chloe's right, after all," he exclaimed, after having drawn a breath proportioned to the draught; "if she wanted to annoy me, she could not do it more effectually than by a watery application. The nymphs would die old maids, if it were not for their profligate adorer, Bacchus. A bad night, too," he added, as an awful gust rushed past the dining-room windows, mixed with the rattling of heavy rain; "there are some out in this 'tempest' would give a thousand square miles of this same water for a few feet of this parlour floor."

"Another song! Come, come!" vociferated all the party, particularly the young nauticals. "Something about the sea—anything, in fact, except old Neukomm's 'Sea,' itself."

At this moment, a servant, who had entered unperceived, leaned over the pale-faced physician's shoulder, and said, "You're wanted, sir."

He rose, as young physicians always do, with a mingled air of importance, commiseration, and sorrow. Importance, for a call is calculated to pro-

duce *an effect*; commiseration, for he would have it supposed that he felt already for the suffering it was his province to alleviate; regret, and that unfeigned, to exchange such cheer for a trudge through the storm, without much reasonable prospect of a compensating *honorarium quiddam* at the end of the journey. The surface of the party, ruffled for a moment, soon closed over the absence of the physician, and the bottle and jest only went round more freely for having one glass less to replenish, and one lugubrious face the less to wrench into merriment.

We must quit the parlour of — house along with our young doctor, and make up our minds for a far different scene from that I have been describing.

The night was fearfully tempestuous, and pitchy dark; the rain swept down in torrents, and our poor Æsculapius drew a hard breath between his teeth, and shuddered to his toes, as, wrapped in a muffler and dreadnought coat, he found himself in the open air, hurrying forward, led by a strange man, and totally unable to see any thing but the false glare of light which remained at the back of his eyes after their long gaze at the dining-room fire. It was not until he had ascertained that all his mufflers were adjusted, and his coat-collar brought as near his hat as was consistent with leaving any of his face out, that he thought of asking the particulars relative to the nature of the call upon him beyond the "Where is it?" of the first moment. The answer to his query was gruff enough.

"Only some bodies cast ashore; we don't know from what ship, and one of them, the officer says, has a bit of life in it yet. A decent looking woman, too, and young enough to be worth saving."

The Doctor hurried on, stumbling and splashing at every step. Their way lay at first through the avenue of the demesne; but, on passing the gate, the guide, who was a fisherman of the neighbourhood, and in his capacity of smuggler—a profession very commonly found united to the former—knew the by-ways at least as well as the high-ways, struck into the fields; and, as the disciple of Galen began to regain his sight, he could just distinguish that his course was directed towards that side of the promontory of the Chapel Head which lay farthest from the village of —. On they went, scrambling up the moist and loose backs of

ditches, the bushes showering water out in abundance as they brushed through them, and jumped down upon the deep fallow, or spongy pasture on the other side. The clouds swung across the sky, one after another, like gigantic banners waved out of heaven, and the storm rushed furiously inland, its hoarseness deepened by the distant surges, as they rolled up and burst successively upon the shore. Their path now lay along the westward or land-side of a low conical hill, of a somewhat regular form, about half-way up, and close by a large hedge, surmounting a natural escarpment which formed the boundary between an extensive stubble on the left, and a meadow above on the right, and in which an old deserted lime-kiln had served, from a distance, to direct their course. As long as they continued under the shelter of this hill, the sea was heard but faintly and at intervals in the pauses of the wind; but when, having passed it, they broke through a narrow opening in the hedge to the right, towards the weather side of the hill, the fury of the storm, and the tumultuous roar of the waves burst on them with such sudden and overwhelming force, that they were obliged to pause for a moment, bent almost to the ground to regain their breath, ere they mustered strength and resolution to proceed, while a muttered execration from the guide testified how irksome his errand had been.

It is possible that, at this point, the bilious Doctor, shuddering to his inmost soul, confused, buffeted about by the blast, wet to the skin in spite of his mufflers, weary and athirst, may have turned back, in thought, with a sigh, to the parlour at — house, the good wine, good fire, and good song, and, for a moment, felt his love of science and humanity yield before his present discomfort, and have even permitted an unconscious murmur to arise to his lips against the fate which had led him to adopt that sad profession in which man is a sought-for guest only where suffering and misery are the entertainers. And far be it from us to think harshly of him for so doing. There are few who can turn from the house of rejoicing to the house of mourning, from the smile of life and good-humour to the various appalling forms of disease and death, and not feel that whatever man's lot may be on earth, the inclinations and desires within him are after happiness and joy, and

the face of suffering distasteful and dreadful to his inmost soul.

This was but for a moment, however, and the next saw him again on his way, struggling manfully against the storm. The descending side of the hill was soon gained, and the salt spray driven against their faces, intimated to both his conductor and himself that they were close to the cliff, from the breakers beneath which the deafening noise they heard proceeded, although they could not discern more with their eyes than that they were walking over short and slippery grass, and that the sea was seething whitely somewhere at a great depth below them. An outline, as of some low building, it is true, appeared to the right, dark against the sky; but what it was, or its distance from them, was more than the physician could distinguish. All at once, a clash was heard close to them—a startling “Who goes there?”—they were challenged by a sentry. The sailor replied at once, stating who they were, and the coast-guard vidette allowed them to pass on. A few yards more brought them into the midst of the party itself, who were collected upon the edge of the cliff, and they were now near enough to see a small strip of sandy shore immediately beneath them, with four or five people gathered upon it, apparently engaged in watching the rise and retreat of each wave, and snatching something from between them, while one seemed to direct their proceedings, and take charge of the “treasure-trove” as it was brought to shore. Such they could discern through the darkness after a searching glance downwards.

Up a steep zigzag pathway from below, the chief officer of the coast-guard was toiling, with one or two of his men, bearing some portion of the shipwrecked goods (for such they seemed to be) with him, and arrived at the summit a moment afterwards.

“Ah, Doctor! a little too late, I fear. I knew those young fellows would have you up at — house, so I got a hand to go for you—with some difficulty, I assure you. My own men I could not send off duty, and the rest, you see, expect to come in for share of what’s going; and, I believe, they’d suffer their grandmother to drown by inches, ere they’d allow a bale of goods thrown up by one wave to be swallowed by the next, without a scramble for it. They’ve landed their cargo from some vessel sooner than they expected, poor devils; and here we are collected to take

charge of it, without their leave. All drowned, I fear, Doctor. A body or two already ashore. One woman (very like a contraband article, too) is up there at the lime-kiln, and you shall have a look at her, for I think there’s a spark left.”

So saying, he gave his load into the hands of his men, and strode on before him, towards the building which the latter had seen, and which proved to be another of the deserted lime-kilns frequent in the neighbourhood, and which was not more than a score of yards off the spot he had reached.

The scene, as they came up, was sufficiently picturesque. The kiln itself was built into the side of the cliff, the mouth being but slightly raised above the land level from which it was approached, while the fire-place was situated at its side, about half-way down to the beach, to which a rugged track was the only approach. From the hollow of this furnace, which neglect seemed to have extended into something approaching the form of a chamber or cave, a strong light issued, and some figures, armed, were shown in their outline against it. As the physician made his way down the path, and approached the place, he saw that in the nook, which was on that side of the building screened from the storm, a fire of logs had been kindled, and five or six men were congregated, some tending the flame, while one or two were stooping down at the other side.

“Come, my lads,” exclaimed the officer, as he entered among them; “make room for the Doctor. He’s in for the inquest at all events. Make way, and fetch over a light.”

In an instant the physician was on his knees beside a sort of litter made of coats, while a man held over his head a brand taken up from the fire, and which, as it flickered and flashed, showed the apparently lifeless form of a woman. Some of her dripping clothes had been removed; coats, &c., had been wrapped round her; she had been chafed, and a drop or two of spirits applied to her lips; but, hitherto, with no effect.

“She must be removed at once to a house,” said the physician, after examining her attentively for a few moments. “Nothing can be done till that is accomplished,” and he rose from his knees.

“We cannot leave our duty, sir,” they replied, “and there is no one else here but this fisherman. The folks

below have something else to think of, and the nearest cabin is half a mile off, at the least."

"Well, this man and I can take her there between us. It is the only chance for her life."

He set at once about devising as convenient a way of removing her as possible. The promise of a reward out of his own pocket bought the services of the greedy peasant, and they were, in a short time, once again travelling in company, though with a cumbersome addition to their party. Hard they worked that night, the volunteer and the mercenary, bearing their senseless burden through the swampy fields, and over the slippery fences in the storm: and late it was when their loud knocking at the door roused the peasant and his family from their labour-rocked slumbers.

It is needless to detail the alarm at first; the surprise, and then the ardent compassion of these poor cottagers. By those who know the superstitious timidity, and the boundless hospitality of the lower classes of the Irish, the succession of these feelings is understood at once; to those who do not, a description sufficiently concise for the present purpose would scarcely be satisfactory.

The *body*, as it may be called, was deposited on the only bed, warm from the occupation of the family; the few turf ashes were blown up, and replenished with fresh fuel, and all the additional bedding of the house (scanty enough, to be sure) collected and heated to envelope the limbs of the stranger. The poor woman, herself, with that peculiar alertness and shrewdness of management commonly met with amongst the peasantry of that secluded and primitive district, set herself to strip the clinging habiliments from the cold and senseless form on the bed, and to chafe and dry it ere she reinvolved it in the coarse but well-aired garments she had collected for the purpose.

Life not being extinct, these efforts, under the judicious superintendence of the pale-faced physician, produced, at last, their effect, and it was with real pleasure he saw the lids unclosed from the eyes of an interesting looking female, apparently under the middle age, and in appearance somewhat above the common class. What were the discoveries he made that night, relative to her history and fate, we have not now the means of ascertaining, as he

never will answer questions put to him with that object. Suffice it to say that, whatever the disclosures may have been, they were of a nature to beget in him a lively interest, and secure his good offices as long as they could be of any avail.

Soon after dawn the morning after, a violent knocking was heard at the door of the cabin in which the pale-faced physician was still watching his patient.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the shivering peasant, from amongst some straw by the fire.

"Open the door, Lynch; we want you, man. Come, stir yourself."

The drowsy *sans culotte* rose, and unbolted the door, giving admission to a terrific gust of wind, together with two of the sailors whom we have already introduced to our readers.

"Come down to the quay, Lynch, and be stirring, and take a beam oar with us. There's a vessel gone down in the Chapel Bay, and there are her masts above water, with some poor devils of seamen holding on."

A scream from the bed interrupted the rest of the sentence, and, in a moment, the female had started up with clasped hands, exclaiming, "Oh, God! is *he* upon it?"

The men started back in astonishment, so wild and unearthly was the voice, and so unexpected the question. When they recovered themselves, they professed their inability to answer it—there was not light enough to distinguish any thing beyond the bare fact of there being persons thus perilously situated. There was nothing to be gained from them; but the whole character and demeanour of the woman was changed. She seemed to become a new creature—her debility and gentleness vanished together; she was endowed with supernatural life and energy, and the return of hope had brought with it a morbid strength, which raised her above all the natural effects of her recent exhaustion. As the men went out, she energetically, and almost imperiously requested of the physician to retire, and in spite of his expostulations and entreaties, she suffered not more than a few minutes to elapse, ere she was clothed in her half-dried garments, and pressing out at the door into the storm on her way to the shore. The overpowered physician made what haste he could to follow her; but it was not so easy to overtake her. She seemed to fly rather than run; her hair and

apparel streaming behind her, and shaping her course towards the sea, the road to which she seemed to discover by instinct.

On the shore, meantime, a considerable assemblage of persons had been collected, consisting (besides the coast-guard) principally of the country people, although two or three of the nearer gentry, to whose ears tidings of the wreck had already reached, were of the number. The morning was clear and bright; the sun was fast ascending towards the horizon; but the weight of the north-easter was still rushing in, might and main, marking the surface of the water with white foam, and throwing the breakers upon the shore with tremendous fury.

At this place the surf was the more broken by the unevenness of a rocky bottom, here and there rising above the surface of the sea, and sinking abruptly below it. The conformation of the rock seemed to add to the trouble of the waters. It was placed in slightly undulating layers, assuming in general nearly a horizontal position, so that the leaves or laminae were here and there *peeled off*, as it were, and heaped over the other part in confusion. The limestone rock, dark itself, and roughened with adhesive shells and sea-weed, bristled up black amidst the seething mass, and, at times, might be fancied to resemble the head of some mighty sea-monster, emerging from the waves, and plunging beneath them again. A little farther out, where the wave had depth to curl, the great green wall swept up towards the shore, carrying a little light spray toppling on its crest, and then, by degrees, turning majestically over, until the clear top plunged its head into the thick of the foam with a stunning roar, and rolled in one boiling mass onward towards the land. Farther still, and just beyond the curl of the shoaling water, it was evident a vessel had sunk in the night, for there were two masts by this time perfectly discernible, standing up almost perpendicularly, immersed about as far as the tops, as they are technically termed; that is, the broad frame-work which affords footing at the junction of the mast and topmast. Of these, the foretops, being lower than the other, were rather below the level of the sea, but the main-tops were above it, and on these the outlines of *four* human figures could be seen with tolerable distinctness by a spectator on the beach, standing out

against the moving stay, although so little raised above the water, as to be partially immersed by every wave as it swept past.

As soon as ever this had been ascertained by those on land, there had been a cry for a boat. The three sailors already mentioned were the first to volunteer their services, and it was with a view to completing their crew that two of them had gone up to Lynch's cabin, while the third went northward across a neck of land to the little pier of —, close to which their yawl lay high and dry. The greater part of the gazers from the top of the cliff had followed in the direction of the projected launch; but the officer of the coast-guard, an experienced seaman, remained with his men at their original station, occasionally raising his glass to his eye, and taking a narrow survey of the mast and those clinging to it; but when spoken to about the boat, and the chance of getting them off, he only shook his head, and looked up sagaciously to windward, without saying a word.

He had just shut up his glass, and slung it once more in his leathern case behind him, when the unhappy creature he had assisted to save the night before, came running wildly up, her hair floating behind her, her face ashy pale, and all the intenseness of fearful inquiry in its expression. Breathless and agitated, she could not at first say a word, but looked wildly back and forward along the horizon, the rapidity of her gaze preventing her from catching the object she was in search of. At last she gained utterance, and cried,

"Oh, sir; where are they? Where are they? Show me them, for God's sake! Oh, show me them!" and she clasped her hands before him.

"Look over that black rock there, about a quarter of a mile off shore, and you'll see the masts. I doubt whether you can make out what's on them, though. D——d hard to see at all at this hour of the morning, with the spray in one's face."

She shaded her eyes with her hand, and ran her glance more slowly in the direction pointed out, and at length screamed—

"Yes, yes, that's our ship; there she is, and people on the mast. Oh, who are they? For God's sake tell me, sir, is *he* there?"

"Don't know, ma'am, indeed. Can't well see yet who's there. Besides I

don't know the person you speak of, that I'm aware of. Not likely he and I should be acquainted."

"Oh! look, look, sir! take the glass, or give it me. He's tall, sun-burnt, with blue jacket. Oh, you can't mistake him!"

"Here, my lads," said the officer to his men, "unstrap this spy-glass and hand it to me."

They unbuckled it from the back of their superior, where it had been slung, and when he had received it at their hands, he commenced leisurely to place it at its focus, while the poor woman continued to watch him with agonised impatience.

"Here, take it yourself, ma'am. You know him better than I do. No doubt you can find him if any one can."

She took the instrument in her trembling hands, but her efforts to steady and direct it were vain. The inventions of science are of little use in the hands of passion or agony.

"Ah," said she, as she lowered it, her eyes filling with tears, "I see nothing but clouds and rolling waves! Take it yourself, sir, and tell me what you can discern. Surely he *might* be there as well as any one else—and yet did I not *see* him swept away?" and she wrung her hands in the agony of the recollection.

The gruff officer put the glass leisurely up to his eyes, and having covered the mast, gave the result of his survey slowly, pausing between each word.

"Why, ma'am, as well as I can see, there are four men holding on, and a boy, I think, besides, on the other mast, but of this I can't be altogether certain, for the sea washes over him, and it's only now and then I catch a glimpse of him. By George, there's one of the men off!"

The sailors uttered an involuntary exclamation, the poor woman shrieked in agony, and fell on her knees; and at the same time a distant cry from the spectators who had moved off towards the pier announced that they too had seen the occurrence.

"Oh, look! for the love of heaven, sir, look, and tell me what you see!"

"Ha!" he continued, still looking through his glass, "I caught him that moment on the top of a wave. He is close to the other mast. No doubt he will make for it, if he has strength, now that he has been swept off the mainmast;—but he will hardly have so good a berth of it there, I expect,

as the tops are below water. He's at it, by Jove—no, gone again; and the boy's off too. My God, they'll not hold out much longer, any of them!"

"Oh, don't say so!" cried the woman.

"What are the men on the mast like? Look, sir, look, and tell me, I beseech of you? What colour is their dress?"

"They're not down yet, though," continued the officer, without heeding her, and still looking. "There they were both together on a wave that time—a strong fellow that, to stand against such a sea—by Jove, he has hold of the boy; and, as I'm a living man, it was to save him he quitted the mainmast; and there he is now swimming back to it! Well done, by heavens, well done!" And a loud shout burst from his own men and the distant multitude as the individual was seen once more standing on the main-top with the boy he had rescued.

"D—n that fellow, he deserves to be promoted," continued the officer, his glass still tight to his eye—"and I vow I think he is something like what you say, ma'am. Now that there's more light I can see that he's a stout young fellow, and the biggest of them all."

"That's he, that's he, I knew it!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears—"my generous, noble Henry, who is there to save him? who will go out to him? Oh, sir, is there no boat here? I'll go out myself with any one!" and the distracted woman caught the arms of the officer.

"Why, ma'am, they're gone off already to launch one for trying the thing, but I've my doubts if they'll get through the surf—however, they'll try."

Just at this moment the pale-faced physician came up. He had missed his half-delirious patient, and having a less powerful instinct than she, it is to be supposed had found himself at last on another part of the shore, and separated from the lime-kiln by a deep ravine through which a stream issued, so that he was obliged to retrace his steps a considerable distance in order to rejoin her.

"My dear madam," he exclaimed, "it is madness of you thus to expose yourself, you——"

"Speak not to me," she cried, in a voice that effectually silenced him. "*Only look there!* He—he is there! ask this gentleman—he has showed him to me—he is alive, and no one will go to him. But they are taking

out a boat. Lead me, sir, lead me to them!" she continued, grasping his arm as the thought struck her, "that I may hurry them, and help them if I can. A moment, you know, is precious now. I'll ask to be allowed to go with them, and offer them any sum, all I, all we possess, if they will only bring him back safe!"

The young physician, much affected at her distress, placed a warm coat about her shoulders, and took her under his arm, leading her, or rather being led by her, such was her eagerness, in the direction of the little pier of —.

But the sagacious officer of the coast-guard had seen, perhaps, better than the fishermen themselves, the difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, of doing any thing effectual under the circumstances.

The boat was launched and manned by the four intrepid men. She was of that substantial and business-like build, best calculated to ride out weather of this kind, being exceedingly thick in the timbers and bluff in the bows, and shaped alike at both ends, as these yawls are commonly constructed. They are used for putting down and taking up those osier baskets employed to take lobsters, and for carrying over the sea-rack, or weed, from the adjacent islands to the mainland, where it is applied in quantities to the purpose of manuring the sandy soil of the vicinity. For such services, of course, none but a stout boat would be suited, the weather being subject to sudden changes, the coast rugged and exposed, and the load of sea-rack at times sufficiently great. Helm she had none. The crew directed her course by their oars, and her similarity of build at both ends enabled them to back her into small creeks and manage her with comparative ease. Her thwart were little more than square beams, on which the oarsmen found an uneasy seat, and the oars themselves were rough, heavy, and unhewn.

With such a construction and equipment did the bark make its first stroke from the sloping shingle of the harbour of —, and high were the hearts of the generous fellows who manned her. She rose lightly over the back swell, and plunged forward again, as the steady stroke threw her along in her course, and she had just fetched the pier-head, and got the first burst of the weather upon her gunwale, and the sea upon her bows, as the anxious

woman and her pallid attendant drew near.

"There they go," she exclaimed with wild delight; "there they are, the deliverers of my brave Henry! Surely we shall have lost nothing when we gain each other once more. What shall I ever do to reward these generous people?"

When they got to the head of the pier, the boat was not more than fifty or sixty yards beyond it. The small progress they had made, which was accounted for by the tremendous force of the shoreward sea, as well as by the violence of the storm, which rendered it a matter of difficulty even for those inland to keep their feet where they stood, afforded matter of considerable anxiety to the physician, as he thought of the short distance already accomplished at great labour, and calculated on the time it would take to make a mile of way to windward under the circumstances. But he was still more alarmed when, in consequence of an observation from one of the bystanders, he looked ahead of the boat, and observed the aspect of the bar, which extended all across the harbour at a little distance from shore. It was terrific. The sea seemed to rage in one white chain of foam, of an hundred yards in breadth, and to offer an insurmountable barrier to either entrance or exit, presenting as continuous and heavy a surf as that which rolled in under the lime-kiln. At this time of the tide there were but a few feet of water over it, and independent of the violence of the waves, it was to be feared that in the trough of the sea the boat would but too inevitably touch the sandy bottom.

An old sailor edged up to the physician—

"Doctor, these lobster-men will have a wet jacket in the gut, if they don't feel the ground on their keel. Three hours hence they would stand a better chance, but the tide's ebbing yet, and by the time they get there, there'll be little water enough for them, even if it were as smooth as yesterday."

"It's too true, I fear," said the person addressed; "but in three hours hence—"

"Oh, the men know what they are doing," interrupted the woman, who had been anxiously listening to these observations, and feared to encourage them; "they look so determined they must succeed. There—you see they're close upon it now, and are getting on quite steadily. I know it's

easy," as she saw a smile of incredulity on their faces. "I've often seen boats in a greater storm than this, I assure you;" and the poor woman endeavoured to smile with an air of cheerfulness and hope, the hollowness of which was but too clearly shown by the agonized expression of anxiety into which her features relapsed the next moment. There are few things more touching than the effort of the distressed to gain comfort from others by assuming confidence themselves, and to mask their feelings under a veil of hope, lest they should see despair written in the faces from which they seek to read their fate.

It was plain, indeed, that the main difficulty was yet to be encountered. As the yawl forced its way over the landward boundary of the bar, she made two or three short pitches at first, and then fought manfully on for some yards; till a mass of foam heavier than the rest rose above her like a cloud, and swept right over her, drenching every one in her through and through, besides lodging a considerable quantity of water in her bottom. A murmur was heard on the pier, and every eye was instantly fixed on the adventurers.

The sun, which now showed its broad disc above the horizon, played bright on the spray, and shone from the tarred sides of the boat; and some sea-birds glanced and skimmed close around it—their wild screams sounding ominous in the ears of the superstitious spectators, as they came fitfully to land, mixed with the roar of the winds and the waters. Gallantly did the boatmen strain, and skilfully did they guide their bark through this labyrinth of waters, which once passed, and there was little doubt they could be able to surmount the long swell of the deeper sea. The individual for whom the event was a matter of hope or despair, had just raised her clasped hands for the first time towards heaven, when a sea more huge than the rest, threw the bows of the boat so completely up out of the water, that, as she dropped again, both the larboard oars were unshipped from the rullocks; in an instant she was whipped round, and before they had time to bring her head to, another wave had broken over, and nearly water-logged her. The men made every effort to bring her up again, but in vain—she was rolled back upon the surf, and speedily filled; and at last a dead blow on the sand burst

her open, and shivered her to pieces, casting out the crew into the midst of the breakers. A cry of horror was raised. "Save them! save them!" was shouted by an hundred voices; a rush was made off the pier to the rocks at the harbour's mouth; and in a few moments there was no one left on it but the physician, holding in his arms the senseless form of her whose hopes now seemed to be extinguished for ever.

The shape of the harbour, however, was such, that although the crew of the shattered boat were a considerable distance from the spectators on the pier when the accident happened, they were but a short way from the shelving rocks at either side, which ran out and narrowed the entrance considerably at low water; and as the wind and surf both bore them in from the bar in a few moments, they were enabled, all of them being stout swimmers, to reach a nook on the southern shore, without greater injury than a few trifling bruises.

This event, discouraging in itself, was fraught with fateful consequences to others. Five human beings there were—alone in the midst of the winds and waves, and unconscious of what had been attempted—whose only earthly chance for deliverance seemed cut off for ever by that accident.

At the lime-kiln the chief officer of the coast guard, who had never quitted the spot, and still continued to keep a narrow look-out for any goods which might be washed ashore from the sunken vessel, with a view to salvage, if not to seizure, was joined in the meantime by several individuals, whose curiosity had got the better of their chilliness, and who came down to enjoy the interesting spectacle of the death-agonies of five fellow-creatures. In towns there are executions; in the country, people who love the terrible, have to depend on such accidents as this for their gratification.

Amongst those who arrived on the shore about this time—nine o'clock—were the male inmates of — house, consisting of the worthy host himself, his white-waistcoated guests, and the juvenile crew already made known to my readers. They were loud and animated, of course, in their inquiries concerning the business, and were strenuous to see the woman, of whom the officer had given a sufficiently flourishing account. The carousals had been kept up so late the night

before, that it needed all their heroism and generosity to turn out at such an early hour in the morning; and, as it was, there were some of the party who were rather dragged down to the shore by their shame, than impelled by their benevolence. During their festivities of the preceding evening a gallant vessel had been foundering within a mile or two of them, and the cry of more than one wretch who had found in the stormy seas his fate and his grave had been uttered almost close enough to mingle with the cadences of the convivial song.

But such thoughts did not seem to weigh by any means heavily on the satisfied consciences of the wassailers—they had not exceeded that night—that is, they had not exceeded their allowance, for it was usually measured by the capacity of their girdle. Comfortless it was to see them then, standing on the yet oozy bank, looking out to seaward with their faces drawn up as if with a running string, their eyes watering and nearly closed, their well-brushed teeth grinning in the wind, and their hands buried in the profoundest depths of their great coats, in which, and in their own discomfort, they seemed far more wrapped up than in the distress of the unfortunate wretches they were looking at.

One of the young men whispered another—

"Edward!"

"Well, George?"

"Ask Mr. — whether he is reconciled to Chloe this morning. The sight of the water will bring on the fit of hydrophobia again, I suspect."

"But it *was* awful, George, now that I think of it, that rigmarole about drowning while the horrible reality was enacting so near us. Look at his face! I vow I think he has something of the kind in his mind this instant. See! his mouth is down at the corners, for the first time, I believe, in his life."

"You're right, Edward—one of these elderly jokers forced into seriousness is a miserable sight. All the muscles are screwed the wrong way. But, I say, Edward, that rogue the doctor has taken this fair lady all to himself. I hear he never leaves her side, and has begun to console her already for her half-drowned lover—ay, and with some success, too. That's the way of all these professional men. The vacancy is scarcely in view before they are ready, papers in hand, to apply for it."

"Come, George, this is too bad.

Look out there, and be serious for a moment. A word in your ear"—— and he drew his young friend aside as he spoke.

The other coloured, clenched his hand, and said nothing, but gave a nod of assent, while his companion muttered, "Well, when the time comes we'll try, at least."

As the tide rose, each hour saw the mast lightened of its human burthen. One soul more was swept into eternity—body after body was washed ashore, and the wretched creature who had returned to the cliff, and now watched them drifted successively in, was still satisfied that each, though well known, was not that of her beloved. The day, as it advanced, enabled her to see him distinctly—to mark his effort to preserve himself and his companions—his lashing the boy to the mast by a piece of loose rope, suspended to which, however, he expired early—his apparent sufferings from cold—his anxious and imploring looks towards the shore, and more than once the tokens of his supplications in the lifting of his hands to heaven. Much of this she could see herself from the station she had resumed at the lime-kiln, and much of it she gained by report from the officer, whose glass seemed the interpreter of her destinies. She looked more dead than alive—her air was wild and haggard—her face and figure had shrunk supernaturally since the night—her limbs were benumbed with cold, and shook as in palsy beneath her ill-dried and showily-coloured garments—and yet her energy was unabated; she refused all offers of refreshment of any kind, nor would she stir from the spot, but seated herself down beside the lime-kiln, with her hands crossed over her knees, and said not a word, but looked steadfastly and tearlessly at the mast.

She had not long been placed thus, when a dog, of the French poodle breed, was seen struggling up the steep cliff, occasionally stopping to shake the water from its long curly hair; and as soon as it had reached the top, it ran directly to where the woman was sitting, and began to jump upon her with the most extravagant marks of delight. She sprung up, seized the little animal in her arms, and covered it with caresses, and at length burst into an agony of tears. It had evidently called her mistress, and had probably floated ashore on some piece of the wreck without having been observed by the

persons on shore, and now rejoiced one of its owners with its safety. But the force of instinct told the animal that in its rejoicing it had a duty to perform; and no sooner did its mistress put it down from her arms, than it began to jump round her, to pull at her dress, to run to the brink of the cliff and look out to sea, and then run back with a greater show of eagerness, and go through the same energetic dumb-show again.

She had watched the struggles and agony of the ship-wrecked man himself, and retained some possession of herself in the midst of her despair: but this was too much for her. She rushed frantically towards the precipitous pathway which led to the beach, and would in all probability have hurried down and plunged into the breakers in her frenzy, had she not been laid hold of by the bystanders and forced back to her old place, and the dog secured in the hands of one of the coast-guard.

Before mid-day, but one human being remained on the mast; and that was he to whom her existence clung. He appeared nearly worn out, the rising tide immersed him still more frequently and fearfully beneath the waves, and it was plain to see that he could not hold out much longer. About this time the officer began to look towards the point of the Chapel Head, and then at the country people around him, as if some thought was labouring in his mind; and when one of the young party from — house questioned him, he replied that there might, perhaps, be a chance of a stout-built boat living now over the bar, since, although the wind had freshened, the water had become so much deeper as to render the surf at that place less dangerous than before. The poor woman became almost frantic when she heard these words. The crowd gathered round, and she implored the people by every moving argument and intreaty to save the man on the mast. She offered them any thing—they laughed—alas! she had lost all that with which she could have made her promises good! The owner of — house, being moved with compassion, went so far as to offer a handsome reward to any boat's crew which should save the surviving individual; but it was plain that the fishermen on the coast were not only appalled by the fate of the first attempt, but, moreover, a little dubious about the relation of the parties; and it was considered too

desperate an undertaking for the coast-guard to be justified in engaging in, particularly as the officer had stated it as his opinion that the chances were *against* any but a life-boat getting safe over the bar. The tide having risen, moreover, would render it less easy for the crew to reach the shore in case of any disaster happening.

The crowd stood around in moody consultation—the officer and the gentlemen in the midst—the more adventurous weighing chances and shaking their heads—the timid talking a great deal of what they would do under other circumstances; and the curious pushing up from behind to watch the progress of the deliberation.

The mournful conclave had just decided that the subject of their debate must be left to his fate, all human aid being out of the question, when one of the coast-guard boatmen, who had been looking out to the northward, suddenly exclaimed—

“Look there, sir!—as I'm a living man, a boat!” and he pointed towards the Chapel Head, which lay about a mile and a quarter from them in that direction.

All eyes were turned to the point in question—and there, true enough, was to be seen a long, dark streak, occasionally visible between the waves, and just clear of the headland.

“A boat! a boat! by heavens!” exclaimed the gentleman, and a tremendous cheer broke from the multitude, accompanied by a rush, which was evidently perceived by the wretch on the mast, who, almost dropping into the water, now seized a rope convulsively, and seemed to look on shore and around for the cause of the movement.

“What is it?” “Who are they?” exclaimed an hundred voices, and all eyes were directed to the coast-guard officer, who raised his glass with more expedition than usual, the poor woman watching his countenance with clasped hands, and an expression of such agonised hope, as once more drew the sympathy of the bystanders towards her.

“Why—I can't believe my eyes!” he exclaimed, after an attentive survey—“surely it is impossible! As I live, though,” after another look, “it *is* that cockle-shell, the Kitty-wake, with those hair-brained young —'s in her!”

Another shout, lengthened and renewed, showed that the common people were ready to do justice to the gene-

rous heroism of their superiors. Who, indeed, could withhold at such a moment his tribute of heartfelt admiration at the conduct of those noble young spirits, who, when the stoutest heart quailed, and the strongest boat was deemed insufficient, had manned their slight and fragile craft, and braved in her the fate which the more experienced fishermen had so nearly met in the morning! They had *succeeded*, moreover, for the great danger was passed, the *bar* having been surmounted before they came into view, and they had now only the long swell of the deep sea to encounter. There they were, the four slender forms straining steadily and gracefully over their oars, their white shirts bright in the sun, while the youngest of the three sailors of the preceding evening, although one of those who had so narrowly escaped in the morning, sat in her stern. They had drawn off from the crowd, it was supposed, according to a preconcerted arrangement, as soon as ever the officer's opinion had been pronounced, and had hastened unperceived away to launch their boat out of reach of the officious interference of the multitude.

The only question now was, whether the solitary being on the mast had strength to hold out till they should arrive there; and it was a fearful interest that was now experienced by the whole assembly of spectators, as they saw the straining of the crew in the distance, and observed at the same time that the poor man was growing weaker and weaker, and besides did not see the succour that was so near him.

"D—n those boys of mine!" said the master of — house, seriously alarmed and angry, and yet exulting with a fearful eye at their chivalrous humanity,—“they have no right to risk their lives in this foolish way for a stranger. How are they to get him off the mast? The gig will be stove in against it, ten to one, and then my boy Frederick is a bad swimmer, even if they were nearer in shore, and had not this cursed white fringe to pass through. It is fool-hardy, by heavens!” he exclaimed, pacing hurriedly to and fro, stamping his feet, and then ever and anon casting an anxious glance on the skiff.

The woman drew up beside him, and looked in his face. She had found a feeling she could sympathise with, and for a moment forgot herself in compassion and gratitude.

On bounded the boat like a deer over the long and swelling waves, many feet of her keel being lifted at times high out of the water, which, as she fell, dashed proudly from her bows. There is no motion so exulting and *animated*, if I may so express myself, as that of a long boat riding over a long sea. She seems to spring and breathe, and the force which impels her, in skilful hands, seems her own spontaneous act, rather than the labour of her crew.

The distance of the Kitty-wake from the spectators was at first too great to allow of much more being distinguished than that it was *she*, and that she was manned in the manner described: The steersman showed his judgment by keeping well out to sea, and as close as possible to the wind, so as that they might not only ride drier and easier, but be able to drop down alongside of the mast, rather than have to strain up to it. In this way they would find it easier to render assistance to the man upon it, and be themselves less exhausted for any exertion they would have to make in doing so. The object of their endeavours was every moment in a more critical situation. The gradual rising of the tide, and—as was supposed—the settling down of the vessel, had brought the sea up so as to cover the secure footing in the tops entirely, and he was now forced to depend for his whole support upon the rope which still adhered to the topmast, and even so, every wave which happened to rise above the rest, swept over his head. As each subsided, the eyes of the people on shore confidently looked to see the mast relieved from the grasp that clung to it, and yet there still hung the powerful seaman, almost lifeless, and yet clinging instinctively, as it were, to his only hope.

To paint the emotions of one being on shore would be a weak and presumptuous attempt. The powers of language are far too limited to venture on a description of feelings, the intensity of which can only be measured by the depth of woman's heart. No—the one heart which could have told its own tale is now still—and let it not be supposed that passion can be represented in the colours of the imagination.

Meantime, the little skiff which had pushed boldly out to seaward had now stretched sufficiently far to effect her object, and accordingly she began to

let herself drop down in the direction of the mast, and at the same time the crew gave a hearty cheer, which had the intended effect, by making the sufferer aware that help was at hand. He was distinctly seen to raise up his head, and look round in the direction of the sound. He saw his preservers within a couple of hundred yards of him!

"Yes!" cried the agonized woman—"he sees them! Look, there he attempts to wave his hand over his head! God of mercy! will he hold out? He has fallen away again, and—there—another wave has washed over him! Strain, strain for your lives, generous young men!—*his life—our lives depend on you!*"

The interest of the assemblage was at the highest pitch. Loud exclamations, oaths, cheers, were to be heard on all sides,—the excitement was intense. Even the chief officer was restless, and the good owner of — house paced up and down in a frenzy between nervousness for his sons' peril and pride at their heroism.

They are within a few boat's length. The crowd, from the extreme of clamour and confusion, become gradually stiller and more still. As they come up every breath is held, for a few seconds will decide his fate. The woman stands like a statue—not a word escapes her—she looks straight upon him, her eyes fixed, her hands clasped before her. They drop a little on one side of the sunken vessel, making motions to the man to hold his place, and have just brought the boat up again so as to approach by her leeward side for the purpose of grappling the mast, when a wave, more tremendous than the rest, rolled clean over the top of it, sweeping back the boat some yards, and when it receded

and allowed those on shore to see the mast once more, he was gone!

A cry of horror burst from the crowd. The woman alone continued silent and immovable. Another moment—and the cry was changed into a shout of exultation! The bow oarsman had seized the perishing wretch by the hair, as he was swept by, and dragged him safely into the boat!

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted a thousand voices. Mr. —, of — house, actually jumped into the air, and the officer waved his telescope over his head.

"Safe—safe!" weakly sighed the poor woman, as she sank down upon the bank, and closed her eyes.

In a short time the throng was collected upon the harbour beach again, ready to receive the triumphant adventurers at the same place they had landed the evening before; and among them was the happy woman, now trembling with weakness and agitation. She sobbed and cried hysterically, and turned a deaf ear to the soothing expostulations of the pale-faced physician, who was not a little alarmed at the sudden and violent reaction which had taken place. She screamed with impatience, and cried wildly to the crew to hasten to shore with the hope of her heart. They neared the land; and were hailed by shouts and cheers from all sides, to which, however, they made no reply. The rescued man was in the bow of the boat, doubtless dreadfully exhausted—one of the oars was shipped, and the oarsman stooped over him as he lay.

A few strokes more, and her keel was on the ground. The transported woman rushed into the water, and bent over the gunwale. Her lover lay at the bottom of the boat—*dead*.

THE DAWN.

The stars grow weary, for their watch was long;
 From their glad vigil palely they depart,
 As beauty's crowd from where the dance and song
 And music's magic tones bewitched the heart.
 The herald of the sun, the morning breeze,
 Calls up the waves that sleep upon the lake,
 And going through the woods, the murmuring trees,
 Weary from battling with the winds, awake.
 I see the pale Dawn travelling from afar,
 Like a wan pilgrim from some eastern clime;
 I gaze upon the brilliant morning star,
 Like some pure spirit o'er the worlds of time
 Fervent with rapture—that immortal joy
 Which the cold world below can damp not nor destroy.

THE MORNING.

Soon did the portals of the East unclose :
Then all the waterfalls and mountain floods
Shouted with joy, and up the mountains rose
A solemn anthem from the bowing woods,
And, morning's misty curtains rolled away,
The clouds in their superb apparel shone,
As o'er the mountain-tops the lord of day
Rose like a gorgeous monarch from his throne,
And shed refulgence on the lake below.
I saw the waves advancing to the shore
In robes of golden light, and there, as though
I heard a distant multitude adore
The Lord of Nature, so did they rejoice,
And joined their hymn to all the universal voice.

I left the mountains for the lowly vale,
And there I saw the ripples on the streams,
As I roamed onward with the gentle gale,
Dancing in gladness with the morning beams ;
I saw the violet raise her dreaming head
And smile with pleasure on the cheering day ;
I saw the wild-rose from her dewy bed
Open her bosom to the smiling ray ;
I heard the sky-lark's joy—I heard the bee,
Going to toil upon the flowery mead,
Beguile his way with his sweet melody.
And there was gladness—Oh, delight, indeed!
In each thing still—in every thing that stirred,
Above, around, in all I felt, and saw, and heard.

THE EVENING.

The last red sunbeam now is taking wing,
Though long it lingered with a fond delay,
And, like some hopeless victim of decay,
I see the feeble Daylight languishing
O'er the bright clouds in all their colouring—
The gorgeous couch on which he faints away,
Oh, there the smile left by the lord of day
Is beautiful beyond imagining !
Yon star, her taper, dim-eyed Evening shows
To light her advent through the darkening blue ;
And see, the noiseless Angel of repose
Comes down to earth descending with the dew.
As musings when the weary eyelids close,
So vaguely fades the landscape from the view.

SUMMER SONNETS.

I.

The summer, and the noontide, and the sun,
 The glorious, glittering sea, whose deep blue space
 Rolls its light, laughing billows to the base
 Of this green-crosted cliff : here stretched alone,
 Unseen by any, will I stay for hours.
 The warm, fresh air is breathing on my face,
 Of long, rich grass, wild heath, and wilder flowers.
 Soft, sleepy sounds are in this lonely place ;
 The sunny hum of bees ; the leafy sigh
 Of some stray wind among these orchard boughs ;
 And the grass-hidden brooklet gurgling nigh,
 That evermore with dreamy music goes,
 Bearing along, in sweet monotony,
 Its tiny tribute to the murmuring sea.

II.

'Tis a soft sunset : see, the glowing west
 Waves gorgeous in its many-mingled hues ;
 The fragrant falling of the stilly dews
 Makes fresh all objects ; and a stirless rest
 Broods on the clear, pure air ; no blade of grass,
 No ear of rich and ripening corn is stirred.
 The trees stand moveless in a darkening mass ;
 The very aspen sleeps ; the last sweet bird
 Warbles, at intervals, a bright, short tune,
 Its vesper sacrifice to twilight grey ;
 The fisher's frequent boat is borne, unheard,
 Rippling the glassy bosom of the bay ;—
 Lo ! red and round, above the calm lagoon,
 With its long, watery trail, the summer moon !

III.

Look o'er the howling desert of the sea !
 Beneath the rushing banners of the wind,
 In from the waste that darkly frowns behind,
 Come, with long march, and foaming broadly free,
 The billows, wave on wave, to break at length,
 In heart-arousing thunders on the rock ;
 Then back, in feathery foam and baffled strength,
 Recoil, hoarse-roaring, from the headlong shock :
 So, borne upon the blue-clad, ready Franks,
 By Beys and Emirs led, in swift assault,
 The Desert hordes, thro' all their turbaned ranks,
 Rolled, crushed, and scattered from their staggered halt,
 While, firm and fearless still, the volleying bands
 Saw broken squadrons strewn along the sands.

W. D.

Glandore, July.

AUSTRALIAN EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

THE great evil under which Ireland labours, is its superabundant population, the natural result of which is, that the means of the people are not adequate to their support. The frightful consequence of this state of things is exemplified every day in the agrarian disturbances which disgrace the country, and render it a monster in the moral and political world. A country which has, for six centuries, been in connection with and under the sway of the most improved and civilized nation that ever was established among mankind; which, from its immediate vicinity, has been in intimate social connection with it, and which has been induced by every motive that could be offered, to adopt its habits, profit by its improvements, and share in its prosperity, is yet so low in the scale of civilization, and the humanities of life, that an Indian wigwam is superior in comfort to an Irish cabin, and an Indian savage less ferocious than an Irish peasant. It is true that sundry other causes have combined to produce this melancholy effect; the despotism of the priesthood, and the excitement of the demagogue, acting on ignorance, superstition, and a sense of misery, have been among the immediate causes which stain Ireland with blood and crime; and where these do not exist, the state of society and the character of the peasant is considerably ameliorated. The reformation bringing in its train, as its necessary consequences, industry, sobriety, and moral habits, has done as much in Ireland in improving the condition of the people as elsewhere in Europe. Those parts of our island which have profited by it, form a strong contrast with those that have not; and the laborious, temperate, well informed, and correct people of the county of Down would hardly be supposed to belong to the same country as the idle, drunken, ignorant, and savage peasantry of the county of Tipperary; still it is admitted by all, that the state of things in Ireland is the consequence, and not the cause of its degradation; and if the over population had not created want and misery, neither the priest nor the demagogue could excite to persecution and murder.

This is so much felt, that many plans to promote and encourage emigration,

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have been at different times suggested; but uniformly opposed, either openly or secretly, by those who would find their occupation gone, if the materials with which they worked were taken from them. Were the surplus population removed, and the residue located on farms sufficient to support themselves and families, it is clear that a great cause of discontent would be taken away. The man who has something to lose, would not so readily surrender himself to the designs of trading politicians, as the reckless wretch who had nothing to hazard, and whose condition change might improve, but could not make worse. But there are men who are not influenced by such motives as those who trade on the people's misery, who see the cause of the country's distress, and have honesty enough to try sincerely to endeavour to remove it, and such we observe, with pleasure, now associated to promote one of the most simple and practicable modes of lessening the quantity of wretchedness and crime in Ireland.

A meeting has been called of influential men of all parties, to organize a regular plan of emigration from this country, and the substance of the communications made at that meeting is as follows:—A colonization committee is appointed by her Majesty, for planting a colony in that part of New Holland called South Australia, and the object is, to use their exertions for the advancement of that colony. It appears that it required four labourers in Ireland to raise the same quantity of produce that one could raise in England; and by statistical returns laid before parliament, it was proved that in England, 1,055,000 labourers raised produce amounting to 150,000,000, while, in Ireland, 1,130,000 labourers only raised 36,000,000, and so the larger number of men in the one raised less produce than the smaller number in the other. In the agricultural districts of England, farms were divided into 500, or 1000 acres, and the labourer was aided by ploughs, tools, and large and available capital, and thus the husbandman was enabled to produce four times as much as in Ireland, where, from the over population, the land was necessarily subdivided into holdings of from ten to even one single acre! and therefore, the industry was feeble, production little,

Z

and earnings insufficient to support life. While for even that miserable portion, the contest was so great, that all the desperate passions were excited, and the peasant, to support his own life, frequently killed his neighbour—we had almost said, eat him. To remedy this, it was indispensable to consolidate many farms into one, and put agriculture on the English footing; but in order to do so it would be necessary to expel the tenants from their miserable abodes, and increase the distress and motives of outrage, by turning loose a number of desperate men, without shelter or means of living, to prey upon the community.* It was the great object, therefore, of the philanthropist to effect the good without leaving a greater incidental evil, and provide for one hundred persons without destroying one thousand. This could only be done by procuring for the expelled the means of support in other countries which did not exist at home, and the British Colonies opened their vast bosoms to invite them. A new system of colonization had been adopted with considerable success, and most prosperous results. Instead of giving away and disposing of land in unlimited quantities to favourites, the whole possessed in Australia had now been put up to sale, and *all the money received at those sales appropriated* to create a fund to assist emigrants in removing from poverty and destitution at home, to a region where the abundance of the land and the fertility of the soil assure them comfort and competence. As the effects of this were daily felt, and the emigration increased, the fund to assist was daily increasing also; the very demands on it, so far from exhausting, only augmented it. In January, 1837, no lands were sold; in March, the sale amounted to £260; in April, to £400;

and, at the end of the year, the amount was £3,300. This had gone on increasing in such a ratio, that, in the brief space of two years, it had swelled to £100,000. In 1838, the commissioners had sent out thirty ships with emigrants from England and Scotland, containing 3,300 persons, at an allowance of £20 a head, and a total expenditure of £63,000. In the course of three years' operation, a town in South Australia had been commenced; four hundred houses, two stone chapels, five hotels, and two banks built, and the flocks and herds had so multiplied in the colonies, that in one day, 3,000 sheep had been imported from the neighbourhood, and commerce had so increased, that in one year 202 ships had visited its infant port.

It was proposed—first, that an association should be formed in Ireland, consisting of noblemen, clergymen, and gentlemen, who, from birth, residence, or property, would have an interest and influence in the affairs of the poor peasantry; who would make themselves acquainted with the facts relative to emigration to South Australia, and communicate them in their respective neighbourhoods, in order to counteract the misrepresentations of ignorance, prejudice, or designing men; since it would be impossible that the poor peasant in the remote parts of the country, could ascertain much of the truth or falsehood of any statement made to him. Next, that an association should be formed of proprietors, who might wish to improve their estates by consolidating their farms, but not do so by turning the ejected tenants into the ditches, to die of hunger, or live by outrage. They would purchase land for them in the new settlements, for which the growing population and importance of

* While we write, an awful evidence of the state of the country is just passing before us. Lord Courtown, feeling that the misery of his tenantry arose from the over-population of his estate, and its subdivision into small holdings, some of a single acre, altogether insufficient to support families, has determined, as a remedy, to reduce the number, and consolidate them. He notified to the tenants, that he would suffer them to remain till they could find other abodes; would then allow them the value of their crops, and give them every aid in his power to improve their condition. They refused to surrender possession; set their landlord and the laws at defiance, and beat back the sheriff and a whole regiment of police. It was found necessary to call in the aid of the military, and an army of cavalry and infantry, amounting to 1000 men, were marched against them. The houses were taken, as it were, by storm, and razed to the ground, and the inhabitants, amounting, it is said, to 250 families, were driven to wander through the country, without shelter, means of support, or the most distant hope of obtaining either in any other part of Ireland. What a condition must that country be in, when a humane and kind landlord is compelled to resort to such an expedient, to improve his estate, and what an invitation does it hold out to emigration societies!

the rising colonies would insure a rich return. This was already done in England, where capitalists were found to advance large sums on such secure speculations. In Ireland, the society might immediately purchase 100,000 acres of land; call it "New Dublin," "St. Patrick's Land," or any other patronymic, and locate on it such surplus of their tenantry as would cultivate their new country, not only with a prospect, but a certainty, of exchanging poverty and misery for comfort and opulence.

In such a prospect of depauperizing this unhappy country, and disposing of its superabundant population, there is no humane mind that would not heartily concur; and as every information upon the subject must be desirable, we are glad to have it in our power to lay before our readers a letter from "Adelaide," the capital of the new colony of South Australia, written by an intelligent gentleman, whose capability of judging is as great as we are assured his statements are accurate, and may be relied on. And we do it the rather because some misrepresentations had gone abroad, and the account of this town in our last number was not as favourable as it ought to have been, and, as we conceive, it justly merited.

"Adelaide, South Australia,
January 20, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR—I feel that I am fairly indebted to you a letter. . . I avail myself, therefore, of an hour or two to give you some little information as to our adopted country, in which I am disposed to think you will not take the less interest from its being, in all probability, the permanent *locale* of myself and family. You will, perhaps, have heard, through some of our old friends, of our determination to leave our native land, a resolution to which I came, from a conviction that new lands afforded more scope for enterprise, and better prospects for a family. I had much to overcome in thus severing myself from old associations, and great difficulty in convincing others of the wisdom of the step: in fact, I embarked for this province with my family, in the opinion of my relatives and friends, to undergo dangers, privations, and hardships so dreadful, that it was only the act of a desperate man. We left England in October, 1837, with a very numerous set of cabin passengers, and unhappy disputes between some of them and the captain, led us first into Bahia, and subsequently into Rio de Janeiro. I little expected ever to tread the scenes you had described in your "Notes on Brazil." What a magnificent

harbour it is—we were delighted, and although regretting the delay, we could not but secretly rejoice that an opportunity of seeing the New World had been afforded us—the splendid vegetation of the tropics, more especially at Bahia, was so new to us, and all the numerous tribes of insects, birds, &c. so splendid, that we could have spent some time there with pleasure, under other circumstances. At the time we were at Rio, the court was absent: we visited most of the churches, &c. &c. and were much gratified. They have now two steam-boats plying from Rio across the harbour every half hour, besides steamers which run to Bahia and the other ports. Our voyage, after leaving Rio, was protracted by calms, light, or head-winds, and it was not till six months after leaving Gravesend that we found ourselves safely anchored in Gulph St. Vincent. Our first impressions of the country, and the infant city of Adelaide, were favorable. I had indulged in none of the exaggerated notions of those who considered South Australia an *El Dorado*, and had deducted fifty per cent. from all the published statements of its advantages: I was therefore agreeably surprised. It was on Easter Sunday, 1838, that I reached Adelaide, and when I found a respectable number of houses built and in progress, I was surprised. I will describe to you the spot:—Adelaide is situated midway between the sea and a splendid range of mountainous hills, the centre of which is Mount Lofty; the land from the sea is a grassy plain, gradually rising to the hills; Adelaide is on a slight elevation, and the town is laid out on both sides a small stream called the river Torrens: it is in summer little better than a chain of pools. The land is a reddish loam, with a substratum of rubbly limestone, which is well adapted for common building purposes, and which, in many parts of the town, rises to the surface. The *Encalypti* and *Mimosæ* are the trees immediately around us; but the hills are covered with many other species. None of the land is heavily timbered, and miles of it cannot be regarded as other than open plain: the general aspect of Adelaide and its vicinity is that of English park land. The soil improves greatly over the hills, and already several extensive establishments of cattle and sheep are located at distances of twenty-five to thirty miles, while at Encombe Bay there are two whaling stations, which were successful enough this season to send home a ship-load of oil. We have now been here nine months, and can say something as to the climate. It is certainly very fine, but the sudden transitions from heat to cold are trying to some constitutions. I

who was so sensible of the slightest alteration of temperature in England, am here perfectly careless, and never was in better health: indeed I am becoming corpulent. At present it is our summer, and the range of our thermometer is very great: we have had a day or two 102 in the shade, succeeded by one of only 68 to 70, which makes us feel chilly. This day twelvemonth, at Rio, the thermometer was about 90; but on Christmas-day here it was about 100. We occasionally have what is called a brickfielder: the west wind sets in with great power, sweeping along with it all the dust of the roads, and in such profusion that it is impossible to see twenty yards: these are not common. The spring and autumnal months are delightful, and the winter is only rainy at intervals. The town has increased prodigiously since our arrival. I judge there are now from six to seven hundred houses, and our population must be nearly 6000. We have had 101 merchant vessels arrived in 1838, amounting to 22,000 tons; and there is a degree of activity and enterprise among the colonists which surprises me. We have had very few difficulties. We found butchers, bakers, &c. &c. already established, and ourselves having commenced storekeepers and merchants, we have been able to supply ourselves with almost all that we could require. There is now a nice little stone church, which is being enlarged by a transept—a new Wesleyan chapel building of brick, with a stucco front, with pillars, &c. &c.—very many brick and stone buildings, &c. The natives are few in number, and are by no means in appearance the hideous creatures we expected: some are really fine men: the hair is not woolly; and their nose is not that of the negro, but a broad base, with a rather concave line to the forehead, which is in some very broad, and in others recedes. They have the negro whine in their accent; are very inoffensive; and up to the present moment are living in perfect amity with the colonists. They are nearly naked, but wear the blankets given them across the waist and shoulders; they do not steal; are very indolent; continually importune us for bread and potatoes, and are aware that *wipa*, or white money, will purchase bread. Their arms are simple, consisting of spears made sometimes by simply bringing the wood itself to a point; in others by arming the head with pieces of hardened gum; but since our coming, with pieces of bottle glass, of waddys, hard pieces of wood of a clavate form, and occasionally a small Kangaroo's bone ground to a point. We have a respectable community, but political differences have separated

all classes: we trust this will soon cease. Our birds are chiefly parrots and cockatoos: they are common as our English household birds, but much more beautiful. We have plenty of oxen, who are chiefly employed in carrying, and about 300 horses. Every thing is very prolific and precocious; poultry increases rapidly; we have a pretty extensive poultry yard. Pigs also multiply very fast, but we have not yet convenience for paying any attention to the swinish multitude. Gardens will be productive as the seasons are better understood; but we have had peas, beans, cabbages of all sorts, salads, &c. In another year much land will be under cultivation. Farm-houses are springing up in all directions. For ourselves we find our business more successful than we could have anticipated; and I think, under the blessing of providence, we have the pleasing prospect of seeing future competency for our family. We have generally good health, and have now the satisfaction of seeing all satisfied that my decision to come hither was a prudent step. We have just formed a Natural History Society, of which our governor, Colonel Gawler, is the honorary president, and I am president. We have also established a Chamber of Commerce for the protection of trade. There is very little appearance of a young community. The new principle of colonization has certainly worked well, and we have advanced with a rapidity unexampled in similar cases.

"A. H. DAVIS."

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers this very interesting and intelligent letter, which, so recent in its date, coming from a most impartial authority, affords satisfactory evidence of the prosperity of the new colony, as well as of the soundness of the principles on which it was founded. A colony, only a few years' old, with a capital containing 6,000 inhabitants, is a new feature in the history of our foreign settlements, and proves that it is far easier, as well as more advantageous to transport a complete society, with all its various occupations, than to wait upon the slow progress of an emigration guided by no fixed principles. The result must be particularly cheering to the philanthropist, as neither slaves nor convicts had any share in bringing it about, so that the capitalists are not oppressors, nor the labourers criminals. The labour market in the new colony is open to industrious poor alone, to the exclusion only of the criminal. To the Irishman,

the success of this colony ought to be an object of peculiar interest at the present moment, when the pressure of a poor law will render the necessity of providing, in some way or other, for the surplus labour of the country, a subject of increasing importance. In a paper in our July number, although

we expressed our full concurrence in the new doctrines with respect to emigration, and also our full belief in the prosperity of South Australia, it is pleasant to learn that, with every disposition to do justice to the young colony, we have rather underrated than overrated its progress.

IRISH POLITICAL NOVELS—THE MANOR OF GLENMORE.*

THE volumes before us belong to a species of books, several of which we have latterly observed making their occasional appearance before the public. We are not quite sure that we are not dealing far too mildly with them when we apply to them the term "political," even when qualified by the expressive addition of Irish. Unfortunately the subject of Irish politics has become latterly one with which every species of falsehood, and rancour, and treachery, and vulgarity are associated; and the books of which we speak but too faithfully reflect these characters of political warfare. Except this they have very little claim to the name political.—Knowledge of the country there is none—of knowledge of the constitution they are equally devoid. Beyond the very commonest events of history they manifest no acquaintance whatever, on the part of the writer, with its records. Their more appropriate designation would unquestionably be "Tales of Faction." Under the pretence of delineating Irish life or Irish history, they contain in general a mass of utter falsehoods, vilifying the government, the gentry, and the Protestant people of Ireland—falsehoods generally, it is true, so absurd as to carry their own refutation; but unless stupidity be received as an excuse for slander, not therefore the less criminal.

We have observed latterly several of these "Precursor" novelists attempting to make some stupid tale the vehicle of as much angry hatred of the better classes of society in Ireland as it was possible to cram between the covers of their books. Few of these attempts, however, deserve notice. With one it was our good or rather bad fortune some time since to deal.

Mr. Lover, a gentleman who had acquired a certain degree of notoriety in the world, persuaded a London publisher to give him, we believe, a considerable sum for a national romance. Its follies and impertinences we felt bound to expose, and we will venture to say, *Mr. Lover's bargains for Irish novels, with London publishers, are at an end.* The author of "Rory O'More" has retired to his proper employments of song-writer and portrait-painter—occupations in which we heartily wish him all the success he deserves; but we thank heaven we are never likely again to meet him as a romance writer.

It is time, perhaps, that another example should be made; and we have little hesitation in selecting the "Manor of Glenmore" for this distinction.—Unquestionably belonging to the same school as "Rory O'More," it almost equals that production in furious faction and political and religious rancour. In other respects, perhaps, it would be unfair towards its author to class it with "Rory O'More;" but our readers will be able to form their own opinion of its merits as we proceed.

The title-page informs us that it is written by a member of the Irish bar—a statement which, in the present condition of that once honourable body, is not improbable. We have our own reasons, which we will state presently, for believing it written by an assistant-barrister. The second page dedicates it to the English nation "as illustrative of the present social condition of Ireland."

Now, in the first place, we would be very glad to be informed in what possible respect these volumes, even in the author's own statements, exhibit the *present* condition of Ireland. The

* The Manor of Glenmore; or The Irish Peasant. By a Member of the Irish Bar. 3 vols., post 8vo. London, 1839.

time of the novel commences with the simultaneous meetings of January, 1828; it ends with the passing of the emancipation bill. The only state of Irish society which it depicts is one of continued organization on the part of the people—the immense power of the Catholic Association—the oppressions of an Orange magistracy, and the outrages of an Orange police. These are in effect the only pictures of Irish society which it presents; and surely it will not be asserted that these are the characteristics of our social condition, after four years' government by Lord Mulgrave, and ten years' experience of the effects of the healing measure. Were we to blot from the picture of Irish society in these volumes the accounts of the Association agitators and of the Orange police, but little indeed would remain to illustrate our social condition.

About one-half of three octavo volumes is taken up by a political history of the public events of 1828, which is neither remarkable for accuracy nor vigour of description. Indeed, whatever little it exhibits of either is contained in what is borrowed with or without acknowledgment, from Mr. Wyse's history of the Roman Catholic Association. In many instances these long political disquisitions on the recall of Lord Anglesey and on other public events, are introduced without any conceivable relation to the whiskey-sellers and farmers of Glenmore, who form the principal personages in the story. Sometimes, indeed, the author contrives to bring in the remarkable events of the day by the clumsy contrivance of sending some of his personages off on an expedition to the scene of action, for no purpose in life but to have an opportunity of recording a second-hand description of it. Thus Mr. Francis French, a most peculiarly uninteresting young gentleman, sets off to witness the election for Clare, with no conceivable motive but to disoblige an old Tory uncle, whose property he expected to inherit, and whose daughter he wanted to marry. Upon the strength of this slight connection with the story, we are treated to the details of the whole Clare election, to Mr. O'Connell's addresses to the mob, along with several long extracts from Mr. Wyse's book, and an account of this remarkable contest which appeared in the *New Monthly* from the pen of Mr. Sheil. Willy Moore, another tenant of the

Manor, who plays a very subordinate part in the story, and whose absence, indeed, with that of about forty others, would improve greatly the plot by adding to its distinctness, takes a walk from Glenmore, which lay somewhere in the county of Carlow or Kildare, to Tipperary, to witness the reconciliation meetings; and accordingly we are treated again to a long extract from Mr. Wyse—a striking but well-known passage describing these strange scenes—a paraphrase of the same into the author's own words, and a poem of Mr. Banim's to boot;—all the extracts from contemporary authors—not, we assure our readers, appended by way of note, but crammed bodily into the heart of the novel—thereby wondrously enlarging its dimensions, and helping to expand the meagre story which was in the author's imagination into the legitimate and old-established standard of three volumes.

Our readers will appreciate the extent to which this species of book-making has been carried, when we tell them that the last 20 pages of the second volume are occupied by a character of Dr. Doyle, and the first 30 of the third by a reprint of one of his sermons, of which, however, we must, in justice to the memory of that eloquent man, take leave to doubt the genuineness.

Lord Anglesey's departure on his recall by the Duke of Wellington, presented another opportunity for the description of a scene. Accordingly, after a long and tedious account of the Duke's letter to Dr. Curtis, and a multitude of other events equally connected with the Manor of Glenmore, we find unexpectedly that a farmer from Glenmore walked up to Dublin to attend his Excellency to Kingstown. Of course, we have a full, true, and particular account of the entire procession and the embarkation, followed by a disquisition on his conduct when he returned to the viceroyalty amid the execrations of the very populace who then raised their sweet voices in his praise.

Now, we must be permitted to say that all this, however appropriate to sketches of the times—however interesting in Mr. Wyse's history—in a novel like the one now before us, is pre-eminently out of place. To fill up the history of a rustic courtship between Johnny O'Rourke and Kitty Kelly, of the Manor of Glenmore, and the account of the darings of a

rustic desperado in his Ribbon lodge—and these from the first are what ought to be the pivot of the story—with disquisitions on the recall of Lord Anglesey, the Clare election, and the cabinet of the Duke of Wellington, is in our mind little short of the absurd, especially when these disquisitions occupy at least one-half of the books.

We do not deny that it is possible to introduce into a novel public events, so as neither to mar the unity nor break the interest of the story. But they must be introduced in subservience to the main design, which, in a novel, is to tell us the affairs of individuals, not of nations. Political allusions must appear necessary to illustrate the story—not the story framed as a peg for political disquisitions. The proper interest of a novel is in our concern for the fate of the principal characters—for the issue of their loves—their escape from their dangers—the reward of their virtues or the punishment of their crimes. All that does not directly conduce to this interest is intolerable. Public, historical, or political allusions are not forbidden—on the contrary, when properly introduced, they increase the interest by adding to the verisimilitude of the picture—but it is the province of genius to place them in their proper position, so as to throw into stronger relief the principal figures. The artist of genius who would undertake to represent Pompey would, very possibly, place in the back-ground some pillar of a temple, portrayed with historical accuracy. If the author of the *Manor of Glenmore* were the painter, he would daub upon the canvass a panorama of ancient Rome. It certainly would not be more absurd than to make the movements by which the emancipation bill was carried a part of the romance of the lives of John Rourke and Kitty Kelly, for no better reason than this, that they lived and loved in the remote valley of Glenmore, while these movements in the great political world were going on.

We are not sure whether "the member of the Irish bar" has ever read Horace's art of poetry—we do not, indeed, charge him with much of a classical education—if he had, he ought not to have forgotten the hint

"Fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare. . . .
Sed nunc non erat his locus."

Admirable he is, no doubt, as secretary to the Glenmore parochial meeting—

capital at an effusion against biblicals, parsons, and absentees—nay, we do not doubt, perfectly acquainted with the art of slandering his betters;—but had a friendly critic been near him when he penned some of the diatribes of these volumes, we suspect he would have whispered that however admirable these qualifications in their proper place—however useful in the precursor society—however valuable to an aspirant, not for the business but the places of his profession—the manner in which he had exercised them here was not exactly appropriate to the character of his book.

Of the story or the plot it is very difficult to convey an idea, for there is very little that is connected of either. John Rourke is in love with Kitty Kelly and Kitty Kelly with John Rourke. Round their passions the interest of the story ought to revolve; but all we can say of them is, that Kitty's father is threatened with ejection by Mr. Cash, the tyrannical agent of the absentee Lord Littleheart, and that John borrows money to pay the rent, having found his sweetheart crying in the garden by moonlight—that Kitty is abducted by a gang of Whiteboys to be married to a little tailor, and restored by her abductors, through the intervention of John Dunne, a wild and savage outlaw—that while John is absent to see the Marquis of Anglesey depart, she falls very ill of a fever, from which she recovers—and that, lastly, the lovers are married—this is really all that we can find of the history of the lovers in the book.

There is more of interest in the history of Dunne, however improbable and wild. The cruelty of Cash in ejecting his aged parent makes him attempt to murder the agent, from which he is prevented by the almost miraculous interposition of his priest. He is seduced, by the little tailor already referred to, to become a member of a secret society, and is, of course, engaged in many lawless deeds. The most singular part of his history, however, is, that he is most romantically attached to a *maniac girl* (!!) called poor Mary, who runs about the country singing, in her madness, the most sentimental snatches of extempore songs. Between him and this maniac girl—how or when she lost her senses does not appear—the most fervent attachment prevails—with her he attempts to forsake his wild mode of life, and escape to America, but when actually

within sight of the American shore, a violent tempest sweeps the vessel back to Cork harbour. The fugitives return to Glenmore, and conceal themselves in a cave—Dunne meets the tailor, and, suspecting him of treachery, brings him to the place of his concealment, when the tailor shoots poor Mary, and Dunne dashes out the tailor's brains against the wall—he then discovers in the traitor's pocket the credentials of an *Orangeman* (!!)—takes up his carbine and rushes wildly out—falls in with Cash and a party of mounted police—fires his carbine at Cash—misses him, and then charges furiously the entire party, whom he very nearly puts to the rout with the butt end of his carbine, but unfortunately falling, his mounted antagonists trample on him with their horses, and thus secure him. He is indicted for waylaying—pleads guilty, and perseveres in his plea, which, one would have thought, might have dispensed with a trial, but the judge impanels a jury, he is tried, found guilty, and executed.

We have abstracted with care all that we can find of story amid the mass of fiery politics which smother it. This little appears, indeed, in our abstract, in a connected and intelligible form, which few of our readers would probably have patience to extract for themselves from the mass of rubbish by which it is obscured. It will, at least, enable them to understand our extracts.

Other characters there are introduced into the book, but without any apparent connexion with what we have described as the chief personage of the book. There is Parson Cantall introduced, apparently for no reason but to describe a Church of Ireland clergyman as a tyrant and depraved—for he discharges no one office directly or indirectly connected with the tale—Squire Pigott, an honest, ignorant, old hunting gentleman, of high Protestant politics, who probably is introduced to soften the picture, by showing that the writer can admit some Protestants not to be knaves because they are fools—Miss Pigott, a biblical young lady, who finds out Parson Cantall to be a hypocrite, and partly from this reason, and partly in compliment to her lover, Mr. French, turns liberal, attends agitation meetings in chapels, and allows herself to be sprinkled with holy water—this same Mr. French himself, of whom we have already made honourable mention he priest of the parish, of course the

very model of a Christian minister, whose drink, at station dinners, was a TUMBLER OF TOAST AND WATER!!—with one or two association churchwardens, secretaries, and such like.

There is, indeed, one of these characters who is entitled to the distinction of a special notice. In the very beginning of the book we are introduced to the secretary of a parish meeting, whose name is never mentioned, but who, throughout, is familiarly designated by the endearing appellation of "*the Sec.*" We are told that, in January, 1828, he was "a popular young favourite of the parish, an *embryo barrister*;" and it is quite clear throughout that this embryo barrister, who made radical speeches in 1828, is no other than the self-same member of the Irish bar who writes radical novels in 1839. Our readers will derive some additional amusement from this comical book, by bearing in mind the identity of the author.

The opening scene of the novel is one of the simultaneous meetings held on that "*great day for ould Ireland*," the 21st of January, 1828. It was the Sabbath-day: the business is commenced by the celebration of mass—and here we are treated to some arguments in proof of transubstantiation—then follows the meeting, and the great speech of "*the Sec.*;" and the evening is wound up by a noisy carousal at the public-house; or, as our author elegantly designates it, a "Sunday night's political soiree at the Sheaf of Wheat"—the chapters that record this desecration of the Sabbath being crammed full of laudations of the deep and devoted piety of the whole proceeding, from the mass in the morning to the last cup that was quaffed by the staggering patriot at night.

We must not, however, forget the worthy author's speech, which he takes care to tell us was an excellent one, and immensely applauded:—

"The secretary then succinctly explained to the meeting, the country's present political position, and the views of their leaders in the association—historically detailed the enactments of the penal code, skilfully and emphatically dwelt upon the ferocious and crafty spirit, that dictated its original object of extermination, and still upheld its remnant of injustice and cruelty; and aroused, by the recital, the natural ardour of the peasantry, into glowing and oftentimes fierce indignation.

"He next pointed out the different modes of rescuing themselves from oppression; illustrated by apt reasoning the safety, the social strength, and attractions connected with peaceable and legitimate struggles; forcibly expatiated on the horrors of civil war, the impracticability as well as crime of such mad outbreaks as the late rebellion, and added, to their venerated priest's pastoral injunctions against illegal societies, some practical instances of the bad working of such systems; until with perfect ease he brought their minds to distinctly comprehend, and zealously prefer, the moral warfare adopted and inculcated by O'Connell and the Catholic Association, to all other methods of redress. *The secretary was too practical an orator, to neglect this moment of fervour, to introduce to notice the Catholic rent, which he truly described 'as the armour of their political success, the axis of defence, and the lance of attack;'* and complimenting them on their former instances of patriotism in a pecuniary respect, conjured them on every such occasion to preserve the character they had gained. He next referred to their own meeting on that day, as but one of the many similar assemblages held at the same instant throughout Ireland; gratified their self-complacency, by showing to them, how powerful even they, though but a parish, were in all the elements of success, and impressed the consequence upon their minds, that, 'if such were the case with their poor selves, how omnipotent must not Ireland prove, when every such division of her lovely soil, was the scene of similar exertions.'

"The speech struck the stranger as *excellent in sentiment, skilful in its disposition of arguments, and practical in application*; but the responses of the peasantry to it, the loud and spirit-stirring cheer at the mention of their coming freedom; the shrewd replies to the speaker's warning against the consequences to themselves of insurrection and riot; and the vigorous susceptibility of moral impressions, when social disorder was denounced on higher grounds than self-expediency; but, above all the frequent anticipation of their young favourite's meaning, expressed in their own vernacular eloquence, pleased and surprised him still more."

What will our English readers say to this genuine specimen of Irish eloquence? Only think of the Catholic rent—"the armour of political success, the axis of defence, and the lance of attack." The pockets of the good people of Glenmore must have been

tight buttoned, indeed, if they were not opened to such an appeal.

The first 80 pages of the book are occupied by the account of the meeting and the soiree—from these, however, we must make room for one or two characters.

With the description of the old priest we do not much quarrel, always excepting that most abominable blunder of his drinking "toast and water" at a station dinner. Shade of Father Prout! toast and water drunk by a priest at a station dinner. "Educated in France," we are told his manners were of a more polished order than those of the generality of the priesthood who have been instructed and ordained in the then infant domestic establishments of Maynooth and Carlow. No wonder the poor people felt the contrast, assured that, "when he goes, *we never will have his like again.*" Incautious and involuntary testimonies like these are to be found occasionally scattered through these volumes. The groundwork of reality appears sometimes through the fictions which are built upon it.

It was scarcely fair, however, in our author to revive and put in print the scandal—we trust the untrue one—notwithstanding his asseveration that "it was no fiction, but as true as Holy Writ"—of the good old priest—about a beautiful young lady who fell in love with him in France, and followed him to Ireland. The sequel of the story is still more scandalous.

"'But what happened the young lady,' would inquire the young voices.

"'His reverence himself gave her up to Bishop O'Keeffe, and he—sent her home to her own people.'

"'Fakes an I believe it wasn't for nothing he gave her up: *only he did so, he'd never be made parish priest without ever being curate at all, and that of a fine parish like this.*'"

Such were the stories our author sentimentally assures us, which were the common talk of station dinners, in his early days.

"Often in our boyhood, at a station dinner, have we heard such remarks as the above on the beloved old priest, and generally were they concluded by an universal call for a bumper to old and young, amongst which latter we came in for our share, to drink long life and success to his reverence, and a happy death when it

came; and never was there a glass but was religiously drained to the bottom in proof of his flock's love of the liquor dedicated to such honest service."

John Glennon is another character to whom we must introduce our readers. We are favoured with his views both of foreign and domestic policy: in the foreign department, beginning with Turkey and ending with America:—

"He was (for instance) no friend to the Turks," (a formidable announcement to the Ottoman Porte,) "as a family in the European system, and would, indeed, live and die a sincere hater of the unbelievers, but that he strongly suspected the Russians were plotting against them; and he could not in his conscience well hate any people 'that the brutes who butchered the brave Poles, and weren't men at all, but worse than Turks, Jews, or Atheists, were scheming against,'"

"As to Buonaparte, he had almost become his political idol, 'in regard,' as John himself expressed it, 'that he raised the price of the poor man's grain, and gave the Irish farmers the first merry life—though a short one—they ever had ('thanks for their same misfortunes,' he said, 'to the Dunes and English,') since the days of their own good ould King, Brien Boru.'"

"But then, though he was glad Boney wiped his feet on the kings of Europe, he confessed he could not expect luck, and have imprisoned the Pope; and generally concluded his remarks on this historic personage, by instancing his runaway from Moscow, his captivity in Elba, and harsh exile and death in St. Helena, as 'the just judgment of Heaven for his impious conduct to the head of the true church.'"

"For the French people, though a great nation in the map of European policy, John Glennon entertained no affection, because, as he said, 'they were all for flash, and seriously fond of nothing—not having any grah for even the ould faith—and in their bloody rows and revolutions making gods and goddesses of themselves and their notions;' and he lost no opportunity of assuring all his gossiping acquaintance, that 'it was Almighty Providence itself, that, in the Atlantic storms, twice prevented their successful landing in Ireland; and that, much as he hated English oppressors, he felt that it was better for their country to bear with 'the devil they knew, than the devil they did not know.'"

His opinion of the Spaniards may,

perhaps, be an object of interest to our readers:—

"Of the Spaniards John Glennon used frequently remark, they were a very steadfast people, and *near akin to the Irish*; and, though he confessed they had many failings, being very jealous, and *thinking nothing (by all accounts) of stabbing a man with a short knife*;" (we trust their Irish kindred does not consist in this,) "*he yet liked them better than most other nations*—but, above all in Europe, he revered the Poles, and used frequently suffer a species of pleasing melancholy in comparing the calamities endured, and sacrifices cheerfully borne, by the Polish and Irish people for their country and religion.

"Of late years, indeed, John had become a most enthusiastic admirer of American policy, having a great many blood-relations settled in its broad realms now, and doing well too; and from whom he frequently received long letters in praise of the country and the people; and being thus somewhat dashed in his opinion 'of the best of the ould European systems, even in the real Christian times, before the plundering reformation,' as he said; always in his discourses reverentially surmised 'that the God of justice, foreseeing man's iniquity, had directly caused a discovery through one American Vesputius, and the great navigator, Christopher Columbus, of that truly new world; because that, when the people were not allowed to live innocently, after their own ancient ways, in their own native countries, they might there have a place to flee to, to be quiet and content among themselves; and adore their Redeemer according to the manner they sincerely believed to be right.'"

John Glennon, we ought to have said, was parish churchwarden for the association—a kind of patriarch of sedition in his parish, and an oracle among his brother peasants. Where he picked up his knowledge of foreign politics we are not told.

"But it was in domestic politics Glennon especially shone. With the many revolts, from the reign of Henry II to the rebellion, he was intimately conversant, and could accurately depict, from either historic knowledge of the past, or self-experience of *ninety-eight* (for he was out in that year), the most prominent characters of the opposing parties in each intestine strife. He, indeed, generally commenced his historic lore with the Irish religious feuds of the Elizabethan age; and painting *Shane O'Nial and his*

Gallowglasses as the first and chief militant heroes of the faith; eloquently carried on the narrative of sectarian dissensions to the very day he chanced to be discoursing on. Curry's History of the Civil Wars, and similar records, were, in fact, as familiar to his mind, as was the Litany of Saints.

Under this head of domestic politics, he, however, markedly confined his discussions to Ireland alone; frequently remarking 'that as up to that year, 1828, we had never received any good, but much of injury, from England; he was bound in conscience to consider it as an enemy's country.' Glennon accordingly took little notice of even his own dear Ireland's history, from the period of the union; and should allusion be made in his presence to the many brilliant achievements of her soldiers, during the late continental wars, it was instantly evident to any observer, that a deeply seated dislike to the dominant country had long taken possession of his breast. During these, and like eulogies on his countrymen, he was either cold and unelated, or often contemptuously remarked, that '*such feats were not cause for pride, but regret*,' that he grieved to say, 'the noble wolf-dog of Ireland was but acting jackall to the lion of England, hunting down prey for an insatiate beast, that returned growls instead of thanks, and distrust instead of gratitude.'

"He could, in the twinkling of an eye, distinguish the most ancient church of Protestantism from the ecclesiastical buildings of 'the old faith'; give the respective dates of the foundation, and the founders' names; or even discern 'the very points,' where, as he said, 'Venerable Catholic cathedrals and charitable monasteries, were impiously patched and darned with the decaying stone and mortar of heresy.' Glennon was also intimately acquainted with the local traditions of numerous counties; could show the very boundary 'where, for centuries, the English language could never get across into the county of Kilkenny;' the very fields wherein the English of the pale, and the Irish fought; the streams in which the multitude on both sides commingled their blood, and those religiously preserved footsteps of the most brave opposing chiefs, which, in past times, were vigorously impressed on the green sward in the nervous gripe of victory or death.

"He also knew the *mearings* of some of the best confiscated estates in Ireland, and used frequently to boast that, 'after all the changes and chances of time, John Glennon could, if he liked, lay his hand on three or four conacre holders, that owned

fine broad lands, according to the just laws of descent, but that he thought it better not to turn the poor creatures' heads, by giving them an insight to their rights.'

Perhaps, upon the whole, this picture of John Glennon is not overcharged. If John Glennon be still alive—with all his sympathies for the assassin Spaniards—his intense hatred of England's glory and greatness—his detestation of the heretic stone and mortar, sacrilegiously added to the ancient shrines—his admiration of Shane O'Nial and his Gallowglasses, which struggles he sees still continued, the same contest still existing:—

* Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,

and last, not least, his knowledge of the *mearings* of the confiscated estates—we doubt not that he has proved a most valuable master of the Glenmore national school.

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to pause and observe that John Glennon is the impersonation of the views and objects of the great mass of the Popish population of Ireland, *drawn by one of themselves*. The writer of this sketch is no Orange calumniator of his country: he evidently has never been spoiled by association with either the aristocracy or the gentry of the country. Educated amid station dinners—the secretary to one of the simultaneous meetings, and pushed forward by dint of the fame which he acquired as an agitation orator, like many others of his class, to the profession of the bar—the enemy of every thing Protestant, and the adulator of Mr. O'Connell: this is the man who draws this sketch of the poetry of his cause—of the wrongs which the people feel. What we ask seriously is to remove this wrong, but the restoration to Popery of all that has been taken from her? the re-establishment of that church in her ancient power—the returning of their "rights" to the just claimants. We say not that it is impossible to invest such an attempt with much both of poetry and interest—we can well understand, and readily forgive the illusions which have made it the dream of the peasant's ambition; but let it be remembered when we hear of the people's enthusiasm in the cause of old Ireland what that cause really is.

But it is time for us to deal with some of the odd caricatures which are

presented to us as delineations of the state of Ireland. Lord Littleheart, the absentee landlord, is a desperate profligate; and accordingly his agent, Mr. Cash, by way of pleasing him, acts the hypocrite, by professing to be a strict religionist, a biblical, and an evangelical!! and the profligate landlord presents a Mr. Cantall, also a hypocrite of the same class, to the living!!

We need not say to any one acquainted with Irish society what utter ignorance is here exhibited even of the follies and weaknesses of the classes he professes to satirize. What will our readers say to the following letters, attributed to Lord Littleheart?—

“ To take the incumbent's character from the patron's pen, as in the letter written, on that occasion, to the bishop, he delineated it.—Mr. Cantall would, he was confident, meet his lordship's approval, as from Mr. Cash's and other respectable gentlemen's reports of him, he would prove a thorn in the sides of the Pupists of that disaffected parish.”

“ The same post which brought the nomination of Mr. Cantall, had also conveyed an authority to Mr. Cash to give that donation to the Kildare-street school, about which he had written to him, ‘as he was glad to learn from his letter, and other sources of credit, that it was expected such institutions would greatly alienate the growing generation from the Romish priests, which result, he was sure, would be highly favourable to the pleasures and power of the gentry of the country.’”

It is impossible to deal seriously with the writer, who is so ludicrously ignorant of human nature as to suppose that such letters could pass under such circumstances, even supposing the writers and receivers to be all that he describes them.

We ought not, however, to forget to add that the horse-racing, and gambling, and profligate absentee was much more likely to be an emancipationist and a liberal, than a biblical. Such is the term applied in these volumes to those who attempt to diffuse the Word of God, among the people.

Mr. Cash, the agent, is represented as watching every opportunity to eject tenants from the estate—not because he wishes to put others in their place, but simply for the pleasure of disposing of them. To judge by the accounts before us, the agent must have hated the sight of a human being, or a human habitation on the estate. The

instant a lease fell, the tenant is turned adrift; no matter how rich, how improving, how regular in his payment—out he goes. The police and the agent drive every tenant from his holding, *and pull down every house*: the picture would be nothing without this. One man asks in vain for half an hour for his father to die; another the same time, for his wife to bring forth a son, but in vain—out they must go, across the mearing ditches; and while the agent and the police pull down their houses, the old man dies in the ditch, and the young woman is delivered in the road, while the crowd amuse themselves pelting the agent with stones.

Now, all this is very piteous; it fully justifies the eloquent pathos in which our author deploras the removal of goats' kids and pigs from the place that knew them, but never would know them any more for ever; but surely, there is no creature living, except he deserves to be classed with these most pathetic animals, who will believe it true. Power is abused in Ireland as elsewhere, and we can assure our author, we would enjoy as heartily as any one, a real and natural exposure of the oppressions to which our peasantry are, in too many instances, subject, no matter from what quarter they proceed; but cruelties are never perpetrated without an object, and when we hear of Mr. Cash setting out on a mission, for which no better motive is assigned, than merely to keep up an agitator's beau ideal of a Protestant agent, by pulling down houses, and ejecting on the road, men in death, and women in travail, no sympathies are stirred within us but those of laughter.

But in justice to “the eloquent sec.,” we must quote the beautiful pathos of the pigs:—

“ Soon, and the richest among them would have no cow, nor would the goat stand on the poor man's floor to be milked, while the children playfully plucked her beard, and she, pretending to horn their laughing, well-known faces, gambolled with them. No more would the young kid, with its playful frolics, gladden the whole family; its sport, a type of the joy which the fountains of sweet milk, that came with its being, brought to its young master playmates. No longer would even the pig, ‘the real gentleman of the house,’ run home grunting for his share, boldly smell, and knock about the pots, and little furniture, or earnestly pull the mistress by the gown, and raise its snout, in angry expostulation, for his

rights, as if conscious 'twas himself paid up the hanging gale, lessened the arrears, and kept the roof above the heads of all."

It is a pity our lawyer has thrown away so much eloquence here. This passage would make his fortune at a Precursors' meeting, or arguing an ejectment before the bench.

Perhaps, the most amusing scene in the entire book, because that which most displays the ignorance of the writer, is a dinner-scene at Squire Pigott's, at which, in the presence of several officers, Mr. Cantall and a large party, Miss Pigott, the Squire's daughter, a beautiful and amiable young lady, though a biblical, takes up the attention of the entire party, by a long lecture to Mr. Cash, on his cruelty in the ejectment. This rather disconcerts that gentleman, and which of us would not be rather disconcerted by a tart lecture of at least ten minutes' uninterrupted duration, from our hostess' daughter, at a dinner-table, especially when she winds it up by several texts of scripture from the *Douay Bible*!! which conduct, on her part, excites the admiration of all the English officers present. We are absolutely tempted to extract her speeches; they will illustrate our author's notion of society, which, after all, he can scarcely have picked up at the station dinners of his boyhood. A young lady who would, on these occasions, so far forget herself as to imitate Miss Pigott, would, we venture to say, be brought to her senses very unceremoniously. We are very sure there would be more genuine politeness than that shown by the amiable and elegant Mr. French:—

"I fear I cannot remain a fellow-disciple of yours, Mr. Cash, if you continue so unmerciful in your acts and sentiments," somewhat agitatedly remarked the heretofore silent, but attentive Miss Pigott.

"Oh! shame, Fanny, to be so discourteous and severe," says her mother, as the unwonted blush of confusion spread over Mr. Cash's features, at this unexpected attack from such a source.

"She seems to have struck more pointedly than others could; at least the blood has followed the wound," says Francis French, encouraged by the boldness of his cousin's remarks; and, indeed, glad to avail himself of the opportunity to continue the mortification of Mr. Cash.

"I but meant, mamma, that as Mr. Cash was labouring with myself and others,—or, in truth, with Mr. Cantall,

rather directing our efforts to convert the peasantry from their errors to the true doctrines of the Scripture,—he should also manifest, by his acts, the spirit of the Gospel, and prove his belief, with the Apostle Matthew, when he beautifully teaches, 'Blessed ARE the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

"There was still a slight flush in Miss Pigott's face, as she thus spoke; and the tones of her voice, as though she struggled between a sense of duty and natural timidity, trembled in the utterance. The English officer looked somewhat surprised, as the young fair one quoted Scripture; still could not but admire the enthusiasm of soul, which the lit-up countenance and disconcerted features of the maid fully revealed. The eyes of Mr. Cash met those of Mr. Cantall, and an expression of painful embarrassment was evident in both.

"The latter then turning to Miss Pigott, said, 'Our friend did not mean, as you have interpreted, Miss Fanny, cruelty to the poor, as acting of themselves, but in their character of agents, in the hands of malignant and designing popish men.'

"Such is too nice a distinction for the spirit of Christian mercy, enlightened but by our finite understandings, for me to attend to, sir," said Miss Pigott; 'I cannot tell whether our poor fellow-creatures are agents in the hands of others, or not; but I know our Saviour has inculcated charity to all, even to our foes;—as when, in the twelfth chapter to the Romans, speaking through Paul, he simply says, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink,'"

"You would not, then, turn out on the road those poor who dissent from you, in religious belief, cousin?" said Francis French.

"I never knew any one who could think of advocating that doctrine, Mr. French," said Mr. Cash, mustering up courage to meet the perceived onset on himself; 'but Miss Pigott's good sense, and moral perception, and Scriptural knowledge, also, teach her to know, that you should 'give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's'; or, to apply the text to what I perceive, Mr. French, you labour to disclose,—that when a lease expires, 'tis only right that the agent of a landlord should take care that his employer be not wronged by a bad tenantry.'

"He should certainly see that his employer be not wronged," said Miss Pigott; 'but unless that agent is to become the more than officious tool of his landlord's vices, he should not be the ambitious inflictor of every cruelty towards the tenants, that the law and other cir-

cumstances enable him to execute. In my opinion, if a man of moral understanding, much more one of Scriptural love, were commanded by any employer to execute such vile deeds, he would fling up the situation at once, as directly incompatible with the preservation of common humanity.'

"'Oh! yes, sir,' said Miss Pigott; 'and as the people became enlightened, and we recommended ourselves to their love, by charity and goodwill, surely there would be more hope also for the diffusion of Scriptural purity, and removal of superstitious error, than now, when, unfortunately, too many of our rank are known but to the poor peasant as bitter sectaries, or oppressive politicians. But Mr. Cash,' she continued, 'speaks of a tenantry wronging his employer. I would ask him in sincerity to answer, is it not his employer, who, in the case of the tenants to whom my father alluded, that ever regardless of the duties of his station, has deeply injured and neglected them? And also to answer this second question; that though unfortunately his employer does not, like Lord Headley, (of whose virtues I have heard), encourage him, as his agent, to similar acts, still is he not empowered to manage as he thinks best, his young lordship's estates, and, if so, ought he not to use the discretion entrusted to him, on the side of mercy?'"

"'I should have great pleasure in answering Miss Pigott's questions, if I did not correctly refer them to your misrepresentations, Mr. French,' sourly answered Mr. Cash.

"'Be not deceived, Mr. Cash, by imputing to Francis any such offence. He is incapable of injustice to you or any other. He did certainly request of me, to intercede with you, in mercy to the wretched poor of the hill's-side;—I did so, was confident of success; and when I failed, do now acknowledge. I felt most bitterly disappointed. I thought you imbued with the precepts of the gospel, and accordingly wrote to you in the language of Paul to the Corinthians, inculcations which should ever be present to the minds of the rich, in relation to the poor, but more particularly present to absentees, in respect to their impoverished tenants.—You may remember, I forewarned you not to be surprised at my texts, for that they were extracted from the *Douay version of the Kibblure-Street Society*. 'In this present time, let your abundance supply their wants, that their abundance also may supply your wants, that there may be an equality;—and also, in the tender sentiments of Matthew; 'I have compassion on the multitude; I will not

send them away fasting, lest they faint on the way.' And, as in my last scriptural conversation with you and Mr. Cantall, I heard you both particularly appreciate the Epistle of James, I extracted the fourteenth and following verses, which, like the mild reasonings of angels, softly appeal to all Christians: 'What shall it profit my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, and hath not works; shall faith be able to save him? And if a brother or sister be naked, and want daily food, and one of you say to them, Go in peace, be you warmed, and filled, yet give them not these things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit? Even so, faith, if it hath not works, is dead in itself.'"

We have said that occasional testimonies to truth are scattered through these volumes. The agitation of the emancipation question in Glenmore is speedily followed by the introduction of the Rockite or Ribbon system, and here, indeed, for the first time in these volumes, we must, with materials which might, in other hands, have been worked up to effect, but in those of our author, are altogether thrown away.

The abduction of Kitty Kelly is the worst managed incident in the book. Like the demolitions of Cash—indeed like almost all the actions recorded in these volumes it is introduced without any probable motive whatever. The disguised Orangeman, the tailor, is the instigator; and Dunne, coming among his rockite associates, manages to procure her release. Yet, through the entire account, not a single passion is portrayed upon the page which suggests a motive for the abduction or her release. While nothing can be more tame and *unreal* than the account of the actual carrying away. A message that the curate wanted to see her brought her from her home after dusk.

"She had now advanced more than half-way to her destination, and unerringly stepping on the stones, which afforded a dry passage across the ford, stood safely on the other side of the little river. The dwarfed beech which overhung the stream, were there thickly intermingled with some hazel copsewood, and deep brakes of briars, that extended several yards into the field she had now entered. Cautionously Kitty proceeded past their denser gloom, and had just attained the open space, when suddenly, she was violently seized by two powerfully athletic men. A piercing scream broke from her—the image of Johnny Rourke, with an instant hope of his relief, flashed

across her mind, and for the moment she weakly struggled with her savage way-layers; but one of them, placing his hands upon her mouth, soon stifled her cries for help, while the other rudely and tightly bound a large coarse handkerchief across her eyes. Terrified with dread, Kitty, were she even unprevented, had now wholly lost the power to scream, and would have fallen to the earth, were it not that the ruffians held her up erect, while they the more securely gagged and blindfolded their fear-stricken unresisting victim. Insensible, she was placed upon a horse, which stood bridled at hand, and one of her assailants actively springing to its unsaddled back, with one arm encircled her form, which, placed as in side-saddle position, he tightly held unto himself, and with the other directing the vicious garran he rode, into the channel of the valley's stream, furiously galloped up its shallow current towards the ascent of the hill. His accomplice took another route; but, before long, both again met upon the road which led into the collieries—quickly leaving which, however, they took an uneven hilly pathway across the country, and in the direction of mountains that had often before afforded refuge amid their solitudes to daring marauders like themselves.

"If even the unprepossessed of heart may justly be imagined so to feel, with how much more of alarm and agony must not Kitty Kelly, who, from her early childhood, had confidently placed her hopes of happiness on Johnny Rourke, have then regarded the likelihood of such an event. And so, when awakened from insensibility to consciousness, a sense of almost madness and despair rushed upon her mind. They had traversed a large range of mountain-ground, before Kitty recovered from the stupor into which terror had thrown her; but even then she knew not in what locality she was, for the blindfolding handkerchief was still tightly bound across her eyes. In the hope of any fate rather than the horrors anticipated, she attempted to fling herself from off the horse; but the power of her detainer was too vigilant and vigorous; and, pressed back again upon his breast, she unavailingly struggled and wailed in hysterical agony. The principal's accomplice was at the horse's side in an instant, to assist his comrade; and poor Kitty despairingly perceived that, overpowered and lost, all resource was taken from her. The hope, too, of any aid from Johnny Rourke or her brother Pat, had wholly deserted her; and, if possible, she was but still the more agonised in mind, by the boding dread of some danger

to them, connected with the forcible abduction of herself. On galloped, however, the goaded garran that bore her, and chucklingly and malignantly broke on the stillness of the night the jeering condolences of the savage ruffian, who then claspingly held her. Our readers may possibly conceive—but we are quite inadequate to convey—the depth and extent of her overwhelming misery."

And this is all we hear of her until some chapters on we find her released from her confinement in an old poteen still-house by Dunne.

So much for an abduction—the most thrilling perhaps of all the incidents that could be furnished from the romance of Irish crime.

The author, indeed, as if conscious that even with the aid of the abduction, the loves of his hero and heroine would, after all, be but a very tame affair, attempts towards the close of his work to throw something of romance into his pages by the loves of Dunne and poor Mary.

Poor Mary is introduced to us as a maniac; the first time we meet her is, when Johnny Rourke is looking for the abducted Kitty Kelly—in the moonlight he mistakes her for the object of his search.

"The features, in which he had imagined similitudes to Kitty Kelly's, bore none. The present girl's were sharply chiselled, and delicate in the outline; her cheeks were attenuated and worn,—and from her sunken but brilliantly dark eyes, there broke forth frequent gleams of wildness and of misery. Unlike, in each and every respect, as possibly could be, to the rounded bloom of cheek, the bright blue eye, and the composed meekness of beauty, that characterized his poor Kitty's countenance. Under other circumstances, Johnny Rourke might have wondered at, or sought a clue to, his self-delusion; but the wretchedness of despondency, or the anguish of despair, were then too strong upon his mind, for the admission of any such curious canvassings. Still, unobserving of Rourke, the strange female advanced towards him. A short tattered cloak, and which, as is oft the habit with Irish peasant girls, she, on Rourke's first view, wore covering her head, was now removed by her to its more apposite position, upon the shoulders. Her dark hair, glossy in the moonlight, was blown back from her temples, wavingly in the air; her features were pale, and now raised towards heaven,—and from them all came that sad, but interestly-spiritual, expression, which is the soul's reflection of suffering and de-

votedness. Discoursing to herself, as would appear by their irregular cadences, some melancholy, and incoherent rhymes, or perhaps, the broken ballads of her childhood's memory, she appeared, in her rapt musings, and snatches of song, as one sorrowfully deranged. Suddenly, and again stopping, she mournfully and beautifully sung—

“ On the mountain, in the valley,
Everywhere his spirit's with me,—
In the air, or in the cave,
In the light or in the gloom,
'Neath the sun, or neath the moon,
On the scنفold, in the tomb,
He is one I'd die to save.”

“ She ceased, and remained gazing on the heavens. Affected by her wo-begone look, and struck with some strong sympathy, Rourke, notwithstanding his own grief, stood intently regarding her. Still, unconscious of being observed, she again, lamentingly, warbled forth—

“ ‘Never, true maid, never, lover,
Yet were happy upon earth;
Sorrow's dismal stars do lower
On the moments of their birth.’

“ Ceasing, the tears streamed down her wan cheeks, when, as suddenly, and a smile lighting up her eyes, she rapturously and thrillingly sung in a different rhythm—

“ ‘Twinkle, twinkle, prettiest star,
I once was merry as you are,
And never dreamt your dancing ray
Would light me on misfortune's way.

“ ‘Oh! could my love but happy be
Once more, poor I were bright as thee;
And like a sweet and playful child,
Again were gay, again were wild.’

“ Concluding, she now laughed and cried in her own extacy, and hurried on. Rourke yet stood still, hesitating whether to accost, or let pass, in silence, the poor sense-bereft creature, as he deemed her. In hope, however, that she might give him some information respecting Kitty, he, as mildly as possible, called out after her, ‘Stop, and God save you, my poor girl!’

“ Startled, she half screamed, and, turning round, stared wildly on him. Even the deprived of reason, retain, however, a quick perception of kindness; and, as Rourke, unaffectedly looking pity on her, enquired did she know of such a person as Kitty Kelly, or chance to have met any stray maiden on her way, the poor stranger soon grew becalmed and soothed. She, however, afforded him no clue to the discovery of her whom he sought. His inquiries were answered but by outbreaks of wild rhyme. Still, there were words

of solace, and good omen in some things she said. Turning round, as she agilely bounded away, and assuming the most expressive gestures, she, with appropriate action, sung—

“ When the kind maiden's loved
By the youth that is mild,
Both happy should be
As the summer-day's child,
That basks in the sunshine around.”

“ ‘Then fear not, young man, for thy love;
To the ark, o'er the waters, came back the
poor dove;
So, thy peace and joy
Though mi-fortunes annoy
A God to protect thee's above,’

“ Saluting him with a graceful, but somewhat theatric farewell, and tossing her head and arms wildly in the air, she ran to the summit of the hill. Superstitiously affected by the subject-matter of her last rhyme, he as hurriedly pursued. Turning suddenly, and assuming an impressive, earnest air, she piteously exclaimed, ‘Follow me not—Molest not the poor wanderer.’ Repressed in his haste, he disconcerted stood.

“ ‘And do you know nothing of Kitty—of her I seek?’ he at length, and falteringly uttered.

“ ‘Nothing.’

“ ‘And who are you, my poor girl, or where do you live?’

“ ‘I'm nobody—poor nobody,’ she replied.

“ ‘Have you no father?’

“ ‘I never had.’

“ ‘No mother?’

“ ‘I never had.’

“ ‘No friends?’

“ Silently, but eloquently, she pointed to above.

“ ‘And where is your home?’

“ ‘My home!’

“ The bereft creature paused for a few moments, as though wrapt in reverie, when suddenly she sweetly sang forth:—

“ ‘My home's on the heath,
And my home's mid the fern,
My home's in the brake,
And my home's in the dell;
With the birds of the air
My singing I share;
And where wild fox and hare
Have their cover and lair,
There, there, does “Poor Mary dwell.”

“ Ceasing, she precipitately ran down the declivity of the hill, and left Rourke to himself, still unalleviated of his grief. Supposing her to be a fugitive from some asylum for the mad, he at any other period, would have been so interested in her safety, as to have followed, with the purpose of providing her with sustenance and

shelter. But, increased dread and anxiety for Kitty, still more than ever, absorbed all his soul."

This girl is Dunne's lady love; it appears that she had long been wandering about the manor of Glenmore; but in no one instance where she appears does any one know who she is. As our readers might guess, Protestant persecution has something to do with her history:—

"Her early life, as it appeared, was almost as singular as its unhappy close. In infancy, a poor foundling child, she had been sent out for nursing from the Hospital in Dublin. As it occurred, the locality chosen for her was within a parish not very distant from the Manor. She was reared there by an humble peasant woman, until she reached well nigh her fifteenth year. From her earliest childhood, she betrayed symptoms of a romantic temperament. She was ever of a sweetly mild and engaging but strikingly fanciful nature. Scarcely did she more than indistinctly prattle, when she loved to deck her hair with the wild flowers of the fields, and listen to the melodious voices of the singing-birds. The poor nurse soon loved her as of her own veins; or, at least, her sportive innocence, amiability, and prettiness, had so engaged her affections, that she could never think without much pain of at all parting with her. 'Poor Mary' grew daily into more beautiful promise: she seemed not, indeed, as of the peasant race; and, from the mystery of her birth, and from the marked delicacy of her form and features, the fondly speculating nurse, while she pitied her as a poor child of sin, yet indulged in the belief that she was the secret offspring of some erring mother, who feared to sacrifice rank and the world's esteem, in acknowledging a child of shame. The imagination, too, that her adopted child would yet—in some moment of natural remorse on the frail mother's part, or religious superiority to human esteem—be sought out by her, and raised up from its lowly lot, oft filled the affectionate poor woman with a pleasing hope. 'Poor Mary' had thus lived with her peasant mother, unclaimed by any one, until her fifteenth year. *She had been brought up a Roman Catholic.* The class, too, in which she learned her catechism at chapel, was taught by a talented and somewhat romantic young lady, who, struck with the appearance and disposition of the poor foundling, paid her, from the first, more than ordinary attention; and, at last, made her, in a great measure, her own attendant and compa-

nion. From this lady, she derived not only the knowledge of her catechism and other religious instruction, but also whatever immethodical and fanciful acquaintance she possessed, with songs and poetry. 'Poor Mary' was then happy as the day was long; and, like a pure spirit, lived in the little world of her own bright fancies. But when the mania of bigotry and biblioclism had fully arrived, and every effort to proselytize or Protestantize the populace was put in requisition, in order to swell the amount of the newly converted, the many poor, and therefore neglected foundlings, scattered through the country, were called in by the institution, and generally taken by force from the homes they loved as native, and from their maternally beloved nurses, by the crusading parish Parsons.

"'Poor Mary' shared the common fate. Grief, confinement, and the pain of persecution, first unsettled her frail and unenduring reason. After two years' misery, and by a desperately perilous attempt, she escaped her house of bondage; but returning, found her nurse was dead, and her young lady patroness married, and living far distant. On discovery of her escape, she was traced in her flight, and very narrowly eluded the search of her pursuers. *She then fled into the hills and desert places, but was still hunted by many parochial underlings of the proselyte-forcing minister.* It was when thus oppressed with toil, fatigue, and wretchedness, that chance threw her into the way of Dunne, then yet a novice in crime, in daring and desperateness. He saved her from the discovery and grasp of her abhorred enemies; and what kind offices he could render in distress, were offered with his prompt and resolute ability. Thence first sprung the devotedness 'Poor Mary' ever afterwards cherished to Dunne. She was, indeed, well nigh confounded in her reason at the time; but yet from that moment she loved him with all the rapture and gratitude of a fervent heart; and when she discovered the insatiate passion of his sinful revenge, she fled him not, as though he were an unworthy monster, but in the self-sacrificing spirit of her nature, she laboured on for his regency, until she utterly lost her senses, in the vain endeavour to retrieve him unto peace or good."

We quote this passage to show how daringly our author sets all probability and possibility at defiance in his one darling object of calumniating every thing Protestant. The nurses of the foundling hospital were, we believe, always exclusively Protestant; but at all events they kept the foundlings

only during the years of tender infancy; the children were returned to the institution before they could, by possibility, learn any religion, and strictly educated as Protestants. The monstrous fabrication, therefore, about crusading parsons, and the children torn from their adopted mothers, has not even the remotest particle of truth to rest on. But faction mingles with all that this writer conceives; the malignity of its spirit stalks with him even on his moonlight rambles in the pure and blessed softness of a lovely night. And his sickly sentimentality cannot conjure up the image of a song-singing idiot, but his odious party-spirit must make her the victim of Protestant oppression. But a fiction so monstrous as that of a foundling girl of fifteen, brought up a Roman Catholic,—then taken away by force, where no law could have compelled her to go,—kept in du-rance vile for two years; and at the full grown maturity of seventeen escaping from the Foundling Hospital half mad,—*flying into the trackless hills and deserts*, hunted by the underlings of a clergyman, and then forming a connection with a ribbonman, under the influence of which she goes altogether mad, and turns out a second Ophelia on our hands, with her snatches of songs—a fiction so monstrous as this we did not believe it to be within the combined power of falsehood and absurdity to produce.

As this wretched stuff is dedicated to the English nation, as illustrative of the social condition of Ireland, we may reasonably expect shoals of English tourists in search of the romantic, expecting to find in every glen of Ireland, foundling poetesses hunted mad by Protestant parsons and their underlings; or perhaps a French lady in love with some Irish priest.

Poor Mary and her song are made to serve all possible occasions by our author. When the Rockites were deliberating on the propriety of releasing the abducted Kitty Kelly, they are startled by an unearthly voice plaintively singing—

“As an angel to the good,
So, under heaven if she could,
Your guardian spirit from sin and blood,
Would be, Poor Mary.”

“During calm, or during storm,
At sunken night, or rising morn,
When, whether joyous, or forlorn,
Ceased she to love?”

“‘Though living but on root or berry,
And water’s drink, she,—she’d be happy,
And make with songs the mountains merry,
Looked you but glad.”

“‘But gloom and guilt are on you now,
They cloud your soul, and shade your brow;
Oh! turn from them,—to heaven bow,
And blessed will be, Poor Mary.”

Dunne gets weary of his outlaw life. Suspicious of the tailor’s honesty cross his mind; a warrant is out against him for murder—with a tolerable certainty of conviction if he is caught; and he determines to end his days in America with “poor Mary.” After many difficulties he manages his escape from Liverpool. The marvellous sequel we have already told—a storm sweeps back the vessel just as it was touching the American coast. In utter despair, and trembling with apprehensions, Dunne returns, of all places in the world, to the manor of Glenmore. He takes refuge where no Irish criminal ever yet need have taken refuge—in a cave—instead of some one of the thousand houses that would gladly have welcomed the murderer—here the last tragic scene takes place—Dunne had brought the tailor to his secret retreat—

“‘But, I see no passage out of this, through which we could escape, Dunne,’ he said.

“The outlaw was silent, but, raising his eyes, and fixing them steadily upon the suspected traitor, advanced towards him. The little tailor cowered beneath his fierce, penetrating gaze, and, as though in anticipation of some instant and horrid fate, receding totteringly, he sent forth a tremulous, but piercing shriek. Dunne, however, on the minute, had seized him by the throat, and bore him in a relentless grasp, back towards the fire.

“‘There’s no passage out of this yet, for you, sure enough,’ said Dunne. ‘But, if you show me that paper, which you once produced before the magistrates, and if it proves you not a spy and a traitor, I’ll let you go.’

‘He drew him down upon his knees, as he took the same posture himself, and still held him by the throat. The well-nigh strangled wretch in vain endeavoured to articulate mercy.

“‘I’ll give you life; but on the terms I mentioned,’ said Dunne.

“As he spoke thus, he relaxed the tight pressure on the little tailor’s neck; and the partially relieved sufferer caught his breathing convulsively, but as yet could not speak. Dunne still retained his slack-

ened hold, and again repeated the condition on which he would grant mercy. The little tailor seemed, by his signs, to assent; and putting his hands into his breast clothes, quickly drew it forth again. Scarcely less rapid was the perception of Dunne, than was the action of the little tailor. He tightened, with desperation, the gripe of his victim's neck, and writhed back his own body in avoidance; but, as he did so, the bullet from the discharged pistol of the tailor slightly tore across his side-breast; and, with the loud report, came forth, too, one sudden, shrill, and piercing cry from the poor idiot. It was an intensely horrid moment: the pistol ball had passed through 'Poor Mary's' heart; and in the last fearful energies of abruptly severed life, she came, with the death-scream on her voice,—involuntarily thrown forth, as in a bound—to the outlaw's side. Intelligence quitted him for an instant; but, on its yet more dreadful return, he flung, with a demon's force, the traitor from his convulsed gripe; and while he laughed with a wild, hellish laugh, he saw his clashed skull shatter against the cave's wall. He was a fiend—the picture of a very devil, in his rage; but, as he turned,—even with infernal malice yet writ upon his face,—and in the fire-gleam, saw the lifeless features of 'Poor Mary,' he was smitten of his furious passion, as is the witheringly blasted grass, of pride and life, and sunk down groaning by her form."

It may be necessary to explain the allusion in the last paragraph. On one occasion Dunne and the tailor had been arrested together, when the latter had procured the instant liberation of the entire party, by showing some certificate to the magistrates. This suspicious circumstance had never been inquired into at the time—now Dunne searched his pockets for the document.

"He examined the pockets of his clothes, but could not find any 'worn bit' of writing at all similar to that he remembered to have seen before. He discovered some money, indeed, and paper scraps of written character, but they were impatiently thrown aside, while he continued in anxious quest of what he now most desired. He then pressed between his hands, every part of his waistcoat, in the expectation that he might feel what he sought, concealed in its back, or between its fronts and lining. He did the same with the coat, and at length met, in the left side, something sensible to the touch, like strong paper. He discovered a small pocket-hole, and at once drew forth through it, the contents of the inside. It

was a folded paper; and opening it, he recognized a similarity to that he sought. It was the same, indeed. The written original, as it appeared, had been much worn, and in order to at all preserve it, had been pasted on some coarse and strong paper. Some of the written characters were wholly defaced, the remainder worn and faded, and, with much difficulty, Dunne at length read, or rather spelled, the following:

"Sirs, and Brothers,

"I certify that Brother Samuel Clarke is a regular Orangeman, and has conducted himself regularly and well amongst us; and he being attacked, when in procession on the 12th of July, by a rebel's party, got both his legs broke. We hope you will consider him a brother in need.

"Given under our hand,

"John G——, Dep. Master.

"Richard J——, Sec.

"I certify the above,

"Henry G. J——, G. Sec,
Co. Monaghan."

"Here followed a number of names and subscriptions, but they were all well-nigh effaced."

The monstrous impudence of this is unrivalled—this is of course meant to represent that all the secret societies—exclusively Popish in Ireland—under which Protestants have suffered burning and death, were propagated among the people by Orange emissaries, with the sanction of the Protestant clergy and magistracy. Indeed this is not merely insinuated but broadly stated—we need not attempt a serious refutation.

Perhaps our readers will think we have devoted too much attention to this wretched trash—disgraceful even to that lowest of all literary composition the three volume novel of the circulating library. Very probably the author himself will thank us for having given him even such notoriety as we have conferred. The book however has been praised (!) and we did not think it useless to hold up to the scorn and contempt of our readers the falsehood, the malignity, and the absurdities of one evidently imbued with the heart and spirit of the faction that now governs Ireland.

We said that we had reasons for believing the author an assistant barrister. The evidences are in the book itself. In 1828, an embryo barrister, he has probably completed the legal term of apprenticeship before this. He was the secretary to an emancipa-

tion meeting, and made violent agitation speeches. He has evidently never mixed in society above that of a station dinner, imbued with intense hatred of Protestantism, reckless in his assertions, unmeasured in his slanders, a servile adulator of O'Connell and his unpaid election agent—nay more, as we gather from several passages of his book, profoundly ignorant of his pro-

fession; if with these qualifications he has not been promoted to the barrister's bench, he has been scandalously overlooked; and if he be not, as most probably he will be, among the very first promotions to that station, Lord Ebrington will certainly not be able to boast that he has trodden in the steps of his predecessor.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE SULTAN MAHMOUD.

FORMERLY journeys to Turkey were, like angel's visits, few and far between, and our acquaintance with the country and the reigning sovereign was as little as our knowledge of Prester John and his territories. A man who had visited Constantinople was looked upon with as much awe and respect as a palmer, with a cockle in his hat, from the Holy Land, and a writer on the country did not appear more than once in a century. But now, "*novus nascitur ordo*?" no man thinks he has made a tour worth speaking of unless it extends to the Moslem as well as the Christian City of Seven Hills. The road to the former, is even more frequented than that to the latter and has, to use Falstaff's proverb, become as common as the road between London and St. Alban's; so that the men and things of this once mysterious city are now as well known to us as those of London or Paris. But besides our more intimate acquaintance, the peculiar situation of Turkey has, of late years, given it an extraordinary degree of interest, and the attention of Europe has been often called to the efforts of the late Sultan—the greatest genius she has counted among her sovereigns since Peter the Great, and at the same time the most sorely beset with unmerited troubles who had sat upon a throne since the last Constantine. The reformation of the Turks, the separation of Egypt, the revival of the independence of Greece, and the progress of the power of Russia, are events of such importance in the history of the world, that a brief notice of the monarch in whose empire and reign they occurred cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers.

Mahmoud II. was the son of Abdul Hamet Khan. He was born in 1788, and was one of a large family consisting of fifteen brothers and as many sisters, though he lived to be the only survivor. His mother was of French extraction,

and probably to this circumstance is to be traced his early predilection for European institutions. At the time of his father's death he was an infant, and his cousin Selim was called to the vacant throne. An attempt was made by Selim to introduce a system of discipline in the Turkish army, but it provoked an insurrection of the Janissaries; he was deposed, and his cousin Mustapha, Mahmoud's brother, succeeded him. The brief career of this cruel and narrow-minded man was closed by the revolution, which placed Mahmoud on the throne.

Mustapha Bairactar, Pacha of Rodshuk, was the author of this second change. He had been originally a "Bairactar," or standard-bearer, and, with the honest pride of a Turk, retained the name of his original vocation, though now elevated to the highest rank in the state. He was passionately attached to his former master, the mild and enlightened Selim; and, learning that, although deposed, he was still alive in the seraglio, he determined to reinstate him. He collected an army, and contrived pretexts for lulling the suspicions of Mustapha till it was encamped on the plains of Daud Pasha, before Constantinople; and on the 28th of July, 1808, when the Sultan was enjoying his favourite recreation of fishing on the Bosphorus, Bairactar rushed with a strong body of his troops to the seraglio. He thundered at the gates, and fiercely demanded that Selim should be restored to liberty; and when no reply was made, he proceeded to force an entrance. At this critical moment Mustapha, apprised of his danger, landed and entered the gardens of the seraglio at one side, while Bairactar was forcing a passage through the other. He immediately issued orders to some eunuchs to murder Selim, and in answer to Bairactar's demand, opened the gates and threw

the corpse before him, informing him that was the person whom he sought. This bloody policy was, however, unavailing. His fierce assailants, though frustrated in their immediate design, were rendered doubly indignant at the murder of their favourite, and determined, at all hazards, to depose his murderer. The only obstacle could be the want of a successor, and the only remaining heir of sufficient age was Mahmoud. Mustapha, knowing this, had consigned him to the same fate as Selim, but the eunuchs sent to execute the order could no where find their intended victim. A slave who was much attached to him, had, at the first alarm, concealed him in the furnace of a bath, and he was taken by Bairactar from his hiding-place to be seated on the throne. His investiture as Sultan took place in August following; Mustapha Bairactar became his vizier, and punished, with unsparing severity, all concerned in the deposition or death of Selim.

It did not require much ingenuity to discover that the new Sultan and his minister had every thing to fear from the vengeance of the Janissaries, whose affection for Mustapha equalled their hatred of Selim. Bairactar well knew that his success had arisen from their want of power and not of will to oppose him, nor had he any defence against them now, except the army of Albanians, who had followed him to Constantinople, and whose continued residence in the city could not fail to render him generally unpopular. He at once determined, therefore, on carrying out the plan of reforming the army, and with this view convoked an assembly of the principal pachas, who unanimously sanctioned a plan for reviving the ancient order of troops, called *Siemens*, with this addition, however, that they should use European accoutrements and discipline. The corps was accordingly formed, but became, if possible, still more odious than Selim's troops had been, in the eyes of the Janissaries, since the *Siemens* claimed to belong to an institution more ancient than their own, and so insulted their pride as well as restrained their power. They therefore resolved on the ruin of the author of the innovation, and the consequence was the most terrific commotion that had convulsed Constantinople since its occupation by the Turks.

Success had made the vizier careless, and he had for some time dis-

persed with the attendance of the greater part of his Albanian troops. It was now the feast of the Bairam, and Ottoman etiquette required him to pay a visit of state to the Multi; and having discharged this ceremony, he returned to his palace and freely resigned himself to the pleasures of wine and his harem. This was the time chosen by his enemies. As night approached, every effort was made to excite the populace, and the Janissaries assembled by thousands from their respective *ortas* and surrounded the vizier's residence on every side. They then set fire to the adjacent houses, and the flames soon spread to the palace. Bairactar was awakened only to become sensible of his awful situation. The roaring of the flames—the screams of the women—the cries of the guards and attendants, who were everywhere massacred the instant they appeared—the groans of the dying and the yells of their savage assailants told the terrible truth. What measures he took for his safety are not known; it is supposed he took refuge in a tower in his palace, the strength of which he hoped would be sufficient to resist the flames. The following night a violent explosion shook the city, and it was found that the magazine under the vizier's palace had been blown up—whether purposely or not was never known—and the whole had become one mass of smoking ruins. The commotion, however, did not end here. The Capitan Pacha was determined to revenge the vizier's death; and spreading a report that Bairactar had escaped, he posted 4,000 men to watch the Janissaries at Scutari, and encouraged the newly raised *Siemens* to attack those in Constantinople; and on the 15th of November commenced a series of the most bloody assaults—while various districts of the city were set on fire, whenever the flames could answer the purpose of a momentary protection or a means of attack. At length victory began to declare in favour of the Janissaries, and they loudly demanded the restoration of Mustapha. This decided his fate, and he perished by the same policy which had induced him to murder his predecessor. The death of Mustapha, and the discovery of Bairactar's corpse next day, among the ruins of his palace, showed each party that the object they sought was unattainable, and a partial cessation of violence on the 19th of November gave Mahmoud an opportunity of announcing

to the Janissaries that the order of the Siemens was abolished. This concession induced them to return to their allegiance, and the last outrage was the butchery of 500 of the devoted corps of the Siemens by the Janissaries, in their barracks at Scutari. Thus ended this frightful series of revolutions, which, in the space of eighteen months, had cost the lives of two Sultans and about 30,000 of their subjects.

The harem of a deceased Sultan is never entered by his successor, but the females are always sent to another residence, where they are supported by the state till their death, and there is a building called Eski Serai, or the old palace, erected by Mahomet II. for this purpose. On the death of Mustapha his harem was to be thus removed to make way for that of his brother. This change is usually made very early in the day, in order to be as private as possible; and before dawn one morning they all issued from the garden of the seraglio, and were received in caïques to convey them to their destination. Instead, however, of proceeding to the Eski Serai, they were rowed to the Prince's Islands, about fourteen miles distant, where they were all thrown into the sea. The number who thus perished is not known. It is even doubted whether all were put to death, or those only who were supposed to be pregnant—an act of bloody policy not unprecedented, the example of which was set by Mahomet III. Nor is the mystery likely ever to be solved; thousands of men had lost their lives in the late revolution, and in such a scene of carnage the death of a few hundreds of women was far too contemptible a matter to excite the curiosity of a Turk, so no inquiries were made. This act of cruelty left Mahmoud certain of continuing the only surviving heir to the throne, and enabled him ever afterwards successfully to meet the excitement which his opposition to the prejudices of his people created, and which would have speedily terminated his career, had there been one of the prophet's family ready to succeed him.

The loss of Bairactar had now thrown the Sultan altogether on his own resources, and his earliest measures displayed the same energy that characterised every subsequent act of his reign. The war with Russia, on the northern frontier, had been languidly protracted during the two preceding reigns; this Mahmoud determined to

decide at once. He raised the standard of the prophet at Daud Pashia, and issued a "hatta sheriff," or proclamation in his own handwriting, calling on all sincere Mussulmen to rally round it. He soon assembled a large army, and appointed as his new vizier Ahmed Aga, a man of the same energy as himself. He immediately marched northward, and soon drove the Russians from their position on the south of the Danube. His brilliant success did not, however, continue. He allowed the Russians to surprise his camp, and notwithstanding that his troops fought with the greatest obstinacy and fierceness, he suffered a complete defeat, and eventually the loss of a large portion of his army. But enough had been done to show the energy and strength which the Porte was capable of exerting, and as Russia was then threatened with the French invasion, his critical situation induced the Emperor to come to an accommodation, which the exhausted state of Turkey made no less acceptable to the Sultan, and this long protracted war was concluded in 1812, by the treaty of Bucharest.

Beside the Russian war, the indecision and insecurity of the two last Sultans had suffered the provinces of the empire to continue in a state of the greatest insubordination. Many of the pachas and governors acted like independent monarchs, and some openly declared themselves to be so. If this state of things continued, it was evident the total disorganization of the empire must be the consequence. Mahmoud, therefore, being now at peace with every foreign power, applied himself to the reduction of his rebellious subjects. The death of Paswin Oglu gave a new governor to Widdin, and restored it to the authority of the Sultan. Czerni Georges, who had erected an independent principality in Servia, was expelled after fifteen years of bloodshed, and being afterwards discovered in the Turkish dominions by the officers of the Porte, was dragged before the Pacha of Belgrade, and executed. But there were others whose reduction was a task of greater difficulty, who deserve to be more particularly mentioned; such were Abdallah Ebn Sahoud and Ali Pacha.

Since the days of Mahomet the territory of Mecca and Medina had been always held by his followers the most

sacred portion of the earth. They are the Jerusalem and Loretto of the Mussulman, and a pilgrimage to the birth-place or tomb of the prophet is the greatest act of piety which he is capable of performing. But the souls of the faithful had for many years been debarred the benefit of this pious exercise. The tribe of the Wahabees had got possession of the holy district, and they strictly prohibited all pilgrimages. Sahoud Abdallah, their chief, had extended his incursions even as far as Bagdad. The Imaums of Sura and Muscat were his tributaries; he appointed the governor of the islands of Bahrein; and even the Schah of Persia acknowledged his dignity, and propitiated his favour by costly presents. When it was determined to reduce this powerful chief, Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt, undertook the task, and began it by sending the Arab the following characteristic message:—"That he was about to despatch his son, Ibrahim Pacha, with a numerous army, who would ruin the country—exterminate the inhabitants—leave not one stone upon another of his capital Derayeh, and lead himself, dead or alive, to Constantinople." In pursuance of this threat, in September, 1816, Ibrahim quitted Egypt with an army under his command, and having in six days after anchored in the port of Jambo with his flotilla from Suez, marched to the city of Medina. Sahoud Abdallah had, meantime, levied a force of 30,000 men, and the contest was vigorously supported for two years, during which period the skill and vigor of Ibrahim gradually reduced the resources of the Arab, until at length, in April, 1818, the Egyptians laid siege to the city of Derayeh. After a defence of five months, further resistance was found hopeless, and the unfortunate sovereign determined to make the best terms he could. Ibrahim was not authorized by his father to come to any accommodation unless his vanquished enemy would surrender himself to be brought to Constantinople, but received him with great kindness and assurances of his own good offices. The once powerful Abdallah was now reduced to a state of utter helplessness, and though he must have known how little dependence was to be placed on the mercy of his conquerors, the kindness of Ibrahim persuaded him to submit to his terms. Accordingly he was sent to Egypt, and presented to the viceroy there. Some costly presents engaged

his interest, and he joined with his son Ibrahim in interceding for the Arab's pardon, when he sent him forward a prisoner to Constantinople. The Porte, however, was inexorable; and the ill-fated Abdallah, after being paraded through the streets with the companions who had accompanied him from Derayeh, was beheaded in front of St. Sophia. This important conquest, in which the Egyptian viceroy had fulfilled to a letter his original threat, beside opening the passage for pilgrims to Mecca, re-united the two rich provinces of Nedged and El Harig to the Sultan's empire.

Though, perhaps, not of equal importance to the Sultan, yet more talked of in Europe was the fall of Tepe-teni Ali, pacha of Yanina. This extraordinary man is well known in England by the writings of Lord Byron. By a course of the most wily policy, and the most daring courage, he had become by far the most powerful of the European vassals of the Porte. Albania and Epirus were united under his command, and his influence extended throughout the whole of continental Greece from the ridge of Parnes to the mountains of Illyricum. Veli Vizir, one of his sons, governed the Morea. Mouctar Pacha, another son, ruled in Thessaly; and a grandson was Bey of Trikala. He knew the Porte had long been jealous of his power, and he now became particularly suspicious of Ismael Pacha, who had once acted as his confidential agent to give him secret information of their transactions. He therefore commissioned the two Albanians, who were the bearers of his next dispatches, to murder this man before they left Constantinople. For some reason or other he suspected Ali's intentions; and when the couriers, as usual, called at his house before leaving the city, instead of opening the gate, he answered them from a window above, and demanded their letters. They immediately fired at him from below, and wounded him severely, though they did not kill him. They then galloped into the country, and were suffered to pass unnoticed, as Tartar couriers always travel at that pace. One of them was afterwards overtaken and executed; but the other escaped, and brought tidings of their failure to his master.

For this attempted assassination a firman was issued, depriving Ali of his province; but knowing his own strength, he refused to obey it. An

army was then sent against him, under the command of Hourschid Pacha. The struggle continued for two years, till at length, after various vicissitudes, Ali was driven to take refuge in a part of the citadel of Yanina, with only fifty men, who had remained faithful to him to the last. The retreat thus chosen was a building of three stories: the upper was occupied by Ali and his suite; the second contained his treasures, which were supposed to be immense; and the floor below was filled with gunpowder and combustibles, ready to explode at a moment's warning. From this place of security Ali was allured by the wily Hourschid Pacha, and induced by his promises to trust himself to his protection. He was to remain in a small island in a lake near the town till an answer should be returned from Constantinople, which was to decide his fate. His submission to his enemies was not, however, unqualified. He left behind him a man to act according to circumstances—if the messengers brought back assurances of safety for himself and his companions, every thing was to be given up: if not, to be blown into the air. The person who was to execute this extraordinary trust was one whom Ali well knew would not shrink from it. His name was Kutchuk Achmet, or little Achmet: he was so lame from a wound as to be almost powerless, but a man of the most daring intrepidity, who would not hesitate to blow himself into the air to execute any command entrusted to him. But this precaution was soon withdrawn. Ali, though usually as suspicious as he was artful and perfidious, had now to deal with as accomplished a dissembler as himself: and the excessive kindness and studied respect with which he was treated induced him to surrender his fortress, with the treasures it contained, unconditionally, before the return of the messengers, and Achmet was withdrawn. Several Pachas had been in the habit of daily visiting Ali; and soon after this act of imprudence Mohamed Pacha, the governor of the Morea, came to pay him his respects. They held a long conversation, full of mutual assurances of attachment and good will. Mohamed pressed Ali to name anything he would wish to contribute to his personal comforts. Ali expressed a wish for some lamb. Mohamed immediately promised to send some, and further pressed him to name any thing else that would gratify him.

The old man replied that there was one thing more, but his religious scruples made him reluctant to name it; but being pressed by his friend, he mentioned a particular sort of wine, which was also immediately promised. After this friendly conversation, Mohamed rose to depart, and as they were of equal rank the Pacha of Yanina rose with him. The Pacha of the Morea made a low and ceremonious reverence. Ali returned the ceremony with a similar profound bow; but before he could raise his head again, his companion stabbed him in the back with his yatagan, with such force, that the weapon passed through his heart, and out of his breast; and Mohamed walked out with the bloody yatagan, and proclaimed the success of his plot. Ali's head was cut off, and sent to Constantinople, where it was exhibited as the head of a traitor, and remained for some time in the court of the Seraglio, on a dish, like John the Baptist's head on a charger. Several erroneous accounts of the circumstances of his death were circulated in Europe. The above are the real facts, which are fully detailed by Dr. Walsh, who was in Constantinople at the time, and had his information from official authority. As the event excited a considerable sensation, an English merchant at Constantinople was desirous of purchasing his head and sending it to London, to make money by exhibiting it; but this disgusting plan was prevented by a Solyman dervish, who had been an early friend of Ali, who procured the head and buried it with Ali's two sons, and his grandson, at the Selyvria gate of Constantinople, where the four tombstones are now among the most striking objects that arrest the traveller's attention. All of them have the same date—"Gemazeel Aheer, 1237," corresponding to our February, 1822.

The rebellion of Ali Pacha seems in a great measure to have determined the outbreak of the Greek insurrection. Alexander Ypselantes, seizing the opportunity when the armies of the Sultan were engaged against his own vassal, in February, 1821, raised the Greek standard in Moldavia, and in concert with Michael Suto, the viceroy, issued his first proclamation, calling on all his countrymen to join the cause of freedom, and promising them the assistance of Russia. It is remarkable that in all the earlier efforts of the Greeks to gain their independence, they invariably relied

on Russia for assistance, and were as invariably disappointed. Ypselantes had been an officer in the Russian service, and it is said that in holding out this promise of foreign succour, he was authorised by the word of the Emperor himself. Nevertheless the proclamation was no sooner issued than the Russian government declined all connection with him; neither did he meet with the support he expected from his countrymen, and his brief and heroic career was closed by the fatal battle of Drageschan, from whence he escaped only to become the inmate of an Austrian prison. When he was liberated, confinement had broken his health, and misfortune his heart, and he died on his way to Verona at the early age of thirty-five.

The Greeks had now, however, a more secure dependence than the uncertain promises of their northern neighbours. The secret society of the Hetairia had extended itself into the remotest districts, where the smallest society of Greeks existed; and no sooner was the signal given by Ypselantes than the whole of Greece became at once in a state of insurrection. The greater part of the Morea was soon in possession of the insurgents, and their fleet occupied Ipsara. Early in December their congress met at Epidamnus, in the Gulph of Ægina; and on the first of January, 1822, was put forth the memorable act of independence, by which they declared themselves a free people.

This spirit of union and determination was still further strengthened by the ill-timed severities of the Porte. When the rising of the insurgents was known at Constantinople nothing could exceed the rage of the Turks, and every species of atrocity was perpetrated on the unfortunate Greeks of the Fanal, the Greek district of the city, most of whom were totally unconnected with the proceedings of their countrymen, and continued in Constantinople on the faith of the promises of safety held out by the government. They were, however, all treated as if they were hostages. On Easter Sunday, the greatest of the Greek festivals, the patriarch with several bishops were seized, while celebrating service, and hanged at the door of the cathedral. What rendered this piece of barbarity still more atrocious was, that these very men had obeyed the directions of the Porte, and had actually preached against the in-

surrection, and most solemnly warned their flocks not to unite in it. Constantine Morousi, dragoman to the Porte, had, before this, been executed because he had received a letter from Ypselantes, though he had immediately read it at the Divan. But individual instances sink into insignificance when compared with the wholesale butchery of the Greek merchants and others of less consequence, who, without any other proof of their guilt than that they were countrymen of the offenders, were everywhere strangled at the corners of the streets, and their bodies left to be trampled on, and devoured by the dogs; and, beside the slaughter made by the officers of the seraglio, every Turk, even boys of eight years of age, went armed, and they literally made a recreation of shooting and stabbing the unfortunate Greeks whom they accidentally met with. In addition to the scenes of blood in the capital, the Turkish officers had everywhere orders to show no mercy to the rebels; and the massacre of Scio presents an instance of revengeful ferocity which might make a Tamerlane blush. Resistance or submission made no difference: all capable of opposition were indiscriminately butchered, and the rest, women and children, exposed to the licentious brutality of the Turkish soldiery. In this small island alone upwards of 40,000 were put to the sword, and 30,000 dragged into slavery. All this unnecessary bloodshed, besides determining the Greeks to resist to the utmost, was the great means of exciting the sympathy of their western fellow-Christians. It is true the Greeks themselves were not in the least behind the Turks in barbarity, when success gave them an opportunity; but they excused their cruelties as a just retaliation, and the war soon became one of extermination on both sides.

In addition to the troubles of the Greek war, the Sultan was assailed in the capital by the insubordination of the Janissaries, and the following year, 1823, is rendered remarkable by the annihilation of this turbulent body. In submission to their dictates, Mahmoud had been obliged to dismiss and at length treacherously put to death, Halet Effendi. He had been for some time ambassador in France, where he had acquired considerable knowledge of the arts and institutions of Western Europe. From their similarity of tastes he had become a favourite minister with Mahmoud; and it was chiefly

through his interest at the Divan, that the destruction of Ali Pacha had been resolved upon. Halet Effendi had incurred the vengeance of the Janissaries by the banishment of the Dervish Hadjé Becktash, who was their great favourite, and a descendant of Al Hadjé Becktash, their patron saint. When once a minister had incurred the displeasure of the Janissaries, the Sultan was generally obliged to dispense with his services—for, like the Prætorian guards of the Roman empire, though next to useless when opposed to the enemies of the state, they had long been in the habit of dictating to its government. Mahmoud was, therefore, obliged to dismiss the whole ministry concerned in the banishment of Hadjé Becktash and his former favourite Halet along with them. This domineering confirmed him in his design of again attempting the reforms in the army which had already cost the lives of Selim and Bairactar. He therefore set about forming a new corps; but, as the name of "Nizam Gedite," or "new institution," had been made one of the objections to Selim's plan, Mahmoud gave his troops the opposite denomination of "Nizam Attick," or "old institution," and pretended that he was merely reviving an ancient practice of Solyman I. By bribes, promises, and threats, and an occasional execution of the very refractory, he brought over most of the Janissary officers to acquiesce in his plan, and the soldiers came regularly to drill.

The 15th of June, 1823, had been appointed for a general review, at which the Sultan and his court were to be present, and the Etmeidan, a large square in the centre of the city, appropriated to the use of the Janissaries, was fixed upon as the field of exercise. On the day preceding the troops assembled to drill, when, for the first time, they openly murmured at the resemblance between their discipline and the Russian practice. The Janissary Aga reprimanded one of the offenders, and an Egyptian officer struck another. This was a signal for general resistance. The Aga narrowly escaped with his life, and the soldiers in their rage murdered his lieutenant, assailed his house, and even insulted the females of his harem. The whole corps of the Janissaries soon after brought out the brazen kettles of their different regiments, and paraded them through the streets. This is esteemed a most solemn ceremony, and is never had

recourse to except in the most extreme cases: and in a short time a body of 20,000 men had assembled in the Etmeidan. Mahmoud, therefore, saw that matters had come to a crisis, and issued secret orders to the Aga Pacha and Topgee Bashi, or commander of the artillery, to hold themselves in readiness. He even declared his intention of passing over to Asia, and leaving European Turkey altogether to the power of the Janissaries sooner than submit to their dictation; and as they had had recourse to the ceremonies of their order, he determined to enlist the superstition of the people on his side. The sacred standard, said to be made of the small-clothes of the Prophet, was brought out with great pomp, the Ulemas and Softas walking before it, the Sultan and his court following, and all rehearsing the Koran, while the Fellahs announced the solemn procession through the city. Such an event had not occurred for fifty years in the capital, and it immediately awakened the fanatic zeal of every sincere Mussulman.

In addition to this master-stroke of policy, Mahmoud wished to give the sacrifice which he was determined upon making the appearance of great moderation. Though he well knew that the Janissaries, long accustomed, on all occasions, to dictate to the government even the most extravagant of their wishes, would not forego their demands now, he offered them a pardon if they would acknowledge their error and immediately disperse. This was, of course, rejected. They even murdered the officers who brought the message, and peremptorily demanded that the Sultan should for ever renounce his plans of innovation, and punish all concerned in promoting them as subverters of the ancient usages of the empire.

Aga Pacha had by this time collected 60,000 men, who had surrounded the Etmeidan, and the cannon of the Topgees were pointed down every avenue leading to it. They were now ordered to fire upon the assembled mass. The gun which was to commence missed fire, and the Janissaries near it were rushing forward to turn it against their assailants, when a Topgee, named "Kara Gehenna," or "the black hell," had recourse to the truly Turkish expedient of firing his pistol into the touch-hole. The gun exploded, and a murderous discharge of grape-shot followed from every quarter on the Etmeidan.

Immense multitudes were killed, and the survivors took refuge in the barracks which were close at hand. These were set on fire to dislodge them, and that none might escape, were surrounded, like the Etmeidan, with artillery, and the discharges continued without intermission. No quarter was any longer either offered or given; and, though the Janissaries defended themselves with the most desperate fierceness, they were soon totally destroyed, and the next morning the barracks were one confused mass of smoking ruins and mangled corpses. Besides those who thus perished several were executed in the streets of the city, and the gates were kept closed for two days after the frightful scene. When tranquillity was restored, the Sultan appeared in the new uniform, and the Janissaries were publicly anathematised. There are various reports of the number who perished on this occasion, but they are generally estimated at twenty thousand.

The destruction of this immense body of national troops did not, however, in the least abate the vigour of the Greek war, which was prosecuted with various success. The greatest loss the Greeks had sustained was Ipsara, which was taken by the Capitan Pacha; but his fleet was soon after obliged to retire to the Dardanelles, after an unsuccessful attempt on Samos. But the following year, 1825, brought the forces of Mehemet Ali, the Egyptian Pacha, into the field—a change which proved most disastrous to the Greek cause. This extraordinary man, to whom the Sultan was already indebted for the conquest of the Wahabees, was the son of an inferior officer in the Turkish police, who had died in the most abject poverty at Cavala, a small sea-port near Philippi. At his father's death Mehemet was only four years of age; but the Aga of the place, happening to be his relative, took the helpless orphan under his protection. He was soon after murdered, and his protégé, to earn his livelihood, became an attendant in a tobaccoist's shop. He was afterwards enabled to set up for himself, and, having saved a little store of wealth, went to Egypt, where he joined his countrymen in opposing the French army. He soon distinguished himself in his new capacity of a soldier, and, when the French evacuated Egypt, had risen to such a rank as to be able to take a most prominent part in the civil commotions

which followed. His skilful intrigues, joined to his real merits, at length raised him to the eminence of Pacha, which rank was confirmed to him by the Sultan in 1803. He was no sooner installed in his new dignity than he commenced an extensive reform in the military system of Egypt. By a judicious employment of European officers he soon raised the army and navy of Egypt to a rank far superior to those of his sovereign; and the force which his son Ibrahim now commanded in Greece in equipments and discipline might have rivalled the efforts of any European state. But unfortunately he continued the same course of desolating warfare in the Morea, which had destroyed Scio at an earlier period of the contest; and this impolitic conduct afforded the pretext urged in defence of the attack on Navarino, by which the Egyptian fleet was utterly destroyed. This event, which all parties have since united in describing as "untoward," and which, to say the least of it, was a most unprecedented breach of faith with our Turkish ally, took place in the month of October, 1827, and was by far the severest blow the Turks sustained during the war.

Notwithstanding the battle of Navarino, the undismayed energy of Mahmoud still continued the attempt to reduce the Greeks, and the event of the contest might have been very doubtful, had they been either left to their own resources, or the occasional and uncalled for interference of England and France. But the month of June, 1828, brought the Russian army into the field, which soon decided the destiny of Greece. Russia had often before promised her assistance to the Greeks, and then left them to fight their battle single-handed, and now, with equal consistency, Nicholas disclaimed all connection with their cause, when commencing the war to which they probably owe their success. After all that had occurred to weaken and distract the power of the Sultan, it was expected that he would, at once, submit to the demands of either the Greeks or the Russians, and not dare to oppose his two enemies at once. But Mahmoud seemed only to gather strength from new difficulties, and though the whole amount of his forces was not more than 100,000 men, and most of these, the half-disciplined corps raised since the destruction of the old army, and before the completion of the new; while the Russian troops alone were

computed at the enormous aggregate 300,000, he would not submit. The Vizier, accordingly, concentrated his forces on Shumla, and determined to depend on the natural barrier afforded by the Balkan for the defence of the empire. The campaign of 1828 was fought on both sides with various changes of fortune, and instead of the triumphant success which had been anticipated for the Russians, the close of the year saw them obliged to raise the siege of Silistria, break up their camp, and withdraw into their winter cantonments in Moldavia and Wallachia, after sustaining several severe losses, and able to retain no place of any importance except the towns of Varna and Pravadi. In the commencement of the next year, Count Wittgenstein was succeeded by Diebitsch in the command of the Russian army. The very first act of this celebrated general displayed the extraordinary energy which characterized all his manœuvres during the war. He was so weak from sickness, as to be unable to stand; but rather than delay the advance of the troops, or trust entirely to his inferior officers, he was carried in a litter, and issued his orders in person. He resumed the unsuccessful attack on Silistria, while the Vizier, to prevent the junction of his forces with those of General Roth, attacked the latter on the 17th of May, when the most obstinately contested battle of the whole war ensued. It lasted for seventeen hours. The loss of both sides was immense, and, at the conclusion, both armies were obliged to fall back, though they each claimed the victory. The Vizier had, however, so far the advantage, as to be able to advance on Pravadi; but this trifling gleam of good fortune was followed by the fatal battle of Kulertscha, in which Diebitsch totally defeated him, and he, with great difficulty, effected a retreat back to Shumla.

As yet, the Russians had not much to boast of. Though generally successful, their laurels had been all most dearly won, and they had no reason to believe the Turkish army either disabled or disheartened. Accordingly, immediately after the battle of Kulertscha, overtures for a peace were made to the Vizier. To these he answered, with the true spirit of a Mussulman, that the event of battles was in God's hand, and if it was pre-ordained that he should be defeated, he could not help it; as to the peace, he was only

a military governor, and must refer to the Sultan himself for an answer. Unfortunately for Turkey, the golden opportunity was thus lost. Silistria soon after surrendered, and before the end of the next month, Diebitsch had crossed the Balkan, and taken up his position at Haidhos, on the south side of the mountains. The great barrier which nature had provided for the protection of Turkey, was thus passed, and she lay defenceless before him. The energy with which this advance was effected, seems to have deprived the Turks of all power of thought or action; and when the Vizier deserted Shumla, to follow Diebitsch, his disheartened army was utterly routed at Selinno, and the Russians marched, unopposed, to Adrianople.

As soon as they appeared within sight of the city, the garrison and inhabitants were so panic-stricken, that they neither thought of retiring to the capital, which they might easily have effected, or of taking any measures to resist the Russians, who had no sooner taken up their position, than proposals were made by the Turks for a capitulation. Diebitsch offered to accede, on the terms of their surrendering all their arms and military stores—in fact, everything belonging to the government—and dispersing in any direction except that of Constantinople; and they were allowed till nine the following morning to consider this proposal. Long before that time, their ambassadors had returned to endeavour to obtain some milder terms; their answer was a command to the Russian columns to advance and storm the city. They had then no other course but submission. Meantime, the success of the Russians at sea, had been equally great, and the ports of the Euxine had fallen into their hands, one after another, and Count Paskewitch, their general in Asia, had taken Erzeroun, the capital of Armenia, and the Seraskier and four of his principal Pachas were his prisoners, while the Pacha of Trebisonde had been driven, with his army in confusion, to take refuge in his own city; and while all these disasters were occurring in the northern and north-eastern portions of the empire, the Greeks continued their successes in the south. Lepanto had surrendered to them early in the year, and Missolonghi and Anatolico capitulated soon after.

While the powers of the Porte were thus crippled, and Turkey lay pros-

trate at the feet of Russia, France and England, who, by joining in the destruction of the Turkish navy, had mainly contributed to produce this result, seemed now only occupied in obtaining favourable terms for the Greeks. In March, 1829, the following arrangement had been proposed to the Sultan:—1st, That the boundary line of the Greek state should extend from the gulf of Volo to that of Arta, and that all south of that line, along with the islands of Eubœa and the Cyclades, should belong to the Greeks. 2nd, That an annual tribute of 1,500,000 piasters should be paid by them. 3rd, That Turkish subjects obliged to leave Greece, should be indemnified. 4th, That Greece should remain under the "suzeraineté" of the Porte, with a form of government suited to secure its religious and commercial liberty; the government to be monarchical and hereditary, and the first king to be chosen by the three powers in concert with the Porte. The Sultan had at first obstinately refused to treat, at all, on these terms. The Balkan was passed, and the Reis Effendi proposed a modification. Adrianople was now occupied, and Mahmoud found himself utterly helpless—his capital threatened, and his provinces undefended—and he was forced to accept the terms unconditionally.

But, while neither the English nor French made any effort to avert the destruction of the Turkish empire, M. Von Royer, the Prussian ambassador, exerted himself successfully as a mediator, and a negotiation was accordingly opened on the 1st of September, and, on the 17th, the celebrated treaty of Adrianople was concluded. By this treaty, and the two subsidiary conventions which followed it, the Russian government restored to the Sultan almost all the territory acquired in Europe, during the war, but retained a portion of their Asiatic conquests. Immense advantages were secured to Russian merchants, and the Sultan was to pay 1,500,000 ducats of Holland, to indemnify them for their losses during the war. All Russians resident in Turkey were altogether exempted from the control of Turkish magistrates, while Mahmoud, at the same time, surrendered all authority over the provinces on the Danube, where no Mahomedan was, for the future, to be permitted to reside, or hold any permanent property, though the Sultan continued their nominal sovereign. But the most se-

vere article was the exaction of 10,000,000 of ducats, upwards of five million sterling, to indemnify the Russian government for the expenses of the war. This enormous sum was to be paid in ten annual payments, the Russian army retiring a stage on the receipt of each instalment, and evacuating Turkey altogether, on the payment of the whole, by this plan securing a footing in the heart of the Sultan's dominions for at least ten years. With respect to Greece, there was an item introduced binding Mahmoud to adhere to the terms proposed by the allied powers in March, which have been before mentioned.

Though some of the terms of this treaty were sufficiently severe, on the whole, it was as moderate as, under the circumstances, could reasonably be expected. But it was not all the unfortunate Sultan had to submit to. The plenipotentiaries soon met in London finally to arrange the affairs of Greece. The English and French had not come to any definite understanding with Mahmoud, concerning the adoption of the protocol of March, so, with respect to them, it was still only a proposal. But it had been made an integral part of the treaty with Russia, and she was bound to adhere to it. She nevertheless joined without the slightest hesitation in making alterations exceedingly disadvantageous to her new ally, and, in the teeth of the treaty of Adrianople, Greece was declared altogether independent, and the "suzeraineté," and the tribute were altogether given up. As a trifling compensation, the boundary line was drawn a little more southward, extending from Zeitouni, near Thermopylæ, to the river Aspropotamus, the ancient Achelous, and then to follow its course till it falls into the sea near Missolonghi. This was the final arrangement between the four powers, concerning Greece, which thenceforward became a separate and independent kingdom.

The treaty of Adrianople, left Mahmoud to pursue his reforms in peace, till 1832, when he became again involved in a war which threatened to prove the most fatal in which he had been engaged since the commencement of his eventful reign. Throughout all his former troubles, Mehemet Ali, the viceroy of Egypt, had been his best support, and the arms of his son Ibrahim had secured him more victories than the efforts of any other of his subjects. The time had now come when even he

assailed his master. This unfortunate dispute originated in a quarrel between Mehemet Ali and Abdallah Pacha, the governor of St. Jean D'Acre, in Syria, against whom Mehemet immediately sent an army under the command of Ibrahim. Mahmoud issued a firman, commanding them to abstain from all hostilities, and refer their dispute to him as their mutual sovereign. To this, the viceroy of Egypt, conscious of his own power, at first returned evasive answers, and finally refused obedience. Ibrahim, at the head of fifty thousand men, after reducing Gaza, Jaffa, and other towns in Syria, laid siege to Acre. Abdallah, unable to oppose him, applied to the Porte for assistance, and the dispute between the two Pachas ended in a war between the Sultan and his viceroy.

Ibrahim had already gained several places of strength and importance in Syria, under the pretence of attacking Abdallah; he now threw off the mask and marched at once to Damascus, which was not even in his pachalick; and after twice defeating the Turkish forces he passed Mount Taurus, and established himself in Caramania. Here Reschid Pacha, the vizier, attacked him, but was completely defeated, and made prisoner. Nothing now stood between the Egyptian army and the shores of the Bosphorus. Constantinople was thrown into the greatest confusion, and the Porte seemed utterly stupefied by despair.

Mahmoud had no course left but to apply to Russia; England and France could only send ambassadors; but Russia had an army close at hand. Nicholas had always longed for the moment when the Porte would be driven to throw itself on his mercy—when his armies might have the plea of necessity for keeping possession of the Turkish provinces and controlling the operations of the Turkish government—till the Ottoman empire with a nominal existence would become a mere dependency of the Russian, and thus after obtaining the admiration of Europe for his moderation at Adrianople, and the gratitude of Turkey for his assistance, he would effect in reality all that the most unrelenting prosecution of the war would have secured. This it was the obvious interest of the other European powers to prevent. They therefore exerted themselves to procure an armistice, and the career of Ibrahim was checked till the terms of a treaty should be agreed upon. Meantime, the application had been made

for Russian assistance, which was no sooner sought than it was granted, and a Russian fleet sailed to occupy the straits and defend Constantinople against Ibrahim. When the temporary cessation of hostilities was procured, the French and English who dreaded the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, procured an alteration in the arrangement—that the fleet should only hold itself in readiness, and the Russian troops near the Danube advance along that river, to act, according to circumstances, as directed by the Russian ambassador. But the fleet had sailed before the countermand had arrived, and all that was effected was, that when the wind would be favourable it should remove from before Constantinople to Sizopoli, and hold itself in readiness there. Admiral Roussin, the French ambassador, now exerted himself most warmly to effect an immediate conclusion of the treaty; and articles were drawn up after several conferences with the Reis Effendi to be submitted for approval to the Egyptian Pacha.

When the aid-de-camp of General Roussin arrived at Alexandria with these proposals the wily Mehemet received him with the greatest respect, but decidedly refused to make peace on any other terms than his own, which were, in fact, that he should be invested with the government of all Syria to the very foot of Mount Taurus; meantime, Ibrahim received orders to advance and to listen to no other proposal. He, accordingly, pushed on. Constantinople was again threatened, and the unfortunate Mahmoud again thrown on the protection of Russia. Assistance was granted as promptly as before; and an army of 15,000 Russians was landed at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the straits, to meet Ibrahim in his advance, while reinforcements proceeded down the Danube. The Sultan, hardly knowing whether he had more to fear from his foreign protector or his rebellious subject, or which was the least dangerous course to offend Nicholas by declining his continued assistance, or France and England by accepting it, again tried diplomacy; but in vain—Mehemet still insisted on all his demands, and the Sultan was eventually obliged to submit; and on the 5th of May confirmed the government of all Syria to the Pacha of Egypt, who was now become a much more powerful monarch than his master.

The following year, 1834, the treaty of Hunkair Skelessi was concluded be-

tween the Sultan and the Emperor Nicholas. One of the articles of this treaty was, that no ships of war, except those belonging to the Russian government, should be permitted to pass the Dardanelles; but it gave Mahmoud the means of getting rid in some measure of his officious friends, as Nicholas accepted a district in Asia in lieu of the greater part of the instalments due since the treaty of Adrianople, and withdrew his forces retaining only Silistria in the Ottoman dominions. Hope, too, began to dawn on the Porte from another quarter. The exactions of Mehemet Ali had provoked the indignation of his newly acquired subjects, and all Syria was soon in a state of insurrection. This seemed a favourable opportunity for the Sultan to attempt to regain his lost provinces. He therefore sent large reinforcements to Reschid Pacha, and a subject for dispute was not long wanted. The Egyptian had, it seems, taken possession of a district in the pachalick of Diarbekir which did not belong to him, and had also neglected to pay the stipulated amount of tribute. Every thing, therefore, threatened a renewal of the Egyptian war; but past experience had taught Mahmoud moderation; and the disturbed state of his province made Mehemet timid, so matters were compromised; the disputed territory was restored to the Porte, and the tribute paid.

From this period, the influence of the Emperor Nicholas, on the politics of the east, became the general topic of discussion in Western Europe. It may be worth mentioning a few trifling incidents to show the absolute control he exercised over the Porte. He had sent some medals to be worn by the Turkish troops who had served with his own in the camp at Hunkair Skelessi. Notwithstanding the change of uniform and discipline among the Turkish soldiers, wearing the badge of an infidel was an insult to their Mohammedan pride, to which they would not willingly submit; so the issuing of the medals became exceedingly unpopular, and Mahmoud did his utmost to avoid it. He was, however, informed that Nicholas would take it as a personal affront if they were withheld; the unanswerable argument "*l'Empereur le veut*," was employed, and the medals were issued at all hazards. Though nothing more than a temporary discontent was the consequence of this suspicious-looking present, there seems

every reason to believe it was made only with a view of forcing the Sultan to apply for a Russian army to protect him against his own subjects. Soon after the Armenian patriarch was commanded to obey a Russian superior; and a Circassian prince, to whom Mahmoud had made some trifling present, was dismissed from Constantinople because he was unpopular at the Court of St. Petersburg.

But this vexatious interference was not confined to transactions between the two monarchs themselves. In 1835, when M. Texier was sent by the French government on a scientific voyage to the southern shores of the Black sea, he was allowed a sloop of war to bring him there. The Russian minister interfered, and he was refused permission to pass. Precisely similar was the case of Mr. Ellis, our ambassador to the Court of Persia, and of Lord Durham, when on his passage to St. Petersburg, both of whom were obliged to change from the government steamer which carried them as far as Constantinople, and proceed in private vessels, while the Russian colours were flying where the British flag dare not be seen. The treaty of Hunkair Skelessi was made the pretext for these insults. But to adhere to its provisions, the Sultan was forced to infringe the treaty of 1809, by which British ships of war were to be allowed to pass, uninterrupted, on landing their guns, and in which there was a special reservation to the British of any privilege that should afterwards be allowed to the most favoured allies of the Sultan. The case of France was precisely similar.

The following year the affair of Mr. Churchill presented a similar instance of Russian officiousness. When in consequence of the violence used towards that gentleman, Lord Ponsonby, then British ambassador, had insisted on the dismissal of the Reis Effendi, who had been the chief offender throughout the whole transaction, the Russian ambassador wrote to the Sultan a letter expressing his master's regret at the loss of so faithful a servant of Mahmoud, and so tried a friend of his Russian allies; and to appease his displeasure, he was forced to reply that the dismissal of the Reis Effendi was altogether unconnected with the affair of Mr. Churchill, and solely attributable to his great age, and consequent unfitness for his office.

Though the influence of the Russians

at Constantinople had been latterly declining, the relative situation of parties continued but little altered. The western powers have taken no decisive steps to restore the Ottoman empire to its proper rank among the states of Europe. All their efforts have been directed to fritter away Russian influence at the Divan by diplomatic ingenuity, and by threats and promises to prevent another open rupture with Egypt. The latter has proved a hopeless task. All last year both Mahmoud and Mehemet seemed every moment on the verge of a war. They each sent large bodies of troops to the frontiers of Asia Minor, and reinforced their fleets. From Mehemet's conduct it was impossible to judge what were his real designs. One moment he threatened to declare himself totally independent of the Porte, and the government of Egypt hereditary in his own family, and the next brought professions of peace and an instalment of his tribute to Constantinople. In August he communicated to the consuls of the different European states what appeared to be his final determination, of declaring the crown of Egypt hereditary, and when he learned their decided hostility to his designs, he addressed to them an angry message, confirming his former declaration. At the time of Mahmoud's death, both parties had a large force prepared for action on the Euphrates, to which they were daily sending reinforcements. Up to that period, the Sultan had evinced a bodily health as robust and vigorous as his mind. Suddenly he complained of illness, and scarcely had the news reached England that he was indisposed, before it was announced that he was dead. This event occurred on the 30th of June, 1839, and there seems to hang over it some mystery.

The account of Mahmoud's death was immediately followed by tidings of the total defeat of the Turkish army. In addition to this disaster, the Ottoman fleet has renounced the authority of the Porte, and joined Mehemet Ali, through the treachery of the Capitan Pacha; the army of reserve at Koniah has revolted, in consequence of disputes about their pay, and the remnant of the defeated troops, instead of re-assembling for the protection of the capital, are dispersed through Asia Minor, where they have become little better than banditti. It seems as if the master mind of their late monarch had been the only bond that held together

the mouldering elements of the empire which were ready to fall to pieces the moment it was lost. Its armies destroyed—its fleet revolted—its subjects discontented—the preservation of Turkey seems now more difficult than ever, and the few months that have passed since the decease of the late Sultan seem to have hurried it further towards its final ruin than even the years of difficulty which preceded that event.

Such is a brief notice of the principal events of the reign of Mahmoud II. the first Sultan who ever threw off the trammels of Turkish ignorance and prejudice, which, notwithstanding his efforts, have ultimately caused the present degradation of the Ottoman empire. Suddenly called to fill the throne of a falling kingdom, he made every effort to stay its ruin—some characterized by a fearful energy, which nothing but the habitually bloody policy of the East could palliate, but many of which he had the plea of desperate necessity to justify. As suddenly called away by death, he has left it in a state of uncertainty, in which its ultimate destiny must depend on the conduct of its professing allies.

In his person the late Sultan exhibited at different times very different aspects. He was not well made; his body exceeded the proportion of his legs, and when he stood he appeared rather a deformed man. He was seldom, however, seen in that position. When he appeared in public he was always on horseback, and at an audience where he received foreign ambassadors he sat. He then looked a man of fine person and athletic make, without any want of symmetry in his limbs. His countenance was handsome, with a high forehead and dark piercing eyes, which, when he was excited, exhibited a fearful expression. He then seldom looked full in the face of the person whom he addressed, but rolled his eyes in such a way that the white alone was visible, and cast a portentous glare, to which his known severity and relentless cruelty during the Greek revolution gave a terrible meaning. When the excitement was passed, his countenance assumed a mild and pleasing expression. In his old costume his Oriental dress set off his person to great advantage, while his full black beard gave his face a character altogether in keeping with the rest; but when he partially adopted the Frank dress, there was something very anomalous in his appearance.

Over the turban there is always fixed a red cap, called a *fez*, just covering the top of the skull; he laid aside the turban, but retained the *fez*. It, however, was no larger than a saucer, and was therefore too small to remain in its place, so, to keep it there, he enlarged the border till it came down over his ears, when it appeared singularly undignified, resembling a red nightcap. His flowing *Benishe* was exchanged for a close frock coat, buttoned tight, over which his black beard floated. He changed the short shovel-shaped stirrup of the East for the long-strapped one of Europe, but his former habit of riding still adhered to him, so that the change of the stirrup made him totter in his saddle, like a man who wanted some support for his feet, while his stooping attitude and tight coat gave him the appearance of being hump-backed. Disliking his new mode of riding, and unwilling to return to the old, he adopted a European carriage as a mode of conveyance, and in order to display it, he drove four-in-hand every day over the bridge which he built, connecting Pera and Constantinople, and exhibited great dexterity in the management of his horses. His domestic habits were marked by similar changes: he sat on a chair at table, and used a knife and fork; but he dined by himself, and all the dishes were brought to him, one by one, under a locked cover: when opened and tasted by the cook, to prove that they were not poisoned, he tasted them himself, and selecting that which he liked best, dined moderately on it. He violated the law of Mahomet in drinking wine; his favourite beverage was champagne, and he has even been accused of indulging in it to excess. He amused himself with the puerile pleasure of making it explode, and watching the cork, followed by the sparkling liquor, shoot towards the ceiling.

He altogether disregarded the Mahomedan prejudice against making a likeness; he was fond of having his picture drawn, and was careful in asking the artist to whom he was sitting, what particular feature he was copying, in order that he might compose it as he thought most becoming. When he liked a portrait, he made it a present to a European ambassador, and was gratified when one of them complimented him, by telling him that the ladies of his court in Europe would fall in love with the original. In his family he

was not an austere or cruel man; on the contrary, in the very tempest of his passion, during the Greek and Janissary insurrections, he retired from the excitement of politics to his domestic circle, and was seen playing with his children, like Henry IV. of France. The eldest of them died, and his enemies reported that his father caused his death, lest the Janissaries should place him on the throne; but it is now known he died of the small-pox; and his father, anxious to preserve the rest, had the present Sultan and his brothers and sisters vaccinated by a Frank physician. His good sense at once showed him the superiority of European practice, and in any ailment he sent for a Frank doctor in preference to a Turkish hakim. The physician to the English embassy was thus called in to the seraglio, he found his young patient labouring under a severe jaundice, in a chamber hung round with yellow satin. His father was so affected with the change of colour in the child, that he could not bear to look at him; so the attendant took this precaution to reduce every other object in the room to the same colour, that he might not so much remark it. For his marriageable daughters, the Princesses *Merimeh* and *Sahileh*, who had been most carefully educated, he selected two of the most distinguished and estimable men of his court, and however cruel and vindictive to strangers, showed, in all that concerned his own family, the greatest fondness and discrimination.

Though he had conquered many of his oriental prejudices and superstitions, and was daily overcoming more, there were some to which he clung to the hour of his death. He was strongly addicted to astrology, and consulted the *Monegin Bashi*, or chief astrologer, on all events of his life, whether frivolous or important;—the lucky day for commencing any undertaking—the lucky hour for entering or leaving the seraglio—were carefully registered; and among the gifts which he sent to the Emperor of Russia by his son-in-law, *Halil Pacha*, were two hundred and forty talismans of miraculous virtue. His views in other respects were so liberal, as to create a suspicion of an intention to abjure Islamism, and embrace Christianity. He ordered all the Christian churches which had been destroyed by the Turks, at the commencement of the Greek revolution, to be repaired; and rebuilt thirty-

six Armenian and twenty-nine Greek places of worship in the capital. He even permitted new ones to be erected—an indulgence rarely or never allowed by his predecessors, from the time Mahomet II. divided the places of worship then existing between the Moslem and the Christian. He allotted large sums of money to the erection of schools, and sometimes had processions of all the children, of every religion, walking through the city, headed by their masters, like the children of St. Paul's in London. These, and similar indulgences, were all adduced as proofs of his inclination, and so sanguine were the Greeks, that every incident was conceived as a proof of his intention to change his religion. Crosses were seen in the air over Santa Sophia, and intimated that he, like another Constantine, was about to be converted, and restore the mosque to its original worship. Christian emblems were discerned in the flags flying over his head, and he built his new palace at Istavros, the City of the Cross. These "trifles light as air," are hardly worth a notice, but it is not improbable that, had he lived, the light of the gospel would have shone on his enquiring mind, where it had probably dawned, and he would finally have adopted the religion, as he had the military and civil institutions of Europe.

With respect to his reforms, many attempts have been made to derogate from their merits. It has not been considered that he was not an European, born among the lights and knowledge of the western world, and attempting his improvements on a people already prepared, and willing to receive them; but he was a Turk, born and educated in the seclusion, ignorance, and prejudice of a seraglio, and had never travelled out of his own country, to see the improvements of other states. The people he had to reform were Turks, more ignorant, obstinate, and prejudiced than any other nation; who thought themselves the perfection of human nature, and that any change must be for the worse; who, therefore, defended to the death their old usages, and compelled him to carry every alteration at the hazard of his life. His views, therefore, must have been the intuition of a vigorous and capacious mind; and his carrying them into execution, the intrepid determination of a deep conviction. His merits will be better appreciated by

giving a brief sketch of what he actually effected.

His army had been a mere undisciplined rabble; every man dressed according to his own choice, and generally acted as seemed good in his own eyes. They were seldom seen or recognized; they were shut up in kiskas, or barracks, from whence they issued to fulfil an order of despotism; and having filled some place with blood and carnage, they again disappeared, like some mysterious agents, who were only known by the destruction they caused. When they were on a march, they wandered straggling, like a common mob, dressed in dirty drab jackets, and distinguished as soldiers only by their topkecs. He formed them into regular regiments, dressed in regular uniforms, and armed with muskets and bayonets. They were daily paraded, disciplined, and attended by European bands of music. Trifles mark the difficulties to be surmounted in effecting this change. The soldiers were provided with caps instead of turbans, and shoes instead of slippers; and to render both more convenient and military, the first were furnished with shades to keep off the sun, and the soldiers were given brushes to polish the second. The cap was rejected, because the Koran requires that every man should prostrate himself in prayer, by touching his forehead to the ground, which the sun-shade prevented; and the brushes were refused, because they were made of the bristles of a hog, and the hair of an unclean animal they were not allowed to touch; nor was it till pigs were common in the streets of Constantinople that the soldiers overcame this prejudice.

Of all the privileges Turks arrogate to themselves, that of making and keeping slaves was the most important in their eyes, founded on notions of their own superiority, and the immemorial usage of the East. Their military expeditions were undertaken in the hopes that captives should become the domestic slaves and property of their conquerors, and reducing to slavery the whole surviving population of Scio, had been the inducement and reward of those who engaged in that sanguinary expedition. To the astonishment of Europe, he issued a firman, that the captives should be restored to their liberty, and sums of money were given to defray the ex-

penses of their journey home. This is the first instance of the kind in the annals of Turkey, and may be considered the commencement of the abolition of slavery in that empire.

The barbarous practice of foreign ambassadors bringing presents as a kind of tribute to the Sultan; of clothing, washing, and feeding them when they were presented; and sending them to the seven towers, when they offended the Porte, was abolished, and the representatives of majesty were received and treated by a brother sovereign without arrogance or pretension, and with the urbanity of the most civilized and polite states of Europe.

The medical art was in the lowest state of degradation. To dissect a man for a *post mortem* examination of the cause of his death—much more, to open a human body, to examine its structure—was held impious and sacrilegious, and a defilement to such a degree, that the man was unclean who even touched a corpse. If a thief had swallowed a diamond, to conceal it, and was known to die with it in his stomach, the law expressly forbade the opening of the body, to extract the jewel. Even plates, representing the parts of the human frame, were prohibited, as idolatrous. The late Sultan first caused an anatomical work to be printed at the press at Scutari, with accurate plates of the human figure, and established a school of medicine, in which it was used; and, as no hakim in his dominions could be found capable of lecturing, he appointed a French physician to give demonstrations, and directed the Hakim Bashi, or state physician, to attend them. He even sanctioned dissection; but the still inveterate prejudice of the Turks would not suffer them to profit by it.

He founded another college for the study of European languages. Formerly, the office of interpreter to the Divan had been always filled by a Greek; but when the insurrection commenced, and Morousi was beheaded, none of his countrymen would be trusted. Yet, so inflexible had been the pride that forbade the Turk to speak the tongue of the infidel, not one Mussulman could be found fit to fill the office, and it was conferred upon a Jew. Mahmoud, however, overcame this prejudice, and there are now many Turks able to converse freely with Franks, in their own language. Though he could not speak any western language himself, he spoke and wrote Persian, which

is the French of the east, with the greatest ease and elegance, and understood his own language so perfectly, that his firmauns, which he generally wrote with his own hand, are considered models of correctness in Turkish composition.

Precaution against infectious diseases was another thing to which the Turks were strongly opposed. They would not even allow prayers to be offered up in the mosques, to stay a pestilence, lest they should seem to repine at the acts of Allah. The frightful ravages of the ever-enduring plague, consequently, became the terror of all Europe, and the other states were obliged to draw a sanitary cordon off, perhaps, 10,000 miles round the Ottoman empire, to protect themselves against this awful endemic of the Turks. Mahmoud broke through this absurd prejudice, and obtained from the English government at Malta, a plan for a Lazaretto, and an intelligent officer was sent to carry it into effect. It will, probably, when completed, be the most perfect in Europe. In a similar manner, he overcame the prejudices against the treatment of cholera, and completely eradicated those against vaccination, by setting the example of its practice in his own family.

There is, in fact, scarcely a single art which his improvements did not touch upon. Not content with changing the dress of his subjects, he improved the architecture of their houses, also, and, for this purpose, he afforded an excellent model in the new palace which he erected on the Bosphorus, where, instead of projecting eaves, with fantastic clusters of wooden cupolas and minarets, enclosing an inconvenient mass of gloomy chambers, always darkened with dense blinds, the stranger sees a superb and cheerful structure, in the most elegant style of Grecian architecture. This example is now daily followed in the other Turkish edifices. But still more striking than the change in the form of their houses is the alteration he introduced in the treatment of their female inmates. He is the only Sultan who ever relaxed the strict privacy to which oriental jealousy confined the females of the harem; and so far had his generous views on this subject, so opposed to all the most cherished and peculiar prejudices of a Turk, advanced, that two years before his death, on the opening of a bridge between Constantinople and Pera, at which the chief

officers of his court were present, the females of the seraglio also appeared in their carriages, gaily dressed, to assist at the fête.

His political reforms were equally as numerous, and, perhaps, more difficult, because he had to contend with power as well as prejudice. His predecessors abstained from all contact with the people, as weakening that awful and mysterious respect with which they wished to be surrounded. He began with the Divan: instead of sending his commands in writing, he came and sat among the members, and invited certain bodies to send deputies to consult on the public business, so that his Divan began to bear some remote resemblance to a popular assembly.

At the feast of the Bairam, every Pacha in the empire used to be changed. A thousand horses stood at the gate of the seraglio, with Tartars ready mounted, to carry orders to them; and they were seen riding in all directions, like the Fates and Furies, the arbiters of destiny, bearing mandates for death or deposition. The cupidity of the Porte originated this custom, as every change of Pachas was a source of revenue—each new governor paying for his appointment. This system was abolished. The Sultan ordered that no officer should be changed, except for delinquency, or incapacity, and the new one should be appointed, not for money, but for merit. All the officers of the seraglio were considered slaves. They had originally been so, and, as such, incapable of holding any property of their own. When they died, therefore, it all reverted to their master, the Sultan. This, like the former, was the cause of great evil, as the avarice of the monarch constantly caused the death of the minister, that he might the sooner come into his inheritance. Mahmoud relinquished this claim also, and the Sultan is no longer the heir of executed men in office, and so, has no sordid motive for their execution.

The old Turkish system was so far republican in spirit, that, generally speaking, rank and titles were merely personal, and no man had any hereditary claim to them. There were, however, certain families in Asia, who held Zains or Timariots, feudal tenures, for which they gave their own services, and those of their vassals, when called upon. These Ayans, or Deré Beys, abused their power, as other similar "lords of the valleys" had done, in the

darker ages of Europe, and became, with few exceptions, the petty tyrants of their respective districts. Mahmoud determined to have no tyrant in his empire but himself; so, he broke through these feudal rights, and reduced the petty despots to the level of his other subjects.

The corps of the Ulemah, or men of the law, were the greatest obstacles he had to contend with, because they were the most influential body in directing the opinions of the people. The Turks, like the ancient Hebrews, blended together their civil and religious code, and the precepts of the Koran were, with them, as inviolable as those of the Pentateuch with the Jews, both being founded by the respective people on divine authority. The Ulemah were the great expounders of this code, and combined the offices of the priesthood and the magistracy. They were in strict league with the Janissaries, opposing every attempt to enlighten the venerable ignorance of the Moslem, as likely to weaken their own authority; and, on all such occasions, they put forward the Janissaries as their agents. By striking the tremendous blow at the latter, Mahmoud cut off the right hand of the former, deprived them of their means of resistance, and left them nearly powerless.

But the greatest and most important of his reforms is, perhaps one of the last. One cause of the barbarity of the Turks was the utter ignorance in which they were kept. They never travelled abroad to visit other countries, see their usages, and profit by their improvements; nor had they any means of learning them from written accounts. They were not only ignorant of what was passing in other places, but knew little of events at home. To enlighten them in the most effectual manner, and bring useful knowledge to every man's door, he established a newspaper, which was printed in the capital, in Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and French, for the different nations that compose the population, and in order that its influence might be still more extensive, he ordered every Pacha to take a certain number of copies, and circulate them through his pachalick. These papers are now taken in the coffee-houses, and the Turk, instead of devoting his whole attention to figments of story-tellers, is instructed in the realities of life at home and abroad, and has laid before

him every passing event, every useful information, every thing new in art, science, and literature.

Such is a brief and very imperfect sketch of some of the improvements effected by this extraordinary man, in the almost hopeless state of his native country. It has been objected that he wasted his energies on trifles, which should have been directed to more important objects, that he roused the opposition of prejudices which he ought rather to have yielded to, and attempted that reformation in a short space of a few years, which it would require centuries to complete. This might be applicable to other countries but not to his. To a Turk every thing is important. The example of Peter the Great in the adjoining country seems to have been his model. His laws about dress were not more frivolous than Peter's about beards, or the English parliament's about breeches, or Elizabeth's about the length of coats; and the alteration he effected in twenty-nine years in Turkey, was not more rapid than that which his great prototype effected in Russia in a less space of time.—Death cut off both these extraordinary men in the midst of their career. The reforms of the Czar continued after his

decease; it is doubtful whether those of the sultan will long survive himself. "An Amurath may not an Amurath succeed," and the son of Mahmoud may not resemble his father. Of this he has already displayed some intention. Rigidly adhering to the law of the prophet, he has begun to revoke every improvement that seemed to infringe on it. He has thrown into the Bosphorus his father's beautiful service of glass, as connected with forbidden wine, and has even, it is said, abolished the quarantine as an impious attempt to evade the unalterable decrees of Allah; but it is nevertheless the duty and interest of civilized Europe to adopt him as one of their family, and cherish in him his father's spirit of improvement. He is a mere youth of seventeen; and on the conduct of his western allies perhaps depends his fate—whether he shall tread in his father's steps, and raise his subjects to a rank of equality with European Christians, or he and they together fall before the inordinate power of their northern neighbours, and become the subjects of a people, the immense mass of whom are more barbarous than themselves.

PASSAGE IN A SPIRIT'S HISTORY.

Deem it not phantasy. I felt, that day,
 Embattled armies round me—hosts unseen—
 This world's proud prince with his tempestuous sway—
 And fervent seraphs from a world serene—
 All met in deadly and eternal hate
 Round one immortal soul—heaven there and hell.
 Each sent its spirit and its potentate;
 And their encountering shock was like the swell
 Of meeting oceans; yet no ocean sound
 Broke upon earthly shore from that wild strife profound.

How deadly quiet seemed the outer world!
 The sky, the air, the faint and breathless flowers!
 While, deep within me, angel-trumpets hurled
 Mortal defiance; and celestial powers
 Were thronging, hurrying through my trembling soul
 To the dread combat!—It is over now!
 Those battle-thunders long have ceased to roll;
 I lift to heaven a peace-illuminated brow,
 And hear victorious music evermore,
 Calling me hence with joy to tread a heavenly shore!

E. M. H.

LINES.

Where had my soul been wandering? I awoke
 And wept wild tears o'er some dark grief unknown!
 Some misery fathomless, that had been shown
 To my crushed heart, by thy light sceptre's stroke
 Sleep! dread magician! mighty to invoke
 The dead themselves from graves whereon hath grown
 The grass of many years. But there was thrown—
 (Was it that haply else my heart had broke,
 Or madness fallen upon its after-days)—
 O'er it a shroud, like that which hides the vast
 Eternal Future from our searching gaze!
 Anguish remained, but all beside had passed
 Into impervious shadow. Ah! the maze
 Of life's dark mystery! Do our spirits go
 Far hence, and things unutterable know?

E. M. H.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY PEASANTRY.

NO. I.—THE BANSHEE.

"It was the Banshee."—*Ossian*.

"Hark, hark,—whence comes this solemn wail
 That floats upon the midnight gale?
 It is the warning spirit's cry;
 I see her dim and baggard eye;
 I see her rend her hoary hair;
 I see her beat her bosom bare;
 She bodes no good, I fear some sorrow
 Will fall upon our race to-morrow."—*Anon*.

THE Irish peasantry have ever been remarkable for their curious and singular superstitions—for the magnificent wildness of their imaginations—for the peculiar and romantic grandeur with which their terrible and lofty fictions are invested—and for the depth and richness of poetic fancy which characterises every article of their legendary creed. The "Emerald Isle" is not only the land of wit and wagery, of potatoes and politics, but it is the homestead of superstition, witchcraft, and fairyism—that congenial soil, adopted, above all others, by elves, fairies, and all the other beings of the world of spirits, for their favourite, sublunary home. It is not my intention, at present, to enter into a philosophical investigation of the origin or cause of this peculiar and strange feature in the character of my countrymen; but this I must say, as many have said before, that its effects are ridiculously conspicuous in the powerful, and, I may add, degrading influence it has on the moral and social habits of the lower, ay, and in many instances, of the middling, and even upper classes of the Irish people.

But a truce to moralizing: I do not enter the field as a philosopher; I venture to appear merely in the humble character of an Irish story-teller, and although many have made their *entré* on the same path before me, still I am bold to think that there is still "ample scope and verge enough" open to me—the more so, as I intend to deviate a little from the route marked out by many of my more talented, but, at the same time, more ignorant and prejudiced predecessors. It has been well observed that many of those "Stories" and "Sketches" of "Irish Life" which have appeared of late years, were written more with a view to stigmatise and blacken the character of the lower order of the Irish peasantry, than to exhibit a faithful delineation of the superstitions, habits, and national prejudices of that remarkable people;

and hence we find that the natives of Great Britain, and even many of the higher orders in our own country, know less of our customs, our peculiarities and predilections, than they do of the distinguishing traits in the character of "the shivering tenants of the frozen zone," or the painted and tattooed natives of the South Sea Islands. And how can it be otherwise? when we see that most of those who of late years have written of "Ireland and the Irish" were either prejudiced against us from habit or education, or were no farther interested in what they said, than as it merely regarded a pecuniary or money-making speculation? Thus, their sketches were either mere dreams of fiction, in which we were held up to the gaze of a contemptuous world, as a nation of demi-savages, or, at best, but caricatures in which the creations of the fancy were substituted for "things as they are," and the good-natured, generous, quick-witted and imaginative Irish peasant made to appear as a mean, ignorant, cowardly barbarian.

It was, therefore, gentle reader, the consideration of these facts which at first tempted me to add my humble name to the lengthened catalogue of Irish "story-tellers;" and perhaps I am as well qualified to undertake the task as many of those who have gone before me. I am an Irish peasant—born and reared in an Irish cabin, and educated in an Irish hedge-school. I have spent my years (and, as yet, they are not many) among the lower classes of the insulted and despised Irish peasantry. On Sundays I have knelt with them before the same rude altar; on the week days I have wrought with them in the same fields, and in the same employment; on the summer evenings I have joined them in the gaieties of the rustic dance, on the well-trodden village green; and during the long tempestuous winter's evenings I have been with them at the gaming-table, or the wake, or formed a link with them in the laughing circle, around the cheerful cottage fire, and there felt intense delight in listening to those numerous romantic national songs, and wild legends, with which my native hamlet abounds. I, therefore, fondly hope that the world will not reproach me with vanity or egotism when I assert, that, from the facts which I have mentioned, and the reasons I have just now stated, I must necessarily be better acquainted with the affairs of the Irish peasant, and with his life and habits, than those dandy caricaturists whose opportunities of observation were limited to a cursory survey of the scenery of the country, taken, perhaps, from the top of a stage-coach, or, at most, to a few rambling excursions through the highways or villages, made during some two or three weeks' sojourn at the villa of a noble friend; or a few days' residence at some fashionable watering-place or country hotel; and to those still more dangerous and less honourable writers whose sole information is derived from the remarks of those more ignorant and malicious than themselves. Nor will I, I expect, be accused of arrogance or effrontery, when I announce to the public my intention of presenting them, henceforward, regularly, with a series of original Irish stories, and that, under the title of "Legends and Stories of the Queen's County Peasantry," I intend to introduce my first series—not "Sketches," however, professing to develop the personal character of the Irish peasant, or involving in their details an *exposé* of his faults, his foibles, or his virtues—but tales and narratives illustrative of the leading superstitions of the nation in general, and in particular of that part of the country in which I have been born and educated.

I shall now conclude, by begging leave to introduce my first "tale" to a generous and discriminating public. It may possibly have little, save its originality, to recommend it to their favour, but should it possess *any* merit, it will not be spurned or disregarded by the consideration that it has proceeded from the pen of one of that despised caste whose customs, habits, and superstitions it professes to illustrate—a labouring Irish peasant.

THE BANSHEE.

Of all the superstitions prevalent so grand or fanciful, none which has amongst the natives of Ireland at any been so universally assented to, or so period, past or present, there is none cordially cherished, as the belief in the

* [We believe the author to be mistaken, and we fear that in his secluded home many of the splendid illustrations of the character and superstitions of our people, which have appeared within the last dozen of years, may never have reached him.—A. P.]

existence of the Banshee.* There are very few, however remotely acquainted with Irish life, or Irish history, but must have heard or read of the Irish banshee; still, as there are different stories and different opinions afloat respecting this strange being, I think a little explanation concerning her appearance, functions, and habits will not be unacceptable to my readers. The banshee, then, is said to be an immaterial and immortal being, attached, time out of mind, to various respectable and ancient families in Ireland, and is said always to appear to announce, by cries and lamentations, the death of any member of that family to which she belongs. She always comes at night, a short time previous to the death of the fated one, and takes her stand outside, convenient to the house, and there utters the most plaintive cries and lamentations, generally in some unknown language, and in a tone of voice resembling a human female. She continues her visits night after night, unless vexed or annoyed, until the mourned object dies, and sometimes she is said to continue about the house for several nights after. Sometimes she is said to appear in the shape of a most beautiful young damsel, and dressed in the most elegant and fantastic garments, but her general appearance is in the likeness of a very old woman, of small stature, and bending and decrepid form, enveloped in a winding-sheet or grave-dress, and her long, white, hoary hair waving over her shoulders and descending to her feet. At other times she is dressed in the costume of the middle ages—the different articles of her clothing being of the richest material and of a sable hue. She is very shy, and easily irritated, and when once annoyed or vexed, she flies away, and never returns during the same generation. When the death of the person whom she mourns is contingent, or to occur by unforeseen accident, she is particularly agitated and troubled in her appearance, and unusually loud and mournful in her lamentations. Some

would fain have it that this strange being is actuated by a feeling quite inimical to the interests of the family which she haunts, and that she comes with joy and triumph to announce their misfortunes. This opinion, however, is rejected by most people, who imagine her their most devoted friend, and that she was, at some remote period, a member of the family, and once existed on the earth, in life and loveliness. It is not every Irish family can claim the honour of an attendant banshee; they must be respectably descended, and of ancient line, to have any just pretensions to a warning spirit. However, she does not appear to be influenced by the difference of creed or clime, provided there be no other impediment, as several Protestant families of Norman and Anglo-Saxon origin boast of their own banshee; and to this hour several noble and distinguished families in the country feel proud of the *surveillance* of that mysterious being. Neither is she influenced by the circumstances of rank or fortune, as she is oftener found frequenting the cabin of the peasant, than the baronial mansion of the lord of thousands. Even the humble family to which the writer of this tale belongs, has long claimed the honorable appendage of a banshee; and it may, perhaps, excite an additional interest in my readers, when I inform them that my present story is associated with her last visit to that family.

Some years ago there dwelt in the vicinity of Mountrath, in the Queen's county, a farmer, whose name for obvious reasons, we shall not at present disclose. He never was married, and his only domestics were a servant boy and an old woman, a house-keeper, who had long been a follower or dependent of the family. He was born and educated in the Roman Catholic church, but on arriving at manhood, for reasons best known to himself, he abjured the tenets of that creed, and conformed to the doctrines of Protestantism. However, in after years he seemed to waver, and refused going to church, and by his manner of living

* *Banshee*.—This is an Irish word, and in English literally signifies "*white fairy*," from "*bawn*," white, and "*shee*," a fairy; and this spirit is so named, probably from its being said to make its appearance generally in white garments. For further accounts of the Irish banshee see "*The Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*," quoted by Sir Walter Scott, in a note on "*The Lady of the Lake*;" "*Personal Sketches*," by Sir Jonah Barrington; Miss Lefanu's "*Memoirs of her Grandmother*;" and, "*though last not least*," Crofton Croker's "*Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*."

seemed to favour the dogmas of Infidelity or Atheism. He was rather dark and reserved in his manner, and oftentimes sullen and gloomy in his temper; and this joined with his well-known disregard of religion, served to render him somewhat unpopular amongst his neighbours and acquaintances. However, he was in general respected, and was never insulted or annoyed: he was considered as an honest, inoffensive man, and as he was well supplied with fire-arms and ammunition—in the use of which he was well practised, having, in his early days, served several years in a yeomanry corps—few liked to disturb him, even had they been so disposed. He was well educated, and decidedly hostile to every species of superstition, and was constantly jeering his old house-keeper, who was extremely superstitious, and pretended to be entirely conversant with every matter connected with witchcraft and the fairy world. He seldom darkened a neighbour's door, and scarcely ever asked any one to enter his, but generally spent his leisure hours in reading, of which he was extremely fond, or in furbishing his fire-arms, to which he was still more attached, or in listening to, and laughing at, the wild and blood-curdling stories of old Moya, with which her memory abounded. Thus, he spent his time until the period at which our tale commences, when he was about fifty years of age; and old Moya, the house-keeper, had become extremely feeble, stooped, and of very ugly and forbidding exterior.

One morning, in the month of November, A.D. 1818, this man arose before day-light, and on coming out of the apartment where he slept, he was surprised at finding old Moya in the kitchen, sitting over the raked-up fire, and smoking her tobacco-pipe in a very serious and meditative mood.

"Arrah, Moya," said he, "what brings you out of your bed so early?"

"Och masha, I dunna," replied the old woman, "I was so uneasy all night that I could not sleep a wink, and I got up to smoke a blast, thinkin' that it

might drive away the weight that's on my heart."

"And what ails you, Moya?—are you sick, or what came over you?"

"No, the Lord be prais'd, I am not sick, but my heart is sore, and there's a load on my spirits that would kill a hundred."

"Maybe you were dreaming, or something that way," said the man, in a bantering tone; and suspecting from the old woman's grave manner, that she was labouring under some mental delusion.

"Dreaming!" re-echoed Moya, with a bitter sneer; "aye, dreaming. Och, I wish to God I was *only* dreaming; but I am very much afraid it is worse than that, and that there is trouble and misfortune hanging over uz."

"And what makes you think so, Moya?" asked he, with a half-suppressed smile.

Moya, aware of his well-known hostility to every species of superstition, remained silent, biting her lips, and shaking her grey head prophetically.

"Why don't you answer me, Moya?" again asked the man.

"Och," said Moya, "I am heart-scalded to have it to tell you, and I know you will laugh at me; but say what you will, there is something bad over uz, for the banshee was about the house all night, and she has me almost frightened out of my wits with her shouting and bawling."

The man was aware of the banshee's having been long supposed to haunt his family, but often scouted that supposition; yet, as it was some years since he had last heard of her visiting the place, he was not prepared for the freezing announcement of old Moya. He turned as pale as a corpse, and trembled excessively: at last, recollecting himself, he said, with a forced smile—

"And how do you know it was the banshee, Moya?"

"How do I know?" reiterated Moya, tauntingly. "Didn't I see and hear her several times during the night; and more nor that, didn't I hear the 'dead-coach'† rattling round the house, and

† "Dead-coach;" or, "Death-coach," is called in Ireland "*Coach a bower*," and its appearance is regarded as an omen of impending death. This superstition is not confined to the Irish peasantry, for in an article in the *Journal des Sciences*, (1826,) by Dr. William Grimm, we find the following:—"The people of Basse Bretagne believe that when the death of any person is at hand, a hearse, drawn by skeletons, (which they call *carriquet au nankou*,) and covered with a white cloth, passes by the house where the sick person lies, and the creaking of the wheels may be plainly heard."

through the yard, every night at midnight, this week back, as if it would tear the house out of the foundation."

The man smiled faintly: he was frightened, yet was ashamed to appear so. He again said—

"And did you ever see the banshee before, Moya?"

"Yes," replied Moya, "often. Din't I see her when your mother died? Didn't I see her when your brother was drowned?—and sure there wasn't one of the family that went these sixty years, that I did not both see and hear her."

"And where did you see her? and what way did she look to-night?"

"I saw her at the little window, over my bed: a kind of reddish light shone round the house: I looked up, and there I saw her old, pale face, and glassy eyes looking in, and she rocking herself to and fro, and clapping her little, withered hands, and crying as if her very heart would break."

"Well Moya, it's all imagination; go now, and prepare my breakfast, as I want to go to Maryborough to-day, and I must be home early."

Moya trembled: she looked at him imploringly, and said—"For heaven's sake, John, don't go to-day; stay till some other day, and God bless you, for if you go to-day, I would give my oath there will something cross you that's bad."

"Nonsense, woman," said he, "make haste and get me my breakfast."

Moya, with tears in her eyes, set about getting the breakfast ready; and whilst she was so employed, John was engaged in making preparations for his journey.

Having now completed his other arrangements, he sat down to breakfast, and, having concluded it, he arose to depart.

Moya ran to the door, crying loudly; she flung herself on her knees, and said, "John, John, be advised. Don't go to-day; take my advice; I know more of the world than you do, and I see plainly that if you go, you will never enter this door again with your life."

Ashamed to be influenced by the drivellings of an old *collough*, he pushed her away with his hand, and going out to the stable, mounted his horse, and departed. Moya followed him with her eyes, whilst in sight; and when she could no longer see him, she sat down at the fire, and wept bitterly.

It was a bitter, cold day, and the farmer, having finished his business in

town, feeling himself chilly, went into a public-house to have a tumbler of punch, and feed his horse: there he met an old friend, who would not part with him until he would have another glass with him, and a little conversation, as it was many years since they had met before. One glass brought another, and it was almost duskish ere John thought of returning, and having nearly ten miles to travel, it would be dark night before he could get home. Still his friend would not permit him to go, but called for more liquor, and it was far advanced in the night before they parted. John, however, had a good horse, and having had him well-fed, he did not spare whip or spur, but dashed along at a rapid pace through the gloom and silence of the winter's night, and had already distanced the town upwards of five miles, when, on arriving at a very desolate part of the road, a gun shot, fired from behind the bushes, put an end to his mortal existence. Two strange men, who had been at the same public-house in Maryborough, drinking, observing that he had money, and learning the road that he was to travel, conspired to rob and murder him, and waylaid him in this lonely spot, for that horrid purpose.

Poor Moya did not go to bed that night, but sat at the fire, every moment impatiently expecting his return. Often did she listen at the door, to try if she could hear the tramp of horses' footsteps approaching; but in vain; no sound met her ears, except the sad wail of the night wind, moaning fitfully through the tall bushes which surrounded the ancient dwelling, or the sullen roar of a little dark river, which wound its way through the lowlands, at a small distance from where she stood. Tired with watching, at length she fell asleep on the hearth-stone, but that sleep was disturbed and broken, and frightful and appalling dreams incessantly haunted her imagination.

At length the darksome morning appeared struggling through the wintry clouds, and Moya again opened the door to look out. But what was her dismay, when she found the horse standing at the stable door, without his rider, and the saddle all besmeared with clotted blood. She raised the death-cry: the neighbours thronged round, and it was at once declared, that the hapless man was robbed and murdered. A party on horseback immediately set forward to seek him, and on arriving at the fatal spot, he was found

stretched on his back in the ditch, his head perforated with shot and slugs, and his body literally immersed in a pool of blood. On examining him, it was found that his money was gone, and a valuable gold watch and appendages abstracted from his pocket. His remains were conveyed home, and, after having been waked the customary time, were committed to the grave of his ancestors, in the little green churchyard of the village.

Having no legitimate children, the nearest heir to his property was a brother, a cabinet-maker, who resided in London. A letter was accordingly despatched to the brother announcing the sad catastrophe, and calling on him to come and take possession of the property; and two men were appointed to guard the place until he should arrive.

The two men delegated to act as guardians, or, as they are technically termed, "keepers," were old friends and comrades of the deceased, and had served with him in the same yeomanry corps. Jack O'Malley was a Roman Catholic, a square, stout-built, and handsome fellow, with a pleasant word for every one, and full of that gaiety, vivacity, and *nonchalance*, for which the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland are so particularly distinguished. He was now about forty-five years of age; sternly attached to the dogmas of his religion, and always remarkable for his revolutionary and anti-British principles. He was brave as a lion, and never quailed before a man; but though caring so little for a *living* man, he was extremely afraid of a *dead* one, and would go ten miles out of his road at night, to avoid passing a "rath," or "haunted bush." Harry Taylor, on the other hand, was a staunch Protestant; a tall, genteel-looking man, of proud and imperious aspect, and full of reserve and *hauteur*—the natural consequence of a consciousness of political and religious ascendancy, and superiority of intelligence and education, which so conspicuously marked the demeanour of the Protestant peasantry of those days. Harry, too, loved his glass as well as Jack, but was of a more peaceful disposition, and, as he was well educated and intelligent, he was utterly opposed to superstition, and laughed to scorn the mere idea of ghosts, goblins, and fairies. Thus Jack and Harry were diametrically opposed to each other in every point, except their love of the *cruiskeen*, yet

they never failed to seize every opportunity of being together, and although they often blackened each other's eyes in their political and religious disputes, yet their quarrels were always amicably settled, and they never found themselves happy but in each other's society.

It was now the sixth or seventh night that Jack and Harry, as usual, kept their lonely watch in the kitchen of the murdered man. A large turf fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and on a bed of straw in the ample chimney-corner was stretched old Moya, in a profound sleep. On the hearth-stone, between the two friends, stood a small oak table, on which was placed a large decanter of whiskey, a jug of boiled water, and a bowl of sugar, and, as if to add an idea of security to that of comfort, on one end of the table were placed in *saltier* a formidable-looking blunderbuss, and a brace of large brass pistols. Jack and his comrade perpetually renewed their acquaintance with the whiskey-bottle, and laughed, and chatted, and recounted the adventures of their young days with as much hilarity as if the house which now witnessed their mirth never echoed to the cry of death or blood. In the course of conversation, Jack mentioned the incident of the strange appearance of the banshee, and expressed a hope that she would not come that night to disturb their carouse.

"Banshee the devil," shouted Harry; "how superstitious you papists are; I would like to see the phiz of any man, dead or alive, who dare make his appearance here to-night;" and seizing the blunderbuss, and looking wickedly at Jack, he vociferated, "By Hercules, I would drive the contents of this through their bloody sows who dare annoy us."

"Better for you shoot your mother than fire at the banshee, any-how," remarked Jack.

"Psha," said Harry, looking contemptuously at his companion, "I would think no more of riddling the old Jade's hide than I would of throwing off this tumbler;" and to suit the action to the word, he drained off another bumper of whiskey punch.

"Jack," says Harry, "now that we are in such prime humour, will you give us a song?"

"With all the veins of my heart," says Jack; "what will it be?"

"Any thing you please; your will must be my pleasure," answered Harry.

Jack, after coughing and clearing his

pipes, chanted forth in a bold and musical voice, a rude rigmarole, called "The Royal Blackbird," which, although of no intrinsic merit, yet, as it expressed sentiments hostile to British connexion and British government, and favourable to the house of Stewart, was very popular amongst the Catholic peasantry of Ireland, whilst, on the contrary, it was looked upon by the Protestants as highly offensive and disloyal. Harry, however, wished his companion too well to oppose the song, and he quietly awaited its conclusion.

"Bravo Jack," said Harry, as soon as the song was ended, "that you may never lose your wind."

"In the king's name now I board you for another song," says Jack.

Harry, without hesitation, recognised his friend's right to demand a return, and he instantly trolled forth in a deep, sweet, and sonorous voice, the following

SONG.

Ho, boys, I have a song divine!
Come let us now in concert join,
And toast the honny banks of Boyne—
The Boyne of "Glorious Memory."

On Boyne's famed banks our fathers' bled;
Boyne's surges with their blood ran red;
And from the Boyne our foemen fled—
Intolerance, chains, and slavery.

Dark superstition's blood-stained sons
Pressed on, but "crack" went William's guns.
And soon the gloomy monster runs—
Fell, hydra-headed bigotry.

Then fill your glasses high and fair,
Let shouts of triumph rend the air,
Whilst Georgy fills the regal chair
We'll never bow to Popery.

Jack, whose countenance had, from the commencement of the song, indicated his aversion to the sentiments it expressed, now lost all patience at hearing his darling "Popery" impugned, and seizing one of the pistols which lay on the table, and whirling it over his comrade's head, swore vehemently that he would "fracture his skull, if he did not instantly drop that blackguard orange lampoon."

"Aisy, avhic, said Harry, quietly pushing away the upraised arm, "I did not oppose your bit of treason a while ago, and besides the latter end of my song is more calculated to please you, than to irritate your feelings."

Jack seemed pacified, and Harry continued his strain.

And fill a bumper to the brim—
A flowing one—and drink to him
Who, let the world go sink or swim,
Would arm for Britain's liberty.

No matter what may be his hue,
Or black, or white, or green, or blue,
Or Papist, Paynim, or Hindoo,
We'll drink to him right cordially.

Jack was so pleased with the friendly turn which the latter part of Harry's song took, that he joyfully stretched out his hand, and even joined in chorus to the concluding stanza.

The fire had now decayed on the hearth, the whiskey-bottle was almost emptied, and the two sentinels getting drowsy, put out the candle and laid down their heads to slumber. The song, and the laugh, and the jest were now hushed, and no sound was to be heard but the incessant click, click of the clock in the inner room, and the deep, heavy breathing of old Moya in the chimney-corner.

They had slept they knew not how long, when the old hag awakened with a wild shriek. She jumped out of bed, and crouched between the men—they started up and asked her what had happened.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "the banshee, the banshee. Lord have mercy on us, she is come again, and I never heard her so wild and outrageous before."

Jack O'Malley readily believed old Moya's tale; so did Harry; but he thought it might be some one who was committing some depredation on the premises. They both listened attentively, but could hear nothing; they opened the kitchen door, but all was still; they looked abroad, it was a fine, calm night, and myriads of twinkling stars were burning in the deep-blue heavens. They proceeded around the yard and haggard; but all was calm and lonely, and no sound saluted their ears but the shrill barking of some neighbouring cur, or the sluggish murmuring of the little, tortuous river in the distance. Satisfied that "all was right," they again went in, replenished the expiring fire, and sat down to finish whatever still remained in the whiskey-bottle.

They had not sat many minutes, when a wild, unearthly cry was heard without.

"The Banshee, again," said Moya, faintly. Jack O'Malley's soul sunk within him; Harry startled up and seized the blunderbuss; Jack caught his arm, "no, no, Harry, you shall not;

sit down—there's no fear—nothing will happen us."

Harry sat down, but still gripped the blunderbuss, and Jack lit his tobacco-pipe. Whilst the old woman was on her knees, striking her breast, and repeating her prayers with great vehemence.

The sad cry was again heard, louder and fiercer than before. It now seemed to proceed from the window, and again it appeared as if issuing from the door. At times it would seem as if coming from afar, whilst again it would appear as if coming down the chimney, or springing from the ground beneath their feet. Sometimes the cry resembled the low, plaintive wail of a female in distress; and in a moment, it was raised to a prolonged yell, loud and furious, and as if coming from a thousand throats; now the sound resembled a low, melancholy chant, and then was quickly changed to a loud, broken, demoniac laugh. It continued thus, with little intermission for about a quarter of an hour, when it died away, and was succeeded by a heavy, creaking sound as if of some large waggon, amidst which the loud tramp of horses' footsteps might be distinguished, accompanied with a strong, rushing wind. This strange noise proceeded round and round the house two or three times, then went down the lane which led to the road, and was heard no more. Jack O'Malley stood aghast, and Harry Taylor, with all his philosophy and scepticism, was astonished and frightened.

"A dreadful night this, Moya," said Jack.

"Yes," said she, "that is the death-coach, I often heard it before, and have sometimes seen it."

"Seen, did you say?" said Harry; "pray describe it."

"Why," replied the old crone, "it's like any other coach, but twice as big, and hung over with black cloth and a black coffin on the top of it, and drawn by headless, black horses."

"Heaven protect us," ejaculated Jack.

"It is very strange," remarked Harry.

"But," continued Moya, "it always comes before the death of a person, and I wonder what brought it now, unless it came with the banshee."

"May be it's coming for you," said Harry, with an arch, yet subdued, smile.

"No, no," she said, "I am none of that family at all at all."

A solemn silence now ensued for a few minutes, and they thought all was vanished, when again the dreadful cry struck heavily on their ears.

"Open the door, Jack," said Harry, "and put out Hector."

Hector was a large and very ferocious mastiff, belonging to Jack O'Malley, and always accompanied him wherever he went.

Jack opened the door, and attempted to put out the dog; but the poor animal refused to go, and as his master attempted to force him, howled in a loud and mournful tone.

"You must go," said Harry, and he caught him in his arms and flung him over the half-door. The poor dog was scarcely on the ground when he was whirled aloft into the air by some invisible power, and he fell again to earth lifeless, and the pavement was besmeared with his entrails and blood.

Harry now lost all patience, and again seizing his blunderbuss, he exclaimed, "Come, Jack, my boy, take your pistols and follow me; I have but one life to lose, and I will venture it to have a crack at this infernal demon."

"I will follow you to death's doors," said Jack; "but I would not fire at the banshee for a million of worlds."

Moya seized Harry by the skirts; "Don't go out," she cried, "let her alone while she lets you alone, for an hour's luck never shone on any one that ever molested the banshee."

"Psha, woman," said Harry, and he pushed away poor Moya, contemptuously.

The two men now sallied forth; the wild cry still continued, and it seemed to issue from amongst some stacks in the hay-yard behind the house. They went round and paused; again they heard the cry, and Harry elevated his blunderbuss.

"Don't fire," said Jack.

Harry replied not; he looked scornfully at Jack; then put his finger on the trigger, and—bang—away it exploded with a thundering sound. An extraordinary scream was now heard tentimes louder and more terrific than they heard before. Their hair stood erect on their heads, and huge, round drops of sweat ran down their faces in quick succession. A glare of reddish blue light shone around the stacks; the rumbling of the "death-coach" was again heard coming; it drove up t

the house, drawn by six headless, sable horses, and the figure of a withered old hag, encircled with blue flame, was seen running nimbly across the hay-yard. She entered the ominous carriage, and it drove away with a horrible sound. It swept through the tall bushes which surrounded the house; and as it disappeared, the old hag cast a thrilling scowl at the two men, and waved her fleshless arms at them vengefully. It was soon lost to sight, but the unearthly creaking of the wheels, the tramping of the horses, and the appalling cries of the banshee continued to assail their ears for a considerable time after all had vanished.

The brave fellows now returned to the house; they again made fast the door, and reloaded their arms. Nothing, however, came to disturb them that night, nor from that time forward; and the arrival of the dead man's brother from London, in a few days after, relieved them from their irksome task.

Old Moya did not live long after; she declined from that remarkable night, and her remains were decently

interred in the churchyard, adjoining the last earthly tenement of the loved family to which she had been so long and so faithfully attached.

The insulted banshee has never since returned; and although several members of that family have since closed their mortal career, still the warning cry was never given; and it is supposed that the injured spirit will never visit her ancient haunts, until every one of the existing generation shall have "slept with their fathers."

Jack O'Malley and his friend Harry lived some years after. Their friendship still continued undiminished like "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnny," they still continued to love each other like "a very brither," and like that jovial pair also, our two comrades were often "fou for weeks together;" and often over their *cruiskeen* would they laugh at their strange adventure with the banshee. It is now, however, all over with them too; their race is run, and they are now "tenants of the tomb."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Physic and Physicians, a medical sketch-book; exhibiting the public and private life of the most celebrated medical men of former days; with memoirs of eminent living physicians and surgeons.—2 vols. London, Longman and Co.

IN Johnson's *Life of Akenside* the following striking passage occurs, which seems to have given the first suggestion of the volumes before us, and of other compilations of the same kind:—"A physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence—they who reject him know not his deficiency. By an acute observer who had looked on the transactions of the world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortunes of physicians." A very curious and interesting collection of materials for such a work is brought together from facts scattered through nearly four hundred volumes by the writer of this book. The volumes have the appearance of being hastily though faithfully compiled. Of the lives of physicians of former days the best written is that of Radcliffe. The volumes have the fault inseparable from books of anecdote, that the very liveliness fatigues, and the feeling of unconnectedness

harasses and disappoints the reader. Many pages of the book cannot be read at a time from the want of any continuous, sustaining interest. On the other hand, we scarcely know a pleasanter book as a companion for an idle half-hour. The chapters on medical emigration, and that on army and navy surgeons, and medical officers in the East India Company's service contain much valuable information.

We transcribe one or two passages taken almost at random from these volumes. The authority on which the following incident is told ought to have been given:—

PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION OF DR. HARVEY'S LIFE.—"When Harvey arrived at Dover, with several other young men, in order to embark for the Continent, in their way to Italy, they went with their passports to Sir Henry Brooke, then commanding at Dover Castle. When Harvey presented his passport, Sir Henry told him he should not go, but must remain his prisoner. Harvey desired to know the reason, and be informed what offence he had committed. The governor replied it was his pleasure, and gave him no further satisfaction. In the evening, which was beautifully clear, the packet sailed with Harvey's companions on board. In the

night there arose a terrible storm, in which the vessel was lost, and all on board perished.

"The next day the melancholy news was brought to Dover. The governor then explained himself to Harvey, whom he knew only by sight. He told him that on the night before his arrival he had a perfect vision of him in a dream, coming to Dover, to cross over to Calais, and he had a warning to stop him. Great and glorious, indeed, was the use which Harvey made of a life so miraculously protected!"

"THE RIGHT SIDE.—Dr. Darwin married the widow of Colonel Pole.—Early in her widowhood she was rallied in a large company upon Darwin's passion for her, and was asked what she would do with her captive philosopher? 'He is very fond of churches, I believe, and if he would go there for my sake, I shall scarcely follow him. He is too old for me.' 'Nay, madam, what are fifteen years on the right side?' She replied, with an arch smile, 'I have had so much of that right side.'"

MEDICAL MYSTERY.—"Although mystery is the essence of quackery, it will be necessary to have recourse to it in order to ingratiate yourself in public estimation. Secrecy is commonly mixed up in medical affairs. It is said that a great city practitioner, half a century ago, had little closets like a pawnbroker's shop, to indulge this feeling of fanciful patients, that they might not be seen by their fellow-sufferers. The Compté de Virey carried this mystery so far as to make the slightest indisposition a state secret. He one day called a surgeon to dress a wound in his leg; and when a similar one broke out on the other, he sent for a different surgeon, that the disordered state of his limbs might not be known—a circumstance which was the cause of his death. To a person who inquired for him after his death, his secretary said, 'He is dead, but he does not wish it to be known.'"

Ninian, a poem, in three Cantos. By John W. Ross. Edinburgh, Black.

A POEM containing many passages of singular beauty and delicacy. The volume is manifestly the production of a very young man, with all the faults of a writer who is as yet but forming a language, but with beauties of thought and expression that render future success certain. We have in vain sought for a passage to give as an extract from this poem. A story of love and madness is skilfully told, which it would be unfair to the author to repeat in any words but his own; and we are unable

to find a single passage that could be well separated from the context.

The Cheltenham Anthology.—Original Poems and Translations from Greek, Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and French Poets.—Edited by William H. Halpin.—London: Simpkin and Marshall.

How this volume, printed so many years ago as to have "survived much immortal song," is now lying on our table, demanding our notice, is to us a mystery, which we fear even Old Nick himself could not explain; as surely as the devil dealt with Doctor Faustus, and as surely as there are books of magic in the College library, containing the hand-writing of the former worthy old gentleman, so surely do we who are well acquainted with the character of his hand, recognize in the fly-leaf and several of the pages of the identical volume before us the autograph of that distinguished visitor. We fancy that the volume must have come from his own library, and if so, he has no bad taste in poetry. Every page has the impression of a brimstone thumb, like the marks left on the wrists of old ladies in ghost stories. The following "Irish melody"—(Air, "Planxty Connor")—carries our heart back full twenty years. Some lines are exceedingly graceful, and there is the freshness of youth and enjoyment over the whole:

" 'Tis pleasant to rise at the dawn of light,
When morning bright
Dispels the night,
And tinges the skies
With her own brilliant dyes,
And the clouds send away o'er the mountain;
While the dew to the leaf is yet clinging,
While the blackbird's shrill matin is
ringing,
And the blossomy broom
Lends the air a perfume,
And the sun sparkles bright o'er the fountain.

"The flowrets awake, and refreshed with dew,
The wild bee woo,
With scent and hue—
And over their lips
As he busily trips
He sucks up a treasure of sweetness.
In the light breeze the wheaten field
dances,
And basks in the sun's ripening glances
While the hare that has fed
On its green sappy head,
Now bounds to her covert with fleetness!

"The rook in the rivulet bathes his wings;
In dimpled rings
The minnow springs;
The colt nimbly sweeps
O'er the valleys and steeps,
As light as a skiff o'er the billow.
Aroused by the cock's merry warning,
The cottager welcomes the morning,

And the maiden whose dreams
Vanish still from his beam,
Leaps lively and fresh from her pillow.

"The hours of the sluggard delightless creep,
Whom wine and sleep
In dulness steep;
Who shuts out the ray
Of the young summer's day,
And through life's blessed morning still dozes;
He knows not the health and enjoyment,
That spring from our rural employment,
Nor the spirits and ease
We inhale with the breeze,
Whilst health paints our cheeks with her roses."

The Song of the Bell and other Poems. Translated from the German of J. F. C. Schiller. London, Hatchard and Son. 1838.

The author of the volume before us, like other translators, lays down laws of translation which it would be desirable enough to adopt, but which have been found impracticable. "*Brevitas esse laboro—obscurus fio*," was the complaint of a great master of language. The author of these translations from Schiller speaks of the unfaithfulness of English metrical translations in general. *Closeness is sacrificed*, he says, "to what is imagined to be more poetical beauty;" he adds, "the less an original is departed from in any manner, whether form or otherwise, the less danger is there of a deviation from its more essential points." The object of all translation must be to exhibit the meaning of the original. To effect this, different writers will adopt, according to their knowledge of the powers of the language in which they write, different methods. To attempt more than this—to exhibit some thought of his own, instead of his author's, is the greatest fault of which a translator, as such, can be guilty; and one which, though often ignorantly imputed to our metrical translators, does not, we think, often occur. We transcribe a stanza from the translation of Schiller's "*Die Ideale*," in the volume before us.

"Then wilt thou leave me, Faithless One,
With all thy charming fancies light—
Joys, sorrows,—all, for ever done;
Inexorable will take flight?
Its golden age—my life's fresh morn,
Can nothing, Truant! hinder thee?"

In vain! swift roll thy waves—on borne
Into Eternity's vast sea."

We request of our readers to peruse more than once the English lines which we have just transcribed, before they look at the German original. Till we looked at the original, we most unaffectedly declare we did not discover the meaning of the English lines. It seemed to be an address to a faithless mistress. This obscurity is the unhappy result of an industrious attempt to translate literally, and a determination not to have one line more or one line less in the English version than is in the German original. We transcribe the original.

"So willst du trennen von mir scheiden
Mit deinen holden Phantasien,
Mit deinen Schmerzen, deinen Freuden
Mit allen unerbitlich fliehen?
Kann nichts dich, Fliehende, verweilen,
O! meines Lebens gold'ne Zeit?
Vergehen! deine Wellen eilen
Hinab ins Meer der Ewigkeit."

We hold, as fully as the author of these translations can do, that no beauty whatever in a translation can atone for the absence of fidelity; but a translation of the mere words of an author may as entirely disguise an author's meaning as any other process. Witness the Latin verbal translations in the old school editions of the Greek poets, which, in any case of doubt, never remove the difficulty. The "*Song of the Bell*," in this volume, is far better performed than any other exercise. The others—all from Schiller—are, "*The Ideals*," "*Fridolin*," "*Knight Torggenburg*," "*Rudolph of Hapsburgh*," "*The Distribution of the Earth*," "*Woman's Worth*," and "*The Invincible Fleet*."

The author of these translations suggests as a subject for poetry, the "*Song of the Anchor*." Has he not seen a poem of great beauty and power, entitled, "*The Forging of the Anchor*," by Samuel Ferguson? It was printed in *Blackwood* some seven or eight years ago.

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STATE OF PARTIES IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE GOVERNMENT A FACTION—THE FACTION A GOVERNMENT.

WELL—the seemingly interminable session being at length ended, the nation is released from the painful spectacle of a profligate ministry and their abandoned supporters struggling day by day, through humiliation and defeat, for measures either fraught with national ruin, or teeming with national degradation. The present ministers may well be denominated “the disowned.” Their adherent, Lytton Bulwer, has furnished the synonyme by which they should be distinguished. The Radicals disown them because of their remnant of whiggery; the Whigs disown them because of their savour of radicalism. The great body of the Conservatives reject and abhor them, because of their departure from constitutional principle, and despise them because of their reptile tenacity of official life, which they hesitate not to prolong by the most despicable and dishonourable expedients. Never, since England was a nation, were men invested with supreme power in such a state of universal excommunication. And yet, the very universality of the contempt, and scorn, and loathing, with which they are regarded, by all sorts and conditions of men, may be said to be their chief stay in the elevation to which they have attained, and which they cannot be suffered much longer to maintain without bringing signal ruin upon their country.

The Radicals and Revolutionists of every grade, regard them as a stop-gap government, by whom better men are excluded from power, who might nip in the bud their pestilent designs; from whom concessions may be extorted which would materially facilitate

their favourite projects; until the time comes when discontent and turbulence shall have reached their highest point; when secret connivance will give place to open countenance; and either ministers must adopt extreme opinions, or yield the palm of office to the more honest and enterprising favourers of revolution. Therefore it is that the present ministers have entitled themselves to radical support. They have caused themselves to be regarded as a mere *locum tenens* government, until radicalism has become sufficiently strong to seize the reins of power. Nor have that faction any reason to be dissatisfied with the progress that has been already made towards the attainment of their objects. The ballot has been made an open question. That, in itself, is a great point gained. An education grant has been proposed and carried, by which the views of the infidel and the latitudinarian must be promoted. Patronage has been lavished upon individuals of their body, by which they must have been greatly soothed; and they may calculate upon the most active interference of government on their behalf, when engaged in contested elections. Then, the colonies have been regulated almost entirely by their arbitrament; and if Joseph Hume does not occupy the place of the official secretary, it is his spirit that animates the individuals by whom the colonial office is filled; and the influence of his principle is felt in the Canadas almost in as great a degree as that individual is himself an object of scorn and contempt, to every loyal subject, in any portion of the British empire.

No one, therefore, can deny, that

the Radicals, for the support which they have given the government, have had a "*quid pro quo*." In sustaining them in office, they are wise in their generation. They are facilitating that progress of corruption, by which the government, through a gradual process of deterioration, will, by and by, be brought down to their own level. The step from good government to no government is far wider than that from no government to bad government. They have already seen the one;—they therefore hope to see the other. They calculate, not unreasonably, that the time is not distant when the nation will be sick of that mockery of an administration which it at present possesses; and plunge, in very recklessness of its condition, into courses by which it must be considered as self-abandoned. The Conservative party, they judge, must, sooner or later, be worn out, by fruitless efforts to dislodge their adversaries from power, and by continued discountenance in high places; while they are re-invigorated and encouraged by the favour shown to democratic principles, and by the partiality evinced for individuals of their body who have stood foremost in the avowal of extreme opinions.

The recent changes in the cabinet fully prove the extent to which their influence is now acknowledged, and the hazardous extremes to which the wretched ministers are willing to go, rather than risk the loss of their support. Normanby in the home office! Normanby, the culprit lord lieutenant of Ireland, who was lately on his trial before a committee of the house of lords, and whose "fantastic tricks" in the government of this country are themes of universal astonishment, or contempt or execration; the insulter of the judges of the land; the wholesale liberator of felons; the patron of Ribbonmen; the tail of O'Connell, and the creature of the priests; appointed to a station which brings him into close connection with the English judges, the English church, the English magistracy, the English bar; and invested with an extent of patronage and a plenitude of authority which renders the minister who possesses it almost omnipotent for good or for evil! Surely this sounds like a portent such as never was heard of in England before! Men ask, involuntarily, what does it mean? Are ministers mad? Is a condemnation before his peers to be regarded as a title to

praise and honour? Are his convicted delinquencies in one country, to be made the grounds of raising him in another, to a station even higher and more important than that which he had abused? Alas! the solution of the problem is but too true. Ministers are altogether reckless of enlightened public opinion, by which they know they are condemned; and are willing to go any length to secure the support of the desperate faction upon which they depend for their political existence.

Again—Poulett Thompson, governor-general and general-governor of the Canadas! Surely these two appointments are, alone, sufficient to stamp the character of profligate incapacity upon the present administration. The one we suppose to have been made in obedience to the behest of Mr. O'Connell, who has not scrupled, on all occasions, to exact the full price of his support from the "base, brutal, and bloody Whigs," as he once called them. The other, at the dictation of Lord Durham, who disliked the vigorous proceedings of the frank and honest soldier by whom he was succeeded in his command, and who, as he did much to repair the mischiefs of his misgovernment, so he was likely to do much by which treason would be effectually suppressed, and the "discontented gentlemen" whom it was Lord Durham's desire to propitiate, made to appear in their true colours, as the fomenters of sedition, or the promoters of perilous innovations.

But we allude to these things at present, only for the purpose of showing the utter state of abandonment to which ministers have been reduced, when they can thus brave enlightened public opinion, and peril the well-being and the security of the empire; and the large extent to which a faction, contemptible in point of numbers, and utterly despicable in moral respectability, have profited by their weakness; and the manner in which they have actually got mounted upon their backs, and compel them to travel by the dirtiest roads to the accomplishment of the worst and the most dangerous objects. Yes. The Papists and Radicals know what they are about; and it is not for nothing that they consent to vote that black is white, when, by so doing, they secure the continuance of power to those who are willing to hold it as their obedient slaves,

But the old Whigs, the men who have always professed an adherence to definite constitutional principle, what have *they* to say for the support which they continue to afford her majesty's ministers? They have, we are told, exacted a promise from Lord Melbourne, that he is not, any more, to give way to the movement; that he is to say to the proud waves of revolution, here ye shall be stayed. It is true, we are told they have reconciled their feelings and their consciences to an alliance which they should have long since spurned, and which makes them partakers, with ministers, in the fraud, and the folly, and the wickedness by which, as a nation, we have been humbled and degraded. But they should have asked themselves, is Lord Melbourne in a condition in which it is possible for him, as prime minister, to keep his word? Can he, dare he, stay the progress of the movement? What evidence does he afford of even a serious disposition so to do? Is it to be found in his making the ballot an open question? Is it to be found in his creation of radical corporations? Is it to be found in his selection of magistrates from the most violent revolutionists in the empire? Is it to be found in his latitudinarian education grant? Is it to be found in the manner in which Irish patronage has been prostituted, for the purpose of propitiating Mr. O'Connell and the priests? Truly he must be a simpleton, or something worse, who can see the position in which her majesty's ministers stand, and the course which they are resolved to pursue, and yet be satisfied with a verbal assurance, that they are resolved henceforth to eschew perilous innovation. Circumstanced as they are, they could not do so if they would; nor have we any reason to infer from their conduct, that they would do so if they could.

No. The Radicals are wise; the old Whigs, if they are honest, are foolish in their generation. And ministers have shown themselves skilful in treating them both, so as to secure a concurrence of their support, while such concurrence was necessary for their safety. The Radicals, they said, were sincerely bent upon revolutionary objects; and them they have been constrained to propitiate, by substantial concessions, which must render it more easy for them, at any future period, more fully to carry out their views. The old Whigs they knew to be in-

different to principle. They thought they could not be far mistaken in judging of them from themselves; and they were therefore only satisfied to find out some plausible excuse whereby they might seem to be self-justified in continuing still as their adherents. And this was furnished by the empty promise, which was never intended to be performed. Such was the *wrap-rascal*, as Coleridge called it, by which they were to be covered, while they disclaimed in words, but abetted in practice, the views of the worst enemies of social order. They suffered a bandage to be put upon their eyes; and mounted the rail carriage when moving in one direction, because the veracious manager told them it was moving in the other.

For the out-and-out Radicals we can have some respect. They are, apparently, very sincere, if they be, obviously, very mistaken. The continuance of the present men in power, is the only conceivable mode in which they can accomplish that "bit-by-bit" destruction of established institutions, which is all that, under present circumstances, they dare to aim at. But they are not to be deluded by mere words; and they insist upon specified instalments, towards the accomplishment of their projected changes, and without which they will not continue to work in the harness of administration. But for the old Whigs, who have no sympathy with them, yea, who profess a horror of them, we cannot have any respect at all. *They* suffer themselves to be deluded by mere words; and when they might, by one vigorous effort, stem the torrent of revolutionary violence, are content, in mere passive blindness, to be floated along upon its surface. They are, truly, the most contemptible of all men. First the unwilling agents, and doomed to be the unpitied victims of revolution;—the men without whose concurrence, or connivance, at least, the subversion of social order could not be achieved; and whose thankless assistance is sure to be rewarded, in the end, by contempt and execration from the good, and scorn and contumely from those whose more daring boldness could only be crowned with success, by their half-hearted, reluctant, and dastardly co-operation.

Praise and honour to old Burdett; never did he so well deserve to be called "England's pride and Westminster's glory," as when he flung off

the trammels of party, and separated himself from his old associates, because he saw that they had separated themselves from the constitutional principles to which they had plighted their allegiance. He wished, it is true, to relieve the Catholic; but it was not for the purpose of enabling him to persecute the Protestant. He wished to release the Dissenter from imperious restraints; but it was not for the purpose of enabling him to overthrow the church. If the liberty of the subject was to be enlarged, it was not that the constitutional prerogative of the sovereign should be invaded. If the elective franchise was to be extended, it was not that it might give rise to a saturnalia of licentiousness and anarchy amongst the people. And as soon as he saw that reform was only valued when it tended to destruction; and that our rulers were either secretly abetting, or incapable of resisting, the heady and intemperate advocates of interminable change; he saw that the time had come when he, at least, must make a stand against them, and that any further alliance with such a government would convert him into a passive conspirator against the constitution. He has, therefore, well entitled himself to the respect and the honour with which he is regarded. Nor are they a few who have followed his example. Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley, have nobly entitled themselves to the gratitude and admiration of their country, for the unhesitating promptitude with which they severed the bonds of party connection, at the call of duty and of honour. They, too, felt, that their Whig-radical associates were moving too fast for them; and that unless a resolute opposition was given to the faction by whom the most sacred institutions in the country were assailed, every thing which good men should hold dear would be endangered. To their defection from their late associates, we ascribe much of the incapacity which the latter have experienced to work any extensive mischief. As, without them, the reform bill never could have been carried, so to their virtuous determination to abide by that measure, and not to adventure upon other and more perilous "untried changes," it is chiefly owing that reform has not yet proceeded to revolution. These are men whom we delight to honour;—Whigs of the olden time, when whiggery was yet a constitutional designation; when

it was synonymous with a detestation of Popery, and resistance to arbitrary power. And who are the renegades from the principles of that once great party? Are they those, who, having accomplished every thing necessary for the security of personal freedom, extend their care to the preservation of the established religion; or those by whom innovations are countenanced which must endanger the throne, and principles advanced which must overturn the altar; and *that* for the purpose of establishing Popery and Infidelity in rampant ascendancy, while they banish to the wilderness the fairest daughter of the Reformation?

Yes, Burdett has done himself honour. Stanley and Graham have done themselves honour. Honoured be the honest men who have either been actuated by their principles, or followed their example. A fine specimen of the genuine Scottish gentleman also presents itself in Douglas Kincaid, the late member for Perth, who resigned his seat when he found that he could no longer support our rulers. The education question was that upon which he differed from them so seriously as to be constrained to withdraw from their support; but he will, we are persuaded, upon reflection, feel that the whole tendency of their government has been to favour the progress of Popery and Infidelity, and to throw difficulties in the way of the Gospel. And although their conduct upon the education question was the most direct of the overt acts by which their profligate latitudinarian spirit has been manifested, yet it was clear, from all their other behaviour, that they were at all times ready to use their power for the furtherance of those objects upon which the most seditious of our agitators have set their hearts, and that they only waited for a fair opportunity to strike "a heavy blow" against the Church of England, which would, indeed, prove "a great discouragement" to true religion.

There is, we confess, something which we love to dwell upon, in the working of a pure and lofty spirit, thus finding its way out of the entanglements of party, and breaking through the strongest of those bonds by which public men are bound together, because a further connection with them would have compromised the cause of divine truth. We know well the strength of such attachments. We know how the public man becomes identified with

his party, until he feels that he only lives and breathes as he is consenting or co-operating with them in the courses upon which they have entered. We appreciate fully the solid reasoning by which party connection, in the general, is justified; and we can acknowledge the very great plausibility of the sophistry by which, even in extreme cases, many men become convinced that a *personal* is to be superseded by what may be called a *public* conscience, and that allegiance to our party may be carried to an extent which would compromise allegiance to our God. All this we can fully understand; and we also feel that it is not in the atmosphere of public life, at the present day, that those connections are to be found, by which just notions of their relations to God and to man may be implanted in the minds of politicians, and the corrupting tendencies of party spirit effectively counteracted. All this we can perfectly understand. Most difficult is it to observe, or even to discern, the rule of right, in the hurry and tumult of public business, and amidst the multitude of distracting considerations which beset and perplex the man of the world, when in the full discharge of his parliamentary duties; and we, therefore, make great allowances for many who are halting as yet between two opinions, and do not feel a sufficiency of moral courage to take the decisive step by which Mr. Kinnaird has been so honourably distinguished. But we call upon them earnestly, to reflect maturely upon the position in which they are placed. The government whom they support are striving assiduously to serve two masters—the Radicals, by whom they are urged on in the career of revolutionary change—and the Conservative Whigs, who think that they have already gone far enough, and who fain would stipulate that they shall go no farther. The game of ministers is, if possible, to satisfy both; and for this purpose, they do not hesitate to pledge themselves to both, to an extent by which, if they were called upon to redeem their pledges, their bad faith must be instantly detected. To the Radicals, their very occupation of the treasury benches is a boon, as is, also, all the negative as well as the positive mischief which they do, by obstructing the progress of good measures, and by their abuse of patronage, in profligate judicial, magisterial, or clerical appointments. By such a course of go-

vernment, even if no visible concession were made to them, the more discerning spirits amongst the Radicals well know that all their ends must, in no long time be obtained. But still they are not content, and insist upon a positive advance, by which the enemies of government may be shewn to the country. Now the Conservative Whigs are averse to this; and ministers are driven to their wits' end to find the minimum of concession which will satisfy the one party, and the maximum of plausible profession by which they may still retain the confidence of the other. They know by experience that the latter will be satisfied with words, while the former will not be contented without deeds. And they, therefore, have not hesitated, upon the urgent representation of their task-masters, to make the ballot an open question; giving one party to understand, that by so throwing it open, its chances of success are sure to be destroyed; and suffering the other to indulge the hope, that by so doing, their efforts in its favour must be, ultimately triumphant. Now, we ask the honest Conservative Whigs, is this fair dealing as between these parties? We ask them, is it fair dealing towards themselves? Do they not clearly understand the sense in which the whole body of the Radical constituencies view the concession that has been made? Do not *they* consider the question as in a more favourable position than it was before; and that the chances of its being carried, are greatly superior to what they would be, if the cabinet were, as they ought to be, united against it? It is, they are told, but a *little* concession; and one which ought to be acquiesced in for the sake of union. Indeed! A little concession! But the Radicals are wiser far in their estimate of its value, and they care not how small or how slow the movement is in the first instance, provided they once get the government upon an *inclined plane*, where, by the laws of political gravitation, the descent must go on with an accelerated velocity, until, by degrees, it reaches the lowest level which constituted the bound of their most sanguine anticipations. All, they well know, is not immediately done; but all is in fair progress of being done, when the government have so far given way to their importunities, and made what amounts to a practical admission, that the great question upon which they have set their hearts is, at

best, a doubtful question. Do the Conservative Whigs think so? And if not, do they think that so much encouragement should have been given to those who entertain it? And if not, should they themselves be a party to that encouragement, and continue any longer to support a government who could thus palter with their consciences, and make their stability as a ministry a reason for giving positive countenance to most perilous innovation? The woman who *hesitates* is undone, has passed into a maxim in morals; and may it not be said that the ministry which hesitated, when the question was, should the practice of secret voting be countenanced, or should it not, proved themselves utterly destitute of that public virtue, without which they should be reputed worthless? Is England, with all its mighty interests, social, political, and moral, to be entrusted to the discretion of such a government? These are questions which the Conservative Whigs, who have any remaining sense of honour, should seriously put to themselves. Are they any longer justified in giving their support to a government, who have obviously become the tool of a faction; and who are permitted by that faction to occupy their present places, only until, in the progress of public disorder, the chief offices of administration may devolve upon themselves? We trust there are not a few who will yet answer this question as it has been answered by Mr. Kinnaird, and refuse any more to be gulled by professions which are belied by positive acts, and can, indeed, no longer impose upon any whose credulity does not border upon infatuation.

If, therefore, it is to be apprehended, that the work of corruption may go on to a great extent, by reason of the extensive patronage at the disposal of ministers, we may also encourage the hope, that there are considerations of another kind, by which the ranks of their opponents may be augmented. We do hope that the example of Graham and Stanley, Burdett and Kinnaird, will not be lost upon the honest Conservative Whigs of the empire. The question is now not between party and party, but between a desperate revolutionary faction and the nation at large. We do trust that the time has come when the true state of the case can no longer be disguised, and when every honest Whig must

see clearly that he has no alternative but that of consenting to be, virtually, the slave of O'Connell and the Radicals, or taking a manly stand beside an uncompromising, Conservative administration.

But while our hopes are strong that many of their present supporters will abandon a condemned and profligate government, our apprehensions would still be very great, if we trusted to that alone for the salvation of the empire. No. It is upon the religious principle we must rely for deliverance from our present oppressors; and it is only as we are enabled, upon enlightened principles, to disseminate the fear and the love of God, that we can entertain a well-grounded hope of arresting the ruin that impends over us. And here, it must be acknowledged that England has been grossly deficient in what she should have felt to be her bounden duty. She has made no suitable or adequate provision for the spread, amongst her own people, of the life-giving Gospel. On the contrary, so far from making church ministrations keep pace with a growing population, her rulers, in obedience to the infidels and the anarchists, have, from time to time, been not only abusing ecclesiastical patronage, but invading ecclesiastical property, until it has shrunk in amount almost in the same proportion that the occasions for it have extended. This was to incur national guilt in a way that has never yet failed to draw down divine vengeance. The first effect of such a course must be, to cause a spread of sectarianism, which must seriously endanger the stability of the Church. The second, and which is sure to follow in no distant time, a spread of profligacy and infidelity. Now, both these evils have already come to pass, and the question of England's deliverance, or England's overthrow as a nation, is to be resolved by ascertaining the degree in which it is still possible they may be counteracted.

What is Chartism? The embattled fury of the multitude against the privileged orders. The jaundiced feelings of a generation of Ishmaels, outcasts from their fathers' house, towards those who may be called their unnatural parents. We have made no suitable provision for their instruction in righteousness; and we cannot be surprised that they exhibit a disregard of obligations, both human and divine, and consult their own evil passions for the

purpose of wreaking a splenetic resentment upon those whom they are taught to believe the authors of their evils. And how is this spirit to be met? Shall we be content with invoking the vengeance of the laws upon the men of violence, and the incendiaries by whom the empire is now infested? Alas! that would be to apply a mere topical remedy to a rooted constitutional disease; and we would soon discover that the progress of crime would rapidly outstrip the utmost assignable degree to which we could accelerate the operations of the gibbet and the executioner. No. Deeply to be deplored is the necessity for the employment of such corrective means, in the first instance. Outrage, undoubtedly, must be repressed; conflagration must be arrested. But, unless we look deeply into the causes which have produced this damning state of things, and which, as long as they are in active operation, must make the whole state of society to groan and be in disorder, nothing effectual can be done to prevent a recurrence of the deliberate and systematic outrages which we have lately witnessed, until the people have become possessed, by an epidemic phrenzy, which may tear to pieces our most ancient and venerable institutions.

No.—The laws and the institutions, both religious and political, must, so to speak, *matriculate* the community, before any thing effectually can be done for the correction of such offenders. Until the enlightened, Christian public thus bestir themselves, they may rest satisfied that “offences will come,” and that by no severity of legal enactments can they be effectually prevented. Their causes are ignorance, profligacy, irreligion; and as long as the moral and religious apparatus, by which such causes might be removed, continues as deficient as it at present confessedly is, so long the crimes must continue to multiply by which our social system is endangered.

Let any one contemplate, in thought, the effects produced in any one parish in England, where the clergyman is what he ought to be, and where either his work is not too much for him, or he has such assistance as enables him to perform it well. Does it not realize a degree of blessedness which almost causes earth to resemble heaven? We are, at least, familiar with instances in which the work of moral and religious instruction goes on with such a happy efficacy, that any open transgressors

against the laws of society are rarely to be found; and where the agitator, either infidel or political, if he attempted to exercise his unhallowed or mischievous vocation, would find himself very like a frog in an exhausted receiver. Why? Because the materials of sedition would be wanting. Because the bad passions and the vicious propensities had been subdued by the operation of divine grace and Christian teaching; and without these, as kindling matter, the breath of the incendiary would be unavailing.

Now, we have only to suppose the same causes multiplied to the extent required, in order to have the nation at large protected, by a moral antiseptic, against the contagion of profligacy and sedition. Let there be assigned, to each district, an adequate supply of religious teachers; and let these be of the proper sort, and we would stake our existence that, in a very few years, effects would be produced which would exceed even the Christian philanthropist's most sanguine expectations. But then the evil must be viewed in its whole extent, if we desire to provide the real remedy, by which it may be radically cured. Truly may it be said of our social system, at the present moment, that the “whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint.” We have suffered the deficiency of religious instruction to proceed to such a deplorable extent, that great, indeed, must be the effort by which our neglect is to be supplied; and it requires that the community at large should feel the tremendous consequences which may follow from such neglect, to be properly uproused to the energetic discharge of their solemn and weighty obligations.

But, we are persuaded, this is all that is required, to cause the people of England, with heart and hand, to do their duty. What have they not, already, been induced to do, when schemes of speculative philanthropy were presented to them, which interested their hearts, or captivated their imagination? What efforts, what sacrifices have they not made, for the purpose of rescuing the heathen from the darkness in which they are involved? How nobly have they evinced their sense of justice as well as of generosity, in the boon of twenty millions by which they have purchased the redemption of the slaves in the West Indies? And yet, we are loth to say how feebly we par-

ticipate in the anticipations of those heroic sacrifices which have been made, or how doubtful we are respecting the correctness of the views or the soundness of the principles by which they have been suggested. But, right or wrong, Englishmen have proved themselves capable of making prodigious efforts, when a case was made out which satisfied them, that humanity required such efforts at their hands;—and that is enough to satisfy us, that religious men have only to make out a similar case on behalf of their own spiritually destitute population, in order to cause an overflow of bounty, a spring-tide of Christian zeal, which would bring adequate supplies of the bread of life to the hundreds of thousands who, in our neglected and populous parishes, are at present perishing for lack of knowledge.

Education, as dis severed from religious instruction, no one is now hardy enough openly to advocate. It has been abundantly proved that it is an evil rather than a good. The course, therefore, taken by ministers, and their radical adherents, is, to pretend a great respect for religion; but, to pretend also that liberty of conscience will be violated, if, in the business of national education, their proper weight be given to the national clergy. They contend, in fact, for such a latitudinarian system as would mix and confound the clergy of all denominations, and render it impossible that any consistent course of Christian instruction could be adopted.

If the only system deserving to be called national, be one in which all denominations of professing Christians must agree, it is obvious that each specific point of difference must be excluded; and that it would, consequently, not partake of the essence of Christianity at all; but be reduced to the same degree of baldness as the man who had married the two wives, one of whom plucked out all his grey hairs, in order to make him look young, and the other all his black ones, to make him look venerable. It is not conceivable, therefore, that those who propose, or who advocate such a system, can be sincere when they profess to desire that education should be based upon religion; or, if they be, their notions of religion must be such as to reject all the distinguishing characteristics of the Gospel.

But no one now a days is deceived, respecting the motives by which they are really actuated. Their hearts'

desire is, to overthrow the Church. They feel that the moral and religious people of England are against them. They know well the profound respect entertained for the established clergy. They feel that any extension of their legitimate influence would be attended by loss and by discomfiture to themselves; that, in fact, in the diseased state in which they at present exist, the purer the public atmosphere, the less they must be able to breathe it; and they have, therefore, got up this system, which pretends one thing, while it aims at another, and in reality seeks to disparage the clergy, while it professes liberty of conscience, and pretends to a respect for religion.

Liberty of conscience! The sentiment is abused. Was it ever before heard of that liberty of conscience was only to be attained by invading the functions of the established clergy? When dissenting bodies are permitted freely to worship God according to their consciences, they have nothing of which they can complain. When civil rights are open to all, and the laws of the land extend to all equal protection, liberal principles in the affairs of government, both civil and ecclesiastical, are carried to as great an extent as they can be permitted to reach in a Christian country, in which is maintained an established religion. As long as there were laws by which Dissenters were affected in their civil rights, so long there might be a ground of complaint that they were regarded with an unnecessary severity. This complaint might be well or ill founded. We do not at present enter into that. But when all such laws have been repealed, and when Dissenters stand precisely upon the same footing as other subjects, we know not how toleration can be carried farther; nor can we regard as any thing but impudent hypocrisy the pretence, that their consciences, truly, are offended, because the state maintains an established religion.

Was that the language which they used, when they sought the repeal of the statutes by which they were disabled? These statutes were intended for the protection of the Established Church. They were enacted because of the supposed hostility of those against whom they were directed. And what were the grounds upon which their repeal was solicited? Why, that no such hostility existed; that the restraints by which they were affected

were not more grievous than they were unnecessary; that more danger would be produced to the establishment by the feelings engendered by ungenerous restraint, than could possibly arise from the liberality by which such restraints might be removed, and which was sure to establish confidence and cordiality between those whom differing professions had disunited. Such were the professions of Dissenters, and such were the reasonings of Churchmen, when the test and corporation acts were repealed, and an end put for ever to injurious civil distinctions; but no one then dreamed that what was done was to be regarded as merely preliminary to that sweeping destruction of the establishment, which is now so eagerly contemplated by the men who, if their own professions are to be relied on, only desired the changes already made, that such destruction might be averted.

They first tell us, in order to procure the repeal of the enactments by which it was fenced and guarded, that the church stands in need of no protection. And then, when, in reliance upon their solemn protestations, the statutes have been repealed which guaranteed its stability, the very first use which they make of their newly acquired privileges, is, to assail it in its most vital part, and to cry, "Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground!"

Such is the honesty, such the consistency, such the truth of the political Dissenters! Thank God, there are, amongst those called Dissenters, men of a different stamp, and who have manifested, on the education question, a spirit which has done them honour. Need we say, that we allude to the Wesleyan Methodists, in whom Christianity has triumphed over partizanship, and who felt, that, in opposing such a project, they were raising a barrier against an inundation of Popery and Infidelity. There are, amongst the religious Dissenters, those who are Dissenters for conscience sake—a vast majority who are not tainted by the malignity of their political brethren, (whose dissent is less a conviction than an instinct; more a principle of hostility to what is established, than of honest preference for what is professed;) and who cordially make common cause with the Wesleyans and the Church, against a project, by which

expediency and latitudinarianism are made to supersede principle and theospel.

It is, in fact, only another mode of raising the question, are we, or are we not to have an Established Church? Is it, or is it not right that the state should make a provision for what it recognises as true religion? Does toleration of error necessarily imply indifference to the truth? Are we practically to reverse the doctrine of one of our articles of religion, and virtually affirm that every man is to be saved by the profession, whatever it may be, which he adopts; and that, provided the individual is sincere in his error or his ignorance, that is in itself the one thing needful, and the state is no wise concerned to show him a more excellent way? Such is, in truth, the question at issue, when it is proposed to adopt a system of national education not under the superintendence of the established clergy, and from which every thing which could offend the consciences of any description of Dissenters is to be excluded. It is obvious, that those who reject most of the doctrines of Christianity, are the persons most likely to be satisfied with such a system. But what we say at present is, let the country really know the stake for which the game is played. Let them not suppose that it is one thing, when in truth it is another. The heterogeneous faction who have combined with ministers upon this question, know well that there is no principle of agreement by which they could be reconciled amongst themselves, as to the precise basis upon which they should build their meditated educational project. Upon that point they have been smitten by a confusion of tongues. The only bond of union is, hostility to the Established Church. For the destruction of that obnoxious institute, they are willing to forego for a season their mutual antipathies and resentments. For that great object all their differences are, for the nonce, reconciled. And they will not quarrel about the spoil, until the Established Church is removed from its pedestal, and grovels in the dust before them. Then, the principles of mutual repulsion will become manifest, and they will make war upon each other with the same immitigable rancour which they had exhibited towards the object of their common hate, so long as it was in a

condition to excite their jealousy, or mortify their pretensions.

Let, therefore, the question be fairly stated. Let the advocates of the new system honestly avow their hostility to the Established Church. Let them call upon the nation to cast off the establishment. Let them contend that the government is not bound to maintain any particular profession of Christianity; but, that all sects should be placed upon the same level, and regarded with equal favour, no matter what the extravagancies of opinion by which many of them are distinguished. This would be to deal honestly by the country, upon this momentous question. Then the nation would understand such men, and be made fully aware of their intention. Their views would, in such a case, be disclosed without reserve, and discussed upon their own proper grounds; and if the legitimate result of such discussion was, that it was unwise to maintain an Established Church; that the nation was not called upon to uphold any particular profession of Christianity; that any such recognition of the paramount authority of divine truth as was implied in the selection and endowment of an order of men appointed to teach it, was opposed to reason, or contradictory to scripture, or irreconcilable with civil liberty, we would be found amongst the foremost to join the voluntaries in calling for the severance of church and state, and in abating what has been denominated "the gorgeous nuisance" by which so many of them have been offended.

But it does not suit them to take this plain and manly course. They well know that the result of any such discussion would not be favourable to their views. They, therefore, mask their batteries, and attack the church by a side-wind; being satisfied, that, if they can only, by their education scheme, strip it of its authority, or supersede its functions, they must, in the end, destroy its existence. When its proper "occupation is gone," it will soon be felt as a mere incumbrance; and no one will be forward to defend a system, the uses of which would seem to have passed away. One encroachment would pave the way for another. To have gone so far in the work of innovation, would, in itself, be a reason for going farther. The discountenance of churchmen

would soon be followed by the adoption of Dissenters as functionaries of government. Of the one, it would speedily be discerned, "that they must increase;" of the other, "that they must decrease." And thus, while the form of our church polity remained undisturbed, and, apparently, unassailed, the considerations would, one by one, become extinct, which conferred upon it dignity and importance.

Mr. Langdale, a Roman Catholic member, has, we perceive, given notice of a motion, which has for its object the introduction of a Roman Catholic system of education into the military school at Chelsea, for the children of soldiers. This poor gentleman is, it is easy to perceive, the mere tool of Jesuit instructors. He is instructed in the part which he has undertaken to enact, by that wily fraternity, whose vigilance never slumbers when a blow is to be struck against the heretical establishment; and we are persuaded he is not conscious of any thing base or dishonourable in the course which has been prompted by his spiritual advisers.

But, if the English gentleman did not merge in the Papist, he would readily perceive that the religion of the state is the only one which should be taught in an establishment endowed by the state; and that, if he was discontented with this state of things, the proper course to pursue would be, to give notice of a motion for the severance of the connection between church and state, which, if successful, must ensure the accomplishment of his immediate object.

It is easy to talk of the hardship of asking Roman Catholic soldiers to have their children brought up as members of the Church of England; but the very same may be said of every other species of dissent; and there is no denomination in the catalogue of heresies, the professors of which might not complain of equal hardship, if it was to be recognised as a grievance, that, at their own instance, their children are admitted into an institution where they are instructed in the national faith. Let what Mr. Langdale proposes to contend for be admitted respecting the body to whom he belongs; and the same must be admitted respecting Quakers, Methodists, Socinians, Baptists, and the other cloud of sectaries by whom the Christian community is

divided. So that the demand that all should be equally endowed, is, virtually, a demand that no one should be established;—that is, his intended motion will be, by a side-wind, an attack upon the Established Church.

The plain distinction between sects and an establishment is simply this: that the one is endowed by the state; the others are dependent upon the bounty of individuals. And the principle of toleration is fully carried out, when the most perfect freedom of dissent is allowed, and individuals are in no ways restrained in their contribution for the maintenance of their respective systems.

If Mr. Langdale knows of any instance in which soldiers are compelled to send their children to military schools, where they are instructed in a doctrine of which he disapproves, we would acknowledge that it was a hardship. But, he well knows that there is no instance to be found of such intolerance. The soldiers themselves either claim as a privilege, or receive as a boon, that which he would fain have them repudiate as a grievance. And the motion of which he has given notice is either to be ascribed to his ignorance of the real nature of toleration, and the exact limits to which it is defined, or to the left-handed wisdom to which we have before alluded, which contemplates the church itself as a grievance, and is resolved to leave nothing undone by which its destruction may be accomplished.

To say, that, because sectaries of every denomination contribute to the maintenance of an establishment, they are, therefore, themselves entitled to receive public support for the education of their children in their respective creeds, would be to advance a most unreasonable claim, and to adopt a principle destructive of the very essence of an establishment. It would be to proclaim that the state should make no distinction between truth and falsehood, in its provisions for the maintenance of religion; and that the wildest and most extravagant are equally entitled to government support and countenance, with the most enlightened and scriptural society of Christians. It would be to support an establishment upon a principle that must overthrow an establishment. As a gentleman, and a man of honour, Mr. Langdale would see this very

clearly, if all sense of right and wrong did not merge in his profession as a Papist. The church is part and parcel of the constitution of the country. As long as it is suffered to exist, its rights, its privileges, its property, and its immunities, should be regarded as inalienable as those of the monarchy itself. Amongst these is to be numbered, its office of instructress in matters of religion, in all those institutions which owe their parentage to the state. And any invasion of such an office is as unjustifiable, as would be an attack upon its property, or an intrusion into its more sacred functions. The man who is a republican in principles, might as well make the tax which he pays for the maintenance of the monarchy a ground for claiming that the principles of a monarchy should be abandoned, as the Dissenter or the Roman Catholic, that the rights and privileges of the Established Church should be invaded or curtailed, because they contribute to the general fund which is provided for its ministrations. The prompters of Mr. Langdale know this well; and regard the attempt upon which he is about to adventure, only as a species of covert attack upon the heretical institute which is the object of their unceasing hostility; but which cannot be openly and honestly assailed, without a manifestation of bad faith which would provoke universal indignation.

We are glad to perceive that both Sir Robert Inglis and Lord Sandon have given notices of motions, which will bring the church question upon its true grounds, and in a legitimate manner under the consideration of parliament. The former has recorded his determination to bring the question of church extension prominently forward; and the latter the question of national education. We do trust that neither of those gifted and honourable men will shrink from stating the whole truth, or evince any spirit of hesitation or compromise in impressing upon their brother legislators the whole extent of their Christian responsibilities.

England is a highly favoured Christian nation. The religion of the Gospel is the law of the land. For the efficient promulgation of that religion, an ample provision had been made in former times; which, however, has remained stationary, if it has not positively retrograded, while the population has been, by giant strides ad-

vancing. The garment which was sufficient to cover the body of the child, is miserably deficient as clothing for the full grown man ; and the only question is, is parliament called upon, or is it not, to supply the deficiency, and to make, again, a provision which would enable the church to cover the moral nakedness of the land.

That the motion will be met in a hostile spirit by the irreligious, and the anti-religious, by the papists and the political dissenters, there can be no doubt. Ministers will also, in all probability, incline to the faction by whom they have been supported. They know well, that to extend the influence of sound religion, by augmenting the numbers of the clergy, would not be to multiply the number of their adherents ; and when the sacrifice of political influence is to be one of the conditions of advocating divine truth, it is not difficult to discover the course which will be adopted by the authors of the appropriation clause, and of the new project of national education.

Their direct or indirect hostility is, therefore, to be calculated upon as a matter of course. Indeed, we are far less apprehensive of their open enmity, than of their treacherous friendship. There is a mode of appearing to meet such a motion as that of which Sir Robert Inglis has given notice, half-way, and by which it may be most effectually defeated. "*Timeo Danaos.*" An overture made for the purpose of inducing compromise, upon grounds of false liberality, if it succeeded in drawing the Conservative leaders into admissions which implied a contentment with half measures, would be sure to damage the cause of divine truth, more than it could possibly be damaged by the most direct and open opposition to it. Its compromising supporters would lose the public confidence, and be, in the end, disgracefully baffled by their dextrous, cunning, and unscrupulous enemies.

We trust, therefore, that our leaders in the House of Commons will not be thus out-manceuvred. In the House they should be contented with producing, at first, very little effect. The majority are still there, by whom the disgraces of the last session have been incurred ; and even upon the Conservative side, the Baring Walls, and the Lord Eliots, have not, as yet, had a sufficient warning read to them, even by the example that, out of doors, has

been made of that abandoned person, Mr. Gibson. It is to the religious democracy of England, Sir Robert should chiefly address himself, if he hopes or desires to produce an effect that may augur future success. It is through the constituencies he should seek to influence the representatives of the people. How was the slave trade question advanced ? How was the factory question advanced ? How have all the great questions been advanced, which ministers have been compelled to take up, and respecting which the public voice, whether right or wrong, would have no denials ? Was it not by agitating them out of doors, interesting the national feelings by them, until their progress became irresistible ? Was it not, by acting, through the constituencies, upon the representatives of the people ? Even so, it must also be, with the question of church extension. It must be discussed and ventilated out of doors, before it can be proposed, with any prospect of success, within the walls of parliament. The nation at large must be made aware of the moral destitution of whole myriads of the population. Their Christian sympathies must be excited, their spiritual anxieties must be awakened, for their brethren who are perishing for want of the bread of life. The same zeal which already burns for the conversion of the heathen, must be kindled on behalf of our own unhappily circumstanced countrymen, who have spread beyond the bounds of parochial ministrations, and are without the most ordinary Christian advantages. And when this is done, as it ought to be, through the length and breadth of the land, England is changed, indeed, if a response be not made which will leave nothing to be desired by the friends of the Gospel.

But never let it be forgotten, or lost sight of, that it is with irreligion and infidelity, and their twin-brothers, voluntarism and political dissent, we are about to make war ; and that they have, hitherto, been the fast friends of the present ministers. Without their aid, the Melbourne cabinet never could have retained its ill-gotten power ; and it is not to be supposed that it will part with the props upon which it is now, more than ever, dependent. Let the friends of religion, therefore, bestir themselves ; and no longer trust to those driftless and desultory efforts

by which they have hitherto been characterised, and which aimed rather to defeat a preconcerted attack, than to carry out a sacred principle; to repel an attempt to procure the death, rather than to quicken the vitality and to extend the influence of true religion. Let them no longer be contented with their negative mode of testifying their attachment to the great cause in which they are engaged; but, by a combination, and concert, and energy, similar to that which their adversaries exhibit, make known their fixed determination that wherever a British subject breathes, the Gospel shall be preached; wherever the British ensign floats, the faith of Britain shall be established.

Let this truth be fixed in their minds, *that whenever Christianity ceases to progress, it ceases to live.* Whenever its blessed influences fail to penetrate and permeate the masses of society, they must become corrupt; and their corruption must endanger the soundness of the healthy parts, and generate a moral contagion.

Nor let any dread of incurring reproach or ridicule because of the introduction of strictly religious topics, deter the true men of the Conservative party from the full performance of their bounden duty. If their adversaries are not ashamed, either openly or covertly, to attack the cause of true religion, neither should they be ashamed to defend it. Of Lord Ashley, Sir Robt. Inglis, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Plumtree, we have far too much knowledge already, to entertain a doubt as to the course which they will pursue. But there are other excellent men who have not as yet brought themselves to risk the reproach of what is miscalled illiberality, from those who never omit an opportunity of dealing heavy blows against the Established Church; and it is not, surely, too much to expect, that until forbearance, at least, upon such a subject, is exhibited upon the one side, an honest determination to maintain what is just and right, should be made manifest upon the other.

Nor let us hear the Church of England defended, and its extension claimed, solely upon grounds of antiquity and prescription. These topics have their use, and never will be undervalued by the wise and good; but they produce, comparatively, little effect upon those who must now be influenced before the object which truly religious men have at heart can be accomplished.

The church must be exhibited in its character of expansive accommodation to all the exigencies of a society growing in numbers, and rising in intelligence. Its foundations have been deeply laid, not only in a knowledge of truth, but in a knowledge of man; and never, yet, has the world witnessed an institute so well and so wisely calculated to provide for every moral want by which poor humanity is beset, and to be aiding in the growth of every heavenly grace by which ransomed human creatures should be adorned. Its motto is, "holiness unto the Lord;" and its means for the production of that holiness are so discreet and sober, as to satisfy the coolest judgments, and so purifying and elevating, as to meet the longings of the most ardent hearts. "Its solemn and cheerful piety will engage the first sensibilities of childhood. Its gently insinuated, yet powerful discipline, will shield the purity of youth. Its sublime morality will illuminate every path, and influence every movement of active life. And its tranquil spirit will invite declining age to seek in its soothing bosom compensation for the infirmities and support under the sufferings of sinking nature."

There never was a greater mistake than to suppose, that because dissent of every kind is freely permitted, it therefore becomes the members of the establishment to be slow in putting forward its claims to national countenance and consideration. On the contrary, the very freedom indulged to others, ought rather to be a reason for using ourselves all honest boldness, in refuting the objections by which it is assailed, and setting forth, in the fairest light, its inestimable advantages. Let this only be promptly done, and it will soon be beyond the reach of accident; provided care be taken, also, that its ministrations be efficiently performed, and such remedial measures taken as may prevent gross incompetency from usurping its sacred functions, and preserving, in its pristine vigour, that wise ecclesiastical discipline by which all things may be ordered to edification.

We are well aware of the many plausible, and the many foolish things, also, which may be said, against mixing up politics with religion. Those who have obtained station and emolument by sacrificing religion to politics, would have us abstain from the righteous endeavour to consecrate the one, by

promoting the other. They would studiously separate the salt from that for the preservation of which it was appointed, and even rejoice in the corruption which must follow, as if, by their criminal indifference, they were contributing to the glory of God. But upon this subject, we have before us a passage from a speech spoken at Birmingham by the Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan, which contains the highest order of eloquence with a wisdom that has rarely been equalled. We suffer it to speak for itself:—

“Yes—this principle has been advanced—praise to Him from whom all good cometh, the nation has not owned it. But it has been proclaimed; it is the motto of a party;—their device, their creed, the word in which they seem to have conquered. They call it separating religion from politics. This they avow, of this they boast, and so utterly darkened appears their spiritual discernment, and such is the influence of the companionship in which they rejoice, that they seem to think the boast righteous. Politics without religion! Is it in England, aye, and once in a British senate, too, this blasphemy has been uttered? Is it for creatures, who say—“There is no health in us,”—who confess that they “have erred, and strayed like lost sheep,”—is it for them to boast that their politics shall have no reference to religion?—creatures over whom the bolt of vengeance may be suspended!—shall they provoke its fall by the defiance with which they protest against being influenced in their laws by the law of God?—is it for creatures, to save whom the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world—for whose sake he was of no reputation—a man of sorrows—is it for them to declare that the laws of the Redeemer's kingdom, his counsels, his precepts, his death and passion, shall not have authority or influence over them when they are making those laws by which his redeemed creatures should be governed? We know well that religion has been in act too often estranged from the politics of this world—we know that it is the *absence*, not the *influence*, of religion, which has caused what are termed politics to become vile—we know that for this postponement of principle, this exaltation of expediency, we have kindled God's anger against us; and, to use the words of our pure formulary of prayer, it may literally be said, we have provoked him to plague us with divers diseases and sundry kinds of death. But

still in this there was something to forbid despondence. The separation of politics from what should be its corrector was an offence—it was not the essence of a system—religion was interwoven with the constitution. The Bible was part and parcel of the law—and it was left for the evil days on which we have fallen to hear of a coalition between Protestants and members of the church of Rome, of which the binding condition was to be—the defence of Popery against the Gospel, and which has not scrupled to set forth as its motto the appalling announcement, that, among the elements of British legislation, ungodliness is an indispensable requisite. Oh! that those to whom power has been confided, would remember that God has appointed a law and a testimony, and that if human ordinances speak not according to these holy counsellors, there is no wisdom or truth in them! I wish, as guardians of their country's interests, they would bethink them of the memorials with which history is inscribed—that men have never formally defied God, without being given over to a reprobate mind—that glory to the Highest, and peace on earth and good will towards men, are indissolubly joined together—and that if there be nations or men who yield not honour where it is due, He whom they forsake will make them know that such sin is destruction as it is reproach, and that the land whose laws refrain from an acknowledgement of God's glory, has put itself out of the sphere of the divine protection.

“What a lesson was set before the nations when, in its hour of mad revolt, France had defied the living God, and in what words of awful eloquence has that lesson been recently recommended to this land's attention—words spoken from a Christian pulpit on the memorable day when the translation of the bible was commemorated, and sent forth from the press, perhaps on one of those days when the irreligion of statesmanship was avowed openly as a principle to be praised and rewarded. “Now, for the first time,” speaks the Rev. George Croly, after a fearful picture of the plagues which had fallen upon France,—“now, for the first time, man was to make the dreadful experiment of trusting altogether to his own nature. Despotisms had been subtle, ambitious, and revengeful—republics stern and cruel—democracies wild, capricious, and sanguinary. But there was still a saving principle—religion was not altogether abjured—and, deeply as the true God was lost to human view, in the incense offered to the passions and imaginations of man, that Holy Spirit which

trove with the generations before the flood, still hovered above the darkness of the earth, and infused peace into its reluctant bosom. But now all religion was abjured, and as the act was utterly without example, so were the horrors that instantly followed. Vice itself assumed a blacker hue. A hundred thousand heads must fall, was the unequivocal principle of the leaders of the state. The fact outran the calculation, and the massacre amounted to millions. The scaffold groaned from morn till night. The leaders themselves were successively swept away in the cataract of blood which they let loose. Atheism—the last fury of the mind, had brought in anarchy, the last torture of nations.’ This is language of solemn warning—may the power with which the speaker was gifted to convey his great thoughts to the heart, and to fix them on the memory, not be in vain; but while the example of another land is brought so fearfully before all eyes, may its sins remind us of temptations by which we too, are endangered. Never let the pestilent doctrine be adopted, that the politics of English statesmen should be irrespective of religion. He that is not with Christ is against him; and assuredly he who would discipline men by laws which have no better guidance and rule than the suggestions of the human heart, is not framing a discipline for good.

“But mark the consistency of those whose principle it is, in their political controversies, to disregard God’s law. Politics without religion is their cry—politics governed by the worst species of religion is their practice. What is the principle to which they owe their power—the

spell-word which, once unsaid, leaves them wrecked and stranded? Is it not the protection of a false religion? What is the rule of their legislation? Is it not this—to have the rights of men unasserted, their properties insecure, their lives in peril, merely because they are ministers in the religion professed in England? If politics are to be irrespective of religion, why disturb existing settlements—why not enforce existing rights—why demand the affirmation of a principle offensive to the consciences of men before enacting a wise and salutary law? Why inquire into men’s religious opinions, and inquire under most forbidding circumstances, if politics are to have no respect to religion, or to diversities of religious opinions? In truth, it would seem as if the words—“politics without religion”—meant ruin to the Protestant religion, if politics can effect its overthrow—ascendancy to the religion of Rome, if by political contrivance it can be exalted.”

This is true wisdom. Let the friends of religion, and of the Established Church, only act as boldly and as perseveringly for the cause which they have at heart, as its enemies act against it, and that cause will soon be triumphant. Then it will appear that not in vain we have been a Bible-reading and a Gospel-hearing people for more than three hundred years; and our beloved Sion will be established upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS month we present our readers with a new, and, we doubt not, an attractive feature in our Magazine—OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen we have already had. No man is illustrious while living unless he be of royal blood; that gallery was consecrated to the mighty dead. The gallery to which we would now introduce our readers is a different one. It is no ancient hall, surrounded with the classic busts of men of other times, each resting in his niche in the stern grandeur of the chiselled marble. No! our Portrait Gallery is a modern and comfortable room, whose walls are hung round with sketches of living friends, struck off in the familiar guise of their every-day occupations. One of the portraits has been taken at random from the wall; and as good a representation of it as the engraver's art can supply, you have, gentle reader, on the other page.

One of these portraits you shall have, each succeeding month, for many months to come; and perhaps you may expect from us a few words of introduction when we offer you the first. We can no better explain to you our intention than by asking you to come into our Portrait Gallery itself—the chamber from whose walls we shall take successively the sketches that we intend to place in our pages.

You see we said right, it is a comfortable room. Evening closes in early now—while we have been looking for summer, autumn has come—and it is almost too dark to see the portraits to advantage; but you see that the walls are hung round with many of them: of course you recognise many faces with which you are familiar. It is now some years since we began the collection—we will tell you the principle on which it has been made.

We desired to preserve some reminiscence of Irish society *as it is*—and we formed the plan of collecting into this room the portraits of all persons who had attained to any degree of distinction in the busy scene around us. We found an artist after our own heart, who agreed to devote his time and his talents to accomplish this darling wish. We sent him round to all the places where remarkable men were to be met with. The unconscious judge was sketched upon the bench—the advocate in his pleading. His unerring pencil transferred to the canvass the form of the bishop in his robes—the man of science was sketched in the university or the academy; our senators were followed to the parliament house. As each portrait was completed, it was placed in this room; and now we venture confidently to say that you will find a faithful likeness of every man in Irish society whose likeness is worth having—every man who is remarkable, in any way, in literature—in law—in physic—in politics—or in science—here you have them all.

They make a goodly array when hung together on the wall. Perhaps you are surprised at the number—so were we too—we did not believe there were half so many distinguished men in Irish society. But scan our entire gallery, and tell us whom out of the entire hundred you could exclude, and not leave our design incomplete. You will rather say that there were some that ought to be here whom you do not find. Be it so—we have not closed our doors; each year will take from us some of these—for here we have none but the living—and in the succession of genius others must arise to fill the vacant places.

We kept our design and its completion secret, but fame will divulge even those secrets which we confide to some choice friend like yourself. The fame of our Portrait Gallery went abroad, and forthwith we were besieged with importunate requests for admission. We scarcely knew what to do. To admit indiscriminately the gentle public to this room would never do. It is latterly our own favourite retreat—and yet to be selfish is not in our nature. At last we hit upon a happy expedient, by which we could at once preserve our privacy and gratify the public. We

determined that a *fac-simile* of our Portrait Gallery should appear in the Magazine. We sent for an engraver to ascertain the practicability of our plan. This ingenious gentleman carried off forthwith a fine portrait of Mr. Otway that hung down in that corner, and in a few days he returned with the admirable etching which you see—and so he intends to go through all the rest, and thus one by one our dear public shall have all the portraits in our Gallery.

What say you, gentle reader, to our design? You see our materials. How many men are now alive whose features posterity may be curious to see. Look round these walls, and say honestly did you think Irish society so rich in intellect and distinction? Glorious materials there are here. On the bench—at the bar—in our university—in our literature—in our church—all these departments are here fairly represented. You see we have noble names—those of men whose coronet is not their distinction. We have the venerable judge, shedding lustre on the bench—the prelate, whose talents and piety become, though they can do no honour to the church—the advocate and the preacher. We have sought, too, in the halls of our *Alma Mater*, the living men who maintain and extend the fame of her ancient days—and, though last not least, we have the man of genius—aye, and the woman too—who have delighted and instructed thousands by their writings.

With each portrait we must give a few words of memoir—not that we mean to pledge ourselves in every instance that our words must be few—but it is difficult to write of the living, still running and mixing in the turmoil of angry life. Biography of the living must always be incomplete in more points than one. You cannot describe their faults without being liable to the charge of censoriousness; and to praise their good qualities without condemning their bad ones, is adulation. Perhaps, then, the old proverb in this case is a wise one—"Least said, soonest mended." Criticism, however, on the intellectual character even of the living, is a province from which we shall not, in all instances, feel ourselves debarred. Our memoirs, therefore, may be long or short, critical or biographical, exactly as the subject and our own temper at the time incline us.

Perhaps, gentle reader, we have now said enough to make you understand our design. You have seen our gallery, but remember this is confidential. We do not choose every one to know all that are coming. You will bear us witness that it is an impartial selection. You see that goodly portrait of the Chancellor beside that of Mr. Lefroy—and the Provost beside Dr. Wall—nay, we have not excluded even Mr. O'Connell and the *Right Honourable* Richard Sheil. "Oh, but," say you, "I would like to have a peep at the memoirs." Well! well! we shall only promise that the memoir shall do justice to genius wherever it is to be found.

At all events, our purpose is to give, from this Portrait Gallery, a fair representation of the men remarkable in the society of our country. You may be sure we shall attempt no classification of pre-eminence in the order in which they appear, either of rank, or station, or intellect, or classes. The fact is this, we leave the door of the gallery open when the engraver comes, and he takes away just whatever portrait strikes his fancy or comes next to his hand, without caring much whether the subject be a judge, a bishop, an agitator, or, as in the case with the one he has first hit on, only a minor canon of St. Patrick's.

Farewell, dear reader—keep the secrets of our gallery, and you will greatly enjoy the delight and curiosity of the public as our portraits appear—their delight at what is present—their curiosity as to what is to come.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. I.—REV. CÆSAR OTWAY.

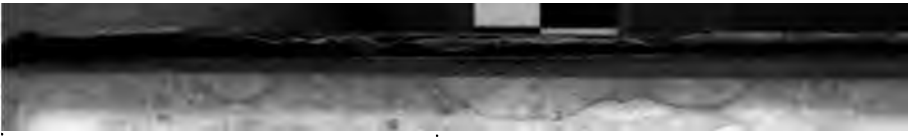
Author of "A Tour in Connaught."

Our sketch attempts to pourtray a thorough Irishman. *Attempts*, we say deliberately, because with all due respect to the clever artist, we declare that though the *animal* representation be faithful, the *spiritual* is not caught; for instead of a countenance beaming with *gaieté de cœur*, sparkling with ready fun, and mutable with a playfulness of muscle—the *presage* of a coming repartee—we have here a likeness, it is true, but of an atrabilious smell-fungus character. The man is taken off as if when his stomach is settling after the sickness of a steam-packet; or after (as is common in his native Tipperary) plotting a homicide. For all this we blame not the artist—for if C. O. chooses to take to his chair as grave as a mustard-pot, considering it needful to be serious, and ambitious of making his anomalous countenance, ordinary as it is (unless sun-lit) cloud-capt with solemnity, whose fault was it? Perhaps it would have been better, had we, instead of taking him like a hare, sitting in its form, caught him un-awares, and watching our opportunity, seized him during the "*mollia tempora fandi*," in conversation with some kindred spirits in Messrs Curry's shop. But this is not easy, for it is not every one who can hit well flying. At all events, here is the animal—you may swear to its identity, for it is, at least, as like C. O. as a dead dolphin is like a living one.

We do not intend either in this or our future portraits, to offer a detailed biography of the individual. Our desire is only to assign a few reasons for admitting him into our Gallery.

The REV. CÆSAR OTWAY is a clergyman of the Established Church, and though advanced in life, and approaching his sixtieth year, has never been beneficed—the only situation he fills in his profession, being some inferior office in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the assistant chaplaincy of the Magdalen Asylum. As a preacher Mr. Otway has much originality; his sermons are animated, forcible, and out of the common run; and though often homely, and approaching to vulgarity in his expressions, and sometimes tempted to indulge his native humour, so far as to border on the ludicrous, yet he has the undoubted power of arresting the attention, and fixing his doctrine, which is Evangelical, in the memory of his hearers. Still our impression is, that C. O. is not at home in the pulpit; for though he does his best, and is evidently faithful and serious, we have no doubt he would have been more in his proper place at the bar.

As a writer C. O. is chiefly known by his descriptions of the scenery and manners of his native land. Of these his "Sketches in Ireland," and recently published "Tour in Connaught," are fair specimens. Mr. Otway, in the year 1825, in conjunction with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Singer, Fellow of Trinity College, (whom we hope hereafter to introduce more formally to our readers,) undertook the first Irish religious magazine in connection with the Established Church. This valuable and moderate journal, entitled the *Christian Examiner*, which is still in existence, though struggling under various and unmerited discouragements, remained until the last three years chiefly under Mr. Otway's management; and it was in the pages of this magazine, and as he said "in order to enliven it, and make it read by the parson's wife and daughters, as well as the parson himself," that he ventured to sketch off what his recollections were of the different parts of the island he had visited. Besides these lighter articles, there are many valuable papers to be found in the numerous volumes of the *Examiner*, supplied by Mr. Otway, of a historical, biographical and controversial character. Among these may be noticed his history of Poetry in Ireland,



WILLIAM THACKERAY IN 1840



Memorials of the Established Church, and Biographical Sketches of Primate Marsh, Archbishop King, Andrew Sall, &c. &c. Mr. Otway has also supplied many other articles, of an amusing and instructive kind, to other periodicals of a Protestant and Conservative character, which have appeared in Dublin during the last 15 years—what has been the extent of his contributions to our own pages, is, of course, among the secrets of the confessional, and may not be divulged.

In the year 1832, Mr. Otway, being willing to gratify the demand which then arose for cheap literature, and thus to aid in the diffusion of useful information among the poorer classes respecting the antiquities and history of their country; and desirous of opening out its capabilities by giving information concerning its past and present state, carried on, in conjunction with his friend, GEORGE PETRIE, Esq., for one year, the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL. At the end of that period these gentlemen ceased to be connected with it, and certainly with a loss to the country—for without desiring at all to detract from the merits of its subsequent management, it can be with great safety said, that the volume produced by their exertions, without containing one line that would mark the religious or political partialities of the writers, contained more matter illustrative of the history and antiquities of Ireland, than any previous publication.

The peculiar characteristics of C. O. as a writer are, the power he possesses of making his readers partake in the deep feeling he has for the natural beauties of his native land, and the humour and tact with which he describes the oddities and amiabilities of the Irish character; and while depicting, with no mean effect, the absurdities of poor Paddy, there is no sourness in his satire. He even treads *tenderly* upon the heels of Popish Priests, and would, if possible, by his playful hits, rather improve the profession than hurt the individual.

Beginning late in life to write for publication—we have heard that till his fortieth year he was not aware that he could handle a pen—occupied, too, for seventeen years as the curate of a country parish, he had not the time, even if he had the desire, to be an author: he, therefore, exhibits both the faults and excellencies of one who has late in life come for the first time before the public. His style is often rough and ill-formed; he frequently sins against taste and judgment, and sometimes so far forgets his schoolmaster as to break Priscian's head;—but, on the other hand, he shows the advantages possessed by one who has evidently poured in much, before he attempted to pour out any. He seems full of multifarious information—he is fraught with practical knowledge—and, having *observed* almost as much as he has seen and read, he can adorn with legend, anecdote, and veracious story, almost any place or thing he attempts to describe; and we verily believe he would give a very pleasant description of a tour round a broomstick. This is what renders his *Tours* so interesting; the reader, as he follows him on his journey, is beguiled into a knowledge of the history and traditions of the country through which he passes.

Perhaps our friend C. O. has wasted his time and talents on this gossiping kind of authorship, for we have reason to believe he has powers and acquirements calculated to make him a pleasing and instructive historian. A good *Conservative* history of Ireland is yet a desideratum, and no one, in our humble opinion, could supply the deficiency better than the elderly gentleman who is so gravely, against his grain, courteous reader, portrayed in the etching before you.

A new edition of Mr. Otway's *Sketches in the North and South* has lately been issued, and he has in preparation a volume, chiefly devoted to the little known scenery of North Connaught and West Munster.

A. P.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF A TYRONE FAMILY,

BEING A TENTH EXTRACT FROM THE LEGACY OF THE LATE FRANCIS PURCELL,
P.P. OF DRUMCOOLAGH.

INTRODUCTION.

[In the following narrative, I have endeavoured to give as nearly as possible the "*ipsissima verba*" of the valued friend from whom I received it, conscious that any aberration from *her* mode of telling the tale of her own life, would at once impair its accuracy and its effect. Would, that, with her words, I could also bring before you her animated gesture, her expressive countenance, the solemn and thrilling air and accent with which she related the dark passages in her strange story; and, above all, that I could communicate the impressive consciousness that the narrator had seen with her own eyes, and personally acted in the scenes which she described; these accompaniments, taken with the additional circumstance, that she who told the tale was one far too deeply and sadly impressed with religious principle, to misrepresent or fabricate what she repeated as fact, gave to the tale a depth of interest which the events recorded could hardly, themselves, have produced. I became acquainted with the lady from whose lips I heard this narrative, nearly twenty years since, and the story struck my fancy so much, that I committed it to paper while it was still fresh in my mind, and should its perusal afford you entertainment for a listless half hour, my labour shall not have been bestowed in vain. I find that I have taken the story down as she told it, in the first person, and, perhaps, this is as it should be. She began as follows.]

My maiden name was Richardson,* the designation of a family of some distinction in the county of Tyrone. I was the younger of two daughters, and we were the only children. There was a difference in our ages of nearly six years, so that I did not, in my childhood, enjoy that close companionship which sisterhood, in other circumstances, necessarily involves; and while I was still a child, my sister was married. The person upon whom she bestowed her hand, was a Mr. Carew, a gentleman of property and consideration in the north of England. I remember well the eventful day of the wedding; the thronging carriages, the noisy menials, the loud laughter, the merry faces, and the gay dresses. Such sights were then new to me, and harmonized ill with the sorrowful feelings with which I regarded the event which was to separate me, as it turned out, for ever, from a sister whose tenderness alone had hitherto more than supplied all that I wanted in my mother's affection. The day soon arrived

which was to remove the happy couple from Ashtown-house. The carriage stood at the hall-door, and my poor sister kissed me again, and again, telling me that I should see her soon. The carriage drove away, and I gazed after it until my eyes filled with tears, and, returning slowly to my chamber, I wept more bitterly, and so, to speak more desolately, than ever I had done before. My father had never seemed to love, or to take an interest in me. He had desired a son, and I think he never thoroughly forgave me my unfortunate sex. My having come into the world at all as his child, he regarded as a kind of fraudulent intrusion, and, as his antipathy to me had its origin in an imperfection of mine, too radical for removal, I never even hoped to stand high in his good graces. My mother was, I dare say, as fond of me as she was of any one; but she was a woman of a masculine and a worldly cast of mind. She had no tenderness or sympathy for the weaknesses, or even for the affections of woman's nature, and her

* I have carefully altered the names as they appear in the original MSS., for the reader will see that some of the circumstances recorded are not of a kind to reflect honour upon those involved in them; and, as many are still living, in every way honoured and honourable, who stand in close relation to the principal actors in this drama, the reader will see the necessity of the course which we have adopted.

demeanour towards me was peremptory, and often even harsh. It is not to be supposed, then, that I found in the society of my parents much to supply the loss of my sister. About a year after her marriage, we received letters from Mr. Carew, containing accounts of my sister's health, which, though not actually alarming, were calculated to make us seriously uneasy. The symptoms most dwelt upon, were, loss of appetite and cough. The letters concluded by intimating that he would avail himself of my father and mother's repeated invitation to spend some time at Ashtown, particularly as the physician who had been consulted as to my sister's health had strongly advised a removal to her native air. There were added repeated assurances that nothing serious was apprehended, as it was supposed that a deranged state of the liver was the only source of the symptoms which seemed to intimate consumption. In accordance with this announcement, my sister and Mr. Carew arrived in Dublin, where one of my father's carriages awaited them, in readiness to start upon whatever day or hour they might choose for their departure. It was arranged that Mr. Carew was, as soon as the day upon which they were to leave Dublin was definitely fixed, to write to my father, who intended that the two last stages should be performed by his own horses, upon whose speed and safety far more reliance might be placed than upon those of the ordinary *post-horses*, which were, at that time, almost without exception, of the very worst order. The journey, one of about ninety miles, was to be divided; the larger portion to be reserved for the second day. On Sunday, a letter reached us, stating that the party would leave Dublin on Monday, and, in due course, reach Ashtown upon Tuesday evening. Tuesday came: the evening closed in, and yet no carriage appeared; darkness came on, and still no sign of our expected visitors. Hour after hour passed away, and it was now past twelve; the night was remarkably calm, scarce a breath stirring, so that any sound, such as that produced by the rapid movement of a vehicle, would have been audible at a considerable distance. For some such sound I was feverishly listening. It was, however, my father's rule to close the house at nightfall, and the window-shutters being fastened, I was unable to recon-

noitre the avenue as I would have wished. It was nearly one o'clock, and we began almost to despair of seeing them upon that night, when I thought I distinguished the sound of wheels, but so remote and faint as to make me at first very uncertain. The noise approached; it became louder and clearer; it stopped for a moment. I now heard the shrill screaming of the rusty iron, as the avenue gate revolved on its hinges; again came the sound of wheels in rapid motion.

"It is they," said I, starting up. "the carriage is in the avenue." We all stood for a few moments, breathlessly listening. On thundered the vehicle with the speed of a whirlwind; crack went the whip, and clatter went the wheels, as it rattled over the uneven pavement of the court; a general and furious barking from all the dogs about the house, hailed its arrival. We hurried to the hall in time to hear the steps let down with the sharp clanging noise peculiar to the operation, and the hum of voices exerted in the bustle of arrival. The hall-door was now thrown open, and we all stepped forth to greet our visitors. The court was perfectly empty; the moon was shining broadly and brightly upon all around; nothing was to be seen but the tall trees with their long spectral shadows, now wet with the dews of midnight. We stood gazing from right to left, as if suddenly awakened from a dream; the dogs walked suspiciously, growling and snuffing about the court, and by totally and suddenly ceasing their former loud barking, as also by carrying their tails between their legs, expressing the predominance of fear. We looked one upon the other in perplexity and dismay, and I think I never beheld more pale faces assembled. By my father's direction, we looked about to find anything which might indicate or account for the noise which we had heard; but no such thing was to be seen—even the mire which lay upon the avenue was undisturbed. We returned to the house, more panic struck than I can describe. On the next day, we learned by a messenger, who had ridden hard the greater part of the night, that my sister was dead. On Sunday evening, she had retired to bed rather unwell, and, on Monday, her indisposition declared itself unequivocally to be malignant fever. She became hourly worse, and, on Tuesday night, a little after midnight, she ex-

pired.* I mention this circumstance, because it was one upon which a thousand wild and fantastical reports were founded, though one would have thought that the truth scarcely required to be improved upon; and again, because it produced a strong and lasting effect upon my spirits, and indeed, I am inclined to think, upon my character. I was, for several years after this occurrence, long after the violence of my grief subsided, so wretchedly low-spirited and nervous, that I could scarcely be said to live, and during this time, habits of indecision, arising out of a listless acquiescence in the will of others, a fear of encountering even the slightest opposition, and a disposition to shrink from what are commonly called amusements, grew upon me so strongly, that I have scarcely even yet, altogether overcome them. We saw nothing more of Mr. Carew. He returned to England as soon as the melancholy rites attendant upon the event which I have just mentioned were performed; and not being altogether inconsolable, he married again within two years; after which, owing to the remoteness of our relative situations, and other circumstances, we gradually lost sight of him. I was now an only child; and, as my elder sister had died without issue, it was evident that, in the ordinary course of things, my father's property, which was altogether in his power, would go to me, and the consequence was, that before I was

fourteen, Ashtown-house was besieged by a host of suitors; however, whether it was that I was too young, or that none of the aspirants to my hand stood sufficiently high in rank or wealth, I was suffered by both parents to do exactly as I pleased; and well was it for me, as I afterwards found that fortune, or, rather Providence, had so ordained it, that I had not suffered my affections to become in any degree engaged, for my mother would never have suffered any *silly fancy* of mine, as she was in the habit of styling an attachment, to stand in the way of her ambitious views; views which she was determined to carry into effect, in defiance of every obstacle, and in order to accomplish which, she would not have hesitated to sacrifice anything so unreasonable and contemptible as a girlish passion.

When I reached the age of sixteen, my mother's plans began to develop themselves, and, at her suggestion, we moved to Dublin to sojourn for the winter, in order that no time might be lost in disposing of me to the best advantage. I had been too long accustomed to consider myself as of no importance whatever, to believe for a moment that I was in reality the cause of all the bustle and preparation which surrounded me, and being thus relieved from the pain which a consciousness of my real situation would have inflicted, I journeyed towards the capital with a feeling of total indifference.

* The residuary legatee of the late Frances Purcell, who has the honour of selecting such of his lamented old friend's manuscripts as may appear fit for publication, in order that the lore which they contain may reach the world before scepticism and utility have robbed our species of the precious gift of credulity, and scornfully kicked before them, or trampled into annihilation, those harmless fragments of picturesque superstition, which it is our object to preserve, has been subjected to the charge of dealing too largely in the marvellous; and it has been half insinuated that such is his love for *dablerie*, that he is content to wander a mile out of his way, in order to meet a fiend or a goblin, and thus to sacrifice all regard for truth and accuracy to the idle hope of affrighting the imagination, and thus pandering to the bad taste of his reader. He begs leave, then, to take this opportunity of asserting his perfect innocence of all the crimes laid to his charge, and to assure his reader that he never *pandered to his bad taste*, nor went one inch out of his way to introduce witch, fairy, devil, ghost, or any other of the grim fraternity of the redoubted Raw-head and bloody-bones. His province, touching these tales, has been attended with no difficulty and little responsibility; indeed, he is accountable for nothing more than an alteration in the names of persons mentioned therein, when such a step seemed necessary, and for an occasional note, whenever he conceived it possible, innocently, to edge in a word. These tales have been *written down*, as the heading of each announces, by the Rev. Francis Purcell, P. P. of Drumcoolagh; and in all the instances, which are many, in which the present writer has had an opportunity of comparing the manuscript of his departed friend with the actual traditions which are current amongst the families whose fortunes they pretend to illustrate, he has uniformly found that whatever of supernatural occurred in the story, so far from having been exaggerated by him, had been rather softened down, and, wherever it could be attempted, accounted for.

My father's wealth and connection had established him in the best society, and, consequently, upon our arrival in the metropolis, we commanded whatever enjoyment or advantages its gaieties afforded. The tumult and novelty of the scenes in which I was involved did not fail considerably to amuse me, and my mind gradually recovered its tone, which was naturally cheerful. It was almost immediately known and reported that I was an heiress, and of course my attractions were pretty generally acknowledged. Among the many gentlemen whom it was my fortune to please, one, ere long, established himself in my mother's good graces, to the exclusion of all less important aspirants. However, I had not understood, or even remarked his attentions, nor, in the slightest degree, suspected his or my mother's plans respecting me, when I was made aware of them rather abruptly by my mother herself. We had attended a splendid ball, given by Lord M——, at his residence in Stephen's-green, and I was, with the assistance of my waiting-maid, employed in rapidly divesting myself of the rich ornaments which, in profuseness and value, could scarcely have found their equals in any private family in Ireland. I had thrown myself into a lounging chair beside the fire, listless and exhausted, after the fatigues of the evening, when I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by the sound of footsteps approaching my chamber, and my mother entered.

"Fanny, my dear," said she, in her softest tone. "I wish to say a word or two with you before I go to rest. You are not fatigued, love, I hope?"

"No, no, madam, I thank you," said I, rising at the same time from my seat with the formal respect so little practised now.

"Sit down, my dear," said she, placing herself upon a chair beside me; "I must chat with you for a quarter of an hour or so. Saunders, (to the maid) you may leave the room; do not close the room door, but shut that of the lobby."

This precaution against curious ears having been taken as directed, my mother proceeded.

"You have observed, I should suppose, my dearest Fanny; indeed, you *must* have observed, Lord Glenfallen's marked attentions to you?"

"I assure you, madam," I began.

"Well, well, that is all right," interrupted my mother; "of course you

must be modest upon the matter; but listen to me for a few moments, my love, and I will prove to your satisfaction that your modesty is quite unnecessary in this case. You have done better than we could have hoped, at least, so very soon. Lord Glenfallen is in love with you. I give you joy of your conquest," and saying this, my mother kissed my forehead.

"In love with me!" I exclaimed, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, in love with you," repeated my mother; "devotedly, distractedly in love with you. Why, my dear, what is there wonderful in it; look in the glass, and look at these," she continued, pointing with a smile to the jewels which I had just removed from my person, and which now lay a glittering heap upon the table.

"May there not," said I, hesitating between confusion and real alarm; "is it not possible that some mistake may be at the bottom of all this?"

"Mistake! dearest; none," said my mother. "None; none in the world; judge for yourself; read this, my love," and she placed in my hand a letter, addressed to herself, the seal of which was broken. I read it through with no small surprise. After some very fine complimentary flourishes upon my beauty and perfections, as, also, upon the antiquity and high reputation of our family, it went on to make a formal proposal of marriage, to be communicated or not to me at present, as my mother should deem expedient; and the letter wound up by a request that the writer might be permitted, upon our return to Ashtown-house, which was soon to take place, as the spring was now tolerably advanced, to visit us for a few days, in case his suit was approved.

"Well, well, my dear," said my mother, impatiently; "do you know who Lord Glenfallen is?"

"I do, madam," said I rather timidly, for I dreaded an altercation with my mother.

"Well, dear, and what frightens you?" continued she; "are you afraid of a title? What has he done to alarm you? he is neither old nor ugly."

I was silent, though I might have said, "he is neither young nor handsome."

"My dear Fanny," continued my mother, "in sober seriousness you have been most fortunate in engaging the affections of a nobleman such as Lord Glenfallen, young and wealthy, with

first-rate, yes, acknowledged *first-rate* abilities, and of a family whose influence is not exceeded by that of any in Ireland—of course you see the offer in the same light that I do—indeed I think you *must*.”

This was uttered in no very dubious tone. I was so much astonished by the suddenness of the whole communication that I literally did not know what to say.

“You are not in love?” said my mother, turning sharply, and fixing her dark eyes upon me, with severe scrutiny.

“No, madam,” said I, promptly; horrified, as what young lady would not have been, at such a query.

“I’m glad to hear it,” said my mother, drily. “Once, nearly twenty years ago, a friend of mine consulted me how he should deal with a daughter who had made what they call a love match, beggared herself, and disgraced her family; and I said, without hesitation, take no care for her, but cast her off; such punishment I awarded for an offence committed against the reputation of a family not my own; and what I advised respecting the child of another, with full as small compunction I would *do* with mine. I cannot conceive anything more unreasonable or intolerable than that the fortune and the character of a family should be marred by the idle caprices of a girl.”

She spoke this with great severity, and paused as if she expected some observation from me. I, however, said nothing.

“But I need not explain to you, my dear Fanny,” she continued, “my views upon this subject; you have always known them well, and I have never yet had reason to believe you likely, voluntarily, to offend me, or to abuse or neglect any of those advantages which reason and duty tell you should be improved—come hither, my dear, kiss me, and do not look so frightened. Well, now, about this letter, you need not answer it yet; of course you must be allowed time to make up your mind; in the mean time I will write to his lordship to give him my permission to visit us at Ashtown—good night, my love.”

And thus ended one of the most disagreeable, not to say astounding, conversations I had ever had; it would not be easy to describe exactly what were my feelings towards Lord Glen-

mother’s suspicions, my heart was perfectly disengaged; and hitherto, although I had not been made in the slightest degree acquainted with his real views, I had liked him very much, as an agreeable, well informed man, whom I was always glad to meet in society; he had served in the navy in early life, and the polish which his manners received in his afterintercourse with courts and cities had not served to obliterate that frankness of *manner* which belongs proverbially to the sailor. Whether this apparent candour went deeper than the outward bearing I was yet to learn; however there was no doubt that as far as I had seen of Lord Glenfallen, he was, though perhaps not so young as might have been desired in a lover, a singularly pleasing man, and whatever feeling unfavourable to him had found its way into my mind, arose altogether from the dread, not an unreasonable one, that constraint might be practised upon my inclinations. I reflected, however, that Lord Glenfallen was a wealthy man, and one highly thought of; and although I could never expect to love him in the romantic sense of the term, yet I had no doubt but that, all things considered, I might be more happy with him than I could hope to be at home. When next I met him it was with no small embarrassment, his tact and good breeding, however, soon reassured me, and effectually prevented my awkwardness being remarked upon; and I had the satisfaction of leaving Dublin for the country with the full conviction that nobody, not even those most intimate with me, even suspected the fact of Lord Glenfallen’s having made me a formal proposal. This was to me a very serious subject of self gratulation, for, besides my instinctive dread of becoming the topic of the speculations of gossip, I felt that if the situation which I occupied in relation to him were made publicly known, I should stand committed in a manner which would scarcely leave me the power of retraction. The period at which Lord Glenfallen had arranged to visit Ashtown house was now fast approaching, and it became my mother’s wish to form me thoroughly to her will, and to obtain my consent to the proposed marriage before his arrival, so that all things might proceed smoothly without apparent opposition or objection upon my part; whatever objections, therefore, I had entertained were to be sub-

dued; whatever disposition to resistance I had exhibited or had been supposed to feel, were to be completely eradicated before he made his appearance, and my mother addressed herself to the task with a decision and energy against which even the barriers, which her imagination had created, could hardly have stood. If she had, however, expected any determined opposition from me, she was agreeably disappointed; my heart was perfectly free, and all my feelings of liking and preference were in favour of Lord Glenfallen, and I well knew that in case I refused to dispose of myself as I was desired, my mother had alike the power and the will to render my existence as utterly miserable as any, even the most ill-assorted marriage could possibly have done. You will remember, my good friend, that I was very young and very completely under the controul of my parents, both of whom, my mother particularly, were unscrupulously determined in matters of this kind, and willing, when voluntary obedience on the part of those within their power was withheld, to compel a forced acquiescence by an unsparing use of all the engines of the most stern and rigorous domestic discipline. All these combined, not unnaturally, induced me to resolve upon yielding at once, and without useless opposition, to what appeared almost to be my fate. The appointed time was come, and my now accepted suitor arrived; he was in high spirits, and, if possible, more entertaining than ever. I was not, however, quite in the mood to enjoy his sprightliness; but whatever I wanted in gaiety was amply made up in the triumphant and gracious good humour of my mother, whose smiles of benevolence and exultation were showered around as bountifully as the summer sunshine. I will not weary you with unnecessary prolixity. Let it suffice to say, that I was married to Lord Glenfallen with all the attendant pomp and circumstance of wealth, rank, and grandeur. According to the usage of the times, now humanely reformed, the ceremony was made until long past midnight, the season of wild, uproarious, and promiscuous feasting and revelry. Of all this I have a painfully vivid recollection, and particularly of the little annoyances inflicted upon me by the dull and coarse jokes of the wits and wags who abound in all such places, and upon all such occasions. I was not sorry, when, after a few days, Lord Glenfallen's

carriage appeared at the door to convey us both from Ashtown; for any change would have been a relief from the irksomeness of ceremonial and formality which the visits received in honour of my newly acquired titles hourly entailed upon me. It was arranged that we were to proceed to Cahergillagh, one of the Glenfallen estates, lying, however, in a southern county, so that a tedious journey (then owing to the impracticability of the roads,) of three days intervened. I set forth with my noble companion, followed by the regrets of some, and by the envy of many, though God knows I little deserved the latter; the three days of travel were now almost spent, when passing the brow of a wild heathy hill, the domain of Cahergillagh opened suddenly upon our view. It formed a striking and a beautiful scene. A lake of considerable extent stretching away towards the west, and reflecting from its broad, smooth waters, the rich glow of the setting sun, was overhung by steep hills, covered by a rich mantle of velvet sward, broken here and there by the grey front of some old rock, and exhibiting on their shelving sides, their slopes and hollows, every variety of light and shade; a thick wood of dwarf oak, birch, and hazel skirted these hills, and clothed the shores of the lake, running out in rich luxuriance upon every promontory, and spreading upward considerably upon the side of the hills.

"There lies the enchanted castle," said Lord Glenfallen, pointing towards a considerable level space intervening between two of the picturesque hills, which rose dimly around the lake. This little plain was chiefly occupied by the same low, wild wood which covered the other parts of the domain; but towards the centre a mass of taller and statelier forest trees stood darkly grouped together, and among them stood an ancient square tower, with many buildings of an humbler character, forming together the manor-house, or, as it was more usually called, the court of Cahergillagh. As we approached the level upon which the mansion stood, the winding road gave us many glimpses of the time-worn castle and its surrounding buildings; and seen as it was through the long vistas of the fine old trees, and with the rich glow of evening upon it, I have seldom beheld an object more picturesquely striking. I was glad to

perceive, too, that here and there the blue curling smoke ascended from stacks of chimneys now hidden by the rich, dark ivy, which, in a great measure, covered the building; other indications of comfort made themselves manifest as we approached; and indeed, though the place was evidently one of considerable antiquity, it had nothing whatever of the gloom of decay about it.

"You must not, my love," said Lord Glenfallen, "imagine this place worse than it is. I have no taste for antiquity, at least I should not choose a house to reside in because it is old. Indeed I do not recollect that I was even so romantic as to overcome my aversion to rats and rheumatism, those faithful attendants upon your noble relics of feudalism; and I much prefer a snug, modern, unmysterious bedroom, with well-aired sheets, to the waving tapestry, mildewed cushions, and all the other interesting appliances of romance; however, though I cannot promise you all the discomfort generally pertaining to an old castle, you will find legends and ghostly lore enough to claim your respect; and if old Martha be still to the fore, as I trust she is, you will soon have a supernatural and appropriate anecdote for every closet and corner of the mansion; but here we are—so, without more ado, welcome to Cahergillagh."

We now entered the hall of the castle, and while the domestics were employed in conveying our trunks and other luggage which he we had brought with us for immediate use to the apartments which Lord Glenfallen had selected for himself and me, I went with him into a spacious sitting room, wainscoted with finely polished black oak, and hung round with the portraits of various of the worthies of the Glenfallen family. This room looked out upon an extensive level covered with the softest green sward, and irregularly bounded by the wild wood I have before mentioned, through the leafy arcade formed by whose boughs and trunks the level beams of the setting sun were pouring; in the distance, a group of dairy maids were plying their task, which they accompanied throughout with snatches of Irish songs which, mellowed by the distance, floated not unpleasantly to the ear; and beside them sat or lay, with all the grave importance of conscious protection, six or seven large dogs of various kinds; farther in the distance, and through the cloisters of the arching

wood, two or three ragged urchins were employed in driving such stray kine as had wandered farther than the rest to join their fellows. As I looked upon this scene which I have described, a feeling of tranquillity and happiness came upon me, which I have never experienced in so strong a degree; and so strange to me was the sensation that my eyes filled with tears. Lord Glenfallen mistook the cause of my emotion, and taking me kindly and tenderly by the hand he said, "Do not suppose, my love, that it is my intention to *settle* here, whenever you desire to leave this, you have only to let me know your wish and it shall be complied with, so I must entreat of you not to suffer any circumstances which I can controul to give you one moment's uneasiness; but here is old Martha, you must be introduced to her, one of the heir-looms of our family."

A hale, good-humoured, erect, old woman was Martha, and an agreeable contrast to the grim, decrepid hag, which my fancy had conjured up, as the depository of all the horrible tales in which I doubted not this old place was most fruitful. She welcomed me and her master with a profusion of congratulations, alternately kissing our hands and apologising for the liberty, until at length Lord Glenfallen put an end to this somewhat fatiguing ceremonial, by requesting her to conduct me to my chamber if it were prepared for my reception. I followed Martha up an old-fashioned, oak stair-case into a long, dim passage at the end of which lay the door which communicated with the apartments which had been selected for our use; here the old woman stopped, and respectfully requested me to proceed. I accordingly opened the door and was about to enter, when something like a mass of black tapestry as it appeared disturbed by my sudden approach, fell from above the door, so as completely to screen the aperture; the startling unexpectedness of the occurrence, and the rustling noise which the drapery made in its descent, caused me involuntarily to step two or three paces backwards, I turned, smiling and half ashamed to the old servant, and said, "You see what a coward I am." The woman looked puzzled, and without saying any more, I was about to draw aside the curtain and enter the room, when upon turning to do so, I was surprised to find that nothing whatever interposed to obstruct

the passage. I went into the room, followed by the servant woman, and was amazed to find that it, like the one below, was wainscoted, and that nothing like drapery was to be found near the door.

"Where is it," said I; "what has become of it?"

"What does your ladyship wish to know?" said the old woman.

"Where is the black curtain that fell across the door, when I attempted first to come to my chamber," answered I.

"The cross of Christ about us," said the old woman, turning suddenly pale.

"What is the matter, my good friend," said I; "you seem frightened."

"Oh, no, no, your ladyship," said the old woman, endeavouring to conceal her agitation; but in vain, for tottering towards a chair, she sunk into it, looking so deadly pale and horror-struck that I thought every moment she would faint.

"Merciful God, keep us from harm and danger," muttered she at length.

"What can have terrified you so," said I, beginning to fear that she had seen something more than had met my eye, "you appear ill, my poor woman."

"Nothing, nothing, my lady," said she, rising; "I beg your ladyship's pardon for making so bold; may the great God defend us from misfortune."

"Martha," said I, "something *has* frightened you very much, and I insist on knowing what it is; your keeping me in the dark upon the subject will make me much more uneasy than any thing you could tell me; I desire you, therefore, to let me know what agitates you; I command you to tell me."

"Your ladyship said you saw a black curtain falling across the door when you were coming into the room," said the old woman.

"I did," said I; "but though the whole thing appears somewhat strange I cannot see any thing in the matter to agitate you so excessively."

"It's for no good you saw that, my lady," said the Crone; "something terrible is coming; it's a sign, my lady—a sign that never fails."

"Explain, explain what you mean, my good woman," said I, in spite of myself, catching more than I could account for, of her superstitious terror.

"Whenever something—something *bad* is going to happen to the Glenfallen family, some one that belongs to them sees a black handkerchief or curtain just waved or falling before their

faces; I saw it myself," continued she, lowering her voice, when I was only a little girl, and I'll never forget it; I often heard of it before, though I never saw it till then, nor since, praised be God; but I was going into Lady Jane's room to waken her in the morning; and sure enough when I got first to the bed and began to draw the curtain, something dark was waved across the division, but only for a moment; and when I saw rightly into the bed, there was she lying cold and dead, God be merciful to me; so my lady there is small blame to me to be daunted when any one of the family sees it; for its many's the story I heard of it, though I saw it but once."

I was not of a superstitious turn of mind; yet I could not resist a feeling of awe very nearly allied to the fear which my companion had so unreservedly expressed; and when you consider my situation, the loneliness, antiquity, and gloom of the place, you will allow that the weakness was not without excuse. In spite of old Martha's boding predictions, however, time flowed on in an unruffled course; one little incident, however, though trifling in itself, I must relate as it serves to make what follows more intelligible. Upon the day after my arrival, Lord Glenfallen of course desired to make me acquainted with the house and domain; and accordingly we set forth upon our ramble; when returning, he became for some time silent and moody, a state so unusual with him as considerably to excite my surprise, I endeavoured by observations and questions to arouse him—but in vain; at length as we approached the house, he said, as if speaking to himself, "twere madness—madness—madness," repeating the word bitterly—"sure and speedy ruin." There was here a long pause; and at length turning sharply towards me in a tone very unlike that in which he had hitherto addressed me, he said, "do you think it possible that a woman can keep a secret?"

"I am sure," said I, "that women are very much belied upon the score of talkativeness, and that I may answer your question with the same directness with which you put it; I reply that I *do* think a woman can keep a secret."

"But I do not," said he, drily.

We walked on in silence for a time; I was much astonished at his unwonted abruptness; I had almost said rudeness. After a considerable pause he seemed to recollect himself, and with

an effort resuming his sprightly manner, he said, "well, well, the next thing to keeping a secret well is, not to desire to possess one—talkativeness and curiosity generally go together; now I shall make test of you in the first place, respecting the latter of these qualities. I shall be your *Bluebeard*—tush, why do I trifle thus; listen to me, my dear Fanny, I speak now in solemn earnest; what I desire is, intimately, inseparably, connected with your happiness and honour as well as my own; and your compliance with my request will not be difficult; it will impose upon you a very trifling restraint during your sojourn here, which certain events which have occurred since our arrival, have determined me shall not be a long one. You must promise me, upon your sacred honour, that you will visit *only* that part of the castle which can be reached from the front entrance, leaving the back entrance and the part of the building commanded immediately by it, to the menials, as also the small garden whose high wall you see yonder; and never at any time seek to pry or peep into them, nor to open the door which communicates from the front part of the house through the corridor with the back. I do not urge this in jest or in caprice, but from a solemn conviction that danger and misery will be the certain consequences of your not observing what I prescribe. I cannot explain myself further at present—promise me, then, these things as you hope for peace here and for mercy hereafter."

I did make the promise as desired, and he appeared relieved; his manner recovered all its gaiety and elasticity, but the recollection of the strange scene which I have just described dwelt painfully upon my mind. More than a month passed away without any occurrence worth recording; but I was not destined to leave Cahergillagh without further adventure; one day intending to enjoy the pleasant sunshine in a ramble through the woods, I ran up to my room to procure my bonnet and shawl; upon entering the chamber, I was surprised and somewhat startled to find it occupied; beside the fireplace and nearly opposite the door, seated in a large, old-fashioned elbow-chair, was placed the figure of a lady; she appeared to be nearer fifty than forty, and was dressed suitably to her age, in a handsome suit of flowered silk; she had a profusion of trinkets and jewellery

about her person, and many rings upon her fingers; but although very rich, her dress was not gaudy or in ill taste; but what was remarkable in the lady was, that although her features were handsome, and upon the whole pleasing; the pupil of each eye was dimmed with the whiteness of cataract, and she was evidently stone blind. I was for some seconds so surprised at this unaccountable apparition, that I could not find words to address her.

"Madam," said I, "there must be some mistake here—this is my bed-chamber."

"Marry come up," said the lady, sharply; "*your* chamber! Where is Lord Glenfallen?"

"He is below, madam," replied I; "and I am convinced he will be not a little surprised to find you here."

"I do not think he will," said she; "with your good leave, talk of what you know something about; tell him I want him; why does the minx dilly dally so?"

In spite of the awe which this grim lady inspired, there was something in her air of confident superiority which, when I considered our relative situations was not a little irritating.

"Do you know, madam to whom you speak," said I?

"I neither know nor care," said she; "but I presume that you are some one about the house, so, again, I desire you, if you wish to continue here, to bring your master hither forthwith."

"I must tell you madam," said I "that I am Lady Glenfallen."

"What's that," said the stranger, rapidly.

"I say, madam," I repeated, approaching her, that I might be more distinctly heard, "that I am Lady Glenfallen."

"Its a lie, you trull," cried she, in an accent which made me start, and, at the same time, springing forward, she seized me in her grasp and shook me violently, repeating, "its a lie, its a lie," with a rapidity and vehemence which swelled every vein of her face; the violence of her action, and the fury which convulsed her face, effectually terrified me, and disengaging myself from her grasp, I screamed as loud as I could for help; the blind woman continued to pour out a torrent of abuse upon me, foaming at the mouth with rage, and impotently shaking her clenched fists towards me. I heard Lord Glenfallen's step upon the stairs, and I instantly ran out; as I past him

I perceived that he was deadly pale, and just caught the words, "I hope that demon has not hurt you?" I made some answer, I forget what, and he entered the chamber, the door of which he locked upon the inside; what passed within I know not; but I heard the voices of the two speakers raised in loud and angry altercation. I thought I heard the shrill accents of the woman repeat the words, "let her look to herself;" but I could not be quite sure. This short sentence, however, was, to my alarmed imagination, pregnant with fearful meaning; the storm at length subsided, though not until after a conference of more than two long hours. Lord Glenfallen then returned, pale and agitated, "that unfortunate woman," said he, "is out of her mind; I dare say she treated you to some of her ravings, but you need not dread any further interruption from her, I have brought her so far to reason. She did not hurt you I trust."

"No, no," said I; "but she terrified me beyond measure."

"Well," said he, "she is likely to behave better for the future, and I dare swear that neither you nor she would desire after what has passed to meet again."

This occurrence, so startling and unpleasant, so involved in mystery, and giving rise to so many painful surmises, afforded me no very agreeable food for rumination. All attempts on my part to arrive at the truth were baffled; Lord Glenfallen evaded all my enquiries, and at length peremptorily forbid any further allusion to the matter. I was thus obliged to rest satisfied with what I had actually seen, and to trust to time to resolve the perplexities in which the whole transaction had involved me. Lord Glenfallen's temper and spirits gradually underwent a complete and most painful change; he became silent and abstracted, his manner to me was abrupt and often harsh, some grievous anxiety seemed ever present to his mind; and under its influence his spirits sunk and his temper became soured. I soon perceived that his gaiety was rather that which the stir and excitement of society produces, than the result of a healthy habit of mind; and every day confirmed me in the opinion, that the considerate good-nature which I had so much admired in him was little more than a mere manner; and to my infinite grief and surprise, the gay, kind, open-hearted

nobleman who had for months followed and flattered me, was rapidly assuming the form of a gloomy, morose, and singularly selfish man; this was a bitter discovery, and I strove to conceal it from my myself as long as I could, but the truth was not to be denied, and I was forced to believe that Lord Glenfallen no longer loved me, and that he was at little pains to conceal the alteration in his sentiments. One morning after breakfast, Lord Glenfallen had been for some time walking silently up and down the room, buried in his moody reflections, when pausing suddenly, and turning towards me, he exclaimed,

"I have it, I have it; we must go abroad and stay there, too, and if that does not answer, why—why we must try some more effectual expedient. Lady Glenfallen, I have become involved in heavy embarrassments, a wife you know must share the fortunes of her husband, for better for worse, but I will waive my right if you prefer remaining here—here at Cahergillagh; for I would not have you seen elsewhere without the state to which your rank entitles you; besides it would break your poor mother's heart," he added, with sneering gravity, "so make up your mind—Cahergillagh or France. I will start if possible in a week, so determine between this and then."

He left the room, and in a few moments I saw him ride past the window, followed by a mounted servant; he had directed a domestic to inform me that he should not be back until the next day. I was in very great doubt as to what course of conduct I should pursue, as to accompanying him in the continental tour so suddenly determined upon, I felt that it would be a hazard too great to encounter; for at Cahergillagh I had always the consciousness to sustain me, that if his temper at any time led him into violent or unwarrantable treatment of me, I had a remedy within reach, in the protection and support of my own family, from all useful and effective communication with whom, if once in France, I should be entirely debarred. As to remaining at Cahergillagh in solitude, and for aught I knew, exposed to hidden dangers, it appeared to me scarcely less objectionable than the former proposition; and yet I feared that with one or other I must comply, unless I was prepared to come to an actual breach with Lord Glenfallen;

full of these displeasing doubts and perplexities, I retired to rest. I was awakened, after having slept uneasily for some hours, by some person shaking me rudely by the shoulder; a small lamp burned in my room, and by its light, to my horror and amazement, I discovered that my visitant was the self-same blind, old lady who had so terrified me a few weeks before. I started up in the bed, with a view to ring the bell, and alarm the domestics, but she instantly anticipated me by saying, "do not be frightened, silly girl; if I had wished to harm you I could have done it while you were sleeping; I need not have awakened you; listen to me, now, attentively and fearlessly; for what I have to say, interests you to the full as much as it does me; tell me, here, in the presence of God, did Lord Glenfallen marry you, *actually marry* you?—speak the truth, woman."

"As surely as I live and speak," I replied, "did Lord Glenfallen marry me in presence of more than a hundred witnesses."

"Well," continued she, "he should have told you *then*, before you married him, that he had a wife living, which wife I am; I feel you tremble—tush! do not be frightened. I do not mean to harm you—mark me now—you are *not* his wife. When I make my story known you will be so, neither in the eye of God nor of man; you must leave this house upon to-morrow; let the world know that your husband has another wife living; go, you, into retirement, and leave him to justice, which will surely overtake him. If you remain in this house after to-morrow you will reap the bitter fruits of your sin," so saying, she quitted the room, leaving me very little disposed to sleep.

Here was food for my very worst and most terrible suspicions; still there was not enough to remove all doubt. I had no proof of the truth of this woman's statement. Taken by itself there was nothing to induce me to attach weight to it; but when I viewed it in connection with the extraordinary mystery of some of Lord Glenfallen's proceedings, his strange anxiety to exclude me from certain portions of the mansion, doubtless, lest I should encounter this person—the strong influence, nay, command, which she possessed over him, a circumstance clearly established by the very fact of her residing in the very place, where

of all others, he should least have desired to find her—her thus acting, and continuing to act in direct contradiction to his wishes; when I say I viewed her disclosure in connection with all these circumstances, I could not help feeling that there was at least a fearful veri-similitude in the allegations which she had made. Still I was not satisfied, nor nearly so; young minds have a reluctance almost insurmountable to believing upon any thing short of unquestionable proof, the existence of premeditated guilt in any one whom they have ever trusted; and in support of this feeling I was assured that if the assertion of Lord Glenfallen, which nothing in this woman's manner had led me to disbelieve, were true, namely, that her mind was unsound, the whole fabric of my doubts and fears must fall to the ground. I determined to state to Lord Glenfallen freely and accurately the substance of the communication which I had just heard, and in his words and looks to seek for its proof or refutation; full of these thoughts I remained wakeful and excited all night, every moment fancying that I heard the step, or saw the figure of my recent visitor towards whom I felt a species of horror and dread which I can hardly describe. There was something in her face, though her features had evidently been handsome, and were not, at first sight, displeasing, which, upon a nearer inspection, seemed to indicate the habitual prevalence and indulgence of evil passions, and a power of expressing mere animal anger, with an intenseness that I have seldom seen equalled, and to which an almost unearthly effect was given by the convulsive quivering of the sightless eyes. You may easily suppose that it was no very pleasing reflection to me to consider, that whenever caprice might induce her to return, I was within the reach of this violent, and, for aught I knew, insane woman, who had, upon that very night, spoken to me in a tone of menace, of which her mere words, divested of the manner and look with which she uttered them, can convey but a faint idea. Will you believe me when I tell you that I was actually afraid to leave my bed in order to secure the door, lest I should again encounter the dreadful object lurking in some corner or peeping from behind the window curtains, so very a child was I in my fears.

The morning came, and with it Lord Glenfallen. I knew not, and

indeed I cared not, where he might have been; my thoughts were wholly engrossed by the terrible fears and suspicions which my last night's conference had suggested to me; he was, as usual, gloomy and abstracted, and I feared in no very fitting mood to hear what I had to say with patience, whether the charges were true or false. I was, however, determined not to suffer the opportunity to pass, or Lord Glenfallen to leave the room, until, at all hazards, I had unburdened my mind.

"My Lord," said I, after a long silence, summoning up all my firmness, "my lord, I wish to say a few words to you upon a matter of very great importance, of very deep concernment to you and to me." I fixed my eyes upon him to discern, if possible, whether the announcement caused him any uneasiness, but no symptom of any such feeling was perceptible.

"Well, my dear," said he, "this is, no doubt, a very grave preface, and portends, I have no doubt, something extraordinary—pray let us have it without more ado."

"He took a chair, and seated himself nearly opposite to me.

"My lord," said I, "I have seen the person who alarmed me so much a short time since, the blind lady, again, upon last night;" his face upon which my eyes were fixed, turned pale, he hesitated for a moment, and then said—

"And did you, pray madam, so totally forget or spurn my express command, as to enter that portion of the house from which your promise, I might say, your oath, excluded you—answer me that?" he added, fiercely.

"My lord," said I, "I have neither forgotten your *commands*, since such they were, nor disobeyed them. I was, last night, wakened from my sleep, as I lay in my own chamber, and accosted by the person whom I have mentioned—how she found access to the room I cannot pretend to say."

"Ha! this must be looked to," said he, half reflectively; "and pray," added he, quickly, while in turn he fixed his eyes upon me, "what did this person say, since some comment upon her communication forms, no doubt, the sequel to your preface."

"Your lordship is not mistaken," said I, "her statement was so extraordinary that I could not think of withholding it from you; she told me, my lord, that you had a wife living at the

time you married me, and that she was that wife."

Lord Glenfallen became ashy pale, almost livid; he made two or three efforts to clear his voice to speak, but in vain, and turning suddenly from me, he walked to the window; the horror and dismay, which, in the olden time, overwhelmed the woman of Endor, when her spells unexpectedly conjured the dead into her presence, were but types of what I felt, when thus presented with what appeared to be almost unequivocal evidence of the guilt, whose existence I had before so strongly doubted. There was a silence of some moments, during which it were hard to conjecture whether I or my companion suffered most. Lord Glenfallen soon recovered his self command; he returned to the table, again sat down and said—

"What you have told me has so astonished me, has unfolded such a tissue of motiveless guilt, and in a quarter from which I had so little reason to look for ingratitude or treachery, that your announcement almost deprived me of speech; the person in question, however, has one excuse, her mind is, as I told you before, unsettled. You should have remembered that, and hesitated to receive as unexceptionable evidence against the honour of your husband, the ravings of a lunatic. I now tell you that this is the last time I shall speak to you upon this subject, and, in the presence of the God who is to judge me, and as I hope for mercy in the day of judgment, I swear that the charge thus brought against me, is utterly false, unfounded, and ridiculous; I defy the world in any point to taint my honour; and, as I have never taken the opinion of madmen touching your character or morals, I think it but fair to require that you will evince a like tenderness for me; and now, once for all, never again dare to repeat to me your insulting suspicions, or the clumsy and infamous calumnies of fools. I shall instantly let the worthy lady who contrived this somewhat original device, understand fully my opinion upon the matter—good morning;" and with these words he left me again in doubt, and involved in all horrors of the most agonizing suspense. I had reason to think that Lord Glenfallen wreaked his vengeance upon the author of the strange story which I had heard, with a violence which was not satisfied with mere words, for old Martha, with whom

I was a great favourite, while attending me in my room, told me that she feared her master had ill used the poor, blind, Dutch woman, for that she had heard her scream as if the very life were leaving her, but added a request that I should not speak of what she had told me to any one, particularly to the master.

"How do you know that she is a Dutch woman?" inquired I, anxious to learn anything whatever that might throw a light upon the history of this person, who seemed to have resolved to mix herself up in my fortunes.

"Why, my lady," answered Martha, "the master often calls her the Dutch hag, and other names you would not like to hear, and I am sure she is neither English nor Irish; for, whenever they talk together, they speak some queer foreign lingo, and fast enough, I'll be bound; but I ought not to talk about her at all; it might be as much as my place is worth to mention her—only you saw her first yourself, so there can be no great harm in speaking of her now."

"How long has this lady been here?" continued I.

"She came early on the morning after your ladyship's arrival," answered she; "but do not ask me any more, for the master would think nothing of turning me out of doors for daring to speak of her at all, much less to *you*, my lady."

I did not like to press the poor woman further; for her reluctance to speak on this topic was evident and strong. You will readily believe that upon the very slight grounds which my information afforded, contradicted as it was by the solemn oath of my husband, and derived from what was, at best, a very questionable source, I could not take any very decisive measure whatever; and as to the menace of the strange woman who had thus unaccountably twice intruded herself into my chamber, although, at the moment, it occasioned me some uneasiness, it was not, even in my eyes, sufficiently formidable to induce my departure from Cahergillagh.

A few nights after the scene which I have just mentioned, Lord Glenfallen having, as usual, early retired to his study, I was left alone in the parlour to amuse myself as best I might. It was not strange that my thoughts should often recur to the agitating scenes in which I had recently taken a part; the subject of my reflections,

the solitude, the silence, and the lateness of the hour, as also the depression of spirits to which I had of late been a constant prey, tended to produce that nervous excitement which places us wholly at the mercy of the imagination. In order to calm my spirits, I was endeavouring to direct my thoughts into some more pleasing channel, when I heard, or thought I heard, uttered, within a few yards of me, in an odd half-sneering tone, the words, "There is blood upon your ladyship's throat." So vivid was the impression, that I started to my feet, and involuntarily placed my hand upon my neck. I looked around the room for the speaker, but in vain. I went then to the room-door, which I opened, and peered into the passage, nearly faint with horror, lest some leering, shapeless thing should greet me upon the threshold. When I had gazed long enough to assure myself that no strange object was within sight,

"I have been too much of a rake, lately; I am racking out my nerves," said I, speaking aloud, with a view to re-assure myself. I rang the bell, and, attended by old Martha, I retired to settle for the night. While the servant was, as was her custom, arranging the lamp which I have already stated always burned during the night in my chamber, I was employed in undressing, and, in doing so, I had recourse to a large looking-glass which occupied a considerable portion of the wall in which it was fixed, rising from the ground to a height of about six feet; this mirror filled the space of a large pannel in the wainscoting opposite the foot of the bed. I had hardly been before it for the lapse of a minute, when something like a black pall was slowly waved between me and it.

"Oh, God! there it is," I exclaimed wildly. "I have seen it again, Martha—the black cloth."

"God be merciful to us, then!" answered she, tremulously crossing herself. "Some misfortune is over us."

"No, no, Martha," said I, almost instantly recovering my collectedness; for, although of a nervous temperament, I had never been superstitious. "I do not believe in omens. You know, I saw, or fancied I saw, this thing before, and nothing followed."

"The Dutch lady came the next morning," replied she.

"Methinks, such an occurrence scarcely deserved a supernatural announcement," I replied.

"She is a strange woman, my lady," said Martha, "and she is not *gone yet*—mark my words."

"Well, well, Martha," said I, "I have not wit enough to change your opinions, nor inclination to alter mine; so I will talk no more of the matter. Good night," and so I was left to my reflections. After lying for about an hour awake, I at length fell into a kind of doze; but my imagination was still busy, for I was startled from this unrefreshing sleep by fancying that I heard a voice close to my face exclaim as before, "There is blood upon your ladyship's throat." The words were instantly followed by a loud burst of laughter. Quaking with horror, I awakened, and heard my husband enter the room. Even this was a relief. Scared as I was, however, by the tricks which my imagination had played me, I preferred remaining silent, and pretending to sleep, to attempting to engage my husband in conversation, for I well knew that his mood was such, that his words would not, in all probability, convey anything that had not better be unsaid and unheard. Lord Glenfallen went into his dressing-room, which lay upon the right-hand side of the bed. The door lying open, I could see him by himself, at full length upon a sofa, and, in about half an hour, I became aware, by his deep and regularly drawn respiration, that he was fast asleep. When slumber refuses to visit one, there is something peculiarly irritating, not to the temper, but to the nerves, in the consciousness that some one is in your immediate presence, actually enjoying the boon which you are seeking in vain; at least, I have always found it so, and never more than upon the present occasion. A thousand annoying imaginations harrassed and excited me, every object which I looked upon, though ever so familiar, seemed to have acquired a strange phantom-like character, the varying shadows thrown by the flickering of the lamp-light, seemed shaping themselves into grotesque and unearthly forms, and whenever my eyes wandered to the sleeping figure of my husband, his features appeared to undergo the strangest and most demoniacal contortions. Hour after hour was told by the old clock, and each succeeding one found me, if possible, less inclined to sleep than its predecessor. It was now considerably past three; my eyes, in their involuntary wanderings, happened to alight upon the large mirror which was, as I

have said, fixed in the wall opposite the foot of the bed. A view of it was commanded from where I lay, through the curtains, as I gazed fixedly upon it, I thought I perceived the broad sheet of glass shifting its position in relation to the bed; I rivetted my eyes upon it with intense scrutiny; it was no deception, the mirror, as if acting of its own impulse, moved slowly aside, and disclosed a dark aperture in the wall, nearly as large as an ordinary door; a figure evidently stood in this; but the light was too dim to define it accurately.

It stepped cautiously into the chamber, and with so little noise, that had I not actually seen it, I do not think I should have been aware of its presence. It was arrayed in a kind of woollen night-dress, and a white handkerchief or cloth was bound tightly about the head; I had no difficulty spite of the strangeness of the attire in recognising the blind woman whom I so much dreaded. She stooped down, bringing her head nearly to the ground, and in that attitude she remained motionless for some moments, no doubt in order to ascertain if any suspicious sound were stirring. She was apparently satisfied by her observations, for she immediately recommenced her silent progress towards a ponderous mahogany dressing table of my husband's; when she had reached it, she paused again, and appeared to listen attentively for some minutes; she then noiselessly opened one of the drawers from which, having groped for some time, she took something which I soon perceived to be a case of razors; she opened it and tried the edge of each of the two instruments upon the skin of her hand; she quickly selected one, which she fixed firmly in her grasp; she now stooped down as before, and having listened for a time, she, with the hand that was disengaged, groped her way into the dressing room where Lord Glenfallen lay fast asleep. I was fixed as if in the tremendous spell of a night mare. I could not stir even a finger; I could not lift my voice; I could not even breathe, and though I expected every moment to see the sleeping man murdered, I could not even close my eyes to shut out the horrible spectacle, which I had not the power to avert. I saw the woman approach the sleeping figure, she laid the unoccupied hand lightly along his clothes, and having thus ascertained his identity, she, after a brief interval, turned back and again entered my

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"I will not at present hear anything," replied he, "but distinct answers to the questions which I shall put to you upon this matter."

"Then you shall hear nothing," replied she sullenly, and no inducement or intimidation could bring her to speak again.

Lord Glenfallen's deposition and mine were then given, as also those of the servants who had entered the room at the moment of my rescue; the magistrate then intimated that she was committed, and must proceed directly to gaol, whither she was brought in a carriage of Lord Glenfallen's, for his lordship was naturally by no means indifferent to the effect which her vehement accusations against himself might produce, if uttered before every chance hearer whom she might meet with between Cahergillagh and the place of confinement whither she was dispatched.

During the time which intervened between the committal and the trial of the prisoner, Lord Glenfallen seemed to suffer agonies of mind which baffle all description, he hardly ever slept, and when he did, his slumbers seemed but the instruments of new tortures, and his waking hours were, if possible, exceeded in intensity of terrors by the dreams which disturbed his sleep. Lord Glenfallen rested, if to lie in the mere attitude of repose were to do so, in his dressing-room, and thus I had an opportunity of witnessing, far oftener than I wished it, the fearful workings of his mind; his agony often broke out into such fearful paroxysms that delirium and total loss of reason appeared to be impending; he frequently spoke of flying from the country, and bringing with him all the witnesses of the appalling scene upon which the prosecution was founded; then again he would fiercely lament that the blow which he had inflicted had not ended all.

The assizes arrived, however, and upon the day appointed, Lord Glenfallen and I attended in order to give our evidence. The cause was called on, and the prisoner appeared at the bar. Great curiosity and interest were felt respecting the trial, so that the court was crowded to excess. The prisoner, however, without appearing to take the trouble of listening to the indictment, pleaded guilty, and no representations on the part of the court, availed to induce her to retract her plea. After much time had been *wasted in a fruitless attempt to prevail*

upon her to reconsider her words, the court proceeded according to the usual form, to pass sentence. This having been done, the prisoner was about to be removed, when she said in a low, distinct voice—

"A word—a word, my Lord :—is Lord Glenfallen here in the court?" On being told that he was, she raised her voice to a tone of loud menace, and continued—

"Hardress, Earl of Glenfallen, I accuse you here in this court of justice of two crimes,—first, that you married a second wife, while the first was living, and again, that you prompted me to the murder, for attempting which I am to die ;—secure him—chain him—bring him here."

There was a laugh through the court at these words, which were naturally treated by the judge as a violent extemporary recrimination, and the woman was desired to be silent.

"You wont take him, then," she said, "you wont try him? You'll let him go free?"

It was intimated by the court that he would certainly be allowed "to go free," and she was ordered again to be removed. Before, however, the mandate was executed, she threw her arms wildly into the air, and uttered one piercing shriek so full of preternatural rage and despair, that it might fitly have ushered a soul into those realms where hope can come no more. The sound still rang in my ears, months after the voice that had uttered it was for ever silent. The wretched woman was executed in accordance with the sentence which had been pronounced.

For some time after this event, Lord Glenfallen appeared, if possible, to suffer more than he had done before, and altogether, his language, which often amounted to half confessions of the guilt imputed to him, and all the circumstances connected with the late occurrences, formed a mass of evidence so convincing that I wrote to my father, detailing the grounds of my fears, and imploring him to come to Cahergillagh without delay, in order to remove me from my husband's control, previously to taking legal steps for a final separation. Circumstanced as I was, my existence was little short of intolerable, for, besides the fearful suspicions which attached to my husband, I plainly perceived that if Lord Glenfallen were not relieved, and that speedily, insanity must supervene. I therefore expected my father's arrival, or at least a letter

chamber; here she bent down again to listen. I had now not a doubt but that the razor was intended for my throat; yet the terrific fascination which had locked all my powers so long, still continued to bind me fast. I felt that my life depended upon the slightest ordinary exertion, and yet I could not stir one joint from the position in which I lay, nor even make noise enough to waken Lord Glenfallen. The murderous woman now, with long, silent steps, approached the bed; my very heart seemed turning to ice; her left hand, that which was disengaged, was upon the pillow; she gradually slid it forward towards my head, and in an instant, with the speed of lightning, it was clutched in my hair, while, with the other hand, she dashed the razor at my throat. A slight inaccuracy saved me from instant death; the blow fell short, the point of the razor grazing my throat; in a moment I know not how, I found myself at the other side of the bed uttering shriek after shriek; the wretch was, however, determined if possible to murder me, scrambling along by the curtains; she rushed round the bed towards me; I seized the handle of the door to make my escape; it was, however, fastened; at all events I could not open it, from the mere instinct of recoiling terror, I shrunk back into a corner—she was now within a yard of me—her hand was upon my face—I closed my eyes fast, expecting never to open them again, when a blow, inflicted from behind by a strong arm, stretched the monster senseless at my feet; at the same moment the door opened, and several domestics, alarmed by my cries, entered the apartment. I do not recollect what followed, for I fainted. One swoon succeeded another so long and death-like, that my life was considered very doubtful. At about ten o'clock, however, I sunk into a deep and refreshing sleep, from which I was awakened at about two, that I might swear my deposition before a magistrate, who attended for that purpose. I, accordingly, did so, as did also Lord Glenfallen; and the woman was fully committed to stand her trial at the ensuing assizes. I shall never forget the scene which the examination of the blind woman and of the other parties afforded. She was brought into the room in the custody of two servants; she wore a kind of flannel wrapper which had not been changed since the night before; it was torn

and soiled, and here and there smeared with blood, which had flowed in large quantities from a wound in her head; the white handkerchief had fallen off in the scuffle; and her grizzled hair fell in masses about her wild and deadly pale countenance. She appeared perfectly composed, however, and the only regret she expressed throughout, was at not having succeeded in her attempt, the object of which she did not pretend to conceal. On being asked her name, she called herself the Countess Glenfallen, and refused to give any other title.

"The woman's name is Flora Van-Kemp," said Lord Glenfallen.

"It was, it was, you perjured traitor and cheat," screamed the woman; and then there followed a volley of words in some foreign language. "Is there a magistrate here," she resumed; "I am Lord Glenfallen's wife—I'll prove it—write down my words. I am willing to be hanged or burned, so he meets his deserts. I did try to kill that doll of his; but it was he who put it into my head to do it—two wives were too many—I was to murder her, or she was to hang me—listen to all I have to say."

Here Lord Glenfallen interrupted.

"I think sir," said he, addressing the magistrate, "that we had better proceed to business, this unhappy woman's furious recriminations but waste our time; if she refuses to answer your questions, you had better, I presume, take my depositions."

"And are you going to swear away my life, you black perjured murderer?" shrieked the woman. "Sir, sir, sir, you must hear me," she continued, addressing the magistrate, "I can convict him—he bid me murder that girl, and then when I failed, he came behind me, and struck me down, and now he wants to swear away my life—take down all I say."

"If it is your intention," said the magistrate, "to confess the crime with which you stand charged, you may, upon producing sufficient evidence, criminate whom you please."

"Evidence!—I have no evidence but myself," said the woman. "I will swear it all—write down my testimony—write it down, I say—we shall hang side by side, my brave Lord—all your own handy-work, my gentle husband." This was followed by a low, insolent, and sneering laugh, which, from one in her situation, was sufficiently horrible.

"I will not at present hear anything," replied he, "but distinct answers to the questions which I shall put to you upon this matter."

"Then you shall hear nothing," replied she sullenly, and no inducement or intimidation could bring her to speak again.

Lord Glenfallen's deposition and mine were then given, as also those of the servants who had entered the room at the moment of my rescue; the magistrate then intimated that she was committed, and must proceed directly to gaol, whither she was brought in a carriage of Lord Glenfallen's, for his lordship was naturally by no means indifferent to the effect which her vehement accusations against himself might produce, if uttered before every chance hearer whom she might meet with between Cahergillagh and the place of confinement whither she was dispatched.

During the time which intervened between the committal and the trial of the prisoner, Lord Glenfallen seemed to suffer agonies of mind which baffle all description, he hardly ever slept, and when he did, his slumbers seemed but the instruments of new tortures, and his waking hours were, if possible, exceeded in intensity of terrors by the dreams which disturbed his sleep. Lord Glenfallen rested, if to lie in the mere attitude of repose were to do so, in his dressing-room, and thus I had an opportunity of witnessing, far oftener than I wished it, the fearful workings of his mind; his agony often broke out into such fearful paroxysms that delirium and total loss of reason appeared to be impending; he frequently spoke of flying from the country, and bringing with him all the witnesses of the appalling scene upon which the prosecution was founded; then again he would fiercely lament that the blow which he had inflicted had not ended all.

The assizes arrived, however, and upon the day appointed, Lord Glenfallen and I attended in order to give our evidence. The cause was called on, and the prisoner appeared at the bar. Great curiosity and interest were felt respecting the trial, so that the court was crowded to excess. The prisoner, however, without appearing to take the trouble of listening to the indictment, pleaded guilty, and no representations on the part of the court, availed to induce her to retract her plea. After much time had been wasted in a fruitless attempt to prevail

upon her to reconsider her words, the court proceeded according to the usual form, to pass sentence. This having been done, the prisoner was about to be removed, when she said in a low, distinct voice—

"A word—a word, my Lord:—is Lord Glenfallen here in the court?" On being told that he was, she raised her voice to a tone of loud menace, and continued—

"Hardress, Earl of Glenfallen, I accuse you here in this court of justice of two crimes,—first, that you married a second wife, while the first was living, and again, that you prompted me to the murder, for attempting which I am to die;—secure him—chain him—bring him here."

There was a laugh through the court at these words, which were naturally treated by the judge as a violent extemporary recrimination, and the woman was desired to be silent.

"You wont take him, then," she said, "you wont try him? You'll let him go free?"

It was intimated by the court that he would certainly be allowed "to go free," and she was ordered again to be removed. Before, however, the mandate was executed, she threw her arms wildly into the air, and uttered one piercing shriek so full of preternatural rage and despair, that it might fitly have ushered a soul into those realms where hope can come no more. The sound still rang in my ears, months after the voice that had uttered it was for ever silent. The wretched woman was executed in accordance with the sentence which had been pronounced.

For some time after this event, Lord Glenfallen appeared, if possible, to suffer more than he had done before, and altogether, his language, which often amounted to half confessions of the guilt imputed to him, and all the circumstances connected with the late occurrences, formed a mass of evidence so convincing that I wrote to my father, detailing the grounds of my fears, and imploring him to come to Cahergillagh without delay, in order to remove me from my husband's control, previously to taking legal steps for a final separation. Circumstanced as I was, my existence was little short of intolerable, for, besides the fearful suspicions which attached to my husband, I plainly perceived that if Lord Glenfallen were not relieved, and that speedily, insanity must supervene. I therefore expected my father's arrival, or at least a letter

to announce it, with indescribable impatience.

About a week after the execution had taken place, Lord Glenfallen one morning met me with an unusually sprightly air—

"Fanny," said he, "I have it now for the first time, in my power to explain to your satisfaction every thing which has hitherto appeared suspicious or mysterious in my conduct. After breakfast come with me to my study, and I shall, I hope, make all things clear."

This invitation afforded me more real pleasure than I had experienced for months; something had certainly occurred to tranquillize my husband's mind, in no ordinary degree, and I thought it by no means impossible that he would, in the proposed interview, prove himself the most injured and innocent of men. Full of this hope I repaired to his study at the appointed hour; he was writing busily when I entered the room, and just raising his eyes, he requested me to be seated. I took a chair as he desired, and remained silently awaiting his leisure, while he finished, folded, directed, and sealed his letter; laying it then upon the table, with the address downward, he said—

"My dearest Fanny, I know I must have appeared very strange to you and very unkind—often even cruel; before the end of this week I will show you the necessity of my conduct; how impossible it was that I should have seemed otherwise. I am conscious that many acts of mine must have inevitably given rise to painful suspicions—suspicions, which indeed, upon one occasion you very properly communicated to me. I have gotten two letters from a quarter which commands respect, containing information as to the course by which I may be enabled to prove the negative of all the crimes which even the most credulous suspicion could lay to my charge. I expected a third by this morning's post, containing documents which will set the matter for ever at rest, but owing, no doubt, to some neglect, or, perhaps, to some difficulty in collecting the papers, some inevitable delay, it has not come to hand this morning, according to my expectation. I was finishing one to the very same quarter when you came in, and if a sound rousing be worth any thing, I think I shall have a special messenger before two days have passed. *I have been thinking over the matter*

within myself, whether I had better imperfectly clear up your doubts by submitting to your inspection the two letters which I have already received, or wait till I can triumphantly vindicate myself by the production of the documents which I have already mentioned, and I have, I think, not unnaturally decided upon the latter course; however, there is a person in the next room, whose testimony is not without its value—excuse me for one moment."

So saying, he arose and went to the door of a closet which opened from the study, this he unlocked, and half opening the door, he said, "it is only I," and then slipped into the room, and carefully closed and locked the door behind him. I immediately heard his voice in animated conversation; my curiosity upon the subject of the letter was naturally great, so smothering any little scruples which I might have felt, I resolved to look at the address of the letter which lay as my husband had left it, with its face upon the table. I accordingly drew it over to me, and turned up the direction. For two or three moments I could scarce believe my eyes, but there could be no mistake—in large characters were traced the words, "To the Archangel Gabriel in heaven." I had scarcely returned the letter to its original position, and in some degree recovered the shock which this unequivocal proof of insanity produced, when the closet door was unlocked, and Lord Glenfallen re-entered the study, carefully closing and locking the door again upon the outside.

"Whom have you there?" inquired I, making a strong effort to appear calm.

"Perhaps," said he musingly, "you might have some objection to seeing her, at least for a time."

"Who is it?" repeated I.

"Why," said he, "I see no use in hiding it—the blind Dutchwoman; I have been with her the whole morning. She is very anxious to get out of that closet, but you know she is odd, she is scarcely to be trusted."

A heavy gust of wind shook the door at this moment with a sound as if something more substantial were pushing against it.

"Ha, ha, ha!—do you hear her," said he, with an obstreperous burst of laughter. The wind died away in a long howl, and Lord Glenfallen, suddenly checking his merriment, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered—

"Poor devil, she has been hardly used."

"We had better not tease her at present with questions," said I, in as unconcerned a tone as I could assume, although I felt every moment as if I should faint.

"Humph! may be so," said he, "well come back in an hour or two, or when you please, and you will find us here."

He again unlocked the door, and entered with the same precautions which he had adopted before, locking the door upon the inside, and as I hurried from the room, I heard his voice again exerted as if in eager parley. I can hardly describe my emotions; my hopes had been raised to the highest, and now in an instant, all was gone—the dreadful consummation was accomplished—the fearful retribution had fallen upon the guilty man—the mind was destroyed—the power to repent was gone. The agony of the hours which followed what I would still call my *awful* interview with Lord Glenfallen, I cannot describe; my solitude was, however, broken in upon by Martha, who came to inform me of the arrival of a gentleman, who expected me in the parlour. I accordingly descended, and to my great joy, found my father seated by the fire. This expedition, upon his part, was easily accounted for: my communications had touched the honor of the family. I speedily informed him of the dreadful malady which had fallen upon the wretched man. My father suggested the necessity of placing some person to watch him, to prevent his injuring himself or others. I rang the bell, and desired that one Edward Cooke, an attached servant of the family, should be sent to me. I told him distinctly and briefly, the nature of the service required of him, and, attended by him, my father and I proceeded at once to the study; the door of the inner room was still closed, and everything in the outer chamber remained in the same order in which I had left it. We then advanced to the closet door, at which we knocked, but without receiving any answer. We next tried to open the

door, but in vain—it was locked upon the inside; we knocked more loudly, but in vain. Seriously alarmed, I desired the servant to force the door, which was, after several violent efforts, accomplished, and we entered the closet. Lord Glenfallen was lying on his face upon a sofa.

"Hush," said I, "he is asleep;" we paused for a moment.

"He is too still for that," said my father; we all of us felt a strong reluctance to approach the figure.

"Edward," said I, "try whether your master sleeps."

The servant approached the sofa where Lord Glenfallen lay; he leant his ear towards the head of the recumbent figure, to ascertain whether the sound of breathing was audible; he turned towards us, and said—

"My Lady, you had better not wait here, I am sure he is dead!"

"Let me see the face," said I, terribly agitated, "you *may* be mistaken."

The man then, in obedience to my command, turned the body round, and, gracious God! what a sight met my view;—he was, indeed, perfectly dead. The whole breast of the shirt, with its lace frill, was drenched with gore, as was the couch underneath the spot where he lay. The head hung back, as it seemed almost severed from the body by a frightful gash, which yawned across the throat. The instrument which had inflicted it, was found under his body. All, then, was over; I was never to learn the history in whose termination I had been so deeply and so tragically involved.

The severe discipline which my mind had undergone was not bestowed in vain. I directed my thoughts and my hopes to that place where there is no more sin, nor danger, nor sorrow.

Thus ends a brief tale, whose prominent incidents many will recognize as having marked the history of a distinguished family, and though it refers to a somewhat distant date, we shall be found not to have taken, upon that account, any liberties with the facts, but in our statement of all the incidents, to have rigorously and faithfully adhered to the truth.

EUPHRASIA.

"La durée de nos passions ne dépend pas plus de nous que la durée de notre vie."
—*La Rochefoucauld.*

"Alas! the love of women."—*Byron.*

"AND so our sweet Euphrasia is gone," said I to my cousin Emily, as we strolled together through the old park the morning after my arrival at M—— Hall. "How sudden! Marston and his wife, whom I met at Paris not two months since, said nothing of her illness."

Emily looked up at me; her eyes were filled with tears, and her lip trembled in a vain effort to suppress feelings that were yet too fresh and strong to be mastered in a moment. After a pause she said—

"Not so sudden—she had been for some time ailing. Sir Lucius's illness was a long one, and taxed her strength too severely. Come and I will show you where they have laid them; 'tis not far from this."

We walked forward in silence towards the extremity of the park, each deeply occupied with melancholy musings. Since my absence abroad during three short years, what changes had taken place in my own destinies, as well as in those of others. Euphrasia was just then undergoing the alteration which often accompanies the full development of the female mind and body—passing, by scarce sensible gradations, from the free and joyous girl to the timid, sensitive, and thoughtful woman; and she had since sped through all the fleeting changes of her brief existence—she had been a bride, a widow, and now slept beyond the reach of earthly care and vicissitude in the grave.

We reached a small wicket in the park wall, and passed out into the old church-yard, and up the aisle of the trim and cheerful village church. We stood before a handsome and costly monument, above which rose the rich and pompous carving of armorial bearings, whose boastful motto, relying on the prowess, and lauding the knightly honor of man, stood sternly rebuked by the solemn voice of death, that proclaimed the proud achievements and lofty aspirations of man's spirit but *vanity*, and himself but the dust of the earth. An inscription in gilded letters, on a white slab, told that "the mortal remains of Sir Lucius

de V——" rested beneath. His virtues, and the pious resignation and fortitude with which he bore his last severe and lingering illness, were extolled with no niggard praise; and then, at a little distance, followed the lines, recording that there also reposed "the remains of Dame Euphrasia de V——, the fond and devoted wife whose watchful and unwearied ministrations of love soothed the last hours of her husband—the inconsolable widow whose wearied spirit and worn out frame sunk beneath sorrow and suffering."

"It is a sad story," said I, at length breaking the long silence that was becoming insupportable. "I knew not, indeed, that beneath that sedate and melancholy deportment our dear lost one hid all the ardent and enduring tenderness of woman's nature. Surely Sir Lucius was no ordinary man."

"He was good and kind ever," said Emily; "but——"

She struggled for a moment vainly with her feelings, and then passionately continued:

"Oh! it was not that—it was not that. *They* know not at the Hall why she died. They never read—they *could not* read the history of her poor heart."

The flood of feeling had overleaped its bounds, and flowed on unresisted. Emily sobbed in long yet not unrefreshing sorrow upon my shoulder.

"Cousin, I will trust you," she said, when her tears flowed more calmly; "*she* would have trusted you—but not now. I have been already too weak and foolish, but it is so long since I had any one who could sympathise with me, that I yielded to the indulgence."

As we walked back to the Hall, I led the conversation to indifferent subjects.

"I was delighted to find that your father's ward, Marston, had sown his wild oats, and made so excellent a choice."

"It was, indeed, a most eligible one."

"Besides, I had begun to fear that the whirl of fashionable dissipation in which he was hurried, would have

spoiled a fine nature; but with so lovely a woman, all will be well. It was, no doubt, a joyous event to you all."

"To some it was so. But see, my father and Henry are coming to join us; I would not have my eyes tell any tales to them."

The subject of our conversation was not again renewed that day; but as Emily gave me her hand on retiring at night, she placed within mine a small packet. In my own chamber, ere I lay down to rest, I broke the seal. Dearest Emily, thy tiny and graceful characters met my view.

"Dear Cousin," they said, "I redeem my promise, and trust you with the secret that none others dream of. These lines will tell you all; I have thrown them together in beguiling sorrow of some of its bitterness. Oh! surely *you* will understand, excuse, and pity our dear departed."

Reader! I give you one brief but eventful page in the history of woman's heart, told—as it can only be ever effectually told—in the graceful yet ardent, in the delicate yet impassioned language of woman. The lines bore the signature of T. E. M.*

"They bade her to *his* wedding—nor dreamt they, when they did,
The spirit-rending struggle her smiling answer hid:
For she had been *another's* wife; and altho' on her brow
Time's finger had but lightly touched, she was a widow now.

"A matron, before girlhood's years had past from her young life—
A widow, even at the age when few are yet a wife—
By nature curst with feelings, all too wild, impetuous, warm,
She wed to do her parents' will—to save herself from scorn.

"A thing of dreams, long she had dreamt and castle-built on
A being like unto herself, to rest her *all* upon—
For when a woman gives her heart, what little is there left?
She's like a casket out from which the gem hath been bereft.

"And childhood had not past away, when every hope entwined
Round one who had a genial soul—a lofty kindred mind:
He was of noble bearing, and was of all possess'd
That wakes a deathless interest in a woman's gentle breast.

"She loved him with no common warmth—no common constancy—
The creature ever of extremes, feeling's poor captive, she.
He thought her but a child in years; and if he read her heart,
He fancied that with childhood, too, his image would depart.

"She guess'd his thoughts with woman's tact, and soon she taught her eye
To glance most coldly; and her cheek was still when he was nigh;
She hid her bosom's anguish; and cold and fixed despair
Took all so quietly its place, none ever knew 'twas there.

"And he, that thankless being, who prized not the heart she gave,
Soon, heedless of the woe he'd caused, was borne on fashion's wave,
'Till 'neath its vortex, deeply plunged, he almost, too, became
Like all its votaries, and nigh lost his spirit's former aim.

"Oft she had heard of him, and oft report gave him a bride:
She'd school'd each feature to be calm; but it was only pride
That kept the heart that heav'd *within* from sending forth a sigh,
And back, unshed, compell'd the tear that started to her eye.

"But others came to woo the heart that he had slighted so—
And her reply was ever wont—'Her's was not to bestow.'
But parents' fond entreaties oft more frequently prevail,
When those of others, warmly urged, are only heard to fail.

* Should these lines meet the eyes of their fair writer, as I trust they will, I am sure she will pardon me for using them in a manner which she did not permit when originally confiding them to me.

"Just so it was with her—she could not say *them* nay—
She cared not what became herself—her dreams had pass'd away.
She coldly sat, whilst on her brow they bound the bridal wreath,
As coldly, e'en, as if 't had been a garland for her death.

"She stood before the altar, the beautiful, the bride—
In her demeanour only seen a calm becoming pride;
Her feelings were subjected all under her control,
And from her, e'en a moment, no sign of sorrow stole.

"In sight of heaven she pledged these vows, which, whilst her wedded life,
Were all so scrupulously fill'd—the nurse, the friend, the wife.
'Twas on her bosom its liege lord had breath'd his parting breath,
And 'twas *her* hand had closed his eyes in the last sleep of death.

"And still her weeds, devoid of show, were always her attire,
Long after the allotted year of mourning did expire.
She loved them, for their gloomy look was all in unison
With a heart's feel, whose every hope some wind had rudely strewn.

"Long years had pass'd since they had met—the child was woman grown,
He was about to plight his faith to one whom she had known
In former years—and when they asked her presence on the day,
She hid her anguish, and replied in accents even gay.

"'Twas at the altar first her eye fell on that well-known form,
And for a moment even she could not repel the storm
Of feelings, each contending with the calm for which she strove—
'Twas but a moment, quickly she her feelings rose above.

"Her cheek was pale, but all composed—she mark'd that figure's grace
Improved but by the hand of time—that bronzed expressive face—
Gazed on that dark, soul-speaking eye—that brow of intellect,
Shaded, not hid, by these soft curls of richest raven jet.

"These chisell'd lips, that half in play, but more than half in scorn,
Curld all so proudly—and that smile, perhaps their greatest charm—
Those small fine features, breathing, in their every movement, some
Conviction that their owner's mind could be no common one—

"All, all she gazed on—heard that voice of deep melodious tone
Pledge to protect another's life and welfare with his own—
Saw the ring on *her* finger placed—*her* hand raised to *his* lip—
Yet she was calm, nor let a sigh once from her bosom slip.

"She leaned against a pillar, nor moved till all was o'er—
She heard the sacred, solemn blessing the greeting friends did pour:
—'Twas not 'till then their glances met—one moment she was known—
The next he'd sought her notice—*his* hand had touch'd *her own*.

"That touch—it wakened feelings which she'd numbered with the dead—
That touch—what wild tumultuous thoughts within her breast it spread.
She murmured a soft blessing upon him and on his bride—
Her woman's love she conquered, concealed by woman's pride.

"All calmly then she turned from him—but still throughout her frame
Now ever and anon that touch's memory came;
That touch—it had vibrated thro' her bosom's inmost core—
That touch the o'er-strung heart had burst—he never saw her more!"

Mournful, yet I will hope not altogether unprofitable, were my musings on this sad story of woman's heart. Reader! will not my reflections be yours also? How mysteriously strange, yet how surpassingly lovely is the

character of woman! How strong is she in her failings—how unreserving in her sacrifices—how enduring in her devotion—how holy even in her passions. Oh man! man! boastful, gross, and sensual; thou weak despot that wouldst fain rule others, yet art thyself whirled to and fro, and rent asunder by thy own stormy and unhallowed passions, how art thou put to shame by the gentleness, the purity, the unostentatious heroism, and silent endurance of her whom thou callest the weaker sex. But does she never err, even as man? Ah, yes!—she *may be*, and often *is*, drawn down from her bright and holy sphere, by the heartless wiles of him to whose protection God has assigned her; and she *may*, but seldom *does*, fall by the instigations of her own heart. Yet what though it be so? for my part, as soon would I deem that the solitary star which falls from on high, diminishes the glory of those countless myriads which, ever immoveable, still burn in the heavens, as think that the few fallen ones, bright even in their falling, can mar the pure and characteristic loveliness of woman.

But there are other reflections not confined to sex, or age, or clime, which the fate of the young and broken-hearted Euphrasia awaken. How little do outward events reveal the real and

secret history of mankind. Truly no one readeth the secrets of man's heart but he that framed it. The sottish drunkard perishes in his debauch, but none see in the unhonoured corpse the wreck of the finest sympathies and the tenderest feelings that to the last clung round the heart of the unrequited lover. Who that hears the dicer's deep oath, and sees his frantic excitement over the board, believes that he has fled from the agonizing solitude of his widowed and childless hearth, to fill his aching and empty heart with some absorbing passion? Is there any that dares even to fancy in the rich, and reputable, and sanctimonious citizen—the man of broad acres and lordly argosies—one that has betrayed the trust which dying lips have confided to him—that has robbed the widow and the orphan—that has wrung from the distresses of others cent. per cent. for his gold, or withered, by the breath of suspicious calumnies, the trade of his once successful competitor? And, in fine, who that gazed as I gazed on the gorgeous monument that recorded a wife's devotion, and a widow's pining, would have divined the sad history of passionate and unrequited love, unnoted, untold, yet enduring to the end, that withered the young heart of Euphrasia?

JOURNAL OF FRANÇOISE KRASINSKA.—PART IV.

Warsaw, Friday, 3d of January.

My impatience has not been put to a very severe proof; twice I have seen the Prince Royal, and he at once recognized me; fool that I was to doubt for a moment his doing so; why should I believe him less clever than myself, and under what circumstances should I not recognize him?

On New-year's day, when I was making entries in my journal, the Prince Palatine entered my room, and said—

“Fanchette, you have far surpassed my most sanguine expectations! You are perfectly charming! Your toilette at the ball, and far more, your dignified and graceful demeanour, have won all hearts, and some persons of high rank have signified their approval of you. I come from court, where with the ministers and senators I presented my homage to the King. The Prince Royal took me aside, and at once opened the conversation by saying that ad never seen any one to compare

with you for loveliness of appearance and fascination of manner.

“If,” said he, “the strict etiquette of the court did not oblige me to spend all this day with my family, I should, ere now, have presented myself at your palace to pay the divine Françoise the homage of my respects.”

I felt as if my heart would burst with rapture, as I listened to the Palatine—as if I could not support with decency so much emotion, and yet conceal what I felt. He seemed to observe nothing, but kindly left the room, and left me alone with my joy, and my hopes, and my happy thoughts. I was not, after all, mistaken! my hopes were not too sanguine! The Prince Royal remembers me, and intends coming to see me! He says he has never seen any one so charming as me! Oh, that charming sentence; it lives in my memory like a delicious melody.

Dinner was announced—I was—beside myself with rapture not be controlled, I behaved

and the Princess scolded me. After dinner we made visits, but found no one at home, all being out, like ourselves, to wish a happy new year to their friends. They met in the streets, and one said to the other, "I come from your house, or I was going your way." Carriages crossed rapidly in all directions, and when any were arrested by the crowd, long enough for recognition, complimentary cards were exchanged. At nightfall, the Heydukes lighted the carriage lamps, and footmen ran on before with flambeaux, so that nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the scene. Some accidents happened, but thank God, none to us. It was a very late hour when we came home, and I was much fatigued, so that I was speedily asleep, but my sleep was not repose, and I arose very little refreshed. The night was spent in living over again my life since I left school, and speculating dreaming about the future. Oh! what wild thoughts chased each other through my silly brain, and what years of romantic adventures I lived through during those hours!

Next morning, having concluded my toilette for the day, I repaired to the reception-room, where the Princess was already seated. My embroidery was scarcely begun, when the footman announced, in a loud voice, "His Royal Highness the Duke of Courland." The Princess rose hastily to receive him in the antechamber. My first impulse was to retire, but curiosity, or I know not what feeling more powerful than fear, kept me fixed to my seat. He entered, approached my work-frame, and enquired kindly after my health. Feeling that my aunt's eyes were fixed on me, and that she would be exceedingly shocked at my losing presence of mind at what appears to her so simple an affair as conversing with the Prince Royal, I endeavoured to be unembarrassed in my replies. He seated himself beside me, and fixing all his attention on my embroidery-frame, he praised my work in a manner that showed me, however accomplished he may be in other departments, he is not profound in his knowledge of needle-work. This was fortunate; for in my efforts to be calm and unembarrassed, I found myself putting my coarsest silk through the eye of my finest needle, and making all sorts of mistakes about my shades.

The Prince found opportunities to say many flattering things to me, though he addressed most of his conversation

to the Princess. He remained half an hour, and gave me to understand that the alteration in my costume did not diminish my attractions in his eyes. On leaving, he said he hoped to meet me that evening at the ball given by the French ambassador, the Marquis D'Argenson.

I now see very plainly that the fetes given at Barbara's marriage were in no way to be compared to those I now witness. There was equal splendor, but the grace, the refinement, the exquisitely chivalrous courtesy of the Royal circle was wanted. I believe the provinces are ever the parodies of the capital, and follow at an immeasurable distance. Here all the world meet, are equally polite, and seem equally well-bred. Nobody busies themselves telling unpleasant truths; all pay compliments, and they only differ in the *manner*; the matter of each person's conversation is all alike, so that I rarely find evidences of an inferior intellect among those with whom I converse. From this critique I except the Prince Royal, whose conversation is far superior to that of all around. The grace that the merest trifle receives from his manner of expressing it, invests his conversation with an air of inspiration.

At the ball of the Marquis D'Argenson, he had fewer opportunities of conversing with me than at the previous one. I was no longer daughter of the sun; and etiquette, of course more severe at a private ball than a masquerade, obliged all the Royal Family to devote their attentions to the numerous married ladies of rank in the assembly. When he did me the honor to converse with me, all the ladies within reach bent forward in evident attitudes of listening—in fact, trying their utmost to hear what he said; a meanness that, I confess, infinitely displeased me, and struck me as utterly unbecoming deportments in ladies of high rank.

The Princess Palatine is in high good humour, she being the only lady of a certain age with whom the Prince danced. The Prince Palatine is more amiable, if possible, than ever, without ever, however, asking me a question, or giving me a word of advice. I long with extreme anxiety for the arrival of my beloved sister, I shall have such wonders to tell her.

It is only one week since I left school, and it seems to me as if I had lived an age, so many events have occurred, such various emotions have

filled my mind, that in comparison with the usual even tenor of my life, I seem to have become another person. My girlish dreams that I used to feel remorse at indulging as being too wild, have been surpassed an hundred-fold by the realities of this week's experience. Oh! how I shall astonish Barbara!

Sunday, 5th of January.

Can I believe it? During the whole of yesterday, I never gave one thought to balls, fetes, or even to the Prince Royal! I was solely occupied by my sister—my dear sister! She came sooner than was expected, was taken ill immediately on her arrival, and the Princess Palatine repaired to her, to spend the whole day beside her couch. I entreated to be let accompany her, but was refused permission. When midnight came, my anguish was at its height, and I prayed incessantly, and sent to three chapels to have masses celebrated for her safety. At one o'clock the Princess returned, bringing me the blessed intelligence that Barbara was safe, and that a little girl was born to her. This morning I implored to be let see her, but again is my request refused, the Princess saying, coldly, that it is unusual and improper for a young unmarried lady to make visits to persons circumstanced like my sister. To this I can make no reply, and must try to be patient.

The Starost has been here, but only for a moment. He seems so happy! They tell me the babe is charming—very fat and fair; it is to be named Angelica, in compliment to my mother. Oh! if I could only see it! I have the honor to be an aunt, without as yet experiencing any of the pleasure.

The Prince Royal has sent to offer his congratulations to my aunt, on the occasion of her niece's safety, and at the same time begged to hear of me.

Wednesday, 8th of January.

My sister gets daily stronger, but has not as yet left her bed. I saw the Prince Royal but once this week, he having accompanied the King on a hunting excursion, but yesterday, on his return, he spent an hour with us. What an angel of goodness he is! How tenderly he loves his father, and when he spoke of his mother, tears started to his eyes! He spoke enthusiastically of Poland, and as far as I can judge, he possesses a most ener-

getic and noble soul. All that I have heard said of him, and all I have written is the exact truth except that it falls far short of what is due to him, for no tongue or pen can truly describe his delightful voice, his smile, or the expression of his countenance, which pictures the amiable thoughts that pass through his mind, even when he is silent. I am not surprized at the partiality of the Empress for him. The people of Courland, in like manner, adore him; he had only to appear among them, and they swore to lay down their lives for him. I feel certain that if his father died, he would instantly be proclaimed King of Poland.

Well! this Prince, so much admired, so fondly beloved, distinguishes me! He is greatly pleased with me. This fact I can no longer doubt. His words confirm the language of his eyes, and if my vanity misleads me or causes me to attach more than due importance to his attentions, what is to blind the judgment of the Palatine, who continually assures me that he loves me?

I do think the Princess, my aunt, takes a malicious pleasure in saying vexatious things to me. She this evening said at table, with a careless air, that the Prince Royal is a great flirt; that the last pretty face was sure of winning his attention for a while, and was always fairest and dearest until another came in the way—that I am not the only handsome woman in the world—that there are many other pretty dolls about court—the Starostine *Wessell*, Madame *Potocka*, and the Princess *Sapieha* far surpass me in beauty, in addition to which, they have superior knowledge of the world, and know how to make the most of their charms by the grace of their deportment. Now, the Prince Royal has said to me that the fact of my being artless is my greatest charm in his eyes; notwithstanding which I certainly see those ladies with my aunt's eyes. My complexion is pale and insipid near the permanent rosinness of their cheeks. My complexion, I feel, alters with every emotion of my mind, while they are always equally brilliant, especially Madame *Potocka*; she looked surprisingly lovely at the French Ambassador's ball, and the Prince, no doubt, thought so, for he paid her much attention, and danced twice with her. But what can I desire that is not already granted to me? All my ambition was bounded by the hope that he would speak to me even once, and he has far more distinguished me;

my wishes are accomplished—far more than accomplished indeed, and yet I do not feel quite satisfied! my ungrateful heart is not quite happy; its powers of *wishing* seem to be infinite—insatiable!

Sunday, 12th of January.

Now, if ever, I ought to feel perfectly happy! On Friday evening, at Prince Czartoryska's ball, the Prince Royal totally devoted himself to me, and danced only with me. The day before the ball he paid us a long visit, and yesterday he sent his aid-du-camp to induce our attendance at an Italian opera, called *Semiramide*, which was to be represented at court. During the whole time of representation, the Prince was occupied exclusively with me. I was presented to the King, who was very kind in his reception of me. He enquired particularly for my parents, and asked me many questions.

The Starost has just come to announce that Prince Charles insists on being godfather to his little girl, and has named me as godmother; I am to be associated with him at this awful ceremony, and shall then, at least, hold with him an equal rank. The ceremony is to take place at the cathedral of St. John. Other babies were to have been baptized on that day, but all have been deferred in honor of this, whereat the Prince Royal is to be present. All the *grandees* of Warsaw are to be among the assistants. It will cause a great sensation, and I will be much spoken of. Assuredly, the courier Polonais will announce it, and it will be seen by Madame Strumlé and all her young ladies. What will my parents think of it, and what will be thought of it by all the court at Maleszow? little Matthew and all!—he will not fail to quote his prophecy—ah, how often his words recur to my memory: it is he who is responsible for all my self-tormentings, all my inquietudes—without the recollection of his silly talk I should never have been abandoned by common sense, and have abandoned myself to the worse than foolish thoughts that beset me. Such vain hopes would never have sprung up in my heart, had he not talked nonsense to me. Well! it is a consolation to be able to lay blame, even a little blame, on other shoulders than one's own.

Scarcely had I time to reflect upon the happiness of being, in any ceremony, associated with Prince Charles, when the Princess came to fulfil her

usual office of disenchanting me with one of her sad suggestions; she announces to me that those who stand sponsors for a child are interdicted marriage by the laws of the church. My God! to what a pitch of insanity have I arrived when this consideration makes me unhappy! Truly, all is disorder in my mind, and I shall know no content until I have the happiness of telling all to my sister. Oh! what a consolation to me will be her tender, gentle affection, so refreshing after the storm of passion that is invading my own quiet, and destroying, with rapid strides, my happiness and my innocence.

After the baptismal ceremony we are to return to her, and I shall then see her for the first time since her confinement; she is already up, but is not allowed to quit her apartment.

15th of January.

The ceremony of baptism took place yesterday. I saw my sister, who looks charmingly. She has become fairer, and her figure even slighter than before, and she is the same good, kind angel as ever.

The Prince Royal earnestly desired that *my* name should be given to the baby, but Barbara steadily refused to consent, thinking it a mark of respect to our mother that *her* name should take precedence of mine in the family of her daughter.

The baby is pretty, but red—oh! red as a little lobster! She cried during the ceremony, which is, we are told, a good omen, and I pray God that it may be so in her case, for already I love her tenderly.

I was very much confused, and trembled so violently that I could scarcely have held the child had not the Prince Royal kindly assisted me. I was no less astonished than happy to find myself beside him, before the great altar, and with so numerous an assembly whose whole attention was occupied by the scene in which he and I were the principal actors, and to have my name inscribed in the great book of registry with his. Perhaps Matthew's predictions of my future greatness were pointed at the events of this day.

I have been congratulated by every one upon the great honor conferred on me. The Prince's manner is still more amiable to me than before; he speaks continually of "our Angelica," and makes her the medium of many tender speeches to me. He has bestowed superb gifts on the Starostine and on

me, and to the attendants of the baby and the poor, his largesses on the occasion of the baptism were worthy of his noble nature. He has promised to use his influence with the King to obtain for the Starost the Castellanie of Radom, and will, I feel certain, exert himself to the utmost to redeem his pledge. I, alas! cannot do anything more useful than to embroider a robe for little Angelica, which has cost me much time and trouble. The Prince says it is done with infinite taste; I am now doing a little cap to match.

I was near forgetting to enter a circumstance of great importance. Prince Jerome Radzivil, standard-bearer of Lithuania, is making preparations for a grand hunting party, planned for the amusement of the King and Prince Charles. He has spent enormous sums on the preparations, in order that it may surpass everything of the sort that ever took place up to the present time. He has filled his immense park with game of all sorts, brought from the uttermost limits of Lithuania. It commences tomorrow, and the weather is favourable, for it freezes hard and the sledges will glide delightfully. The Prince Royal has urged me so earnestly to be present, that the Princess has consented to allow me to make one in a sledge which is to contain the four beauties of Warsaw, and is to be conducted by the Prince himself. We are to have dresses alike, as to form and material, and differing only in color. I have chosen amaranth; Madame Potocka, blue; the Princess Sapieha, green; and Mademoiselle Wessel, bronze. Our gowns are of velvet, trimmed with the fur of the marten, and our caps of the same materials. I regret that Barbara cannot be present, but she has her Angelica to console her for all such misfortunes.

Friday, 17th of January.

I, who have been brought up at my father's court, (confessed by all to be one of the most brilliant in Poland,) I, who have seen all that is most splendid in the way of fetes in Warsaw, never witnessed anything at all comparable to the arrangements at Prince Radzivil's.

We set out at 9 o'clock, amid an innumerable host of sledges and horses. Our sledge was the handsomest, and followed directly after that of the King. Prince Charles wore a hunting dress of green velvet, and whether it was the extreme becomingness of his dress, or

that he really was more amiable than usual, he looked handsomer than I ever before thought him.

Our way lay by the chapel of the Holy Cross, from whence we slid rapidly down the hill upon which Warsaw stands. In the midst of a plain between Szulce and Ujazdow, (Lazienki it is now called,) Prince Radzivil enclosed an immense park, in which he constructed an iron pavillion furnished with green velvet. The King and Prince Charles occupied this pavillion, which opened on all sides, but was protected from the entry of the wild beasts by spikes placed outward. On an amphitheatre, erected outside, were all the nobility, while the surrounding hills were crowded with spectators of inferior rank. At a short distance, several walks, shaded by fine trees, formed rays, of which the pavillion was the centre. When all had found the seats allotted to them, the horn sounded and the prince's gamekeepers loosed eight elks, three bears, twenty-five wolves, and twenty-three boars; and then ensued a noise terrific beyond imagination, from the roaring of so many furious animals, and the cries, (scarcely more human in sound,) of the huntsmen. The King killed three boars with his own hand, and the Prince destroyed twenty-five head of game, not content with which, he insisted on having a personal encounter with a wolf, in which he exhibited a degree of courage and address perfectly astonishing. The skin of this wolf—this precious trophy of his valour, serves me for a carpet. The hunting lasted until four o'clock, when meats, pastry, and hot drinks were served to the guests. Eighty-four game-keepers and foresters belonging to the Prince, were present, habited in a splendid costume, and verses in Polish and in Latin were distributed among the guests. All were charmed with the gaiety of the scene, and another festivity takes place to-night in commemoration of the same event, (the King's coronation) being a grand ball at the palace of the Marshal Bielinski, to which I am invited.

Sunday, 19th of January.

The ball was superb! The supper was the triumph of gastronomic ingenuity, for Friday being, of course, a fast day, they covered the tables with an immense quantity of dishes, seeming to contain everything good, among which there was not one morsel of meat. The Prince Royal was in very

high spirits, his father having presented to him a sword hilt, mounted in diamonds, of great value. I danced with him incessantly, and still suffer severely from a pain in my foot, which, however, I regret complaining of, as I have been ordered to confine myself to my room for ten days, to rest. The Princess is uneasy respecting my health, fearing that late hours disagree with me, and truly I see that my complexion has faded a little. We have received letters from Maleszow. My mother has had the goodness to write to me, above all, exhorting me to conduct myself prudently, and to guard against flattery. "Do not feel vain," she writes, "or proud of the praises you may receive, for caprice, as often as true merit, decides the preferences of the world in which you at present move. If your reason sleeps while you are beset with those dangers, the happiness of your whole life is endangered, and the more giddy the elevation from which you fall, the greater the depth to which you are precipitated." I trust in God I shall pray fervently to him that my dear mother's fears may not become realized, and that if my wishes become too ambitious, I shall, at least, know how to conceal them at the bottom of my heart. This dear letter has caused me many tears. I wear it near my heart, and read it over perpetually. Happiest, after all, are those who never leave the paternal mansion! In the midst of my successes, I often regret the castle of Maleszow.

Friday, 29th of January, 1760.

At last my quarantine is finished, but to my inexpressible grief there occurred four balls during its continuance. Above all, I regret the masked ball, whereat I was to have figured with three celebrated beauties in a Scotch quadrille. Mademoiselle Malachowska filled my place, and I was obliged to sit at home in solitude, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the Prince Royal, and I know not how many great and grand beside, but when the Princess pronounces "no," in her distinct voice, and with her resolute manner, who could summon courage to gainsay her or to add one more entreaty? I confess I was vexed, but I had more good sense and command of temper than to let her see I was so. At my age it becomes necessary to appear reasonable, even when one's secret wishes rebel against the dictates of reason, but indeed I had a powerful

source of consolation in all my troubles, for Prince Charles made me frequent visits, and seemed to appreciate my resignation, and what he was pleased to term my "force of character."

Since the baptism the distance which separates the Prince Royal, successor to the throne, from Françoise Krasinska, seems daily to diminish. He has the inconceivable goodness often to say to me that he desires always to be treated by me as an *equal*. He tells me the most delightful things during the hours he passes with me, of his travels to St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Courland; and even amidst crowds of listening courtiers, contrives to utter many sentiments, the full force of which I alone can appreciate. He knows and fully discriminates all the actors in the intrigues that undermine our unhappy country, but suppresses his feelings of indignation from respect to his father. Good God! what a blessing it would prove if he was king! The Princess, who, I cannot help observing, seeks with avidity the worst side of every subject, says that his politeness is assumed, just at present, for party purposes; and that once made king, he would treat us with negligence and contempt. This I do not believe; I cannot think it other than a most unjust suspicion! The Princess ardently desires to see Lubomirski on the throne, but I much doubt if her wishes on this subject will ever be realized.

This evening the Chanoinesses receive company, and I am invited. The superioress, Madame Komorowska, is a lady of high rank and of a very superior order of mind. Madame Zamoyaska is the founder of this community, which she has made to resemble that of Kemiremont in Sorrairie. It serves as a convenient and respectable asylum for young persons who are so circumstanced that they cannot marry, or do not wish to do so, as they live in retirement, but may receive visitors. Madame Zamoyaska has bought Marieville, there to establish her community, where are received twelve ladies of the highest rank, and eight young persons from among the mere gentry. We are approaching the end of the carnival.

Ash-Wednesday, 16th of February.

And so it is possible to tire of pleasure, and to long for quiet after the ever-succeeding scenes of excitement which have lasted for those three weeks. I feel almost glad that the carnival is

over. Dressing, dancing, and dissipation of all sorts has absorbed me, and it requires to experience the unprofitableness of such a manner of life to understand how weary one may become of it. I perceive that I am the object of envy for my successes in society, my happiness!—and I—I only long to be out of the crowd and to be alone with my own thoughts, that I may enjoy the great pleasure of reflecting on all that the Prince Royal says to me.

Barbara seems to comprehend perfectly what passes in my mind. I see her much, and she lets fall sentences that convince me she also has her fears. She sees me in a position which is no way in harmony with my tastes, my wants, or my faculties. She desires that the future may be to me what her reason and cool judgment has made her happy fate; and I—I must reflect!

How very beautiful Madame Potocka looked yesterday at the masked ball, in her sumptuous dress as a Sultana! Her beauty is of that brilliant order which shines supreme in such a costume, and she looked distinguished for loveliness among all who were lovely in that great assemblage. All seemed to think so, and to aspire to dancing with her as the greatest happiness, while I was obliged to sit still after our Polonaise, (my foot being still painful,) and to refuse the repeated solicitations of the Prince and all the distinguished men in the room to dance. Thank God! the carnival is over.

Saturday, February 29th.

I trace a few lines with a trembling hand and in great haste, for, at the moment when I least expected it, I find myself obliged to depart for Sulgostow. This morning the Prince Palatine entered my room and informed me that my brother and sister earnestly desired my society at Sulgostow, and that my parents would shortly join me there, so that it was decided I should go. I resign myself always with confidence to the will and counsel of the Palatine, feeling that he has no object in view but my happiness and my good. The Princess approves highly of my going. I go then, since it is their will. The Prince Royal does not know of my departure; how could he, indeed, when I did not know of it myself an hour since. He will learn it like any other piece of daily gossip, for there is no one I could entrust with the task of telling him. Would that I dare charge the Princess with my adieux, but I

dare not open my lips on *his* subject to her. Will he regret me? will he cast one thought upon me? he, who is surrounded at Warsaw with so many great beauties, all eager to attract his attention! Madame Potocka remains. But I am called, and must hasten my preparations for departure.

Sunday, 15th of March.

I returned to Warsaw two days since. I forgot my journal, and had not the consolation of entering my thoughts in it while away.

I remained two weeks at Sulgostow, I confess it to my shame that never did any time appear so heavy. It is true I did not see my parents; they were to arrive in four days, but the Prince Palatine came for me and hurried my departure, so that I was obliged to give up the hope of seeing them. We travelled with such rapidity that we made the journey in one day. Fresh horses awaited us everywhere, and we lost not one moment.

The morning after our arrival the Prince Royal made us a visit. He is much changed, and looks pale and suffering. He has given me to understand that my departure caused him great grief, and said with an air of pique that there was usually some consideration used towards a friend when one made excursions that separated them for an age. A *friend*! He suffered this delightful word to escape him, and calls me his *friend*. Oh! how much remorse I feel for this journey, but indeed it was always undertaken contrary to my wishes, and in spite of me. The Prince Palatine maintains that it is all for the best, but I cannot conceive the necessity of making me suffer anguish, (for I can by no other term name my feelings at leaving here two weeks since,) and also afflicting the Prince Royal.

I embroidered a magnificent cushion for the cathedral, embossing on it in gold the name of Jesus Christ. I found all the materials at Sulgostow, and I worked at it with such earnest fervour that I finished it within the time of my visit. I thus accomplished a vow; God only knows my secret intention! God only can grant my secret prayer!

Thursday, 19th of March.

Yesterday the Prince Royal was gay and amiable as in the first hours of our acquaintance. He spent an hour with us, but could not prolong his visit, having to attend the King hunting in

the forest of Kapinos. He entered in the evening at the moment when we least expected him—entered without noise or escort, with a sort of mystery and an absence of etiquette, which added infinitely to the charm his presence is ever surrounded with.

The chase had been successful; and the Prince told us of a circumstance that took place during the day, and infinitely amused him. The forest of Kapinos adjoins that of Zaborow, the proprietor of which is a gentleman of good descent. When first the King hunted on his domains, he received him with sumptuous preparations, for which the King promised him a Starosty, provided he killed a bear on his estate. Several bears were killed in process of time, but no symptom of the King's fulfilling his part of the contract, which reduced the poor gentleman quite to despair, so after killing his bear yesterday, he dragged it to the King's feet and exclaimed, "*Ursus est, privilegium non est.*" The King laughed heartily, and promised faithfully to have the Starosty granted before a month shall elapse.

The Prince remained nearly three hours with us. He is now more at liberty since his brothers, Albert and Clement, are at Warsaw, and can take his place with the King. Prince Clement is, they say, a young man of extraordinary virtue and piety. He has a decided vocation for the church, and is to take holy orders. It is very wise of the King thus to dedicate one of his sons to the ministry of God, but it is as well the choice has not fallen on Prince Charles.

Tuesday, 24th of March.

Although it is Lent my days pass delightfully. The Prince Royal comes frequently to visit us, and stays long periods. He tells me that the court etiquette bores him infinitely; and that he gladly avails himself of his intimacy at our house to throw it off and be like others. Oh! how unlike all others he is, at least in my eyes, and how infinitely superior to all men! To-morrow I shall be separated from him. The Princess Palatine always retires to a convent eight days before Easter, to prepare duly for confession and communion, a habit general among pious ladies who find the precincts of a court abounding too much in worldly vanities to be a proper place to dwell in, preparatory to so solemn a sacrament. I am ordered to accompany the Princess

therefore, to the convent of the Holy Sacrament, where for eight days we shall see none but priests and nuns; read no books but those of devotion, and do no work but for the church and the poor.

Good Friday, 2nd of April.

I have confessed and am prepared for communion—prepared as a child of sin may be for such a glory. I do not ever remember being more calm, or experiencing greater quiet of mind; a state which comes on me as a great blessing after the disquiet I have lately been subject to, and am still occasionally suffering from. I have an excellent confessor, the Abbé Baudoin, who is universally resorted to by the ladies of the court, because he is a Frenchman, but, indeed, apart from his general popularity, he would always be the confessor of my choice. He is a truly holy man and follows strictly the example set him by the life of his heavenly Master. I found his views of religion console me and draw me nearer to heaven without quite separating me from such of my worldly sympathies as were innocent or justifiable. I spent several hours with him. He read my inmost thoughts, and gave me much valuable advice, inculcating, above all things, in my case, humility—which he insisted upon by adducing the futility of worldly pursuits—the disappointment and remorse that are the invariable result of devotion to the things that are gratifying to vanity and self-love. So fully did he win me to this view of the subject, that I had for a short interval a notion of consecrating the remainder of my life to God, and to God only, by becoming one of the grey sisters, in the convent of which Abbé B. is the director. I measured my cell, and counted the steps of this retreat in which I was about to bury myself. I believed my vocation to a life of self-denial, meditation, and retirement, was very sincere, and my contempt for the world and all things worldly, very ardent, when my maid happened to make some trifling remark about the Chasseur of the Prince Royal. The chain of my reasoning was snapped, and it was in vain that I sought to return to this holy frame of mind. I felt truly humiliated at finding that my best intentions were so fugitive, and could find no consolation except in the recollection that the Abbé Baudoin had assured me he thought it quite possible to continue in earnest search

after salvation, and living in the great world at the same time; and that when one was so blessed as to come out victorious from such a combat, God loved them equally with those who, showing more knowledge of their own weakness, and less reliance upon their own imperfect resolutions, retired apart from all communion with an ensnaring world. The result of the strict self-examination recommended by the Abbé Bandoïn points out *pride* in all its shapes as my besetting sin; but he also says that ambition becomes sinful only when its objects of desire become unlawful. What God exacts is a heart ready to submit to his will in all things—to make any sacrifice that he may see fit to impose, and in this disposition I find myself this moment, and during all this week. I find within my heart a quiet the most delicious. It is as a foretaste of heavenly comforts and that state which, (small as my religious experiences are) I see alone is happiness upon earth, where no pleasure is perfect, all partakes of alloy, except those which have heaven for their object. To-day I return to the world, being to assist at the ceremonies of Good-Friday, which are to take place at the castle, and which I am very curious to see.

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Wednesday, 10th of April.

Passion Week is over, and I regret it! I was so happy under the influence of feelings awakened by the awful ceremonies of that period; but already I find my good resolutions and high aspirations melting away before the assaults of worldly temptations. The fascinations of worldly pleasures and the hourly incitements my present life holds forth to vanity and frivolity, are too much for my strength. I yield to each, and then I repent and am wretched. How different from my life in the convent!—how have I forgotten all my exalted thoughts of that time! even on Good-Friday—oh, miserable that I am! the day of my confession and communion, I sinned grievously, and from vanity! the very fault against which Abbé Bandoïn warned me to guard all the avenues of my heart. Of course, as is usual on that day, I was to have worn deep mourning; but at the moment when I was attiring myself, the Princess Lubomirska entered my room, followed by attendants bearing an exquisite dress of white velvet, made with a long train, and trimmed with white roses. For my coiffure, a crown of white roses and a long white veil.

No words can describe the simple elegance of this dress, and my very first glance at my figure in the glass, when my toilette was completed, filled my heart with emotions of vanity. I asked the Princess why she required me to wear so brilliant a costume going to the chapel, and she told me that on Good-Friday it was usual after the ceremonies of the altar to repair to the palace, there to witness the washing of twelve old men's feet by the king, in commemoration of the humiliation of our Saviour, and then he attends them at table while they dine. During the time that this pious and edifying ceremony lasted, a young lady of noble birth, and chosen by the King, solicited charity for the poor; and this year his Majesty had named me, destining my collection to the use of the Hospital of Indigents, directed by the Abbé Bandoïn. Every word the Princess spoke rendered me more vain-glorious! I forgot my communion in the far inferior triumph of shining among the courtiers as the chosen *Queteuse* of the King. I suffered my thoughts to wander off to the distinguished effect of my brilliant attire, amid the deep mourning dresses of the other ladies. I was happy, not because my Lord and Saviour had deigned to make my soul his temple, but because I was certain that I should be the admired of all beholders, and that the Prince Royal would see me dressed to particular advantage. Oh! God forgive me, that all this vanity occupied my mind on Good-Friday!

My collection surpassed all hopes; I received 4000 ducats (£2000.) The Prince Radziwil said, as he took out his purse, "My dear, (*Panie Kochanku*) we must subscribe handsomely to a charity demanded by so beautiful an advocate;" and he threw 500 pieces of gold upon the plate, which would have fallen from my hands if I had not been assisted in holding it. At first I was extremely confused, and blushed and trembled violently at every fresh offering I received, but after a little while I took courage and called to mind the lessons of my dancing-master. The Hereditary Grand Marshall gave me his hand, and named to me each nobleman, repeating, at the same time, the accustomed formula used in presenting the plate, (which latter was quite necessary, for I could not, for worlds, have articulated a syllable,) and I made a deep courtesy to each individual, as he complied with my request. When the plate became too heavy, the Grand

Marshall emptied it into a large bag which was carried in our train. Occupied as my thoughts were by the novelty of my position, I could not avoid hearing many exclamations of admiration as I passed, many of them extravagant enough; among the rest, the Prince Royal said to me, "If, instead of a contribution from his purse, you had demanded from each individual his *heart*, which of them could refuse you?" I replied, "I hope to inspire affection, but shall never *demand* it;" which frankness seemed to please him. Indeed I only candidly expressed my thoughts, for I hold in little estimation women who imperatively solicit men's love, and whose eyes at every glance speak some such language as, "Am I not beautiful? am I not irresistible?" No! tenderness is purely involuntary! Too blessed is she who can inspire it in the bosom where she desires to reign. But even to be thus happy, I trust I would not forget myself in condescending to exhibit partialities so openly as I see many ladies do around me; and a very blameable condescension it would be to evince the smallest shade of interest in any one, even the Prince Royal himself, until he had evinced by a long period of devotion, that he lived for me alone.

The washing of feet is one of the most imposing ceremonies of our religion. A great king bowed down before twelve poor old men, and afterwards waiting as their humble servant at dinner, is a touching and beautiful lesson of humility, and one that will never depart from my memory. Augustus the 3d, though no longer young, is very handsome still; his presence is noble and dignified in the extreme, and Prince Charles strongly resembles him.

Holy Thursday we all went out, still habited in deep mourning, to visit the tombs and to make our stations at the seven churches, saying in each, with as much concentration of mind as we could command, five prayers. I remained on my knees for an entire hour, humbling myself to the dust, and imploring forgiveness for my volatility, and all my many faults. Holy Saturday, the ceremonies preceding the

resurrection are grand in the extreme; and the organs perform music that transports the soul to the very throne of God!

The blessing (*Swiencone*) of the Princess Palatine was a very superb fete, and lasted until yesterday; the tables being spread all that time with a superb banquet.

It is exactly twelve months since I was assisting at the far humbler blessing of Madame Strumlé. I was then a little school-girl, and who would I have believed if they had told me that the Easter-Monday following I should be a guest with the Princess Palatine; assisted in the ceremonies of the time by the Prince Royal, and that his Royal Highness and I should eat from the same plate!

To taste meat, after refraining from it so long, is very agreeable. Here we fasted quite as strictly as at Maleszow; during the whole time of Lent, nothing but oil is allowed, and on Good-Friday only as much food of the coarsest description as will prevent the health suffering injury from long abstinence. The Prince Royal fasted with such strictness that he has grown quite thin. Observing this sad alteration in his appearance yesterday, I suffered my eyes to dwell a moment upon his thinned figure and pale face, when I thought him engaged in conversation with the Prince Palatine; but he penetrates every thought of my heart, and in a few minutes he thanked me for my kind sympathy. I felt myself become scarlet, and I made a mental vow to guard my eyes from expressing my thoughts too readily in future. Certainly it is difficult to play well and with dignity the part of a young girl. Not only must we guard our thoughts, and measure our words, but also we must learn to command our looks! Oh! there are cases in which governesses and their lessons are quite unavailing. I see the wisdom of the Princess Palatine, who says truly that ten *Duenna's* will not suffice to guard from doing indiscreetly a young lady who does not know instinctively how to conduct herself!

LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY GRATTAN.*

IF we had not been so often disappointed in such expectations, the announcement and title of this work would have led us to expect a most interesting performance. The biography of the man who most distinguished himself in the brightest period of Ireland's history, must necessarily be viewed with interest by every Irishman. And who can be supposed so competent to perform the task as the son of the man whose actions are to be recorded? Such are some of the first impressions which the title-page must communicate to every reader. If, however, he has been a reader of biographies, those first impressions will not be of long endurance: they will not even wait to be removed by the contents of the work itself. His experience will probably coincide with our own, and will suggest to him how seldom it happens that any man's biography "by his son" is worth reading. We will not assert that such a case may not have happened: we are certainly unable to bring any to our recollection. Although the fact appears paradoxical, we think we can perceive a reason for it. It is not that the sons of great men are always blockheads: we could mention a hundred cases to the contrary, without referring to the remarkable instance of the two William Pitts; but it is partly because, where the son of a great man is himself possessed of any talents, he is naturally placed in such a situation that he has little time to spare for the composition of a biography; it is all employed in higher and more useful tasks. On the other hand, if the son of a very great man be a very little man, he will certainly not resist such an opportunity of turning an honest penny as that of writing a biography of his illustrious parent. Neither does his near relation to the deceased assist much to qualify him for the task. If we divide the life of a great man into three periods, the first being that which passes before he enters into public life, the second being the time during which those actions are performed by which he merited celebrity, the third being that

period in which he retains his character, but does not exercise much influence on the destinies of his country which are guided by younger and more vigorous minds, it will be found that for the last and the least interesting period alone the son possesses any peculiar competence. Of the first period during which biography is unconnected with history, the son can say nothing of his own knowledge: his memory cannot reach so far back. We may assume, as a very low average, that a man is forty-five years of age before his son is old enough to have any distinct perception and understanding of what passes before him; but the first period has passed long before he attains this age. Those early years are among the most interesting in a great man's biography: they are, in general, those of which we know least and desire to know most. With his public acts, the conduct of his riper years, we necessarily possess some acquaintance; they are part of the history of the country, and it is our knowledge of them that causes us to feel any interest in the biography of the man. We desire to know by what education his character was formed, and those abilities matured which afterwards led him to distinction; what were his early habits; what his natural disposition; what part of his conduct or character in youth gave promise of his future fame. For all this information we must look not to his son, but to his cotemporaries; and we feel a wish that his biography had been undertaken by some of them. If the son possesses any peculiar advantages in obtaining traditionary information respecting his father, and in obtaining access to letters and other private documents, it is, in our opinion, more than counterbalanced by that pious reverence for his parent's memory which caused him to attach importance to every trivial occurrence, and to swell his work with an immense mass of unimportant and uninteresting matter.

These and similar reflections diminished the hopes of entertainment which the title-page might excite in the inexperienced mind; nor was the character of the author calculated to

* *Life and Times of the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.* By his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq., M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839.

raise our expectations very high. Mr. Henry Grattan, jun., is much more distinguished for the extreme violence of his political speeches, which frequently appear reported at full length in the *Freeman's Journal*, than for his learning or abilities; and yet he is not regarded as a wicked or ill-natured man. It is impossible that any man can entertain the feelings to which he gives utterance; his violence is supposed to flow more from an eager desire to distinguish himself, than from any desire to do mischief; it excites ridicule, not resentment, and he is certainly not an object of dislike to his political adversaries. We, therefore, took up his book to review it in a very friendly spirit, expecting to find some interesting anecdotes, mixed up with his amusing exhibitions of violence; and we intended to extract a few of both for the entertainment of our readers. We were, however, disappointed. That ridiculous violence which characterises his speeches is not to be found in this work; and there are very few sentiments contained in it, which any gentleman belonging to his party would be ashamed to avow. On the other hand, it is, without any exception, the dullest work we ever read. We believe there are not two volumes in the English language in which so little instruction, and so little entertainment can be found. The author appears to have collected all the documents in his possession which could be pressed into the service of such a work, and given them to the printer without taking the slightest trouble in selecting, abstracting, or arranging them. They are given at full length in whatever order they happened to meet his hand. We shall give his reasons for this want of method in his own language:—

“As the life of a soldier is in the camp, so that of a statesman is in the senate; consequently most of Mr. Grattan's was passed in public, and little was afforded for indulgence in private pursuits and domestic recreation. Accordingly the various subjects have been intermixed in order to relieve the reader from the weariness of politics.”—*Preface*.

Thus the preface itself promises very little of that information to which Mr. Grattan's son could be supposed to have peculiar access. In fact, this work scarcely tells us any thing of Mr. Grattan's private early history. We learn, indeed, that he was baptised on

the 3d of July, 1746; the son of James Grattan, who “was for many years recorder of, and member for, the city of Dublin; he was elected to the latter situation in 1761, and served till 1766, when he died.”—Vol. i. p. 29. The period from 1761 to 1766 cannot with justice be called “many years.” It is unusual to state that a man was for many years member for a place, for which he sat during only one parliament.

Mr. Grattan's parents were both of respectable families. His father belonged to the family of the Grattans, who are so frequently mentioned in the life of Swift. His mother was a Miss Marlay, daughter of chief-justice Marlay, of whom we learn more in this work than we do of his grandson, Mr. Grattan. Of this latter person, whose history is the professed object of his work, our author probably intended to have written more, which he appears to have omitted by accident. For if we look to the heading of the second chapter (page 29) we find that it promises the customary information relative to his early habits and education; but on reading the chapter itself, this promise is not redeemed—there being anecdotes, letters, and incidents promised by the heading, to which there is not the least reference in the chapter itself, which is entirely occupied with the history of the Marlays. In the third chapter we learn that he was at two schools in Dublin; that of Mr. Ball, in Ship-street, with whom he quarrelled about the translation of a passage in Ovid. The anecdote is not told in a very intelligible manner, and it does not appear whether the master or the scholar was wrong. He afterwards went to Mr. Young's school, in Abbey-street, and was considered a boy of great spirit, and was much respected by his school-fellows; and this is all we learn of his earlier years. We do not even discover the dates at which he entered those schools. We are sure that the reader would rather know the age at which he was sent to school, and the time at which he left it, than the name of his schoolmaster. We are, however, informed that he entered college in 1763, and obtained the high prizes of the university, and became acquainted with several persons who afterwards rose to distinction. Of his manner of life, or how long he remained there, we receive no information. We merely learn that

“Mr. Grattan's most intimate friend at

this period was Mr. Broome. This gentleman was a good classical scholar, and possessed a great taste for poetry: a general similarity of disposition, a love of literature, and an ardent attachment to the country and rural scenery, (which latter, with Mr. Grattan, was a passion,) were the chief grounds. Mr. Broome was at that time a cornet in the army; and though a military life did not favour the muses, yet he evinced a taste that found a response in the mind of Mr. Grattan, and a long correspondence ensued, which continued while Mr. Grattan was at the Temple, and till after the period of 1782. From this gentleman I was fortunate enough to obtain many letters, some of which are here inserted."

This is all we learn about his college life, and his intimacy with Mr. Broome. Although a number of Grattan's letters to Mr. Broome are inserted in this work, no meetings between the individuals themselves are recorded, and the letters do not appear so much the letters of a young man to his bosom friend, as the elaborate compositions of a man anxious to improve himself in style, and sending off his little essays under the name of letters to his various friends. They are generally written in a very affected style, and give no information respecting the writer. The only quality which ought to procure them a place in such a work as this, is, therefore, wanting. They might have been written by any one man to any other—they are mere juvenile essays on general subjects, and might as well have been sent to a broomstick as to Mr. Broome. Our author, in his preface, thus endeavours to justify the insertion of so many letters in this work. There are about eighty letters in each volume, set out at full length, many of them giving no information respecting Mr. Grattan or the times in which he lived. It would not be easy to find a satisfactory justification for their insertion, and that given by the author would equally justify their insertion in any other work—"Many of the letters will be found to abound in useful precepts, and most of them inculcate good morals, sound political principles, and steady patriotism."—Preface, p. viii. We think that the letters published hardly deserve this character. Let the reader judge for himself. We give one of Mr. Grattan's letters to Mr. Broome at full length, as a specimen, and some occasional extracts from others:—

"Nov. 2, 1768.

"After a shameful silence for so many weeks, I sit down, with a dissipated head and a bad pen, to write to the best friend I have in the world. I have left retirement, but have not left myself; the same depondency, the same fermentation of mind, '*miseros tumultus animi*' the Roman poet would have called them, depress and agitate me with alternate distraction.—The consciousness of this intellectual anarchy is an additional disease; it makes me repine, but cannot reform me. I am determining to form a plan of life totally new, and to break through every obstacle that would impede it. Some other conceit may fritter this new creation, and drive me upon some other rock, where I may receive a similar shipwreck. I dined with Macauley yesterday. We talked much of you. Your health I particularly inquired after, and cannot say I am perfectly satisfied about it. That languor, that occasional fever that attend you of late, make me condemn your indolence, that rather waits for the departure of the disorder than drives it away. Our friend Macauley seems happy in the connubial state; he speaks as a man attached and contented, and, like a missionary of Hymen, preaches his dominion to all. I am too well acquainted with my own inequalities, as well as too poor to receive the yoke, and become a votarist even in so chaste a cause. You and I in this, as in most other things, perfectly agree. We think marriage an artificial not a natural institution, and imagine woman too frail a bark for so long and so tempestuous a voyage as that of life. I long infinitely to argue with you upon matters of philosophy. My principles when we parted had got a little the start of your's in eccentricity; though the precept of the world would recall me, its conduct confirms my deviation. I have become an epicurean philosopher; consider this world as our '*ne plus ultra*,' and happiness as our great object in it. The sensualities, the vices, the insignificance, and the pursuits of mankind, are arguments in favour of this conviction. To a man steeped in vice, and, therefore, alarmed by fear, such philosophy would be influence; but to one who is neither devoted to vice, nor afraid of its penalties, I fear it is REASON. Such a subject is too extensive and too dangerous for a letter; in our privacy we shall dwell on it more copiously. I find it is vain to solicit you from your native country, though health as well as friendship might be relieved by such an excursion. I shall, therefore, endeavour to visit you, since you will not visit me, and, if it be in my power, I shall go to Ireland

the beginning of the next month, or, more likely, the latter end of this. I hope you may be in Dublin at that time, as you are the most flattering contemplation I have in my projected return.—Your's, ever,
 “HENRY GRATTAN.”

Does this letter inculcate any good moral precept? It merely shows that at the age of twenty-two Mr. Grattan, like many other young men at the same time of life, was an infidel, and did not believe in a future state, and thought that a religious belief was useless to the good, but was merely an auxiliary to the laws of the land—a fiction cunningly devised for the purpose of frightening bad men into propriety. The statement of this letter is unaccompanied by any expression of disapprobation by his son, who does not even state that his father ever changed his opinion on this most important subject. If Mr. Grattan did not live and die an infidel, his character does not receive justice from his son, who publishes this letter avowing his infidelity, and suppresses all mention of his subsequent conversion to Christianity. This suppression also does injustice to his political liberality. It deprives him of all merit in his advocacy of Roman Catholic emancipation. It represents his conduct to be the effect not of enlightened liberality, but of indifference. The infidel must ever be opposed to the continuance of any religious restrictions. Except in this avowal of infidelity there is nothing in this letter of Mr. Grattan's to distinguish it from his other epistles to his friends. Like the rest, it is written in an elaborate, affected style, and shows a man writing to exercise himself in such composition, not to disclose his secret thoughts to a familiar friend. Even in this complaint of his idleness and dissipation he was insincere, according to his son, for when he wrote that letter he was intently engaged in the study of oratory. The following is his son's account of his pursuits and occupations at that time, (*vide vol. i. p. 114*):—

“Mr. Grattan's tendencies were of a different sort; the pursuits he followed were of a nobler nature. The galleries of the House of Commons, and the bar of the House of Lords, had for him greater attractions than the pleasures of the metropolis; and to them he devoted his evenings, his nights in recollecting, and his days in copying the great orators of the time. Lord Chatham was his chief

attraction; the splendour, the original boldness of style, the impassioned bursts of oratory, and the dramatic delivery made great impressions on Mr. Grattan; and he then drew the celebrated character of that individual which has been so often alluded to. The following is dated at the period now referred to.”

And here follows the letter which we copied above. How much more interesting it would be, if, instead of those vague declamatory accounts of his pursuits of knowledge given by his biographer, and those melancholy statements of his idleness contained in his affected letters, we had been furnished with a precise, intelligible history of his studies, and of the progress he was making in them. It might be useful to the young, and would be interesting to all, to know even the names of the books which a great man read in his youth, and the method which he pursued in his studies. On these matters some light might be thrown by his letters, if Mr. Grattan had been a young man of an open nature disposed to express his feelings confidentially to his friends. But nothing of this sort can be found in the letters selected for publication by his biographer. They are, as we already observed, mere dry disquisitions, and convey no information whatever respecting their author. The meagreness of this biography is, perhaps, as much to be attributed to the number of such letters contained in it as to any other cause. It appears inexplicable that two volumes of such size should be written on any subject, and yet communicate so little information; but the mystery is solved when we discover that the work is more than half filled with letters which have no relation to the subject, except that they happen to have been written by or to persons who lived in those times. We have also a considerable part of the work taken up with extracts from political pamphlets and ballads utterly devoid of interest, and we have some very indifferent poetry of Lord Charlemont's inserted for no other reason than that he had been the friend and patron of Grattan. As this nobleman's name occurs here, it may not be out of place to observe that Mr. H. Grattan, jun., asserts that Lord Charlemont did not oppose the emancipation bill of 1793, *vide vol. ii. p. 108*, whereas the fact is otherwise, and it appears from Hardy's *Life of*

Charlemont, vol. ii. p. 298, that his lordship not only opposed the bill, but even protested against it.

Another act by which the bulk of this work has been increased, with very little benefit to the reader, is, by telling every thing that is contained in it several times over. First, the narrative is given by Mr. H. Grattan. Next, we are favoured with the long despatches from the lord lieutenant, or his secretary, to the English minister, giving a detailed account of the same transactions, which, by our author's happy method of intermixing the subjects, he frequently contrives to relate more briefly in several other parts of the work. This is one of the reasons why the book is so disagreeable to the reader; we never feel sure that we have completely got rid of any subject, and in consequence of the facts being stated without any regard to their dates, we do not feel that we are making any progress. In one chapter we read of a transaction of 1781, in the next of 1769, and the facts are so shuffled together that the entire work is calculated to leave no impression on the reader except a chaotic jumble of confused ideas of a money bill, a mutiny bill, a bill of rights, free trade, bribery, corruption, and Catholic emancipation.

Respecting Mr. Grattan's private life, we have already said that this biography gives us no information, and that it scarcely professes to give any. We believe that a careful reader might read through the two volumes without discovering so much as whether Mr. Grattan were married or single, were it not for "BY HIS SON" in large letters on the back of the volumes and in the title-page. Of his public character, we learn very little more than his conduct in supporting or opposing five or six measures, accompanied with some praise so vague and extravagant, as to leave us no distinct idea of his merits. And yet the man who carried the bill of rights, who was esteemed and consulted by Charlemont, and bore away the palm of oratory from Flood, must have had talents had his biographer but known how to place them in a judicious light.

Another artifice by which the reader is deprived of that information which he might naturally expect in a work of such bulk, is to tell a story in such a vague manner, without dates, or particulars, or names of persons, as to deprive it of all interest and almost of all substance. Thus, vol. i. p. 109:

"Lord Townshend, who was faithful to his plan for dividing and destroying the aristocracy, used every effort to seduce men from the popular cause, and on one occasion Mr. Perry found the effect of those exertions. He had joined with a party on certain constitutional principles; and it was agreed that they should strictly adhere to, and act by them, as the only principles on which they would accept office, and in order to carry their object, it was settled that they were only to accept office altogether. They all violated the compact with the exception of Mr. Perry. He still considered himself bound by it. He went to them and told them, 'you have broken your engagement, you have released me; but I shall still consider myself bound. I will adhere to the compact, I will not take office; but I will never have any thing more to say to you.' Lord Belvidere was one of these."

The reader will at once perceive that this tale, to have been instructive, should have stated the principles which the party agreed to support, and the occasion on which they were abandoned, and the names of the persons, with the date of the transaction. This information could have been given without adding two lines to the length of the narrative, and it would have enabled the reader to understand the matter, and to judge for himself whether Mr. Perry or his party were in the wrong in the disagreement. Mr. H. Grattan, indeed, adds, "Lord Belvidere was one of those individuals;" but he leaves us without the slightest clue to guess why he suppresses the names of the rest, and merely gives the name of one unimportant individual, whose name, we believe, does not occur in any other part of the work. Of this Mr. Perry, Mr. H. Grattan records a fact, without the slightest expression of disapprobation, which, if true, ought to leave on his character an indelible mark of infamy. We must abridge the account, which is to be found in the 17th chap. vol. i. p. 383. The opposition, consisting of Mr. Burgh, Mr. Daly, Mr. Grattan, and others, resolved to move an amendment to the address which was to be moved on the 12th of October, 1779. Those three gentlemen met at Bray for the purpose, but Mr. Daly was obliged, by illness, to retire, so that the plan of proceeding was left to Mr. Grattan and Mr. Burgh. Mr. Grattan had drawn up one address and Mr. Daly another. The latter had been shown to Mr. Perry, who

had made some alterations in it.—Mr. Grattan at once recognised Mr. Perry's handwriting on this address, and adopted it in preference to his own. This amendment was carried in the house with some alterations, but was censured by the government party, who ridiculed it as a weak and puerile composition. Perry, who had corrected it, was in the chair, and on the amendment being handed to him, he began to smile. Daly and Grattan could not refrain from laughing when they saw the speaker listening, with great gravity, to the charges of a boyish composition made against the address which he had drawn. The parties, Perry, Daly, and Grattan, enjoyed the recollection of this scheme, and talked it over with great mirth. But how was Mr. Perry guilty of any misconduct in all this? We reply that he was then high in the confidence of the Irish government, which he professed to support. He was, in fact, a member of the Irish cabinet, and it was then a great object with the government to have an address that should give such satisfaction that no amendment could be moved to it with any chance of success. For this object, an address was prepared at a select privy council, and it appears from the lord lieutenant's letter of 13th October, 1779, that Mr. Perry attended as a member of the cabinet council at which the government address was prepared. This address he betrays to the opposition, and supplies them with an adverse address drawn by himself—thus violating his oath of secrecy as a privy councillor, and the confidence reposed in him by his colleagues. We do not credit the story, which, in itself, is an improbable one. With such motives to conceal the transaction at the time, it is not probable that the rough copy of the address, with the amendments in the speaker's handwriting, should be the one brought into the house and handed to the speaker to propose. Such carelessness would have been avoided as being certain to lead to a discovery of the speaker's treachery.

The only interesting portions of the work are the characters of the individuals who were most distinguished in Ireland, when Mr. Grattan entered into parliament. But those delineations of character possess no original merit. Mr. H. Grattan did not live

in that period, and he had no personal knowledge of the men whom he describes, and he has shown himself to be utterly incapable of judging of a man's character from his conduct. Accordingly, his characters are all taken from "*Hardy's Life of Charlemont*"—a work much better known than Mr. H. Grattan's will ever be—and in order to disguise the obligation, he occasionally makes such alterations as deprive the sketches of any likeness they might have had to the originals, and sometimes make them appear ridiculous and absurd. The character of Perry, to whom we have already alluded, affords a fair example of the manner in which he can alter a description so as to make it pass for his own:—

"He was, perhaps, one of the best speakers that ever sat in the chair of any House of Commons."—*Hardy, vol. i. p. 162.*

"Perry was, perhaps, the best speaker ever known in either House, or either kingdom."—*H. Grattan, vol. i. p. 107.*

There can be no doubt that the latter of those two sentences was borrowed from the former, and yet it overstates the assertion contained in it.

"He delivered the boldest sentiments in the calmest manner, so that fortitude did not seem the effort of his mind, but its ordinary temperature."—*Hardy, vol. i. p. 160.*

"He was never declamatory; the strongest and boldest opinions and sentiments he uttered in the calmest manner; so that courage seemed the ordinary temperature of his mind, and not an effort."—*H. Grattan, vol. i. p. 108.*

It is plain that when Mr. Grattan wrote the latter sentence, he had the corresponding one in the *Life of Charlemont* before him, and that the alterations, which do not add to its strength so much as to its length, are introduced for the purpose of concealing the plagiarism. We do not deny an author's right, in a work of this nature, to collect information from every source within his reach; but a delineation of character is a species of original composition, and when borrowed it ought to be freely acknowledged, instead of being defaced and injured so as to render it difficult for the original proprietor to recognise

his own property. Mr. H. Grattan states in his preface, that the chief object of his writing is to rescue from oblivion the names of Mr. Perry, and some others, which implies that what he has published concerning them, is either original, or collected from various or obscure sources, or at least contains something that is not to be found in the best known history of the period.

We have noticed some of the alterations that appear to have been made for the purpose of concealing an obligation; but some appear to have been made from honest motives, from a wish to change the simple style of Hardy into his own inflated and pompous language. His alterations do not always preserve the meaning of the original. Thus—

"Hamilton carried the palm of genius, and Perry that of wisdom. In truth, he saw further before him than almost any other man of his time."—*Hardy*, vol. i. p. 160.

"He possessed an acute, a bold, a vigorous, and a superior mind. Some men have a creative fancy; he had a creative judgment and sagacity. *He saw many years farther into futurity* than any other public man."—*H. Grattan*, vol. i. p. 104. [For the italics we are responsible.]

His character of Lord Avonmore's eloquence is formed by applying to his forensic oratory the praise which the great Grattan bestowed upon a particular speech of his on Roman Catholic emancipation. Of that speech Mr. Grattan said:—

"I heard him. His speech was the whole of the subject, and a concatenated and inspired argument not to be resisted. It was the march of an elephant; it was the wave of the Atlantic; a column of water 3000 miles deep."—*Vide Mr. Grattan's Speech on the Catholic question in 1803*.

"He carried away the court, the hearers, the jury; all were lost while listening to him. *He spoke with inspiration—a concatenated eloquence*."—*H. Grattan*, vol. ii. p. 67.

Such petty alterations are not sufficient to entitle an author to the merit of originality. They do not even avail to conceal the sources from which he has been supplied; but they are enough to deprive his observations of all au-

thority, as the reader can never know how much Mr. H. Grattan alters the assertions of the original authors in order to make them pass as his own. We cannot follow him through his little tricks without devoting more space to them than the subject is worth; but we fear the biographer would never forgive us if we did not take some notice of his style, on which he appears especially to plume himself. It is turgid, affected, unmeaning, full of common-place metaphors, used in the most inappropriate manner, and of words either destitute of meaning, or without any meaning that will make the sentences intelligible. It is like the style of an uneducated man, who determines to distinguish himself by his grand and brilliant language. It is true that an interesting biography may be written in an elegant style, and even in ungrammatical language. We remember an honest man who engaged in controversy, and the style of whose writings was censured with rather too much severity by one of his antagonists. His reply was to this effect:—"I received an indifferent education, and know very little either of syntax or grammar, but in my writings I aim at nothing more than to be understood; and if my opponents understand me, they ought to be satisfied, and spare their criticisms on my style." We felt a respect for his candour and plain good sense, and are so satisfied with the justice of his defence, that we invariably abstain from all criticism on the style of any writer who appears to aim only at being understood. But Mr. H. Grattan's style betrays no such humility of pretension; so far from being satisfied to be understood, we doubt that he ever had such an object in view. He appears always to endeavour to write something very fine—something that, if it occurred in a speech, would draw applause from an audience at the Corn-Exchange.—Every thing is turned into a point or an antithesis, which the reader may admire until he tries to understand it, when he will find that it has no meaning. Thus, in his character of Lucas, he alludes to an attack made upon him by Hutchinson, whose speech thus concluded:—"Ready to wound, but yet afraid to strike—a shattered understanding, a warm head, and a cold heart." Part of that abuse was not original, which Mr. H. Grattan ap-

pears not to have known, but his observation on it is—"This description was not just, still less was it generous towards Lucas." Mr. H. Grattan had some vague memory of a sentence in which "*just*" and "*generous*" occur in opposition to each other, and therefore thinks it necessary to state that a false charge against a political enemy is neither just nor generous. The reply, however, appears to have had its effect:—

"But never was any one more confounded than Lucas was by this reply. He could not gain self-possession enough to answer it, and he had recourse to fighting instead, calling in aid his courage to prove the defect of his understanding."—*H. Grattan*, vol. i. p. 89.

We doubt if it was Lucas's object to *prove* the defect of his understanding; and we do not well see what other reply could have been given to mere false and violent abuse. We dare say Mr. H. Grattan himself would have met such abuse in the same manner; we are certain his father, although not deficient in understanding, would have done so, and we have never heard the son accused of want of courage. Let us draw the reader's attention to the epithets employed to describe this man, who called in aid his courage to prove the defect of his understanding:—

"Lucas possessed all the qualities of a tribune; he especially belonged to that *order*, in every sense of the word—in mind, in manners, and in style of speaking. *Bold*, active, and turbulent; quarrelous and ambitious; quarrelsome, yet *timid*. He was always ready to spread out to the people a perpetual catalogue of their calamities and their wrongs."—*vol. i. p. 86*. . . . "He was another Swift, but without the vast talents of that writer. In Lucas it seemed a sort of inspiration, *for* nothing seemed too high or too low for his resentment, or his *ambition*. He assailed every thing and every body, from the monarch who swayed the sceptre, down to the mayor who held the city mace. He flung them all into his political crucible, and poured upon them, indiscriminately, the vials of his unsparing vituperation."—*vol. i. p. 83*.

This is rather a favourable specimen of our author's style, (p. 17)—

"The example which Runnymede and James II. have furnished, can never be

forgotten by a people who seek to 'be free.' . . . "George III. was not, however, without private virtues, an attention to decorum, and a great respect to the appearance of religion. But these were virtues of too domestic a nature to procure any public good, and too humble to tempt any private imitation." (p. 19.)

The following are his observations upon Lord Townshend's protest, in 1769:—

"Such a measure adopted by the executive power, and which had not a practical, deliberate voice, was illegal in its origin. Taking cognizance of a resolution of the Commons not presented to government, and therefore entirely domestic, the protest was unconstitutional; and condemning, as contrary to the court interpretation of Poyning's law, a resolution which was not reconcilable to it, the protest was false in its assertion, and wanton in its censure. The interpretation, too, of the law was erroneous; for the spirit of the reign of Henry VII. was to advance the Commons, in order to weaken the party among whom were the viceroy and his council. The spirit of the law was to guard against, and not to empower either; to make the king a medium of intelligence, and not the originator of the law. (p. 99.)

But perhaps the reader may be inclined to inquire what is there peculiar in the style of those extracts? We would reply by requesting him to consider what meaning he would attach to the expressions "*either a practical or deliberate voice*," "*in its origin*," "*too*," "*a medium of intelligence*." It may be a matter of doubt whether those faults are attributable to the author's ignorance of the language or to his confusion of ideas. We believe both to have had their share in the formation of his style. Sometimes, indeed, his style proves very clearly that he had no fixed ideas upon the subject, but at other times it is equally evident that his ignorance of the language is in fault. Thus, in page 22, "They proceeded to a system of vapulation and explosion;" p. 23, "Ireland succeeded to the rights of parliament, but was withheld the exercise of those rights;" "The people acceded to the Catholic qualification bill for office and franchise; but *they* got no office and no corporate franchise," p. 23.

But it is useless to multiply extracts; almost any one sentence may

be taken as a fair specimen of the work; for Mr. H. Grattan writes in a remarkably equal style—no one sentence is much worse than another; and we are the more confirmed in our belief, that confusion of ideas and ignorance of the language contributed their respective shares to the formation of his English style, when we perceive evident proof that the same causes have led to the extraordinary inapplicability of some of his Latin quotations; for the same affectation that produced his unmeaning, inflated style, has induced him occasionally to quote passages in a language which he evidently does not understand. Thus, when as a prelude to printing thirty or forty pages of addresses from the volunteers to Lord Charlemont, which are very uninteresting, and throw no light upon the history of the times, he thus proceeds, vol. ii. p. 312:—

“These high tempered addresses, and fine toned replies, will perpetuate the memory, as well as the lustre of those who addressed their country; they will hand down to after ages their names, their virtues, and their honours; and these proud records of *her* sons will remain the richest legacy that can be bequeathed to those who are so fortunate as to lay claim to this just inheritance. They will afford a rare example for others to follow—if possible to rival, but which it is not possible to excel.

Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos spargam flores—animamque
Hissaltem accumulem donis et fungar inani,
Munere.

Although the quotation is not very fortunate, and its introduction cannot be accounted for except by Mr. H. Grattan's determination to conclude what he evidently considered a piece of very fine writing with a learned quotation, that might induce the readers to pronounce that his learning was equal to his eloquence; yet there is nothing in the passage that would prove conclusively that he might not be able to translate the passage cited from Virgil. But when we find such a passage as the following in relation to the unpopularity under which Mr. Grattan laboured, even after the services he had rendered to his country—“The singular turn which affairs had now taken, had considerably affected him—at one moment the idol of the people—in the next the object of their distrust. But in all ages, and in all climes, it is the same—the same with princes—the same with the people.

Verso pollice vulgi,
Quemlibet occidunt populariter.”

—we feel morally certain that if Mr. Grattan were called upon to translate the passage which he cites from Juvenal, he would say that “verso pollice” meant an altered policy, “populariter” a popular man, and that “vulgi” was the nominative governing occidunt, for it is impossible that any confusion of ideas could give rise to the quotation in that place of that passage by any man who could translate it.

But perhaps we have written too much on Mr. Grattan's style—we can excuse ourselves only by observing, that the style has exercised a material influence upon the substance of the work. He is so much in the habit of putting words together without attending to their meaning, that in some of the cases where his language appears to be intelligible, it would mislead the reader by conveying an idea that never entered the mind of the author. Take the following passage in vol. i. p. 25:—

“The English people, in the reign of Charles I. acquired a great many things: their petition of right was granted—tonnage and poundage, and forced loans were abolished. In the reign of Charles II. their constitution had, according to a great legal authority, arrived at the model of perfection; yet they were dissatisfied, and their dissatisfaction increased until it went so far as to behead their king, because he violated his own promises, and broke his own laws.”

Any reader would suppose that there was nothing obscure in the above sentence, which clearly implies that Charles II. was beheaded by the English nation. The historical blunder cannot be explained by supposing that Charles II. was printed for Charles I. by an error of the press. The successive mention of the two Charles's repels this defence; and if further evidence were wanted to vindicate the printer, it would be found in the reference to the great legal authority, viz. Blackstone, who asserts that the constitution of England had arrived to its full vigour in the reign of King Charles the Second.—Vide Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. iv. p. 439. However, we acquit Mr. H. Grattan of such gross ignorance of English history as the above passage would imply, for we believe the truth

of the case to be, that he did not take the trouble of understanding his own language, and that even now it would be difficult to explain to him how any inference contrary to historical truth could be drawn from what he wrote.

Some men are said to be incapable of *carrying a joke*; they lose the point of it when they attempt to repeat it. Mr. H. Grattan is one of those men, and he is equally incapable of carrying a fact. Without any intention to misrepresent, he makes such alterations, additions, or omissions, as to make the narrative unintelligible or untrue. We cannot afford space to give any examples of his prolix unintelligible narrations. We refer to the judgment of any person who has taken the trouble to read the work, whether a single incident of the times is described in such a manner as to give a consistent intelligible account of it to the reader.

On the whole, whether we regard the selection of the matter, or the manner in which it is arranged, or the accuracy of the narrative, or the propriety of the style, we never met with

any production so far below mediocrity. We ought to apologise for occupying so much space with our remarks on it, but we deemed it necessary to do so, as a protection to the public, for the work is not yet concluded. The two volumes that have appeared, contain the history of only a very short period of Grattan's life. To complete the history in the style in which it has been commenced, would require about eight volumes more, and when the work is thus finished, it will consist of the ten most worthless volumes that can be found in any library. It is our object to prevent this impending mischief, and we humbly hope that our representations, coinciding with the unanimous opinion of the public, will induce some of Mr. H. Grattan's friends to remonstrate against the further prosecution of this work, and to endeavour to persuade the author that he has written enough to demonstrate his utter incapacity for history, and that he ought henceforth to remain satisfied with the fame which he has acquired in the senate by his eloquence and his wisdom.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone—each spring, its various bias—
Then at the balance let's be mute, we never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted."

Burns.

BETWEEN Lough-na-Sharra and the black mountain that overshadows it, there is an old monastic ruin, which, notwithstanding the obscurity of its situation, would seem to have been a place of no small importance in its time. The scenery, among which it lies, is of a peculiarly wild and picturesque description. The lake is an oval sheet of water, occupying a kind of recess in the mountains, and partly dividing the richer portion of the valley from a district of extreme barrenness that extends along under Slieve More; but though this latter is by far the noblest feature in the landscape, there is an air of savage beauty throughout the entire, and even the most cultivated parts have an appearance of wildness, from the broken summits above, and the numerous masses of rock that are scattered through them. There is a little village on one side of Lough-na-Sharra; and

on the other the mountain, which is nearly quite black, attains at once a considerable elevation; leaving at its base a sort of irregular margin, which extends along about two-thirds of the lake; while round the whole northern extremity it rises from the waters' edge to a perpendicular height of more than a hundred feet. This part is called the Crough-na-Coppell, from its shape, which nearly resembles that of a horse-shoe; and the face of the Crough-na-Coppell, consisting of the same dark-coloured rock, which prevails more or less throughout the entire range, gives a singularly gloomy appearance to the portion of the lake which it embraces. It is in the angle formed by the abrupt ascent of the mountain at the extremity of the margin we have described, that the ruin is situated. It is of considerable extent, and is almost completely covered with ivy; particularly the belfry, which,

though inclining a little from the perpendicular, still serves the purpose for which it was originally designed—not that it can awaken the holy brotherhood any more; but it stands among the graves of many generations, and even now, as in former times, its old and broken voice, echoing through the valley, seems to welcome the weary to this humble place of rest. On such occasions, the funerals, those at least from the opposite village, proceed across the water—the *cols*, as they are called, being propelled by a short oar or paddle, or sometimes, if the wind happen to be favourable, by means of a temporary mast and sail. This classic custom is often attended with inconvenience, but it is almost invariably adopted, for there is only a narrow path along the heights of the Crough-na-Coppell, while at the lower end of the lake the marshes are of considerable extent, and, except in unusually dry seasons, nearly impassable.

There was a cabin once adjoining the burying-ground, in which the grave-digger and his family resided. These people, having suffered many misfortunes in early life, had at length taken up their abode within the ruin, where they derived a miserable livelihood from the performance of the last office of charity to their neighbours; but the situation of their dwelling being favourable to pursuits of another nature, they had not neglected its advantages; and they accordingly rose by degrees, until, at the time to which we now refer, they occupied an humble but a very comfortable residence within a few hundred yards of their former sanctuary. They were a remarkable household; and certainly no other family in Lis na-Sharra could have been so well adapted for the gloomy dignity they enjoyed. Phil Maguire and his wife Kitty were both above the ordinary size. The former was a huge, uncount-looking individual, and, though in the decline of life, evidently superior in strength to the generality of younger men. His temper was none of the mildest, but it was relieved by a sort of savage humour, which might have rendered him more popular had he been a little more scrupulous of the occasions on which it was exercised; but Phil was an independent-minded man, and the prejudices of the world were incapable of con-

trolling the spirit which neither age nor misfortune had been able to subdue. Kitty was of a different character. She might originally have had a good heart, and there were even still some traces of kindness in her disposition; but her temper, which was frail at the best, and somewhat violent, had been completely broken by a life of poverty and disappointment. The children having grown up in misery, experienced, of course, the evil effects of its influence on their mother's disposition. Owen, the eldest, was a gloomy-minded youth, of stubborn frame and most indomitable courage; and there was a daughter, some years younger than Owen—a lusty girl, with wild hair and weather-beaten countenance, though she had certainly one feature of beauty, a pair of brilliant dark eyes, which probably betrayed more intelligence than the owner was conscious of possessing. This girl had taken on herself the office of tolling the funeral bell; and as she bounded across the graves and up the stairs of the old turret, her joy was never damped by the intrusion of any feelings which the occasion might be supposed to excite. But while these people lived like a family of Gholes, separated, as well by their peculiar habits as by the lonely situation of their dwelling, from any intercourse with their neighbours, they enjoyed an honest reputation; and, indeed, except as regarded domestic broils, for which they were somewhat celebrated, their character was in general free from reproach.

Early one summer's morning a little fleet put off from the village, and bore in the direction of the ruin, which appeared in dim relief against the overhanging mountain. The boats were numerous and crowded; and from the sorrowful wail that rose above them, mingled with the occasional sound of the turret bell, it was evident that this was a funeral procession; and it was in fact such a one as had not for a long time crossed Lough-na-Sharra. The cot in which the deceased was borne headed the procession. Phil Maguire sat in the stern. He seemed unusually depressed; but as he looked back, from time to time, on the imposing display of frieze and scarlet,* there was an expression of pride in his countenance, as if he felt peculiarly interested in the honour paid the departed. His wife, who was the chief among the female

* The women, in the part of the province of Ulster where the scene of this story lies, all wear red or scarlet mantles.

mourners, sat at the head of the coffin. She did not join in the lamentation of the Keeners, and there was no affectation of sorrow in her demeanour; but her appearance was grave, and the habitual severity of her features seemed not unsuitable to the solemnity of the occasion. The morning was a little rough; but the boats moved on in regular order till the foremost had passed the middle of the lake; when, unfortunately, a gust of wind threw the women into some confusion, and at the same time bore away the crimson kerchief which Kitty wore, wreathed in the fashion of a turban, round her head. She sprung up; and in her sudden effort to recover the turban, caused the boat, already labouring under its load, to dip. The Keeners' wail rose to a scream of horror, and in a moment more the whole party were struggling in the water. The women were speedily rescued and taken on board the other cois; but owing to the crowded state of the latter, the men were obliged to trust to their own exertions for safety. As they were able swimmers, however, they could have had no difficulty, with occasional assistance from their friends on board, in making their way to shore; but, to their astonishment, on turning from the rescue of their female companions, they beheld the grave-digger astride on the bottom of their own vessel, working away towards land, perfectly regardless of the fate of his fellow-sufferers. There happened to be among the latter a few characters of Phil's own stamp; and in the indignation which his conduct excited, they seemed to forget at once the respect due to the occasion, as well as the obvious circumstance that the boat in its inverted position could not possibly be made available to their assistance. The remonstrances of the more orderly were disregarded, and they determined at all hazards on recovering the vessel. The old man observed their intention, for in working the paddle at the stern he was obliged to retreat with his face towards them. Many an angry oath was sent after him; but the louder they hallooed, the more vigorously did Phil drive onward; and it was not till the foremost of the swimmers had come alongside that he condescended to slacken his course, or pay the slightest regard to their solici-

tations. This was no other than his son Owen, who had first perceived his flight, and was considerably in advance of the others.

"Stop, father! stop, I bid you!" he shouted, panting for breath; but, while he endeavoured to obstruct the progress of the navigator, prudently keeping beyond the reach of the uplifted paddle.

"Ah, then, Oiney, is it there you are?" replied the father. "Push on, avick—push on, or I'm afeard you'll be wet to the skin afore you get home."

"Come down out o' that, father!" rejoined the youth, who, though incapable of enforcing his demand, succeeded in retarding the old man's flight; for still, as he attempted to row, Oiney closed on him, and obliged him to use the paddle for his defence. The other swimmers pressed on with renewed vigour.*

"Stick in to him, Oiney," they roared, and Oiney stuck in to him like a man; and Phil's heart began to fail, as he saw the enemy gaining on him at every stroke.

"Go 'long out o' that, you spalpeen!" he shouted, making a furious blow at his son; but it was all in vain. The boys gathered round the boat, and Phil was reduced to the alternative of either resigning his possession or maintaining it at a very serious risk. He could not for a moment, however, think of adopting the former expedient; and, in the very first onslaught, he plied his paddle with such effect among the heads of his assailants, that notwithstanding the superiority of the latter in point of numbers, they soon discovered that it was no trifling task they had to accomplish. The whole train rested on their oars during the fight, (which, it is to be observed, lasted a much shorter time than we take to describe it,) while Peggy Maguire stood in the window of the old turret, half concealed among the ivy, and she was, perhaps, the only one of the numerous spectators who felt no fears for the result. It was, indeed, a dangerous and exciting contest: the blows fell in a regular shower round the old man; and the wild imprecations of the combatants, and the echoing of the paddle on the hollow ribs of the cot, had a very singular effect rising among the stillness of the

* This scene may appear somewhat extravagant. It is, however, only a description of what really did take place, a few years since, at a funeral on Lough Erne.

surrounding heights. Phil remonstrated from time to time, but this did not interrupt the progress of his more powerful arguments.

"Arragh, boys," he cried, "can't yiz sthretch out! Sure, blur-an-ages, she can't hould the whole o' yiz. That's it, Andy! sthretch out, my darlint! the divil a smoother road ever you thaveled. Whoo! God be with Jack! I'll see you in the evenin'," he exclaimed, as one after another, convinced by the logic of his paddle, retired from the conflict.

Oiney, who had been, all through, the life of his cause, made at last a mighty effort to capsize the old man. He seized him by the leg, and, rising slowly from the waves, lifted him, as he rose, completely out of his seat; but just as the other was on the point of tumbling over, he got himself steadied for an instant—the paddle descended for the last time, and poor Oiney, falling back into the water, was borne off, blind and dizzy, to the nearest vessel.

Phil looked up with a fierce smile to where the daughter of his house and heart was cheering from the ivied turret; and he looked back with a smile still fiercer on his baffled assailants, who struggled on through the water, or clung exhausted to the sides of some more friendly cots.

In the midst of this scene the bell had ceased to toll, but not even in the moment of most imminent danger had the dead been forgotten. A boy who had shared in the general catastrophe, had, instead of providing for his own safety, swam directly to where the coffin was drifting away on the waters. A general feeling of anxiety was evinced for the safety of this young person, and even Phil had not started till he saw there was not much probability of his being lost. He, himself, however, seemed to have but one object in view; and having secured the coffin as well as he could, with a rope, which was flung to him from one of the cots, for it was impossible to think of getting it on board, he swam beside it, occasionally resting his hand on it for support, and with difficulty keeping the rope attached as it was towed along. In this manner the procession reached the shore, when, the coffin having been drawn up, the Keeners again raised their cry of sorrow; and the funeral moved on under the shadow of the mountain, the boy following the bearers, with his black hair dripping about him, and his face as pale as

death with the fatigue he had undergone. On the conclusion of the ceremony, many of the villagers grasped his hand warmly as they retired, while he stood apparently unconscious beside the grave, until roused at length by the voice of the grave-digger, he accompanied him to his cabin. On entering, he found the family seated round the hearth, at their morning meal. They were unusually silent; and whether it was owing to his peculiar circumstances, or that their spirit was a little subdued by the events of the morning, there was a good deal of civility, and even kindness, in the reception which the young stranger experienced. Having partially changed his dress—a precaution which the others disregarded—Kitty placed him between herself and the fire, and Phil, who had been looking at him for some time in silence, knit his shaggy brows as he saw the tears beginning to roll slowly down his cheeks. The old man was unable that morning, with all his efforts, to dispel an unusual feeling of sadness that was about his heart.

"Peggy," he cried, turning hastily to his daughter—"I wondher what put the boys into such heart this mornin', that nothin' id do them but goin' head over heels round the ould cot."

Peggy glanced at the downcast face of her brother, who was brooding over his defeat; but their melancholy attempts at mirth were soon restrained by Kitty, who rated her husband in no very gentle terms for his unseasonable levity, and his little regard for "the day that was in it."

The boy, who had thus become an inmate of the grave-digger's abode, was son to Phil's only brother; and it was the funeral of the latter which was attended with the singular circumstances we have detailed. There was a total want of resemblance between the characters of these two brothers. Jemmy Maguire had long been one of the most opulent tradesmen of his native village. In his humble journey through life he had possessed a high reputation for wisdom and integrity; and there was probably no individual of that little community whose loss would have been more universally regretted. He had only one son, of whom he was, of course, sufficiently proud, though it must be acknowledged, his opinion concerning him was justified by that of the entire village. Morgan was a quiet, but intelligent boy; and while the latter quality gave

him the highest influence among his young associates, there was a certain shade of melancholy in his disposition, which, at his age, rendered him a fitter companion for his father. Though the latter perceived that he was one of those who are late in acquiring worldly wisdom, he did not attempt to controul the natural tendencies of his disposition; for he thought there was no great evil in commencing life with an overabundance of those feelings, which intercourse with the world must soon reduce within their proper limits. But whatever hopes Jemmy entertained of his son, he was not destined to witness their accomplishment. He died suddenly; and Phil, who, notwithstanding the defects of his character, was an honest man, and sincerely attached to his brother, took the orphan under his protection; intending, after some little time, to put him to a trade with the money which it was found his father had saved for the purpose. The villagers, who all felt more or less interested in the fortunes of the young orphan, feared that his present lot was not calculated to reconcile him to the loss he had sustained; and for a time he bitterly felt the change in his condition. Having been reared with unusual tenderness, he was badly suited for the society of persons who seemed divested of all natural affection, and were only remarkable for the perpetual discord that reigned among them. After a little time, however, things went on much better than he could have anticipated. When he had become accustomed to the ways of his relatives, he found that their mutual hostility was more apparent than real; and as he and Peggy were excellent friends from the first, he had at least the advantage of standing on equal terms with the other members of the household. Peggy was older than her cousin, and it was not surprising that his society produced somewhat of a humanizing effect on her disposition. He was certainly a fitter object for kindness than any of her own immediate relatives, and she accordingly displayed a uniform but unobtrusive solicitude for his comfort, which naturally excited a feeling of gratitude and affection in return. There was often a strange mixture of thoughtlessness and rude feeling in this girl's discourse. In her first conversation with Morgan, she spoke not very tenderly of her family, but most enthusiastically of the place of their residence; and, indeed, it would have

appeared that it was only her attachment to the latter which restrained her from abandoning home and family altogether—a course which she acknowledged she had often thought of adopting. This local attachment seemed the strongest of her affections.

"Many's the berriu'," she exclaimed, "young and old, I rung for in my day; and wide as the world is, Morgan, I wondher is their a beautifuller sight than to be up in that ould turret of a summer's mornin', when a funeral's out on the lake, Keeners and all, and the ould wood you'd a'most think on fire forment you."

In his intercourse with the rest of the family, Morgan was obliged to act with more firmness, and he evinced on occasions a degree of resolution, which it was evident would resist any undue assumption of authority even in the highest quarters. But to do Phil justice, he never forgot the sacred nature of the obligation with which he was entrusted; and though he might occasionally yield to his natural hastiness of temper, his affection for his nephew if not stronger, was at least more obvious than that which he entertained for his own offspring. In the meantime, however, his original intention of putting him to a trade appeared to be forgotten. He seemed unwilling to part with his nephew, and the latter had, owing to certain unfortunate causes, lost all taste for the sober life of an apprentice. The result was, that the matter having been postponed from time to time, was finally relinquished altogether—the money being suffered to lie for the present where Jemmy had lodged it; and as there was interest accumulating on it from the commencement, it would, they thought, in the course of a few years, enable the lad to adopt some more agreeable mode of life. There was one circumstance amongst others which might have had some influence in determining Morgan to abandon the more prudent views which he had at first entertained. According to them he would have been obliged to leave Liana-Sharra, and the town, where he would have had to reside, being at a considerable distance, he could not calculate on often visiting his native valley during the term of his apprenticeship. Now he had a reason for disliking this arrangement, and though it might have acted unconsciously at first, it became more powerful every day in its influence over his plans of life.

On the morning after his father's interment, he happened to accompany Peggy across the heights of the Crough-na-Coppell into an extensive pasturage that lay above the lake, reaching round from the wood over the village to the back of the opposite mountain. As they crossed through this rich scenery, they met a young girl with a milk-pail in her hand.

"God save you, Lucy," cried Peggy.

"God save you kindly, Peggy," replied the other, distantly and with some little confusion, saluting her companion.

Peggy looked at her in surprise, for she had been guilty of a very unusual omission.

"Lucy!" she cried, "why but you tell the boy you're sorry for his loss?"

Lucy coloured deeply. Her embarrassment evidently arose from the very circumstance to which the other alluded; and though she did not give expression to the customary form of condolence, she turned on the young mourner a look fully as expressive of sympathy.

"Well," said Peggy as they passed on, "I always thought Lucy was a good-natured girl; and so she is, in troth, only she's such a timorous little crathur; but you ought to be fond of her, Morgan, for she's an orphan like yourself."

"I know that," replied the other, "I seen her afore now."

"Troth, then, you seen as good a little girl as there is in this town!"

Morgan was of the same opinion himself, if not then, at least very soon after.

This girl had lost her mother only a short time before, and she now resided with her grandmother, in a little cottage under the same mountain that overshadowed the grave-digger's abode. Morgan was, of course, in the habit of meeting her frequently both at home and abroad, for he was a particular favourite with old Mrs. McKenna, and his visits to her cottage, whatever other angelic properties they might possess, were neither few nor very far between. It was natural that Lucy and he should grow fond of each other's society. Their circumstances were peculiar; and when they wandered together among the green and rocky glens of Lis-na-Sharra, they talked of the dead, and of the sorrowful days they had both experienced, when left alone in the world; and thus a wonderful sympathy arose between them; and they were

both too young to know that such a feeling between "a gentle girl and boy," is only the commencement of the most powerful, and often the most desolating of all human passions. Their attachment grew stronger every day; and its progress was never resisted by either until they found their hearts were irrevocably gone. Time passed on until youth had hardened into manhood. Lucy was now a very beautiful girl; and Morgan, who was of a light and vigorous frame, and whose dark complexion made him appear older than he really was, had no reason, as far as appearance was concerned, to dread the rivalry of many in Lis-na-Sharra. But a good figure and a dark complexion are not always enough to win an heiress; and Lucy, having the prospect of a very fair inheritance, there was some reason for apprehending difficulties of a more serious nature. The lease of Mrs. McKenna's farm was to expire with her own life; but she had a daughter in the opposite village, a wealthy widow, who had for many years carried on the business in which she was still engaged; and as she had no children, Lucy was, of course, to inherit all her worldly wealth, and to live with her, on the death of her grandmother, if she should not in the meantime happen to have a house and husband of her own. In revolving plans for her niece's settlement in life, Mrs. Slevin had cast her eye on the son of a rich farmer in the neighbourhood, who was no way averse to such a connection, and who, in a worldly point of view, had innumerable advantages over the poor grave-digger's nephew; but the widow was a good and sensible woman, and when she found that Lucy's heart was otherwise engaged, she yielded to the representations of her mother, who knew her grandchild too well, and loved her too dearly, to contemplate for her an alliance founded on any principle but affection. It was not an unwise determination, after all; for Morgan had at least the means of beginning life; and with youth, and vigour, and the inheritance of a good name, there was no doubt he would be able to get through. It was said, moreover, that Mrs. Slevin had a regard for the name, and that Jemmy's untimely death had dissipated the last hopes of happiness that ever rose in her widowed heart. Still, however, her consent was only conditional. She had but an indifferent opinion of the integrity of the

young man's remaining relatives ; and she gave them and Lucy to understand, that if his fortune should not be forthcoming, their engagement must be at an end. The old woman considered this caution unnecessary. She entertained a more just idea of her neighbour's character ; but supposing any difficulty of the kind to arise, she could not help approving of her daughter's resolution ; for Lucy could have nothing of her own till after her death ; and she thought it would be a small proof of wisdom or affection to suffer her child to be reduced to the wretched and heart-breaking condition of a poor man's wife. With this saving clause, however, it was agreed on all hands that their marriage should be only deferred until the young man should have settled on some mode of life ; and this he and his uncle determined should be done on the conclusion of a certain speculation in which they happened at that time to be engaged.

In the meantime it became evident to Morgan, the only one sufficiently interested to observe it, that some melancholy change had come over the dream of poor Peggy's life. She had very soon observed the attachment between her cousin and their young neighbour ; but this discovery revealed to her the nature of her own feelings towards the former, and they were, unfortunately, of a much stronger kind than under the circumstances she ought to have cherished. Either from a principle of delicacy, or pride, she endeavoured for a time to disguise her sentiments ; but when the love of the others became more obvious, and was at length openly approved, she could no longer conceal the disorder of her heart. The early progress of love had considerably subdued the wildness of her nature, but its effects were by no means so remarkable as those occasioned by the mingled feelings that now possessed her. She was evidently most unhappy. Her boisterous manner had given place to a sullen melancholy, rarely relieved by out-breaks of her natural violence. She experienced all the misery of passion, and she had nothing either to guide or support her through circumstances in which the wisest heart could barely have escaped without damage. The circumstances of this girl's life were sufficient to have destroyed almost any disposition, and

hers was peculiarly susceptible of their evil influence. Not only was her mind totally uncultivated, but it was driven wild, in a manner, by the capricious severity of her mother, who, while she indulged every impulse of her unhappy temper, never took the trouble of exercising any fair and legitimate authority over her children, or of curbing in any degree the violent propensities of her nature. In that happy household every will was a law, and the only question was how it could be enforced. Previous to her acquaintance with Morgan, her father was the only person in the world for whom Peggy seemed to entertain the slightest regard ; and even her affection for him never degenerated into any thing like kindness of manner. On ordinary occasions she was as headstrong and disobedient as one could desire, but in the stormy nights of winter, when he would chance to be out unusually late, she would sometimes stand at the door of their cabin, muttering many a pious curse, but watching anxiously for the light which, in his nightly navigations, he usually placed in the prow of his little cot. The father understood her character, and rude as it was, it afforded some contrast to the loveless disposition of Kitty and her son. To Morgan it had appeared in a more favourable light than to any other, and he had always felt a kind of sympathy for one, who it was evident might have been different under more favourable circumstances. He now wondered what the sorrow could be that was evidently preying on her heart ; for though a suspicion of the truth sometimes occurred to him, he always rejected it as equally extravagant and unjust. Her manner, however, was too remarkable to escape observation long, and Kitty, though not very observant in such matters, could not fail to notice it at last.

One night as the family, with the exception of the two young men, were sitting round the fire, she first thought of calling her husband's attention to the circumstance. Their dwelling was a poor one, but it had that night an air of comfort, which showed that even poverty can have its intervals of happiness in spite of the world. The pot was on for supper, and from under it flowed the pleasant warm light that only partially illumined the dwelling. Phil was dozing in the boss,* and Kitty

* A sort of rush chair, with a low seat, and high back and sides. It is usually a fixture in the chimney corner.

silently enjoying her *doodeen*, while Peggy sat gazing into the fire apparently in deep reflection. Her thoughtful look had attracted her mother's attention, who addressed her once or twice without receiving any reply; but Kitty was accustomed to this, and under the soothing influence of the pipe, she sunk again into her own quiet reverie. After some time, however, she seemed to recollect herself, and again broke the silence of their little circle.

"Peggy," she cried, in a louder tone, "do you hear any one spakin' to you?"

"Ay," replied the girl coolly, "there's more hears you nor heeds you, mother."

Phil, who had been roused by his wife's voice, seemed forcibly struck with the truth of this observation.

"By gorra, Kitty," he whispered, "I'm afeard she's too many for you."

Kitty, however, took no notice of the taunt. She insisted that there was something wrong with the girl; but though she hinted at the possibility of her mind being disordered, she was unable to form any satisfactory opinion on a subject which, it was evident, had occupied very little of her attention. There was more of reproach than sympathy in her tone all through, but this, if not occasioned, was certainly increased by the manner in which her communication was received; for Phil, half seriously and half in jest, took what he conceived his daughter's part, while she herself sat regardless and apparently unconscious of the entire debate. The conversation at last took a more agreeable turn, and the old couple held a long and friendly discourse on the subject of their nephew's marriage; "and then," continued Phil, turning to his daughter, "I suppose Peggy 'il be goin' off some of these mornins with a boy of her own. By dad, Kitty, I'm afeard we'll be left alone in our ould days, aither all."

"It's like enough," muttered the girl, in a tone scarcely audible, but which suggested to the old man the gloomy sense in which that forboding might be realised. It was only a passing thought, however; and Kitty, who was not easily moved by word or omen, expressed a doubt of such good fortune being in store for Peggy.

"You don't know," said Phil. "Her cheek isn't as smooth as Lucy's, I allow, but will you tell us where's the other girl in *Lis-na-Sharra* would stop out from dark till dawn among them ould

ruins, and nothin' but a weensy bit of a lanthorn on a tombstone forment her?"

Kitty could not dispute the fact of her daughter's hardihood; and the circumstance last alluded to seemed to call up various old recollections in Phil's mind.

"Peggy," he said, "it's a long while since we begun that thrade now."

"It is," muttered the girl, in a tone from which it would have appeared that her father's words had some reference to the subject of her own reflections.

"It is, achora," repeated the father, "a long while, sure enough; and please God," he added, "it'll be longer still afore we're beat out of it."

"Hut!" cried the wife—"what do you mane, talkin' of bein' beat out of it?"

"Well, but isn't it wondherful, Kitty! There's twelve saisons gone over us now—ay, by my word, since afore Oiney could handle a hook—and not one ever meddled us to this blessed hour."

"Well!" said Kitty, "you ought to be thankful for havin' bether luck maybe nor you desarved."

"And so I am thankful," exclaimed the old man with fervour—"so I am thankful, ma colleen dheelish! Glory be to God! we have the warm roof over us to-night, aither all our throubles; and, oh!" he added, "my heart's curse on the villiain that would dhrive us out on the wide world again."

"By dad," cried Peggy, with a startling and most unnatural laugh, "that's a dhroll way to be thankful."

The father and mother looked at the girl, and then at each other.

"Why, then, Peggy," said the former, "you're mighty pleasant in yourself to-night. I darsay you think there's few stags in *Lis-na-Sharra*. Well, I b'lieve ye're right there, sure enough."

"Oh, masha," cried Kitty, rising as a step was heard outside—"here's the boys home, and their supper not ready."

The next moment the latch was raised, and Morgan entered the cabin.

"Come off, uncle!" he cried, "Oiney's below with the cart."

Phil, however, seemed very unwilling to move on such a hasty summons.

"Oh, by dad, Morgan," he said, "we must have a bit o' supper afore startin'. The night's long, avick; so just away and tell Oiney to throw a

lock of oats afore the baste, and come in."

Morgan remonstrated against the delay, but the matter was soon settled, for Kitty, on lifting the lid of the pot, while it still hung on the crook, seemed struck with amazement, and fixed on poor Peggy one of those dark looks, that used formerly to make her tremble.

"There," she cried, placing the pot on the hearth—"pleasant feedin' to yees, dears! The devil a much fear of it chokin' yees, any way."

Phil looked into the steaming pot, and his anger and astonishment equalled his wife's; and Peggy, having at length discovered the cause of the anger, of which she was the object, muttered the very satisfactory excuse, that having hung the pot on the fire she forgot to put in the potatoes.

"Oh! weary on you for a scather-brain!" cried Phil. "Faix, I b'lieve the ould woman's right—you're goin' wild, sure enough, whatever's the reason."

The looks of Peggy and her cousin met. They were both embarrassed—and there was an expression of pity in the countenance of the latter, and of distress and humbled pride in that of the unhappy girl. Phil fortunately recollected a substitute for the potatoes.

"We're not beat yet," he cried, taking a bottle from the top of the side-wall, where it had lain concealed under the thatch. "We're not beat yet, my son. Dhrink, you thief, for you have a long night's work afore you"—and having handed a measure to Morgan, he disposed of another himself.

"Why, then, Kitty, that *is* good liquor—eh! ould stock," he added, handing her the glass with an affectionate wink. "Faix it's betther nor a bellyful of blazin' steam, any way."

Kitty declined the offered cup; and the men having gone out, she and her daughter retired to rest.

Whatever little anxiety the good woman might have experienced about her daughter, and the cause of the evidently disordered state of her mind, it was a good deal removed by the very uncivil manner in which the latter was wont to answer her inquiries. Indeed there was not much civility in the manner of either mother or daughter; and as Peggy did not choose to disclose her secret, she was more disposed to resent than feel grateful for any inquiries on the subject. Her mind was now in a very wretched state,

and she had even begun to entertain the question, which, when it first occurred to her, appeared wild and extravagant, whether her rival's marriage might not still be prevented. Many vague schemes floated through her mind, but she had neither the power nor probably the will to adopt any one of them. Lucy was all this time perfectly unconscious of the misery her love had occasioned to another. She had observed the change in Peggy's manner, and she had been sometimes astonished at her obscure allusions to Morgan and herself; but there was always something strange and unaccountable in this girl's character; and as she and Lucy met less frequently than heretofore, whatever feeling of uneasiness her words might occasion at the time, it passed away, and never amounted to any actual suspicion of the truth. She had soon, however, a very fearful proof not only of the existence of Peggy's love, but of the absolute power it had acquired over her.

A few evenings after the night of which we have spoken above, Lucy happened to be in the village, and as she was about to leave it she met her neighbour, who had just rowed over, and proposed to her to delay a little longer and accompany her back across the lake. "The night was thickening;" and the wind, which had been high through the day, was increasing; but, every thing considered, Lucy preferred trusting herself on the water with Peggy, who was an able and fearless navigator, to taking the mountain path alone, and at so late an hour; for the Crough-na-Coppell heights looked awfully dark, and she knew that the light would be gone altogether before she could have reached the farther end. She waited accordingly; but one delay after another occurred—Peggy had several places to call, each of which she said was to be the last, and the night had come on dark and stormy by the time they were ready to set out. Lucy was not so foolishly fainthearted as to think of remaining in the village; and at all events her grandmother was unwell, which made it absolutely necessary that she should return: but as they went down to the boat, which lay at a little distance from the village, she could not help feeling some disagreeable apprehensions. Her companion's manner was not calculated to afford much confidence. She sang loud, and appeared

altogether unusually excited, which seemed to be owing, in part at least, to the very evident circumstance of her having exceeded a little in her potations; and Lucy now began seriously to repent having complied with her proposal. When they reached the boat, the roar of the waters and the desolate darkness through which they were to pass, completely shook her resolution; and when Peggy had unmoored the little vessel, and desired her to enter, she hesitated, and spoke of returning to the village. Peggy held up the lantern, and looked steadily in her face—

"Why, Lucy," she said, "sure it isn't afeard o' me you'd be?"

"What would I be afeard of you for?" replied Lucy, struck by the nature of the question—"I'm afeard to go out in such a night as this, I'll tell you the truth."

"Oh, my oh!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment—"and me that wouldn't ax better sport than to be drivin' away through the storm if it was ten times wilder than what it is. Howsomdever, Lucy," she added, "if you're any ways onaisy, away back to your aunt Jenny's, and I'll slip down and tell the ould woman not to be expectin' you."

The circumstance of her grandmother's illness had escaped Lucy's recollection.

"Oh! that's throe," she muttered, "I can't lave her, whatever happens."

"Why, certainly, Lucy, I think myself it isn't like a thing you'd do, and her lyin' since yestherday, you tell me. Only, as I say, if you're any ways onaisy in your mind—of coorse there's raison in all things, you know."

"Troth and I'll be bound," said Lucy, "you're afeard yourself, only you wouldn't let on."

"Oh! I am, to be sure," exclaimed the girl—"thrimblin' every inch o' me. Away off with you, now, and don't be keepin' me collogin' here till cock-crow in the mornin'."

As there was no help for it, Lucy stepped on board, and took her seat in one end of the boat, while Peggy, having placed the little lantern between them, took the paddle and pulled away with might and vigour. Up rose her song as wild as the storm, but Lucy's heart failed her as she watched the receding lights of the village, and felt the little cot alternately rise and sink among the invisible waves. Peggy, after some time, discontinued her song. The

storm was sensibly increasing, and it seemed to require all her skill to manage the boat; but having rowed a good way in silence, she abruptly addressed her companion—

"Well, Lucy, I darsay you're thinkin' long till yourself and Morgan sets up house together?"

"Ah, then, my God, Peggy, what are you talkin' about?" replied the other.

"What am I talkin' about?" returned Peggy, sharply. "Now, don't you know bravely what I'm talkin' about?"

"In troth I don't; but I know it's a quare time to begettin' on with your jokes."

"Musha!" cried Peggy, "and is it jokin' he's with you, after all, my poor colleen? Faith it's like enough, for he's a dhroll boy, the same Morgan Maguire."

At this moment a flash of lightning startled both the girls.

"Hurroo!" cried Peggy, throwing back her head as if dazzled by the glare, while her companion earnestly intreated her to pull out or they'd be lost.

"The devil a fear o' you," cried the other. "Many's the wildher night I was out my lone, and I'm not lost yet. But then, says you, it's better to be alone nor in bad company. Eh, ma chora bawn, isn't that the truth?"

"I darsay," replied the girl.

"Ay, and a dale safer, if it goes to that. But no matter, Lucy. Faith if we get over this night, it's myself 'll make the ould tower rock on your weddin' mornin'."

"If we get over this night!" repeated the other in astonishment; for though their situation was certainly a little dangerous, she had not viewed it in so bad a light; and even the levity of her companion's manner, while it perplexed and distressed her, probably made the danger appear less serious.

"Oh, in troth," cried the latter, "I'd be sorry any thing id happen you—for Morgan's sake. But you know, Lucy, it's a bright eye can see through the far end of an hour."

A suspicion of the true state of Peggy's feelings rushed on the mind of her companion. These obscure expressions, and the frequent allusions to her lover, were not idle words; and they excited an undefined feeling of alarm, which, under present circumstances, they were certainly calculated to produce. The storm continued to

increase, while the boat rolled about and seemed almost entirely beyond the controul of the paddle. Lucy's fears might have made the way appear unusually long, and it was evident that the boat could make but slow progress through such rough water, and driven by a single oar; but though all this occurred to her, she began to feel seriously alarmed at not reaching the end of their voyage. Her fears were not without abundant foundation, for on repeatedly looking round in the direction in which they were proceeding, she found that the light, both in her own cottage and Peggy's, which had been for some time visible, had again disappeared. She had remarked this to her companion, who seemed to account for it to her own satisfaction; but though Lucy had sufficient confidence in her skill and experience, even this confidence was calculated to increase her uneasiness.

"Well, it's wondrous to me!" she murmured, looking in vain for the guiding lights. "Are you sure, Peggy, we're not off the coorse?"

"Troth I'm not," replied the other, carelessly. "How can I be sure no more nor yourself?"

The blood forsook Lucy's cheek and lips. To have lost their way on such a night as this would have been bad enough, but a much more dreadful apprehension now possessed her.

After a little time she observed that her companion had ceased rowing, and was looking earnestly a-head. The latter at length turned towards her. Her face was just visible by the dim boat light between them, and never had that young girl witnessed any thing so fearfully appalling as its aspect. Her eyes were glittering, her lips were parted, and seemed spasmed into a fiendish smile.

"Where's Morgan Maguire now?" she cried, "and his colleen bawn out among the elements? Where is he now, I wondher, and the wild waves below you that'll soon be above you? Hurroo!" she exclaimed, as, with all her force, she flung away the paddle, "Now, Lucy, we have the one chance, and whoever sinks or swims it's no fault of th' others."

At this moment a burst of lightning, broader and brighter than any that had yet appeared, spread above them, and discovered, to the equal astonishment of both the girls, that they were in the centre of the Crough-na-Coppell. Peggy uttered a scream of horror; and

from the expressions that involuntarily escaped her, it seemed that she had been completely deceived with regard to their position. She had, in fact, imagined that they were close on shore, which, in the event of any accident, she could have reached without much difficulty, for she was more skilled in manly than in female accomplishments. The flashes continued for some moments in rapid succession, and clearly revealed the black cliffs around. The ghastly light—the tossing of the boat—and the stunning reverberation of the thunder, so completely bewildered poor Lucy, that, forgetting every circumstance but the single one of Peggy having brought them into this dreadful and defenceless condition, an idea occurred which was not calculated to lessen its horror, and that was, that her companion was labouring under the influence of insanity. The conduct of the latter fully justified the suspicion. A total recklessness of danger was one of the qualities by which she was chiefly distinguished. She had often, as she said herself, crossed that lake in the midst of the darkest storms; and even from childhood it had been her principal source of delight to sit in the window of the rocking turret enjoying the rage of the elements round her; but now, whether it was from the consciousness of guilt, or that she found herself, for the first time in her life, in circumstances of real danger, without the power of making the slightest effort, her courage completely forsook her. The reaction from intoxication might have increased her fear; and as she crouched down in the bottom of the boat, her appearance was altogether that of a maniac subdued by terror. Lucy felt her own courage sustained by the contemplation of her despair; and now that it was come to the worst, she experienced, what her companion could not, the confidence afforded by a pure conscience and habitual reliance on heaven. Never did she pray with truer fervour than during those fearful moments; and as their little vessel rocked and rolled among the black waters, a sort of feeling between hope and resignation rose in her heart, which the other could not be supposed even to understand. They were some time in this trying situation, when Lucy perceived a light near the edge of the water. She at first doubted the reality of this appearance, for she knew that there was no path at the foot of the heights,

and that descent from above was impossible; but when she pointed it out to Peggy, the latter instantly sprang to her feet.

"It's my father!" she exclaimed, in transport. "Father! father!" she roared, and, loud as the storm was, her voice at last reached the shore.

"Who's there?" was heard in reply, and the girls, to their great joy, recognised the rough tones of the grave-digger.

"It's uz, father," answered Peggy, whose confidence was now completely restored—"Its Lucy M'Keuna and me. Oh! make haste, father jewel, or we're lost!"

"And what the devil brings ye up here?" shouted the other. "Drive home out o' that, or by the gob I'll—" His threat was drowned in the storm.

Peggy continued loudly to implore his help, but the light had disappeared, and the girls were left for some moments longer in a state of dreadful anxiety, not knowing whether the old man was preparing to assist them, or, having no means of doing so, and being ignorant probably of the extent of their danger, had left them to their fate. They were not long in suspense, however, for in a few moments they heard a boat putting off from the shore, and pulling rapidly towards them.

"Lift the light," shouted a voice from the boat, but it was not that of the former speaker. Peggy held the lantern on high. The boat came alongside, and Morgan Maguire leaped on board the other, to the rescue of the distressed damsels. He pulled down the lake towards the common landing-place opposite the ruin; and in reply to his inquiries, Peggy informed him that having missed their way and lost the paddle, they had been driven about, they knew not in what direction, till they discovered the light at the foot of the rocks, and found they had got into the Crough-na-Coppell. At last they landed safe and sound, and as Morgan was mooring the boat Peggy whispered—

"Lucy! I say nothin' to him. The ould man 'd murder me if he know'd the way I was jokin', and the wild night that was in it."

"Jokin'!" repeated the other.

"Oh, upon my sowl!" cried Peggy—"sure you don't think I was in airnest when I threwn away the paddle? Faith it was only funnin' I was—if you'll b'lieve me."

Lucy looked at her with a mingled

feeling of disgust and horror—but Morgan now joined them, and Peggy, with assumed cheerfulness, wishing her companion safe home, flew across towards the ruin—the other, who had farther to go, being, of course, accompanied home by her lover. On the way she was silent and thoughtful. The adventure of the night seemed to have overawed her spirit; but, as if in gratitude for her safety, her manner towards her lover was fonder and more confiding than it had ever been before. As they were about to part, and stood for a moment near the light that issued from the cabin window, Morgan first observed the disordered appearance of the poor girl. Her cheek and lips were perfectly colourless, and the damp hair falling about her face, increased the ghastliness of its expression. A dark and sudden suspicion came on Morgan's mind.

"Lucy," he said, "I'm afeard there was somethin' more than the storm to-night!"

The girl was about to reply, but her lips trembled, and she burst into tears. He did not press his inquiry then, though it was evident there was something to be disclosed; but as, for the first time in his life, he folded her to his heart, he felt, what somebody or other has expressed, how much the sentiments of a protector exalt and sanctify those of a mere lover.

It was not to be supposed, however, that Lucy could be so imprudent as to conceal from him long a matter of such importance; and the account which she gave him confirmed him in the painful conviction that he had till then endeavoured to resist. They were both at a loss how to act under these circumstances; for, though it was evident that Peggy was a dangerous person, it was not so easy to determine how her designs were to be guarded against. Lucy was naturally anxious to disclose the whole matter to her grandmother, but she was prevented by the consideration that it could only occasion the old woman much distress and anxiety without being productive of any possible advantage. Morgan, on the other hand, thought of speaking to his uncle, but it was a delicate subject—how could he accuse the girl of being in love with him? and without the knowledge of that fact, the adventure on the lake could be only regarded as a wild freak, not at all extraordinary in one of Peggy's cha-

racter. At all events, it was probable that the old man would not only discredit but resent any serious charge against his daughter, while it could only have the effect of rendering the latter still more reckless and vindictive. Under these circumstances, they were obliged to trust to their own prudence and discretion. Indeed, when they considered the matter coolly, they did not see what they could have to fear; for though her object that night was but too evident, it seemed equally clear that she had been actuated by a sudden temptation, which, under ordinary circumstances, could have no power over her; and even then she had run the risk of her own destruction rather than have recourse to actual violence. This, while it proved the strength of her passion, likewise proved the strength of the motives that restrained her. Her conduct since that occasion was further calculated to remove their uneasiness; for having escaped, as it were, from the verge of the most awful guilt, her heart was moved; and probably, for the first time in her life, her moral nature seemed to gain some ascendancy over the violence of her passions.

But the time was now approaching when all rivalry must cease; and Morgan had a prospect of commencing the world under much better auspices than he had at first anticipated. His uncle had for many years pursued the trade of a secret distiller. The circumstances of his own dwelling, and of the neighbourhood in general, were peculiarly favourable to such pursuits; and though attended with many evil consequences, they had raised this family to a state of comparative comfort, and at present contributed almost exclusively to their support. The light which saved the girls in the Crough-na-Coppell, came from the front of the distillers' cave, and this being inaccessible except by water, and perfectly secure from observation, afforded all the requisites for an illicit trade. This season happened to be peculiarly favourable, and Phil resolved to make the most of it; but as his own stock of corn was small, and his credit not very extensive, he proposed to his nephew to draw his money, the interest of which had been accumulating from the first, and join him in the speculation. The latter willingly acceded. Not being gifted with any extraordinary degree of worldly prudence, he did not sufficiently reflect on the folly

of hazarding his entire fortune in so perilous an enterprise; and it may be that the very nature of the pursuit, with its risks and excitement, served rather as an inducement than the reverse. He knew he could confide in the honesty of his uncle; and the pride of both was concerned in producing at his marriage a much more ample fortune than Lucy's family supposed him possessed of.

Autumn was now considerably advanced. The night-journeys through the mountains were nearly over, but the labours at the still were almost incessant. The men were at work late and early, and Peggy was engaged almost every night wheeling the casks from the landing place at the lake to the ruin, where they were deposited under a tomb-stone in the interior. But she no longer worked with her former alacrity. Neither the excitement of the occupation, nor the hopes that it held out, could dispel the one idea that for ever haunted her mind. The joy of youth had left her—her cheek was thin—her eyes unusually clear and deep; and these indications of declining health were rendered more remarkable by a sort of mournful expression which her countenance had latterly assumed. Though the interest which her cousin had formerly felt for her was considerably altered by recent discoveries, he could not help feeling that she was now more than ever an object of compassion. One day as he was digging potatoes for dinner, in a little field that lay between the ruin and the base of the mountain, Peggy came out with a basket; but instead of setting to her work, sat down on the ridge beside him. He felt a little embarrassed on perceiving her disposed to enter into conversation; for he very naturally dreaded any thing in the nature of an explanation.

"Well, Morgan," she said, "how are yees gettin' on beyant?"

"Oh, by dad, Peggy, we're gettin' on famous," he replied. "Why but you come over some night and give us a helpin' hand?"

"Ay, for luck," muttered Peggy.

"And why not?" rejoined the other. "Where there's good will there's good luck, they say."

"Oh, then, there ought to be luck afther my hand, sure enough," returned the girl, with a bitter smile, which betrayed, probably more plainly than she intended, her hostility to his present interests.

Though Peggy had "never told her love," her cousin knew there was no use now in affecting to misunderstand her.

"Well, Peggy," he said, "you were a friend to me once, any way; and whatever you think of me now, I'll not deny that I'm beholdin' to you from the day I first came under your father's roof."

"I was a friend to you, Morgan, when you didn't think it," replied the girl. "Many's the heart-breakin' hour I had for your sake; and it isn't once, or twice, nor fifty times, when others thought to put between you and the ould man, that you were, maybe, thrust-in' to my word for not bein' turned out, a wandherer on the world."

Morgan knew there was some slight exaggeration in this statement; but he expressed his gratitude for her kindness, which had been often exercised in his favour, though the consequences to be averted were not altogether so bad as she intimated.

"Well, well," said the girl; "it's over now, any way. But what would you say," she added, with a peculiarly significant look, "if I'd take it into my head to turn out a worse enemy to you than ever I was a friend?"

"I don't think you would, Peggy—you have no right."

"I have no right!" she repeated, a little fiercely. "Oh, well! right or not, the best friends is often the worst enemies at last."

Morgan saw there was some secret meaning in her words. He had not forgotten the adventure on the lake; and the reckless character of the girl, and the strong temptation that actuated her on that occasion, convinced him that such an insinuation as this was not to be disregarded.

"That's the truth," he said, in reply to her last observation; "but it's not goin' to be the way with us for all that."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the girl, stooping down, as if to conceal an evil smile.

"Why, I hope it," returned the other, "for your own sake."

"For my sake?"

"Ay, for your sake," repeated the young man, a little sternly. "It's a stout heart, Peggy, can rise again' the laws o' God and man."

Peggy laughed scornfully at this threat; but suddenly turned as pale as death, for, as he had never spoken to her on the subject to which we have

just referred, she had not at first perceived the object of his allusion.

"Oh, God forgive you, Morgan," she said, "is it the like o' that you'd even to me?"

The poor girl was dreadfully affected; for notwithstanding the weakness of her moral nature, she was not so familiar with guilty sentiments but that she felt all the horror of such an imputation. Morgan was wonderfully relieved, but he was no less embarrassed at finding that he had attributed to her worse designs than she was capable of entertaining. He earnestly assured her that she had entirely mistaken his meaning; but Peggy refused to be comforted.

"It's no matter," she said, "it's no matter what you or any other thinks o' me now; maybe it's no worse nor the truth after all."

She did not hear Morgan's words as he endeavoured to soothe her, but seemed absorbed in the contemplation of her own lost condition.

"It isn't my fault," she muttered, with a quivering voice, and looking up to the summit that frowned above them—"it isn't my fault, but the fault o' them that didn't fling me from the top o' that mountain, afore my life was darkened with sin and sorrow."

There was an expression of intense misery in her countenance, and in spite of her efforts, the tears started to her eyes.

"Peggy," cried the young man, "I wondher to hear you talk in such a way; sure there's none of us but what has our troubles, more or less."

But Peggy's troubles were of a peculiar kind, and Morgan was not learned enough to minister consolation to a breaking heart. After some further discourse, they were interrupted by Peggy's mother, who approached in silence, but with direful indications of wrath in her countenance.

"Oh, bad scan to her," muttered Peggy, "I forgot the praties."

She rose slowly, but with some trepidation, for notwithstanding her rebellious disposition, she had an habitual dread of her mother's anger. The latter came up as she was filling the basket.

"You sleepy throllop," she exclaimed, "was it to goster and gossip I sent you, and the fire burnin' to waste inside;" and she continued, while Peggy accomplished her task, to pour out abuse, which the other regarded

about as much as the murmur of the neighbouring lake.

Once only she looked up, and in reply to some peculiarly severe observation, she said—

"Well, mind that mother when you're axin' me for a morsel, for God's sake."

Morgan could not help smiling at this boastful prediction; but the mother who was only sensible to the insult it conveyed, replied with increased violence and volubility.

"Well," said Peggy, "remember what I tell you. Here! put your hand to this;" and Kitty, placing the basket on her daughter's head, followed her to the cabin.

"By dad," thought Morgan to himself, "I wouldn't wondher much if she was on for some roguery or other—though, maybe, it's only the wild way she has of talkin'"; and this, on the whole, appeared the more probable conjecture, for Peggy never cared how extravagant or absurd her expressions were, if they had only the merit of being severe; and as to the threat of becoming his enemy, this, too, might be only the natural expression of resentment, without any fixed design, or without even the desire of doing him an actual injury.

The following was a busy day in the distillers' cave. Their labours were now nearly terminated, and from the arrangements they had already made, they were in hopes that a very little time would compensate them for all the toil and danger of their undertaking. For so far, every thing had turned out better than they had anticipated. Their speculation was likely to prove unusually profitable. The work went on well and cheerfully; and even Oluey's rough temper began to brighten in the excitement which accompanies the close of a successful and hazardous enterprise.

Morgan being out all day, and the greater part of the night, was not aware that Peggy had left home early in the morning, without mentioning to any one the object of her journey. The day and night passed, and she had not yet made her appearance. Her absence occasioned no uneasiness to the rest of the family, for she had on more than one occasion, after a dispute with her mother, gone off in the same way, and remained for a day or two with some relations who lived at a distance up in the mountains.

Kitty was alone at dinner on the

following day, when her daughter entered the cabin, and without a word of salutation, quietly took her seat at the board. The reception she received proved that after all the mother's heart had not been free from anxiety on her account; and the strength of this feeling was evinced by the storm of abuse that hailed her return. Peggy, however, ate away in silence, and it was only by an occasional smile that she appeared in the least sensible of this clamorous welcome; until at last, for want of opposition, Kitty was obliged to give up. She never thought all this time of asking her daughter where she had been, or else Peggy never thought of satisfying such an inquiry; and when night closed round their dwelling, they were sitting, one at each side of the fire, the old woman enjoying the luxury of her *doodeen*, and the daughter probably revolving the events of her mysterious journey. It was some hours after nightfall when the latter rose, and taking a small lantern from the dresser, intimated her intention of going over to see how they were getting on at the still. As she was preparing to set out, she cast an occasional glance at her mother, who seemed attentively observing her movements. There was "a laughing devil" in Peggy's eye.

"What are you lookin' at me for, mother?" she said in a light tone.

The other shook her head, and turned away with a sigh, while Peggy left the house singing gaily.

It was a dark but starry night, and the church-yard girl felt unusually nervous, as she crossed with her little lantern among the graves; but her nervousness was the effect of excitement, not of fear.

"Whoo! bad scran to you, uncle Jemmy," she cried, as she stumbled over a grave at a little distance from the ruin; "will you give over your thricks, if you please?"

She passed on, not, however, to where the cot lay moored, but to the foot of the path leading up the heights of the Crough-na-Coppel. She ascended this path, and proceeded about half way round, when, placing her lantern beside her, she crouched down on the very verge of the dark precipice, and looked earnestly for some time in the direction of the village.

"This is the time," she muttered, "they allowed me to give them warnin' if all was right! I wisht, afther

all, I had a brought the sappogue* wid me, for I'm afeared they'll never see this weenshy glimmer. Ay," she continued, looking down towards the cave, "yees are mighty snug there below, and sorra sign or sight to let on ye're in it; but wait a bit! wait a bit, Morgan McGuire!"

The girl had sat for a length of time in this chilling and dangerous situation, when she at last heard the sound of oars, and could discover that a boat was pulling rapidly up the lake. Her heart beat quick, and grasping the root of a little bramble with one hand, she held out the lantern in the other, hanging at the same time so far over the brow of the precipice, that had that bramble failed her, her story had been told. In a few minutes the boat entered the Crough-na-Coppell. Peggy sprang to her feet. She could just distinguish that an object was in motion, and that it was moving right towards the distiller's cave; but as she contemplated a catastrophe which she had been accustomed to regard as one of the worst of evils, her feelings were by no means those of unmingled triumph. She stood looking down with straining eyes; and as the boat neared the base of the heights, she again looked towards the cave, but still all was dark and quiet. The boat at last reached the spot; and as the girl stood with her dim lantern, trembling on the brow of the precipice, pale as a ghost, and literally gasping for breath, a burst of mingled voices rose from below, and the next instant was lost within the cave. Peggy waited no longer, but flew back along the beetling heights, and as she again descended, she saw light issue from the ruin. She hastened on. The hoarse voice of her mother was now heard in alternate wailing and denunciations, and in a few minutes more, Peggy was standing by her side witnessing the consummation of her pious work. Two men were engaged raising a tombstone, which had lain almost concealed in a corner of the ruin. They had at length succeeded in their object, and, like the knight of Deloraine, discovered the unlawful treasure below, when they were joined by another of the party, from whom Kitty first received the fatal intelligence that the still was seized, and her husband, son,

and nephew made prisoners. The men having removed the casks from their temporary tomb, proceeded to join the rest of the party, followed by Kitty and her daughter, the former pouring out curses indiscriminately on the unknown informer, and the more innocent officers of the law.

"Oh, my curse light down on him this night, the black-hearted villian!" she exclaimed. "Oh, wurrah! wurrah! I'll see him a world's wondher for this afore he dies!"

"Whisht, mother," cried Peggy, whose coolness under such a severe calamity might well have surprised the mother, had she herself been sufficiently cool to have observed it; "whisht, I bid you. Isn't it a shame to hear you say the like of a Christian crathur?"

"Christian!" roared the other, to whose indignant sense of piety this seemed a regular profanation of the term—"Christian is it! Oh, may the wather that christened him never cool his tongue!"

Peggy shuddered at this awful imprecation; but Kitty continued in the same strain till they reached the road, or rather car-track, that ran along the lake. Here they found the prisoners under a strong guard, and a horse and cart ready to receive the spoil from the ruin. The men seemed to bear their misfortune like men; and Phil received with silent gloom the wild condolence, and equally wild reproaches of his spouse. Peggy stood a little apart from the group. She had on a ghastly smile, and when her look met that of her cousin, it was sufficient, with his former impressions, to satisfy him at once of her part in the transaction. She was not so hardened but that she trembled under the maledictions of her parent; and when the party was about to proceed, she sprang forward, and throwing herself on her knees before her father, earnestly implored his blessing.

"Arrah, rise up out o' that," cried the old man. "In troth, Peggy, there's only one blessin' in my heart at the present time, and that's a short day and a long night to them that sould the pass."

Peggy looked up with an expression of perfect despair, and then sunk on the earth, cold, and muttering indistinctly, as if an actual blight had fallen

* A sappogue is a kind of torch formed of a thick bundle of straw, or dried rushes, tied together, and lighted at the end. Numbers of them are carried about at bonfires, &c. &c.

on her. The prisoners went on their way, and when the sound of the cart could no longer be heard, the mother and daughter returned to their comfortless home. Kitty, whose passion was nearly exhausted, sat in silence, interrupted only by an occasional groan; till, after a little time, she rose and took down a bottle from the thatch, which, with one or two more, was all that remained of the abundant treasure they had lost.

"They haven't taken this with them, the villains," she said, with a ferocious smile. "Here, Peggy; there's what'll drink a bouncin' blessing to all the stags in Lis-na-Sharra any way!"

"Oh, in troth, mother, I'll touch not a drop of it!"

"And what for?" exclaimed the other, surprised at this unusual abstemiousness.

"Oh, faix, I darn't; my head's all in a meagrim wid the fright;" for though Peggy was fond of potteen, she had no idea of pledging her mother in such a toast.

Kitty having taken a tolerably abundant draught, deposited the bottle in its former place; but her heart was heavy, and the liquor was good, and she thought she might as well have another pull, to banish the gloomy thoughts that were crowding round her. Peggy saw its virtues beginning to appear.

"I'd allow you," she said, "to swally bottle and all, and it'll save you the throuble of spillin' it about the flure."

"Oh, by my word, Peggy," replied the old woman, "it's a mournful night, and mournful days and nights is afore us all, the Lord be praised!" and poor Kitty sat rocking to and fro on her little creep; but as her voice became thick, and this motion, the ordinary indication of grief, grew more and more irregular, her broken exclamations had reference almost exclusively to the future destinies of the informer.

Peggy sat contemplating, with a cold sneer, this wretched victim of her treachery; but when the latter lay sleeping at last, the thoughts of the unhappy girl reverted in full force to the nature of the act she had committed. She had long contemplated this measure, as the only one by which her rival's marriage could be obstructed, but she was for a while restrained by the consideration of the consequences to her father. He was now declining in health, as well as years, and this act she knew would involve him in misery

from which he could never hope to extricate himself; for he had no money, and all his credit was depending on the result of the adventure. But as the time approached when the power she unfortunately possessed would be at an end, all better feelings yielded by degrees to the ruling passion. When the last shilling had been expended, and the last supply of corn laid in, she went and gave her informations, stipulating at the same time for the reward she was to receive, and requiring a promise of the strictest secrecy with regard to herself. The latter condition however, imposed on her a necessity, which she would willingly have avoided, of betraying the distillers themselves into the hands of the police, as otherwise, she was told, she would have to appear and prove their property in the illegal goods.

Her scheme had succeeded to perfection, but she already felt the bitterness of its fruits. She gazed on her mother, who lay on a pallet near the hearth; and, small as her filial affection was, she had never known before any sentiment so desolating as the consciousness that the little happiness her mother had latterly enjoyed, was now gone for ever.

"Well, mother, you'll have pleasant dhramas to night," she muttered; "but I wisht I could sleep as sound for all that." But there was no sleep for Peggy that night; and notwithstanding the fatigue of the two previous days, when the dawn had dispelled a little the darkness of their cabin, it found her sitting by the cold hearth, as wretched a victim as ever passion destroyed.

She left the house and wandered about the hills till the morning was a little advanced, when she went down to the widow M'Kenna's cottage. She found the old woman alone, waiting breakfast for her grand-daughter; and taking her seat by the fire, she quietly recounted to her all the proceedings of the night. The good widow was thunderstruck—she could hardly believe the intelligence at first, particularly as Peggy's manner, though evidently disordered, was not that of one who had been visited with an unexpected misfortune. In fact, her feelings were in such a state, that she cared very little about sustaining her assumed part.

"And nothin' escaped them, you tell me?" cried the old woman, after a long silence, interrupted only by her occasional exclamations of astonishment and sorrow.

"Och I not the bulk of a bee's knee!" replied the girl. "Sure they ransacked the whole consarn up and down, the villians, that a mouse's nest could'n't be in it unknownst to them."

"But, Peggy, accushla, had yees nothin' to thrust to in the chance of any bad luck like this happenin' yees?"

"No," said Peggy. "I'll tell you the truth, widy, we had nothin' and we have nothin'. The sorra cross or copper between us and the beggars' thramp this mornin'."

"Oh! the Lord look down on yees!" exclaimed the widow. "What, in the world wide, is to become o' yees, ye unfortunate crathurs?"

"Ay, what's to become of us, sure enough?" rejoined the other. "It's the black home and the could hearth is afore us now."

"It is that, my poor child—a weary look-out for the winther nights. And is Morgan gone, too?" she asked, after a long silence.

Peggy replied in the affirmative.

"But they have nothin' again him?" rejoined the other, anxiously.

"No!" said Peggy, with an evil smile. "Faix, then, they let on to have a power again him."

"Why, Peggy!—you don't mane to tell me that he had any call to the uncle's doins?"

"In troth he had, widy—all the call in the world; and the sorra penny of uncle Jemmy's money but's gone wid the rest."

The old woman lifted up her eyes. "Peggy," she said, gravely, "it was ill done o' your father to bring him into this trouble, any way. It wasn't the part of an honest man; or, at laste," she added, recollecting the girl's own distress, "it wasn't the part of a wise man to let a young boy like him risk all the little manes he had to thrust to for startin' in the world."

While she was speaking, Lucy entered the cottage. Her bright smile vanished as she heard these words, and observed the gloom of her grandmother's countenance. The latter related to her, as softly as she could, the fatal intelligence. The girl had been previously aware of her lover's interest in the concern, and as she forgot for the moment that any others were involved in this misfortune, a suspicion, which happened to be correct, occurred to her more quickly than it might have done had she coolly considered the circumstances.

"I was thinkin' something would happen," she said, half unconsciously; and even the old woman could not help observing, as the two girls stood together on the floor, that the contrast in their personal appearance was not greater than in the feelings which their countenances seemed to indicate. She tried, however, to afford what consolation she could to both. She discoursed simply and piously on the necessity of confiding most in heaven when we are most deprived of earthly comfort; but it was the first severe blow Lucy had ever experienced, and she had not firmness all at once to bear it with resignation. Her tears began to flow apace.

"It was the unlucky day for Morgan," she said, "that ever he came among yees."

"Lucy!" cried the old woman, "I wondher to hear you say the like. Do you think, child, has nobody any troubles but yourself?"

"In troth I don't care whether they have or not," said Lucy, whose ordinary sweetness of temper seemed to have completely forsaken her. "It's a wondher how the like never happened them afore?"

"What do you mane?" cried Peggy, her deep eyes kindling, though she still preserved an appearance of calmness.

"Oh! you know bravely what I mane," returned the other. "You don't forget the night in the Crough-na-Coppell."

Peggy cast a hasty glance at the old woman, who was listening in astonishment to this altercation, though her surprise might have been increased had she noticed the look of triumph which struggled through the assumed expression of Peggy's countenance.

"I'm bless'd, Lucy," said the latter, "but I think it's takin' lave o' your senses you are," when the other, completely carried away by her feelings, asked her—

"Where did you sleep, ere last night, Peggy?"

"Where did I sleep?" repeated Peggy—"And what's that to you, now, Lucy, where I slept?"

"Oh, whist!" cried her rival, with a bitter smile. "By my word, Peggy, it's a wondher to me but your ashamed goin' about, like an ould crocodile, moanin' and wailin', as if the world didn't see whose doins it was from first to last."

"Oh, Lucy!" cried the grandmother,

in amazement, "what's that you're sayin', at all at all?"

"No matther," said Lucy—"I know well enough what I'm sayin', and so does Peggy, for all she looks so innocent."

"Well, if I do, may I never cross that flure alive. Why, my God, is it thryin' to make out you'd be that it was me left poor Phil Maguire a wandherin' beggar in his ould days, and myself and the mother without a meal's meat afore us this mornin'?"

This was a light in which, owing to the tumult of her feelings, Lucy had never thought of viewing the question; and she now felt she had gone too far in giving such open expression to a suspicion which appeared to her, under all the circumstances, highly extravagant.

"God forbid," she said, "I'd even the like to you, Peggy. It was a cruel turn, whoever done it."

But Lucy, though she felt very sincere compassion for her neighbours, imagined, in the bitterness of her heart, that her own condition was almost equally deplorable.

Peggy, after some time, took her leave, with the satisfactory reflection that she had crowned her labours of the night by rendering her rival very nearly as wretched as herself.

That same morning, after a weary night's march, Phil and his companions were lodged in their new abode. Their hearts were heavy; and the sudden change in their prospects and condition seemed to have subdued, in a great degree, the reckless audacity of the grave-digger, as well as the more sanguine and susceptible disposition of his nephew. Oiney alone, whose temper afforded but little indication of the state of his feelings, evinced a sullen dignity, which neither misfortune nor prosperity appeared capable of discomposing. A few days after their arrest, the prisoners were brought up for trial. The father and son being old offenders, and, of course, unable to pay the ordinary fine, were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment; while Moran, in consideration of his youth and general good conduct, as well as from the presumption that he had acted under the influence of his uncle's authority, was committed for only half that period. The officers who had effected the seizure were the only witnesses on the trial. No mention was made of their source of information, and consequently no light afforded

by which the old man or his son could trace the author of their ruin. The conjectures they formed were vague and unsatisfactory. Their illicit pursuits had never been conducted with any extraordinary degree of secrecy; but though they had been carried on from year to year with uninterrupted success, the prisoners knew they were more indebted for their security to an abstract principle of honour, which, however erroneous it may be considered, is seldom violated even by the poorest of our peasantry, than to the popularity they enjoyed in their native valley. Still there was none to whom suspicion could peculiarly attach, for while their character and habits had excluded them from the sympathy of their neighbours, they had seldom excited any enmity, and never to such a degree as to provoke an act of this nature. The hope of reward was, therefore, the only motive to which they could attribute it, and they accordingly arrived at the satisfactory conclusion, that some false-hearted rogue had yielded to this temptation, and was consequently enriched by their utter ruin. But Morgan viewed matters in a very different light. He alone was aware of the unfortunate condition of Peggy's heart, and of the motive which could have induced her to the adoption of such a measure. From his knowledge of her character, and of her feelings with regard to himself, he was scarcely surprised at this proceeding. He knew that she had no strength of principle sufficient to withstand the violence of her passions; and it was equally evident that she could not have acted on a course better calculated for the attainment of her own ends; for, while it gratified her revenge by the injury inflicted on himself, it completely upset all prospect of his marriage with her rival. Notwithstanding, however, the force of his suspicions, he did not communicate them to his fellow-prisoners. The knowledge could now avail them nothing; and, independent of every other consideration, it must have led to the painful disclosure of Peggy's "whole course of love." The poor youth was hard set to bear up under his misfortunes. The loss of his little patrimony was in itself bad enough; but that was nothing to the breaking up of all his plans and prospects—the destruction of hopes which he had indulged so long and with such full assurance, and now, at the very time when they seemed

about to be realised, he was the inmate of a gaol—associated with the outcasts of society—and with no prospect on his liberation, but that of commencing the world alone, and with all the disadvantages arising from his present condition. He had one consolation, however, in his troubles. From the time that Lucy had communicated to him the circumstances of her adventure on the lake, he had never been altogether free from anxiety on her account; but Peggy having adopted this method for the accomplishment of her views, he felt relieved by the consideration that nothing worse was to be dreaded at her hands.

There was but little correspondence between the prisoners and their family, owing to the remote situation of the valley and the difficulties of the journey, which lay, for the most part, through a wild and mountainous country; and as winter approached, their intercourse ceased altogether. The situation of Kitty and her daughter was now truly deplorable. Misfortune had not much improved the temper of the former, and the gloom of their cabin was only relieved by the frequent manifestations of her anger. But Peggy no longer regarded these displays. Her silence was almost unbroken, only that she sometimes yielded to a burst of passion more violent than seemed consistent with perfect soundness of mind. Kitty being reduced almost to despair, by poverty and hardship, was driven for consolation to a most fatal source of comfort, and though formerly a woman of sober habits, she seemed in a fair way of sinking into the most irreclaimable of all evil customs. Her daughter was not so lost to virtue that she could witness, without some remorse, this consequence of her act—but the act was done—and grievous as all its consequences were, it was now irrevocable. Their condition, however, might have been worse, but for the kindness of their neighbours; and it might have been better, but for Kitty's pride, which, for a long time, rejected the charity of those, whose friendship, in her more prosperous days, she had never sought nor enjoyed. Our peasantry, we are told, have innumerable faults, but they have a few unhappy virtues; only, to be sure, they are a foolish race; and, contrary to the nature of things, the misfortunes of one seem to call into life the love and charity of others. They like the hospitable homestead well,

but they never shun the battered hovel while a human being pines within it.

Lucy, in the meantime, had her own share of sorrow. She had been always aware of the danger attending her lover's pursuits, but this had only given additional life and excitement to her hopes. His good fortune and their approaching happiness had been anticipated, not with certainty but with a more delightful feeling of confidence, and she now felt the disappointment more bitterly than she might have done had she been a little older, or known in time that the beauty of a dream is no proof of its reality. She knew this now, particularly when her aunt, according to her previous determination, informed her that she must consider her engagement with Morgan at an end. It happened, moreover, that the young man, who had formerly aspired to Lucy's hand, was encouraged, by present circumstances, to renew his addresses. Mrs. Slevin spoke to her mother on the subject, and consulted with her on the propriety of settling Lucy in a manner so very advantageous; though it was some consolation to the latter that the old woman did not seem to enter very cordially into her daughter's views. As she had a high respect for her judgment, and was influenced on all important occasions by her advice, she assented in general terms to her proposals, without, however, expressing any opinion of her own on the subject. But though Lucy was aware of her grandmother's sentiments, and of her affection for Morgan, she knew how unlikely it was that she would oppose the wishes of her daughter; and, at all events, her opposition could be only to the positive evil, for the old woman considered that, from what had occurred, an alliance with Morgan was altogether out of the question. Lucy herself could hardly contemplate the idea of acting in opposition to the authority of her kind-hearted relatives; but her troth was plighted, and though, as far as her aunt and the young man's relatives were concerned, the contract was only conditional, between herself and Morgan it was a solemn and inviolable engagement. Notwithstanding, therefore, the pain it would have cost her to disobey those to whom she was bound not more by duty than affection, she would have had no hesitation as to how she should act had their prohibition been the only obstacle; but she had, from the first, apprehended

an obstacle of a more insurmountable nature. She feared that while Morgan's pride would not suffer him to contract an alliance to which such objections existed, so neither would his fondness for her allow him to involve her in his present ruined circumstances. This, it must be confessed, was the apprehension that disturbed her most, and it was confirmed by a letter which she had from her lover, about a month after the commencement of his imprisonment. It was evident, from this, or, at least, it appeared so to Lucy, that he regarded their union at the best as very remote and uncertain. His uncle's health was declining, and he would, of course, be obliged, in return for all the kindness he owed him, to devote himself to the support of his family, Oincy having other objects in view than returning to Lis-na-Sharra. He tried to write with cheerfulness, but a tone of sadness pervaded the letter, and, from the corresponding sadness of Lucy's own heart, it appeared, on the whole, a most sorrowful epistle. He spoke much more of the past than of the future; and the only expression, that excited any thing like hope, was an allusion to the views which he feared her aunt might entertain, and an earnest avowal of his own constancy, which was evidently intended to remind her of the sacred nature of their engagement. There was another circumstance which occasioned her no little uneasiness. The suspicion which she still, on reflection, entertained of Peggy's treachery, was not quite so strong as the conviction on the mind of her lover, but neither did she derive from it the sort of negative consolation which it afforded him. On the contrary, she thought that one who could be capable of such a proceeding, would not scruple to follow it up, if necessary, by any act, however violent. The adventure on the lake had made a deep impression on her mind, and she could never meet Peggy in the lonely places of the valley, without a sensation of fear, which she was not at all times capable of concealing. This feeling, however, parted, in a great degree, of a merely ideal character. Lucy had as much courage as most girls, but from her original constitution, as well as the solitary life she had led, her feelings were tinged with what may be termed the poetry of superstition. Imaginary terrors had always more power over her than real danger, and there was

something of the former in the present instance, when her love seemed destined to be crossed by a being of such a strange and unaccountable nature. Misfortune is an excellent thing for those who won't learn wisdom without it. "It gives the wit of age to youth," and none can deny the advantages of such a gift; but yet it might be as well that wit should come in its own proper time, when it would have no occasion for taking the poor heart by storm, scattering all its feelings, as though they were a conquered garrison. But with all this, Lucy's sorrows were light compared with those of her unfortunate rival. For her there was neither hope nor the sustaining sympathy of love; nor any friend on earth whose counsel and authority might even still have saved her. Of all the victims of her treachery she was herself incomparably the most wretched. Her mother's misery she might have borne; but she experienced, at times, the most dreadful remorse for the ruin in which she had involved her father. This was increased, too, by the intelligence they received, that he was sinking fast both in health and spirits. The confinement was, in itself, sufficient to break the old man's heart, for he had lived, as he said, for more than sixty years without bolt or tether; but there was, besides, no prospect before him, but the most direful poverty for the remainder of his days. Peggy was the occasion of all this, and for the guilty purpose of destroying the happiness of others without the possibility of advancing her own. She had received the reward from the revenue; and whether it had formed a part of her original plan, or arose from the consideration of her own wealth and her cousin's poverty, she sometimes entertained the idea of buying the heart she had failed to conquer; but she knew that this was an idle hope, and it only served to keep alive a wretched state of excitement, and to violate whatever little feelings of womanly pride still existed in her bosom. The sum, however, remained unbroken, while her mother's appearance, as well as her own, evinced the extreme misery to which they were reduced. Often in those melancholy winter nights, when the former had sunk to sleep on her pallet, Peggy would wander out from their dark cabin, and sit for hours by the margin of the lake, yielding almost to the last temptation that haunts the broken and

guilty heart. Lucy and she seldom met—they seemed equally desirous of avoiding each other; though, latterly, the appearance of Peggy, whose health was evidently wasting away, both from the fever of her mind and the condition to which she and her mother were reduced, had excited, in a very powerful degree, the commiseration of her gentle-hearted rival. The winter months were nearly gone, and Morgan's imprisonment was, of course, drawing towards its termination; and though Lucy's former hopes of happiness were at an end, even the sorrow of her heart, now a little relieved by the prospect of her lover's release, had tended to extinguish any enmity which she might have felt towards one, whom she still regarded as the author of all their misfortunes. One day the two girls happened to meet, and as they were both going in the same direction, they gradually fell into conversation. Peggy's manner was serious; and even her early kindness towards Lucy, which had for many a long year been lost in the turbulence of passion, seemed to have in some degree revived. She spoke with calmness of her future fortunes, and of the happiness she would yet experience when her present trials were over, and her hopes realised at last by a union with her lover; and though Lucy had very different anticipations, she felt a sort of gratitude for this unexpected kindness. There was, at first, no allusion to Peggy's own lot, but as they conversed with an unusual degree of confidence and friendship, Lucy, after some time, introduced the subject as delicately as she could, but without any allusion to the cause of her unhappiness. Peggy listened to her in silence, and at length she said—

"They say, Lucy, that if it wasn't for hope hearts would break; and it's better for them, too," she added; "a dale better to break at once than to be witherin' away without light or comfort."

"I don't know," said Lucy. "There's few that bad in the world, it's to be hoped."

"There's more than you think," replied the other, with a manner very different from her former wildness. "There's more broken hearts in the world than you think—or, at last," she added, "there's *some* that would count it a blessin' if they knowed the corpse-lights would be burnin' round them to-night."

"There may be some, Peggy," rejoined the girl, looking gravely at her companion, "and I don't doubt but there is; only you know as well as me, that whatever troubles it's the will o' God to send us, it's a mortal sin to give in to such dark notions as them."

"I know it is," said Peggy, in a low and husky voice—"I know it is a mortal sin—but Lucy," she added, with momentary fervour, "will you promise me to pray for the poor sowl that'll be lyin' in darkness, when every mornin' rises on you and yours, brighter than all that went afore it."

"Oh! Peggy," said her companion, "for God's sake don't be talkin' in such a way as that."

"Sure I swore it, Lucy."

"You swore what?"

"I swore I'd never see you and Morgan man and wife!—and I never will. The oath's comin' again me now, but it's no matter—it's no matter, Lucy—it was my own doin's from first to last; and it's all the satisfaction I have that neither God nor man can pity me."

Lucy was horrified at this disclosure, and the words of despair with which it was accompanied; but she restrained this feeling, or it yielded rather to a more powerful one of compassion for the wretched girl, and she earnestly intreated her to seek security in religion, from such despair as was otherwise likely to realise all its own anticipations. But Peggy listened to her with a ghastly smile.

"Lucy," she said, after some minutes' silence, "it's long since they told me there was no blessin' where I was. Many's the time it was cast up to me; but I never knowed it was the truth till now."

"And it isn't the truth," replied the other, "for there's a blessin' on us all, barrin' we cast it off by our own wilful ways."

"Oh, then, I cast it off, but not by my own wilful ways, Lucy; for if I had a knowed what was afore me the mornin' o' that unlucky berrin', I wouldn't be here to moan it to-day."

"Well in troth, Peggy, I wonder to hear you," cried her rival. "Sure you're no worse off nor me, after all?" she said, a little confused at the allusion.

"No!" exclaimed the other, with a sudden expression of countenance which almost startled her companion; "no worse, you say, and me as black

in the sowl as if I was judged alive, and only wandherin' about till my hour would come. Oh! no, Lucy; I brought sorrow enough on yees, I'll not deny it now; but your troubles will soon be over; and any way, there's nothin' in this world like a clear conscience and a throe heart."

Lucy could not help assenting to a truth so incontrovertible, and rendered still more evident by the misery which guilt and falsehood had entailed upon her rival, and which she greatly feared could only terminate with her life. Indeed it was obvious, from the shattered state of her health, that this could not last very long, unless some great change should take place in her feelings. Lucy could only deplore her condition, for any attempts at consolation were vain; and she parted from her, probably with sadder feelings than her own sorrows had ever called forth. After this day the girls met no more. Lucy was still, in heart and purpose, faithful to her lover; but as her aunt was disposed to favour the addresses of his wealthy rival, though she was too sincerely attached to her niece to have recourse to any thing like coercion, reports had been for a long time circulated, among the gossips of the neighbourhood, to the prejudice of the maiden's constancy. Peggy was fully aware of their groundlessness, but she listened to them with some degree of satisfaction; and as the time of Morgan's release drew near, she endeavoured to persuade herself of the possibility of Lucy yielding to the authority of her relative. One moonlight evening, within a few days of this important event, she was sitting at the door of their cabin, when she saw old Mrs. McKenna coming across the burying-ground. The girl rose as she approached, and conducted her in. The appearance of the hut was as usual desolate in the extreme. Kitty was sitting over a few half-burned turf; and the moonlight, shining in through the open door, contrasted most gloomily with the darkness of the dwelling. The good widow sighed as she took her seat at the hearth, for, from her secluded mode of life, she had not for many years, except in this same cabin, witnessed such a scene of absolute destitution. There was something in her manner, however, which told that she was the messenger of good tidings.

"Well, dears," she said, "how are yees gettin' on these hard times?"

"Oh! in troth, widy," replied her

neighbour, "there's no use complainin'—poorly enough, if it was the will o' God."

"Well, well!" said the widow, mournfully—"But tell me, dear," she added, "had yees ere a word from the ould man of late?"

"Oh! the not a word—the not a word, widy, good or bad. But I dar-say," she continued, with some emotion, which she vainly tried to subdue, "we'll hear tidins of him afore long. They'll let us, know where they lay him, any way, it's to be hoped."

"Oh! God betwune him and all harm!" exclaimed the old woman. "Don't even the like to him, Kitty—don't, acushla—it isn't right."

"Well, in troth, Misthress McKenna, it's what I think; and sure it's no wondher his heart's broke, and him only a prisoner and a beggar in his ould days."

"God help him!" sighed the widow. "It's a hard case, sure enough; but any way, his mind 'll be asier now that ye're gettin' poor Morgan back to yees at last."

"Troth I don't know," muttered Kitty; "the poor gorsoon's own mind 'll not be asier, I'm afeard. I'm tould, widy," she added, "you're goin' to get Lucy married out of hand."

"And who tould you that, neighbour?" said the other, in some surprise.

"Oh, faix, that's what I hear, and I was proud to hear it, for Lucy's sake; though, to be sure, only for all that happened, it would be doleful tidins enough for our poor boy."

"Who tould you, I say?" repeated the other, a little sharply.

"Why, then, myself doesn't mind; barrin' what Peggy was sayin', that it was the whole talk o' the town."

"Oh, well, Kitty, never give in to all you hear; but I have a story as good as yours, and maybe betther, if it goes to that."

The widow then commenced a long discourse, the substance of which was, that as she was now drawing towards her latter end, and wished to see Lucy happily settled before her departure, she had determined, if possible, on removing the only obstacle that existed to her marriage with Morgan. She and her people had been for a long time in possession of the farm which she at present occupied; but the lease, as we have mentioned, was to expire at her death, and it was understood that there was to be no further re-

newal. The landlord, however, happened to be a good kind of man, and as he was acquainted with Morgan's character and misfortunes, he had promised, in compliance with the widow's request, to give him the reversion of the farm, on his securing the payment of a small fine, by yearly instalments. She had acquainted her daughter with the success of her application; and the latter was perfectly satisfied that Lucy should become the mistress of the cottage in which she had passed her childhood. The widow was anxious, that if it should meet the approval of the other party, they should be married without delay, and that they should live with her during her lifetime, when, as Morgan could manage the farm, she would have no cares, either on her own account or Lucy's, to disturb the evening of her days.

"I let on to Lucy," continued the old woman, "that I'd say nothin' about it till Morgan would be home. I dar-say she wanted to give yees all a surprise; but as she's over with the aunt to-night, I thought I might as well slip up and tell yees the good news at once."

Poor Kitty's gratitude was expressed in a flood of tears, and many fervent blessings on the widow; for, independent of her natural affection for her nephew, good fortune coming to any one member of the family, appeared like the breaking of the cloud that had so long overshadowed them. Peggy had listened with deep attention to the old woman's discourse. She sat for some time with her head buried in her hands, when, suddenly rising, she exclaimed—

"Well, Misthress M'Kenna, I was just thinkin' of startin' off by the schreech o' day in the mornin', to see the ould man, and I'll tell Morgan what you say. It'll rise his heart, the crathur; for I'm afeard," she added, turning to her mother, "that he doesn't mane to come back at all, but to set off and seek his fortune through the world."

"Why what puts that in your head?" asked Kitty,

"Oh, I know that's the very notion he's in; but, of coorse, when he hears the good news, he'll change his mind. To be sure it isn't that's bringin' me all the ways to —," she added; "but I'm very onaisy entirely about the ould man, and maybe I'll stop out a couple o' nights or so with Mary Ryan, that lives just convanient to the jail, I'm

tould, and come back wid Morgan when he gets out."

"Well, God bless you, dear," said the widow, "if you're bent on goin'; but in troth, Peggy, I'm afeard you'll never stand the journey, and the bad weather that's in it."

"Is it me?" cried the girl; "I'd run every inch o' the road wid my eyes shut! Tut, widy dear, I'm as light on foot as a four-year-old!" and neither the advice of her neighbour, nor the authority of her mother could move Peggy from her purpose.

It was late on the following day when she reached the jail. Her feelings were not of the most refined order, and she was even now unscrupulously intent on the accomplishment of her views; but as she passed under the massive archway, surmounted by the platform with all its emblems of death; and as she looked round on the lofty walls, and thought of the many sorrowful hearts that were immured within them, she felt overawed by the consciousness of having consigned to such an abode the only beings on earth for whom she had ever experienced the slightest sentiment of regard. Having been all her life accustomed to the freedom of her native mountains, the idea of a prison was invested in her mind with peculiar horror; but she had never witnessed the reality till now. The appearance of the prisoners was not calculated to lessen these painful sensations. They were all sadly altered since she had seen them last; but the old man's health appeared completely broken; and his wasted form and hollow voice excited, in the wretched girl's bosom, a feeling of remorse, not very different from that which must torture the mind of a parricide. She learned, however, with some satisfaction, that in consequence of the state of his health, a memorial had been presented, praying for his immediate release, and that they were in daily expectation of a reply. Their interview was gloomy enough. Peggy, in reply to her father's inquiries, neither exaggerated nor concealed the misery to which she and her mother were reduced, nor the evil custom into which the latter had fallen. Phil, whose feelings had been somewhat softened by affliction, received this intelligence in silence, but evidently in deep distress. Among all her faults and failings, Kitty's character for sobriety had been heretofore unimpeachable; and her husband had prized this the more, as

it seemed to the world almost a solitary virtue in her character, and was one by no means conspicuous in his own.

"Well, well!" he said, with a sigh, "it's little comfort she has, the crathur, and a dale of sorrow, Peggy—a cruel dale of sorrow—the Lord in heaven help her."

The tears came to the old man's eyes as he spoke; but after some time, being anxious to turn from this painful subject, he added—

"But have ye ne'er a word at all for Morgan? Why but you be axing ather your colleen bawn, avick?"

Morgan looked at Peggy, expecting her reply.

"Oh, in troth," said the latter, "Lucy M'Kenna's well, and goin' to be married, too, I'm tould."

"Goin' to be what?" cried the old man in astonishment.

"Goin' to be married, in troth," repeated the girl, coolly.

"Goin' to be married!" exclaimed her father, whose attachment to his nephew had increased during their misfortunes, and who, of course, felt deeply interested in what so nearly concerned his happiness. "Oh, Peggy, it's jokin' you are."

"Faix, then, it's the truth," said Peggy, "jokin' or earnest. But certainly it isn't her fault; for I'm tould she stood out agin it a long while, only she had to give in at last to please the aunt."

"A long while!" cried Phil; "Arrah, do you mane to say that six months is a long while to remember the boy that was hand and heart with her for six long years? Did he forget her in the time? and I dar say its as long on one side as the other. I wondher at you, Peggy, but I wondher a dale more at Lucy, that I always thought had a loyal heart."

"Oh, then, you needn't wondher, father, for it is a long while, you must allow. Sure you wouldn't have her rebel agin' the aunt, and her thrustin' to her for all she's worth in the world!"

"Oh, upon my conscience," said Phil, "I believe you women kind are all the one sort. Well, to be sure! And who's the boy she's on for this time, the darlint?"

"Young O'Neil," replied the girl.

"Ah, then, is it ould Atty's son o' the cross?"

"Ay; Shamus Oge. Oh, it's a wondrous fine match for Lucy."

"Faith it surely is," rejoined Phil—"a dale better than she deserves."

Morgan kept his eye on Peggy during this conversation; and the latter was more than once discomposed at the suspicion it expressed, and the quiet manner in which he listened to her communication; for though a little startled at first, particularly as the person mentioned was the same that Lucy had formerly told him her aunt wished her to marry, he immediately suspected some sinister motive, and this, with his confidence in the truth and strength of Lucy's attachment, prevented him giving any credit to the report. Phil was not a little surprised at his nephew's coolness; but Peggy's hopes waxed faint at the evident failure of her scheme, so far as she had proceeded. She sat for a long time silent and seemed frequently about to address her cousin. At last she said—

"I want to spake a word to you, Morgan, outside;" and at the same time whispered to her father that she had a message to him from Lucy. The young man rose, and they withdrew from the apartment.

It was in the dusk of a cold March evening, as they walked up and down under the outer wall of the prison, that Peggy made the last effort of her miserable policy. She felt it was a forlorn hope, but having gone so far, she resolved on now determining her destiny. She accordingly told the young man, that as Lucy was going to be married, and as he was lightly spoken of as a rejected lover, she thought he might be unwilling to return to Lis-na-Sharra, and she had, therefore come to apprise him of the circumstance, and to save him from the pain and humiliation he might otherwise have experienced. She continued, with a downcast face and deeply agitated voice, to acknowledge the treachery she had been guilty of, solely, as she stated, for the purpose of saving him from ruin. Her father and brother, according to this ingenuous disclosure, had determined on defrauding him of his share of the profits. It was with no other view they had induced him to embark his money in the undertaking, and Peggy observing how foolishly he confided in their integrity, had recourse to this method, as the only one by which their wicked designs could be frustrated. She further told him that nothing in the world but interest for his welfare—and she did not attempt to conceal the nature

of the feeling from which this interest arose—would have induced her to bring such ruin on her father, or to disclose now the dishonesty of his intentions—"but here," she added, producing the reward she had received, "here's less than you own, but, only for me, it's a dale more than ever you'd have handled; so now if you're any ways loath to come back to Lis-na-Sharra, this'll be a help to you where-ever you go. I dar say," she added, "you'll have Lucy's prayers afther all; but, any way, you'll have the blessin' of the poor, heart-broken crathur, that'll soon be alone on the wide world for your sake."

As she concluded, Morgan looked steadily in her face; but her eyes fell as if she feared to meet his gaze. The generosity she expressed was not at all inconsistent with her character; and he might have given her credit for disinterestedness, only that this offer was evidently connected with her entire plan; and he was lost in a kind of wonder at the complete wreck to which her moral nature appeared reduced.

"Peggy," he said, "there's no use in talkin' o' what's past. I knew all along there was none but yourself to bethray us; but if you hope for a happy end, you'll thry and make your poor father comfortable afther all in the ruin and heart-break you brought on his ould age. You know rightly," he added, "or you might know at last, that I wouldn't touch your money, or your money's worth, if I was dyin' by the road-side to-morrow."

The girl bit her lip, and her large eyes seemed to burn as she raised them for a moment to the face of her kinsman.

"Is that what you say, Morgan?" she uttered, in a voice that scarcely sounded like her own.

"It is," replied the young man, firmly. "Go home, and God bless you, Peggy. There's what'll make yees all comfortable yet; and if you're willin', I'll tell the ould man the whole story from first to last, and I'll be bound he'll forgive you afore long."

The girl deliberately folded up the money, and placed it in her bosom; and though the night had fallen, Morgan could perceive the ghastly expression which her countenance had assumed.

"He'll forgive me!" she repeated; "may God forgive you! Morgan Maguire, for you'll have that on your

sowl afore long that'll haunt you to your dying day."

The prison was now about to be closed for the night, and with these ominous words the cousins parted. The lamps were lighted in the streets as Peggy left the gaol and wandered along without object or purpose; unconscious of every thing but the hopelessness of her own destiny. The night was dark, and she had already performed a fatiguing day's journey; but on she went, without observing the change from the bustle of the street to absolute solitude; and when she stopped at length, and looked round, confused and bewildered, she could hardly discover the lights of the distant town. Neither the length and loneliness of the way, however, nor the fear of danger, could deter her from proceeding. She travelled on, a weary pilgrim, and it was past midnight when, having some time before struck off the highway, she lay down by the side of a mountain-road and slept, completely exhausted both in mind and body.

The next day passed and she had not returned to Lis-na-Sharra. This, however, occasioned no uneasiness, as her mother understood that she was to remain with their friend in the town till the following day, when her cousin was to be liberated. That day arrived, too. It was soft and summer-like. The noon had passed, when Lucy wandered down the valley—strange feelings were agitating her young bosom from the time she rose from her dreams that morning; and whether or not the rich flush of her cheek was owing to their presence, she certainly looked exceedingly beautiful. Her head was uncovered, and her auburn hair fell in dark and wavy curls about her neck, while a loose wrapper confined at the waist, and discovering, as it floated back, the white petticoat underneath, conduced to render her appearance more graceful than is usual among rustic maidens. She went down the valley alone, but she returned accompanied by a pale and shattered-looking youth, between whom and Lucy more tender words were spoken than the former, at least, had heard since he had seen that valley before. We wish that many a poor fellow, on his release from gaol, had such abundant happiness awaiting him as that which Morgan now experienced, for Lucy, to their mutual surprise, was the first to inform him of the good service

her grandmother had rendered them. He learned, however, with considerable alarm, that Peggy had not returned home. He was ignorant, of course, of how she had proceeded on leaving the gaol. She might have remained in the town till she could learn the result of her father's application, but this he knew was hardly possible, and the state of her feelings at their last interview, and the mysterious words she had used at parting, seemed to justify the most serious apprehensions. He knew not how to act under such circumstances, and, in fact, he could do nothing but wait in hourly expectation of Peggy's appearance. Poor Kitty enjoyed a gleam of happiness again, from her nephew's return, and the intelligence he brought of the probability of her husband's release; and as she was ignorant of any cause for uneasiness on Peggy's account, she expected that they would return together, and she anticipated their arrival with much more joy and tender anxiety than she was wont to experience.

From the lower end of Lough-na-Sharra a little river runs down through the valley. It is crossed, at a short distance from the lake, by an old bridge called the Friars'-bridge, having been built, as appears from a half-effaced Latin inscription, by the fathers of the monastery, one of whom, crossing the river one night after a heavy flood, found a man drowned at the ford. It was late at night when Phil Maguire crossed the valley on his return home, after a long and weary imprisonment. As he drew near the bridge, he saw a female leaning against the broken battlement, and looking up the lake. The full moon was just opposite her, over the heights of the Crough-na-Coppell, and Phil's old heart warmed as he saw once more revealed, in light and shade, the magnificent scenery around him. The woman did not move till he was close beside her, when she raised her head, and discovered to the astonished grave-digger the wan and death-like face of his daughter.

"Arragh, Peggy," he cried, "what's the reason you're out here at this time o' night, shiverin' to death in the cowl?"

The girl looked at him in silence.

"What's the matter with you, alanna?" repeated the old man anxiously. "Are you poorly, Peggy?"

"No, father," she replied, "I'm only come to take my leave o' Lis-na-Sharra.

Sit down, here," she continued, "for I have somethin' to tell you, and it'll be a long while afore we have a shanahas again."

"Why, what do you mane?" cried the father, becoming considerably alarmed, for there was an evident expression of insanity in the girl's eye. "Come home, Peggy," he said, "come home, acushla! You're very poorly, and this could night air 'll be the death o' you."

"Sit down, I bid you," exclaimed the other impatiently, "I haven't long to stop."

The old man sat down on the low wall of the bridge.

"Well, achora, what's this you have to say to me?"

"Do you think will you have much potten next saison, father?"

"Hut, tut, Peggy! what do you mane?" replied the father. "Sure you know bravely we wont, next saison or any other saison."

"Well, you may, then," said the girl, "for there'll be ne'er a stag in Lis-na-Sharra then. Do you know what, father?" she continued, fixing her wild eyes steadfastly on him—"Sure it was me that sowld you!"

She stood for some moments enjoying, apparently, the astonishment which her announcement produced.

"Whisht!" she cried, arresting her father's hands, which were merely lifted up in amazement, but, as she seemed to think, for the purpose of invoking a malediction on her head. "Whisht, father! You done that wanst already, and the curse is on me for ever more. But no matter! no matter! the burnin' heart will be could enough afore long," and, raising her wan face to the stars, she continued muttering something which seemed to have reference to the unknown terrors beyond the grave.

After a few moments she seized her father's hand—

"God be with you, father," she exclaimed. "Here's what'll keep yourself and the ould woman above want for a while. And you may tell Morgan Maguire it was my last prayer that the death of an unfortunate may never darken the bright days that's afore him!"

She forced a small parcel into her father's hand as she spoke, and before he could detain her she rushed away, and was almost instantly lost to his view.

The next night but one, a small

group was assembled in the ancient burying-ground—their silence was unbroken except by the moans of a woman, and the torch-light fell upon an open grave, and a rude mishapen coffin which enclosed the remains of poor Peggy Maguire. She had been found dead the day before in a retired part of the valley, under circumstances which left no doubt of her death having been occasioned by her own voluntary act. She was accordingly laid in her midnight grave without prayer or blessing. There was no sound, even from her own old turret, but that of the night wind moaning through it. The close of her life was in sad conformity with its dark and troubled course, and those who were present that night did not soon forget the dismal spectacle of a suicide's interment.

Her death had come more unexpectedly on her father and mother, but there was a degree of remorse mingled with Morgan's feelings when he reflected not only that he was the cause, however innocent, of her destruction, but that, having what now appeared abundant grounds for suspecting her design, he had taken no measures to prevent it. Lucy's feelings were of a similar description. Day and night she was haunted by the image of her broken-hearted rival, and it was under these gloomy circumstances that that event was solemnised to which she and her lover had so long looked forward as the consummation of their earthly happiness.

Alas! alas! it is an old saying, and a very true one, that the vanity of our most cherished hopes is never more fully manifested than in their accomplishment. Morgan and Lucy were still very young, but the curtain of life

had been lifted, and they could never know again the pure and confiding joy of youth. After some little time, however, they were as happy as most people can expect to be in this world; but they had trials to encounter notwithstanding. Old Mrs. McKenna soon passed away, and this was a severe affliction to Lucy; but on her death-bed the aged woman told her children, that the more sorrow we experience in early life, the less may we expect in our after years. Phil and his wife had now to consider the best means of providing for their future maintenance. The sum which their daughter left them was sufficient, if judiciously applied, to preserve them from want for the remainder of their time; and after long consideration they determined on leaving their present abode, and setting up a little huxtery in the village. This they did, and, as they had gathered some wisdom in their latter days, and were, moreover, encouraged by the villagers generally, who sympathised in their misfortunes, they never experienced absolute poverty again. But their course was nearly run. Phil never recovered the injury his health had sustained from his imprisonment, and his daughter's untimely death. He died about a year after his removal to the village; and Kitty, in a few months, followed him to the grave. Oincey never returned to Lis-na-Sharra. What became of him was never known. Some said he joined a party of smugglers; but this, as well as the other conjectures that were formed about him, seemed to rest on no other foundation than a knowledge of his circumstances and disposition; and his fate is to this day a mystery in his native valley.

A PLAIN EPISTLE FROM A YEOMAN OF THE NORTH.

SIR.—As I write upon politics, it is fitting you should know what you are to expect from me, and though I do not intend to tell you particularly what I am, I will fully and freely tell you what I am *not*. I am neither a lawyer nor an attorney; nor have I ever served in the army or in the navy. I want neither place or pension. I have no private end to serve by publishing my principles; nor do I desire to curry favour with either party, since, I dare say, what I have to write will be dis-

tasteful to both. I am not a clergyman; and this I mention, that I may not be suspected of partiality in anything I may say of the Established Church, and not from a belief that there is any reason which can be justly urged against a churchman's frankly writing, or speaking to the public, his opinions upon matters of public importance. I have heard, indeed, a great deal spoken against clergymen who have, by their writings, or otherwise, mixed themselves up in politics; and,

I think, after having weighed the matter, I hope impartially, that nothing worthy of consideration has been objected to their so doing. It is, I imagine, the duty of every man to show towards his country the same tenderness which he feels for himself; and, as no man can be reasonably expected in attending to the wants of his soul, to neglect those of his body; so I can see no reason why the same person may not minister to the temporal, as well as to the spiritual wants of the nation. The Egyptians had among them, in the practice of medicine, a custom which confined the treatment of each member and organ to a different class of physicians: thus, if a patient happened to be affected with, for example, a heavy cold, producing rheumatism, sore eyes, and running at the nose, in order to be cured, he must needs call in an Egyptian doctor for his eyes, another for his nose, and one beside for every rheumatic joint. And as it is a matter of reputation, and so of interest, to each of these physicians, to effect the cure of that part committed to his special care, without at all looking to the rest, it might so happen, the object of each being different, that, within the same half-hour, one might administer a cathartic, another an astringent, and a third, an emetic; and thus the war of the conflicting views of these learned men might be carried on in the stomach and bowels of their afflicted patient; and this ancient absurdity may teach us, by a plain analogy, that it is not well, by any compulsory law, whether of opinion or statute, to compel the public functionaries, whether they be lay or clerical, to regard and consult only their own special province, seeing that to do so, were to create a narrowness of interest and of occupation, which is the sure antecedent of a narrowness of opinion and views; and, in the case of the church, the least likely method in the world to effect the removal of that pretended appetite for corporate aggrandisement of which her enemies complain so loudly. And, with the good leave of the Whigs and Radicals, of whom I well know the bulk, are interested in maintaining the contrary, I cannot see why the knowledge, or even the practice of religion should disqualify a man for political service. But, enough upon this head. I am, as you will soon perceive, if you have not done so already, little used to

writing for the public, having not put pen to paper with that view for full forty years; but, if I write sense, I may be pardoned if I fail to do it elegantly.

I have sometimes seen it insinuated in the public journals, that the conservatives are not pursuing an honest policy towards the Protestant people of Ireland; and, it has been often broadly asserted in my presence, in the course of conversation, and that by men whose opinions I generally respect, that Sir Robert Peel is a traitor, meaning thereby, if I understand them aright, as I have taken some pains to do, that having declared himself to be the friend and protector of the Protestant interest in Ireland, he now neglects it, or consents to its destruction. Now, it does appear to me that such charges are most unjust, when urged against the Conservative Statesman of *England*; and indeed, if it were otherwise, and if I believed that the policy complained of, that of unlimited concession, resulted from a positive wish upon the part of Sir R. Peel, and of the English Conservatives, to surrender the Irish Protestant institutions, or any part of them, into the hands of their enemies, I should at once pronounce our case to be desperate; inasmuch as no efforts of ours could avail to avert the certain and speedy demolition of all those establishments which afford security and encouragement to the Protestant religion here, since I well know that the Irish Conservative representatives, in relation to English and Scotch members of the legislature, stand not as one to fifteen—a position which renders us in parliament numerically impotent. But if, as may reasonably be supposed, Sir Robert Peel in reality, and in his secret heart, desires the support and permanence of the Protestant interest in Ireland, as mere political prudence, if no higher or more generous sentiment should lead him to do, *then*, I say, there is a hope for us still. At least we have no right to condemn him as a political traitor, until we have fairly tried him; nor any reason to despair of succeeding, until all the means of success have been applied to, and applied to in vain. Sir Robert Peel is a timid politician;—every man with his eyes open, every man who knows any thing of the political history of that statesman, must be aware of that fact; and yet what do

we call upon him to do? Why to take a step which would require as much intrepid resolution and courage as ever fell to the lot of any British statesman; that is, in an age of political encroachment upon the one hand, and of political concession upon the other, to run counter to both, in order to impede or to prevent those so called conciliatory measures, which the men most interested in withholding them are willing to grant; and Englishman though he is, and with comparatively nothing to attach him to our land, invidiously to place himself between the *Irish* Roman Catholics and the friendly concessions of their Protestant brethren. We dare not expect it; it is the duty of the Irish Conservative representatives, as the Irish Radical members have done, to state, to urge and to vote for the measures which they want; and when they have done this, and done it with spirit and determination, if Sir Robert Peel does not assume a more Protestant line of policy than that which he has hitherto pursued towards Ireland, then it is time to pronounce him a traitor; but in the mean time, until we have made such an appeal to the Conservatives of England, and given them and their leaders such a fair opportunity of asserting their Protestant views respecting this country, we must be content, if there be treachery in the case, to impute it to ourselves; for the duty of opposing anti-Protestant legislation for Ireland, much of which has been effected with the consent of Conservatives, devolved in the first place upon our Protestant representatives, and in the next, in their default upon the Irish, Protestant constituencies. No doubt I have heard and read many and loud complaints spoken and written against Protestant apathy; but meanwhile it is a lamentable truth, that those who are foremost to denounce this political indolence are often, either owing to a want of station and influence wholly unable to effect the reformation which they have so much at heart, or themselves too indolent by any active and judicious exertion to seek to remove the indolence which they sometimes eloquently and always justly condemn in others.

It is a fact, that scarce an Irish Protestant is content with the large concessions which have been carried and proposed, yet each man thinks that he does quite enough if he grumbles to

his neighbour, forgetting that although every Protestant in Ireland may thus mutter his discontent, no one but he into whose ear he has whispered it is one bit the wiser; such paltry and childish whimpers are worse than nothing; since they not only have our just complaints publicly and politically, altogether unexpressed, but accustom us bitterly to murmur without seeking to redress; and seeing our real and strong, and what I may call our hereditary feelings and opinions wholly unrepresented, to hold it a sufficient protest against this monstrous anomaly to talk big, or dolorously or sagely to the man next our elbow. It is certain, then, that whatever question may arise as to what persons share with us the guilt of the cowardly and most perilous compromise, we ourselves are indubitably most criminal; and as is universally the case with those who, like us, have brought misfortunes upon themselves, we seek with angry and unjust eagerness to fix the blame upon others. Now first to mention an example; take a case of recent occurrence upon which some public manifestation of Protestant feeling was strongly called for, I will instance the appointment of Lord Ebrington to the vice-royalty of Ireland. When that appointment was first made known here, we, Protestants, were literally panic struck; dismay was in every face; it seemed that O'Connell's prophecy was to be fulfilled; that his mandate was to be obeyed, and that our coming viceroy was selected as one, judging by all his former political career, and by every one of his votes and speeches, in the House of Commons, who was sure in his ministration here, to go to lengths far exceeding in unconstitutional and Anti-Protestant extravagance, even the policy of Lord Normanby; we all regarded him as having engaged himself by distinct and repeated declarations to the maintenance of agitation, and to the demolition of Protestantism; and yet impressed as we were with this appalling belief did we as a *people* in any one way, by protest, remonstrance or petition make our fears or our wishes heard? And when Lord Lyndhurst, an *Englishman*, in the House of Peers endeavoured as far as in him lay to prevent Lord Ebrington's appointment by clearly showing his complete unfitness for the office, did we the Irish Protestants in any way exhibit sympathy with his efforts, or

by any demonstration of our real sentiments, by any declaration of our sense of the danger, and of the insult, prove to the English people that Lord Lyndhurst did not merely speak the words of faction, but the fears and the wishes of the Irish Protestant people? Did we do any thing for these ends? Nothing. Weeks glided away between the announcement of the appointment and the arrival of Lord Ebrington; and what were the fruits of this precious season which should have abounded in spirited and decisive action? Three or four addresses to the Queen and houses of parliament, which were got up, nobody knows how, and received, nobody knows when. Thank God, what we so much dreaded has not been realised; but this has nothing to do with my argument; it is enough for me that our fears were strong and just; and it is idle for us to point to most unexpected fair dealing, and altogether unhopèd for moderation, exhibited *after* his assumption of office, in order to justify our criminal supineness before.

Now by long experience, that is by frequent opportunities not unimproved, for judging of their character, I know that the Irish Protestants are the very elements out of which a most energetic and united political party might be formed; and it is melancholy to me to behold the materials of such a structure suffered year by year to decay, and as it were to drop piecemeal into dust. There is a sore disease upon us, helplessness, apathy, insensibility; "we have drunk of deadly wine;" but the heart is still untouched by decay; the vital parts are sound; this sickness is not unto death; there is a remedy at hand; it is obvious and indispensable; it is organized confederation. Without it we have year after year been approaching ruin so fast that it is clear, if we go on as we have done much longer, we must prepare ourselves for utter spoliation. If we would save the boat before she drifts to the rapids, it is to be done by a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether. There must be neither panic, nor despair, nor indecision. Now in brief, what I say is this; the Irish Conservative members of parliament must act firmly and independently; and upon all Irish questions affecting the *temporalities* of our religion, for the houses of parliament, thank God, can go no further; they must vote

like Protestants; and if they do, I think England will not desert us. Now, in order to their acting thus, no ordinary courage and firmness are requisite; and certain it is that our representatives will never adopt that line of action unless we combine at home to see that our work is well done by those our representatives who are our servants, or they have no calling. We must support them too by frequent public meetings; and we must make them thoroughly feel that they are accountable to us; and that where the interests of our religion are at stake, cowardice is a crime. In order to make them valiant in parliament, we must frighten them a little at home, since the paradox is true, that men are courageous through fear. Once more, what I say is this; it is absolutely and undeniably necessary that the English Conservatives support us. They never will do so, unless our Irish representatives do *their* duty first. They must speak boldly, vote faithfully, and if necessary, as the Irish Radicals, wisely in their generation did, stand for a time aloof from all parties. And in order to induce our representatives to act thus fearlessly and independently, we must be in a condition to support them by strong and public manifestations of sympathy, publicly to canvas their conduct, and publicly to call them to account—in short we must be in a state of political organization.

Now the war against Protestantism is by no means abated; it is folly and falsehood to say so, and most dangerous to believe it. The Whigs indeed pretend to like Protestantism very well, and would, I dare say, suffer it to live if it cost them nothing; but Mr. O'Connell insists upon his instalments; and he must be paid. They treat our interests and our institutions very much as the Abyssinians do their oxen; cut a steak from the living animal and turn it out to graze; but at every incision, both blood and muscle are lost, and the operation if often repeated must kill the patient.

I very often hear it said that our church establishment is safer than ever it was, and stands upon a surer basis. Now this is very plausible and in a peculiar and narrow sense perfectly true. The church is indeed much safer with respect to the assaults of popular violence; but popular violence is nothing, with a firm government to support us, we might set it always at defiance.

Our real, dangerous, deadly enemy is corrupt and insidious legislation; and to its assaults I fear our church is much more exposed than ever. In its present form, its property wants the strong security it once possessed, great antiquity of institution and length of enjoyment; the burden has indeed been transferred from many to few; but it is laid upon shoulders unused to carry it. Pray God, that with the burden our aristocratic landed proprietors, or any portion of them, take not up any conscientious scruples against "state religions, or an admiration of the apostolic simplicity of the voluntary system." Pray God, that their religion be so warm, and their sense of duty so strong, that the former may not grow cool and the latter feeble. There are few men so magnanimous as graciously to regard the tax-gatherer, while they pay the tax. What conscience is there so unelastic that may not be a little compressed this way or that by the weight of gold; and what political creeds can you find, with rare exceptions, that have not taken their shape or at least their complexion from interest?

Every year, some Protestant institution is attacked, directly or indirectly, by the legislation of a Whig government; or by the intrigues of a whig archbishop; our church, our corporations, our college. In every struggle we lose more or less. We enter upon the combat in the attitude of retreat; and it is no wonder if we are beaten back. A sophistical maxim is adopted as a political rule; and, day after day, we are told, that concessions may be made without compromise of principles; and, with such a guide, it were strange if our party had not gone astray; for, as a *general* maxim, the aphorism is grossly false. I will not inquire into its application to English politics, where the question at issue refers to speculative points of government; but, in Ireland, the matter is widely different; for the antagonists here are two *religions*, and no man can persuade me that I can wittingly transfer advantages and support from the true to the false one, without a sin against God and my conscience.

But if our friends were resolved upon concession, they should have been very careful as to what they conceded. God grant, that they be not found to have acted like the conquered Antiochus, who, at the desire of the Roman

general, Labeo, yielded to him half his fleet, and beheld his subtle foe fulfil the contract by sawing each ship in two. God grant that, when the work is done, what remains to us be not found as worthless a remnant as the half ships of Antiochus, and that our experimentalizing physicians the Whigs, with the consent of our philosophical friends the Conservatives, may not be suffered to proceed from amputation to amputation, where only the probed caustic were required, until they leave Protestantism, at length, nothing but a limbless, helpless, bleeding trunk, incapable alike of serving its friends, or of resisting its enemies, useless and expiring. The rule which I would lay down then, is this:—concession in English politics is not the same thing with concession in Irish politics; for, though men may yield to one another in matters of speculation and expediency, and be worthy men after all; in matters of religion they cannot do so, without going near to be either hypocrites or apostates. I may mention now, in passing, a custom much in vogue at present among conservative conceders, that of asserting upon questions affecting Protestantism, that sums of money have nothing to do with principles; or, as Sir Robert Peel said, with general approbation, when speaking upon the Irish tithe-bill, substantially thus: that he would not resist the demand of increased education in the way of per centage, off the income of the Irish church, because this involved no principle. Now, such a political maxim as this should be most carefully fenced and limited; for what does O'Connell, in his construction of the oath, distinguishing between our religion and its temporalities, more than to assert that the application of sums of money is quite distinct from principles? And, why might not Sir Robert Peel have gone on to say, that if circumstances demanded that the whole revenue of the Irish church should be reduced to a rent charge of four shillings per annum; that he was prepared to consent to that proposition, seeing that, according to his general rule, it involved no principle? Now, it seems to me to be perfectly clear to common sense, that whatever tends to weaken and to impoverish our Protestant institutions, does involve a principle—and a Popish principle, too—for, it is nothing that a Parliament asserts the principle that

nations, as well as individual men, should have their profession of faith, and that there should be an established religion, if they practically contradict that very principle, by refusing to the church a decent subsistence.

I find that I have already written more than I intended upon the concession policy, which I much fear is planting decay and death in the heart of Irish Protestantism, and I wish before I have done, to say a few words upon one most remarkable effect which that policy is rapidly producing upon the political feeling of Irish Protestants—an effect which is little noticed in the public prints, but which is strikingly obvious to all who have opportunities of observing the state of Protestant feelings here, and which may be conjectured even by those who have no other criterion than that afforded by the reports of the few public meetings which have taken place within the last four years—I mean the sudden and rapid growth of a spirit of nationality. Now I will confess that I look upon this unobserved symptom with alarm, knowing, as I do, that it has its rise in feelings of bitterness, and that it indicates a suspicion as to the intentions of England. The Protestants of Ireland, as I remember them formerly, were wont completely to identify their hopes and safety with the permanence of the British connexion; they used to regard England as their sure friend and powerful protector through every trial and every danger, and this mutual relation of protection and dependence engendered a gratitude and affection bordering upon enthusiasm. Protestant Ireland was virtually a part of England, but the case is very different now—Protestantism in Ireland has been sorely tried, beset on all sides, is still assailed,

and England has not only afforded it no succour, but has been sometimes consenting to its wrongs, and often foremost in inflicting them. A bitter anti-Protestant government, and an opposition which “yieldingly resist” have brought our interests here to a low ebb. All that can be said is that they have not dared actually to lay the axe to the root of the tree, but I fear much they have barked it, and that it will slowly but surely wither, and its place know it no more.

There is among us a feeling that confidence has been betrayed, and violated, and just expectations bitterly disappointed, and the consequence is that gratitude and affection and trust are at an end. And let England beware, for if she annihilates established Protestantism in Ireland, I greatly fear that the repeal of the union is not far off. In sacrificing the attachments of the Protestants of this country, England has destroyed a principle which has again and again, in times of sore difficulty and danger, secured her interest in Ireland entire and unshaken; a bulwark which papist treason could never sap, and which popish violence could never overwhelm.

I have written more than I intended at starting, and very likely more than you desired—my thoughts have been thrown together with very little order, less art, and no disguise, yet I dispatch this letter with a confidence that you will make all needful allowances, thinking it the duty of a good citizen to speak out, whatever his experience or observation suggests may be useful, though like me he wants the power to express himself with grace or elegance.

I am your Protestant brother,
A YEOMAN OF THE NORTH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

NO. II.—A BROTHER OF THE BRUSH.

I AM a portrait painter, and, strictly speaking, *only* a portrait painter. It has very seldom been my choice to employ my pencil on any subject excepting the “human face divine,” to me the most interesting of all studies. Landscape and animals I have never painted, save as adjuncts to some principal figure; and fancy groups I have never attempted, unless all the faces introduced were portraits. But whilst confining myself almost entirely to one branch of art, be it known to you, gentle reader, that I am fully capable of enjoying and appreciating the triumphs of genius in other paths than mine, and my taste has been not unfrequently appealed to, when my more wealthy friends have been desirous

of enriching their mansions with pictures. These may seem unimportant matters to descant upon ; but slight circumstances often lead to great results, and by their means I once met with an adventure so full of the romance of real life, that I deem it worthy of a place amongst these records of the past.

My friend, Sir Philip Borrodaile, shortly after his union with the fair Eleanor Armstrong, called upon me one morning, to request that I would accompany him to the — street gallery, to assist him in the selection of two or three pictures, which were wanted to complete the furniture of his splendid dining room.

"I know but little of pictures myself," said he, "but Eleanor dotes on them, and I am sure I owe it to the company of painters to encourage them by every means in my power."

To the gallery we proceeded accordingly, and commenced a search for such pictures as my friend wished to purchase. Three were soon fixed upon—*my* share in the choice being rather a negative thing ; for clever as they certainly were, they were not quite what I should have selected, if left to my own judgment. "A Scotch terrier," by one of the first animal painters of the day, Sir Philip fell in love with at first sight, because of the resemblance it bore to a favourite dog of his own, which had died a few weeks before. "A party of Dutch boors" were purchased, because they were so amusing ; and a large fruit piece concluded the trio, because, as Sir Philip remarked, "nothing could be more suitable for a dining-room." But still a fourth was wanting to complete the required number, and as I saw my friend casting an eye towards the representation of some nameless battle, simply because it accorded in size with those already chosen, I drew him away towards a picture which had all along attracted my attention, and which, whilst it was nearly of the proper dimensions, was far more tasteful in design than the battle aforesaid.

On examination I found that this work was not particularly well finished ; but I was pleased with the poetical light and warmth, the freedom of outline, the stamp of *natural genius* that pervaded it. There could be no question but that the artist, whoever he was, had the root of excellence strong within him, though it might lack sufficient cultivation. The subject was "an Italian vintage scene," as we found by reference to the catalogue ; and certainly the painting told its own story without words. A beautiful

peasant girl had just reached her cottage door, and was reclining in a languid attitude on the turf before it. A large basket of grapes rested on the ground beside her, and an infant slumbered on her knees. Behind her leaned a youth of eighteen or twenty, who was twisting a few vine leaves amongst her dark curls. She was raising one hand as if to put aside those tresses, and her eyes were uplifted with an expression of the deepest and most overflowing tenderness I ever saw in or out of a picture. But the most striking feature of the whole, was the appearance of the young man, whose features and dress were genuinely and evidently English. I felt that the picture had a history. Perhaps the very thing that fixed my attention so lovingly upon it, was the conviction that at once entered my mind that *here were portraits*. Sir Philip did not seem particularly taken with the object of my admiration. I assured him that Lady Borrodaile would be delighted with it ; but still his eye obstinately wandered towards the battle piece. At last he consented to suspend his choice till his lady's opinion could be taken ; and directions were given, that while "sold" should be marked on the three positively chosen, the "Italian vintage scene," and its gaudy rival should not be disposed of, without due notice being given to me or my friend.

I had observed that an elderly man, of very prepossessing appearance, had several times lingered near us during our perambulation of the rooms, and though there was not the least of impertinent curiosity or obtrusiveness in his manner, I could not but see that he was in some way interested in our decision. He always kept in the neighbourhood of the "Italian scene," and though as we came near it again and again he withdrew his eyes from us, and seemed totally absorbed in the perusal of a catalogue, I was sure he wished to hear what we said—sure that our choice was a matter of moment to him. Once, when I was advising that my favourite should be at any rate purchased, I caught his clear blue eye fixed on me with the most intense eagerness ; but the moment he perceived that I noticed it, he turned very red, and rolling up his catalogue,

retreated to the farther end of the room. He came near us no more, but we passed him as we were leaving the gallery, and as the door closed, a heavy sigh reached my ears. I was sure it came from the old man behind us.

All day that old man haunted my memory—his tall, slight figure, his thin, grey hair, his threadbare garments, his one eager look of prying interest. I could not account for this unless he were the painter of the picture. If he were, he must be in great need; his pale face, his emaciated form, his shabby habiliments, all gave colour to the supposition; and if he were in distress—“I must find this out,” thought I; “my means are but small, but whether Sir Philip buys his picture or not, a *brother of the brush* must not starve.”

The next day, accompanied by Lady Borrodaile, we re-visited the gallery. Our fair companion was pleased with the picture, yet she wished the purchase delayed for a day or two.

“I should wish to visit some other exhibition first, Philip,” said she, “and see if there be any thing that I like better, for you know this last chosen picture is to be *mine*. I may seem very capricious, Mr. Ashley,” she continued, turning to me, “but I really cannot relinquish my womanly privilege of turning over a whole warehouse of goods before I buy.”

She laughed lightly as she spoke, and I could not blame her, but yet my thoughts turned involuntarily to the poor painter. I made some excuse to part with my friends at the door of the gallery, and returned again when they had left me, for there was a strange restless curiosity awakened in my mind about the picture and its master. I inquired from the attendants if they knew any thing about Mr. Hamilton—such was his name—but the only information I could obtain was, that he had no other picture there—that he was exceedingly anxious about the sale of this, and was in the habit of coming almost daily to know if it were disposed of. Before I had concluded my questions, the object of them entered, and on seeing me, cast a hasty glance towards his solitary picture. Alas! it did not yet bear the ticket announcing its sale, and, turning away, he sank rather than sat down on one of the benches, where, resting his elbows on his knees, he buried his face in his hands. I was certain that

he had tears of disappointment to hide at that moment.

I left the gallery and proceeded slowly along the streets, my mind full of my poor brother artist, who I now felt certain was labouring under some heavy distress. I blamed myself that I had not overcome the paltry scruples of caution and custom, and at once addressed him, as one who could sympathise in his sorrows, and who was ready to afford him what small aid my means would allow.

“It is not too late, even now,” said I, half aloud, and I began to retrace my steps. At that moment my attention was attracted by a loud cry—I raised my eyes, and saw the people running towards the end of the street, where a crowd had collected by the time I reached it. With almost a prophetic knowledge of the truth, I forced my way into the centre of the mob, and there extended on the ground, in a deep swoon, lay the unfortunate Hamilton. Putting aside the throng as I best could, and repelling the assiduities of one very busy gentleman of doubtful aspect, who was anxious to search the pockets of the sufferer for a card of address, I directed a coach to be called, and having placed Mr. Hamilton therein, I conveyed him to my own residence, which was at no great distance. He speedily gave signs of returning animation, and when he was established on the sofa in my apartment, a glass of wine and water soon restored him so far as to enable him to raise his head and thank me for my care.

“I am better now, I shall be quite able to walk presently,” he feebly reiterated; but the attempt was vain, and he sunk down again.

“Do not try to move yet, sir,” said I, “you are much too weak to leave your seat at present: rest here awhile, and believe me you are most welcome to any little kindness that it is in my power to show you.”

He pressed my hand gratefully, and then, leaning his head on the sofa, burst into tears, and wept like a child. A few words did not suffice to tell his story, but they were enough to enlist all my pity on his side, and to make me anxious to do him service. He was old and feeble—he lived in a poor street about half a mile off—he was in the extremity of poverty, and had a sick grandchild—he had looked forward to the sale of the picture, so often

named, as his only remaining hope of succour. Hitherto he had been disappointed, and on attempting to return home that day, had fainted—I strongly suspected more from want of sustenance than fatigue.

All this I gathered in a few minutes, and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, I accompanied him to his lodgings. We ascended two or three flights of stairs, each narrower and dirtier than the one below it, and there in a garret, I found, was the painter's home. Scraps of canvass, half-finished drawings, (very inferior, as I saw at a glance, to the picture in the exhibition,) were scattered about the room. An old tent bedstead, entirely despoiled of its hangings, and furnished only with a wretched mattress, stood on one side, and a bundle of straw, partly covered with a small coarse rug, occupied a corner. But there was one jewel—one glorious feature in that wretched scene, which shed a halo of beauty and romance even over that poor chamber, and made it seem a fit abode for the very spirit of poetry. This was a young girl of about fifteen years old, who, reclining on a wooden settle near the small window—slept! Yes—amidst all the desolation of the scene—amidst the pressure of her sorrows, (for the tears might still be traced where they had dried on her cheeks,) she slept!—the beautiful image of Christian peace in the midst of a cold and persecuting world. Her lips were slightly parted, and her breathing short and quick; her brow was pale and pure as marble, but one little crimson spot on each cheek told “of the foe that worked within,” and her white, shrunken hand hung powerless by her side, almost transparent in its exceeding thinness. But her hair! Never have I seen such masses, such wreaths of deep golden hair as those which hung, half uncurled, in heavy, damp waves round her face and shoulders! The string that should have confined it had evidently been unfastened as she stirred in her slumbers, and all that ocean of hair was falling around her, bright, rich, unscathed by the illness that was evidently consuming her life. I have known *one* other instance in which the hair of a consumptive patient seemed to grow more luxuriantly than in health—probably drawing its strength from the very vitals of the sufferer—and never but one. All this was impressed on my mind in a few mo-

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ments, and Hamilton going up to the side of the invalid she awakened. With a low, sweet voice, and somewhat of a foreign accent, she inquired, “Why he had been away so long, and if the picture”—She paused, for she saw a stranger, and fixed on me a look so sweet, so plaintive, that it clung to my mind for days after.

“You are faint, my Madeline,” said Hamilton, as he assisted her to rise—“faint and weak, but God has helped us, see here”—and he showed her a certain coin which I had just deposited in his hand. “You shall have nourishment—medicine, dearest—soon, very soon.”

This was half-whispered, as if for her ear alone, but I caught every word.

“I have not wanted,” said the poor girl; “I was weak, and faint, and sinfully sad an hour ago, but I have slept, and angels have come to me with pleasant dreams, and now I am quite strong and well.”

And she smiled, such a smile as a ministering spirit might wear when assuming the office of a comforter to some sorrowing mortal. Then followed a scene of temporary joy and relief, which it gladdened my very soul to witness. Oh, ye who have more wealth at your disposal in a single year than I ever possessed in my whole life, and who yet are in want of an excitement and emotion, seek out the abodes of the sick, the poor, the wretched, and see how much happiness to others, and, above all, to yourselves, may be purchased for a single sovereign!

The story of Hamilton's life was now told. He was the son of a country artist, a struggling man, who had never risen to any eminence in his profession, but who had managed to “make a living,” as the phrase goes, for himself and his family by portraying the effigies of the boors who surrounded him, occasionally copying a picture for the squire, and, when other work was scarce, touching up and remodelling the sign-posts for a dozen miles round. To his son he bequeathed little, except a talent for painting, some degrees superior to his own, but still not of the kind that is likely to bring its possessor much fame or profit. He married early, and somewhat imprudently, but his wife died a few years after their union, leaving him one only child, a son. That son was, *indeed*, a genius. The

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light which, in descending, had passed by his ancestors, leaving them but a faint reflection of its glories, seemed to settle in full and perfect lustre on the head of George Hamilton. Even in early childhood its emanations were apparent in the bold and beautiful sketches that were the produce of his untaught pencil. In like manner was the love and pride of his father's heart concentrated on him. Once he had felt some faint aspiration for fame on his own account, but this was all merged in an absorbing thirst for the glory of his son. Poor as he was, he resolved to submit to every possible sacrifice that might promote the cultivation of his child's talent, and converting his little property into money, he departed for Italy, resolved, by privation, and toil, and self-devotion, to procure for the youth those advantages which a residence on the continent alone affords. One trait of this mighty love and unselfish ambition must be told :— He actually bound himself to grind colours, and perform the most menial offices for a celebrated painter in Rome, in return for lessons bestowed upon his gifted son. He who so loved his art himself—who had once even hoped to attain some excellence in it, gave up *all*, and became a very servant for the sake of that son of his heart.

Years rolled on, and found the father contentedly labouring in the very drudgeries of his profession, and the son still promising to excel in its highest walks. He designed and executed several small pictures, which were advantageously disposed of, and the father began to see the reward of his self-denying love in the dawning excellence of his son. But George Hamilton, unfortunately, was not of a temperament to persevere patiently in a course of steady, pains-taking improvement. He had submitted to the trammels of a tutor so long, because mighty and glorious creations were swelling in his soul, which he lacked the power of pouring forth on canvass. No sooner did he attain this power to a moderate degree, than, with the self-confidence which is so often the attendant upon high talent, he imagined he had no more to learn, and that genius, rich and vivid as his own, could need no farther training. At nineteen he married an orphan Italian girl, without any dower but her beauty and her virtues; and dearly as father and son both loved her, she could not

but be a serious burden on finances so slender as theirs. Another year saw a farther addition to their cares, in the shape of a little girl, who was named "Madeline" after her mother. Young Hamilton continued to paint, but, alas! *not* to improve. The few English at Rome, who had purchased his pictures at first as an encouragement to rising genius, either left the city, or were attracted to the studio of some newer artist. He was naturally of a roving and restless disposition, and he now imagined that if he were in England, the land of his birth, he should more than realize his dreams of fame and fortune. He left his family in Italy, and came to England, where, before he had time to make trial of his success, a violent fever hurried him to the grave.

For weeks his relatives remained in ignorance of his death. They learned it at last through the medium of an English paper, which found its way into Mr. Hamilton's hands. His daughter-in-law was near her confinement, and the shock of the tidings proved too much for her. She gave birth to a still-born child, and expired in a few hours afterwards.

Poor Hamilton was now utterly desolate. The loss of his son had crushed his pride and hope for ever, but the death of his beloved daughter was almost a more distressing stroke. He was left a stranger in a strange land, without resources, and with an infant grand-daughter dependent on him for support. He gathered together his few remaining effects, and was on the eve of leaving Italy, determining to make his way, if possible, to England, and, consigning his little charge to the care of some public charity, lay down his lonely head and die. But circumstances occurred which changed his plans.

On the very day before that on which he intended to leave his residence, the carriage of the Marchesa di V—— broke down before his door. Its fair inmate sought refuge beneath his roof—was charmed with the beauty of his grandchild—drew from him the outline of his story—and, with the quick decision of a rich, young, and self-willed woman, determined on taking his future fortunes into her own keeping. On the day which was to have witnessed the beginning of their pilgrimage to England, Hamilton and his Madeline were rolling in the carriage

of the Marchesa towards her splendid villa near Florence.

And for ten years Madeline's life was like a dream of fairy land. The Marchesa was married to a man of calm, almost stern manners, who, whilst he allowed his lovely wife to do pretty much as she pleased, never troubled himself to make any very extraordinary manifestations of attachment to her. She was, moreover, childless, and she made this little orphan the recipient of the overflowings of her warm and passionate nature, her liberal gifts, her pent-up affections. Strange that one so affectionate should have been scarcely amiable! She loved Madeline because she was beautiful and returned her love; and, moreover, early showed herself the possessor of a brilliancy and diversity of talent most remarkable in a child. Of Hamilton she soon got tired. He had not depth enough or genius enough to interest her long; she had taken him as a *pendant* to her "little cherub," as she called Madeline, and soon began to account him an incumbrance. Not like a happy dream did his ten years pass away, but in the endurance of slights and neglect that amounted to insult. In Madeline's presence, indeed, open unkindness was forborne, and to her he never complained—with her he tried to seem cheerful and happy, and for her dear sake he bore all that was to be borne, for she was the last tie of earth around his heart, and he felt he could not voluntarily leave her.

Ten years of loving dependence and nearly unruined happiness to the one; ten years of smiling but bitter endurance to the other, and they were once more nearly destitute. The Marchesa died suddenly, and before she had time to make permanent provision for her protégé. The Marchese bemoaned her loss for three months, endured the presence of her dependants for three months more, and then brought home another bride with a tribe of relations. A few days afterwards he placed a small purse of gold in Hamilton's hand, and politely intimated that he must seek a residence elsewhere. Madeline had permission to remain if she pleased, but she felt it was impossible to do so if she were to be separated from her grandfather. For the Marchese she had never felt any affection. His second wife was a cruel, proud piece of still life, and Madeline had sense

enough to see the misery of such a position as her's must be if she staid. They left Florence, therefore—like our first parents, "the world was all before them where to choose," and they naturally chose to go to England. They bent their course towards Hamilton's native town, for there he trusted he might yet obtain a subsistence by the exercise of his long neglected art. He was doomed to be disappointed. Twenty years had raised his birth-place from an insignificant to a wealthy town, the seat of a thriving manufacture. His old connections were dead or dispersed, and other painters had arisen, enough not only to fill his place, but to starve in their own. He quitted H—— in despair, and went to London, for he felt that in that great mart he was most likely to obtain a living by the exercise of some humble branch of his calling. Moreover, there Madeline, skilled as she was in all pretty works and womanly accomplishments, might be able to contribute something towards their support. For two years longer they struggled on. Hamilton obtained humble but constant employment as repairer to a picture dealer, and Madeline, flying to the usual resources of lady-like females in distress, made some little additions to their finances, by the sale of embroidery, &c. But her health began to fail—she could no longer bend much over her work—there were sickly mists in her eyes when she gazed intently on her muslin or canvas—there was a dull constant aching at her chest, and frequent stitches in her side—there were faintings that made her suddenly drop her needle, and fall back exhausted. Anon she grew pale, and there and then came the short gasping cough, and the daily recurring hectic of the cheek, and the drenching night perspiration. How could Hamilton doubt with what fiend her constitution was silently wrestling, with the certainty of being finally the conquered? Their main resource, the employment furnished by the picture dealer, was at this time suspended, in consequence of some embarrassment in his affairs, and they were almost penniless. Hamilton declared that this was by far the most trying time of his life. He had barely the means of procuring bread for their daily sustenance, and poor Madeline's case called not only for this, but for comforts and luxuries which it was impossible to obtain for her.

How often had the poor painter stood by a shop where were stored the delicacies of daily purchase by the rich, and felt the bitterness of his poverty in full, when he thought of her who had been reared in a palace, and for whom he was now unable to procure one morsel of that tempting food, that might have stimulated her sickly appetite! How especially did the sight of piles of costly fruit, exposed for sale in windows or markets, almost drive him mad, when he thought of his inability to procure one handful to cool her feverish lips! How the warm garments and rich furs in the fashionable shops made him think of her thin clothing, and the coming on of the winter.

One resource was left, and only one. Amidst the changes of their fortune Hamilton had still preserved a painting by his son—one of his master-pieces. It was the "vintage scene" spoken of in the early part of this narrative, and was peculiarly dear to the old man, as containing portraits of his son, his son's wife, and their infant daughter. Through the interest of an artist with whom he made some slight acquaintance, a place was procured for it in the gallery where I first saw it; and day after day did poor Hamilton attend there in the vain hope that *it might sell*. The result has been seen; it led to my introduction to Hamilton, and, I trust, to much more comfort than the mere price of his picture could have purchased.

When Lady Borrodaile heard this tale of distress, (which my readers may be assured reached her early on the next day,) her self-reproach for having unconsciously caused the artist a continuance of suspense and anxiety, was beyond all bounds. She instantly sent to secure the picture; and in less than two hours from her acquaintance with Hamilton's history, she was seated beside the suffering Madeline, and with the care of a mother, and the tenderness of a dear sister, was inquiring into her wants, and making arrangements for their ample supply. She would not allow the invalid to remain another night in an unwholesome and comfortless lodging, but removed her to her own house, and procured instant medical attendance for her. In a few days more she established Madeline at a small villa near Richmond, the property of Sir Philip, deeming that quietness and fresh air might do much for her.

Here she visited her almost daily; and surrounded by every comfort, tended constantly by her grandfather, and watched over by her benefactress, the poor patient appeared for a while to revive. She certainly grew stronger, and the painter and Lady Borrodaile flattered themselves she would recover. But there was still the hollow cough and the often flushed cheek; and I, who had anxiously watched over a similar case before, knew too well there was nothing to hope.

It was a lovely day in the early spring—one of the first warm days of the season. The roots of the old trees were tufted with primroses, and the river, bankful from recent rains, glided brightly and majestically on in the pure sunshine—the whole face of nature was full of life and gladness. Lady Borrodaile and myself had driven down to the villa, as we frequently did, and found our gentle patient enjoying the sweet spring air and sunshine. She was sitting on a bench placed on the sunny side of the lawn, and her grandfather was beside her. He was reading to her from a small volume, which, as we drew nearer, we found was the New Testament. He paused as we approached, but she did not perceive us. "Read that again," said she, in her low, sweet voice—"for, oh! it does me good!" We motioned to him not to mention our presence, and softly drew nearer to listen. Suddenly he stopped—an exclamation of terror burst from his lips—Lady Borrodaile sprang forward and caught Madeline on her arm just as she was sliding from her seat. There was a deadly paleness on her brow, but a sweet smile on her lips. She closed her eyes—her hand fell powerless by her side—she shivered slightly, and all was over!

Never, in life or in death, have I looked on any thing so lovely as Madeline Hamilton immediately after her spirit had departed. There was not yet the rigidity and chilliness which so soon follows in the track of death, and converts the dearest and the loveliest to a thing for awe and wonder. Never shall I forget the perfect repose, the ineffable grace of her attitude, as she lay for a few minutes on the rustic bench—her small hand drooping by her side—her lips slightly open—her forehead so smooth

and still! Long did that form and face haunt me with their solemn quiet beauty; and even yet they oftentimes arise before me, with a vividness and reality which few memories possess.

Hamilton was a lonely man from

that hour. All that could be done to alleviate his sorrow was done by kind and sympathising friends. But it was too late—"his occupation was gone." In six months we laid the poor painter by the side of Madeline.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY, BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

AMONG the many who have exerted themselves in the walks of Irish literature, by giving to the public, local and characteristic details of its peasantry, there are *three* who have more eminently distinguished themselves, and these three are Irish ladies—namely, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, and Mrs. S. C. Hall. They have not only by their amusing and instructive details of Irish manners, contributed to the pleasure and information of the present age; but their books will probably go down to posterity as standard works on the subject.

Miss Edgeworth is so well known to the public, and her writings have been so universally and extensively circulated, that it would appear superfluous now to notice them; but even at "the eleventh hour" we cannot pass the opportunity of contributing our meed of praise to our excellent countrywoman. At a time when the character of the poor Irishman was derided as the proper butt of ridicule and contempt; when like the Bredalbane district in feudal times, "it was fair ground for every man to harry;"—when on the stage it was made the common representative and standard for everything that was base, stupid, and blundering, unredeemed by a single trait of moral or intellectual good; when sentiments were put into his heart which he never thought, and phraseology coined for his mouth which he never uttered; when he became the clown of the theatre, and every new insult to him was applauded by the ignorant and prejudiced audience as a fair and just representation; when natives themselves adopted the deception and pandered to the taste of "the town," and Farquhar and others assumed to themselves liberties in misrepresenting their countrymen, which it was said none but fellow-countrymen would dare to take; in the midst and mist of this prejudice, we believe Miss Edgeworth was the first to step forward, and do justice to her poor countrymen, and represent them such as they really are. The faults of her characters are so redeemed

by their good and kindly qualities, their deviations from English modes of speech are so enlivened by native wit and humour, their bulls are found to be so epigrammatic, and their exaggerations such poetical and classical images, that it may be said our fair authoress not only stemmed but turned the tide of popular opinion; and, in the language of a celebrated critic of the day, caused a hitherto despised race to be not only loved but admired and respected in the world.

To these high claims, however, to our approbation and applause, there are drawbacks which we would not notice, did not our respect for truth and our impartiality as critics compel us reluctantly to do it. With the highest and purest strain of moral feeling, there seems no trace of religious impressions in her writings. We do not expect or require that all works of fiction should be vehicles for conveying revealed truth, nor that all characters in them should be like the "Fool of Quality," or "Cœlebs in search of a Wife," knights-errant in the cause of revelation, and run tilting against every man whom they think not so zealous as themselves; but we do affirm that a sense and feeling of a thing so sacred and indispensable should pervade works like hers, and the motives of actions should seem to be referred to it, though not expressly declared or openly or ostentatiously put forward. As of religious men, so it is of religious authors, there is a seriousness in the conversation of the one and in the writings of the other, which never damps or restrains cheerfulness or hilarity, but indicates, by external marks not to be mistaken, the deep-seated impression of the mind. When the one is not to be perceived, we are apt to imagine the other is not to be found, on the well-known aphorism, *De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*. Far be it from us to apply this to our dear countrywoman, whose genius and high qualities in other respects we admire on this side of idolatry. We believe her religious

convictions are as deep as her moral impressions are pure ; still we greatly regret that the contrary has been said and still more that it is not in our power effectually to refute it.

Next in order comes Lady Morgan, and it is but justice to her to say, that from her earliest age, she has wielded her pen in defence of her unfortunate country, and Sidney Owenson in the dawn of life, was well known as a writer in defence of Irish character, long before she obtained a husband and a title. Her line, however, was very different indeed from that of her predecessor, and her Irish characters with many traits of general resemblance, had something peculiarly *her* own. Early imbibing the new doctrines of the French Revolution, with an unhappy innate taste for politics, all her works are tinted, we had better say stained, with these colours. She became the Jacobin of female writers in Ireland, and treated the received notions both on moral and religious subjects with equal disregard. Her "Saint Clair" is a revival of "La Nouvelle Heloise," and her "Glorvina" is a wild Irish girl, such as we trust has few parallels in our country. Either from ignorance or carelessness, she confounds the first principles of right and wrong, and softens down some of the most profligate characters and indecent writers of the French school into amiable "roués" or witty "savaus." It is in our own recollection what a sensation she excited, when she first promulgated those opinions in Ireland. Instead of regarding them as the light and thoughtless effusion of a young and giddy female, who meant no more than to amuse, she was magnified into some portentous and powerful engine of wickedness, destined to upturn the foundations of society. Old Giffard led the way, and the whole *posse comitatus* of the *Quarterly* followed. It was amusing to see those "potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs," with staves and stones, running after the light and airy insect, as it flitted about, with its spangled and glittering wings, sipping sweets and bitters from every flower. "Knock her down," says one,—"tear her to pieces," says another—"trample her in the gutter," says a third—and they left no means untried for the purpose. She was an "impious worm," a "profligate reptile," even her person became the butt of these unmanly critics, and there was no weapon of attack unused, which fear or rage

could supply. 'Tis true our sprightly, careless ladi gave some occasion for this ; but we cannot see the wisdom, as she says herself, of "breaking a butterfly upon a wheel," or giving consequence to things which, if left to themselves, would expire by their own insignificance. Notwithstanding these aids of notoriety, they are now, after a few years forgotten, as if they never had been.

With respect to her sketches of Irish character, they deserve to survive the oblivion of her politics and opinions. We dwell with pleasure on her wit, her humour, her inimitable drollery, her quick and keen perception of character, her singular felicity of description, and her fecundity of inventing fictitious details ; and wherever democracy and scepticism do not peep out, we know no one better deserving our meed of praise. We would instance her "O'Donnell" as one of the most excellent among our standard novels. The Sketches of men, manners, and scenes in Ireland are admirable ; and we know not where to find a more correct and interesting picture of an Irish gentleman, struggling with adverse fortune, than she has painted in her hero. His high honour, deep sensibility, stern independence, and warm benevolence, are such as we assent to with our whole heart. He is as gentle as he is spirited, as sincere as he is kind, as candid as he is courteous. He deplores the unfortunate state of his own country, but he detracts not from the generosity, sympathy, and noble qualities of his English friends. He is not the coarse, rude, turbulent, cunning, selfish demagogue, which we remember Miladi once eulogised as the *beau ideal* of an Irishman ; her O'Donnell is not her O'Connell. But we are not writing a review of her works, but a brief notice of her literary character. We dismiss her, therefore, with Ben Jonson's declaration of Shakespeare : "He said he never blotted out a line—would he had blotted out a thousand."

Of the third and last lady of our category, and the immediate subject of our consideration, we have now to speak. Mrs. S. C. Hall holds an intermediate position between the reputation of her predecessors. With a mind apparently not so stored, or a capability of sustaining the varied incidents of a long and continued narrative of fiction as Miss Edgeworth's, she possesses a power of brief and sketchy tales which is inimitable. We know

nothing more true to nature than her first published sketches of Irish character. They gave such strong features of resemblance and probability to all the lighter and more prominent traits of the inmates of Irish cabins, less inflated than Miladi Morgan's, but more minute and simple than Miss Edgeworth's; and her pictures are such graphic representations of what is most laughable and lovely among her poor people, that their very faults are made so interesting, their absurdities so amiable, that the risibility they excite in the reader is the smile of good will, which a kind person bestows on failings which he regards with as much love as pity.

But Mrs. Hall has higher claims as a writer than those of a mere delineator of character and amusing details, by qualities in which both her predecessors seem deficient. There is a holiness and purity, a right thinking in every thing she says, which favourably contrasts her with her celebrated rivals. We recognise an innocence and delicacy in her cheerfulness, unlike what has been called the "smutty drollery" of the one, and a vein of unostentatious piety flowing through all she writes, which her admirers regret they cannot find in the admirable works of the other. There is nothing sectarian in this—it marks no particular form of faith, but seems the overflowing of that "meekness, gentleness, long suffering, forbearance of one another, in love," which quietly and almost imperceptibly issues from a pure and deep fountain of religious feeling. As a quality of this feeling, her anxious wish seems to be to do good and be useful, as far as her means enable her. Did she possess wealth and power, we feel a conviction that they would be exerted in this cause, but we imagine she has neither at her command, and so contributes the only mite that Providence has left at her disposal, to ameliorate and improve the condition of those to whom she wishes so well, and in whom she feels so deep and lively an interest. Her Irish Tales are directed at the prominent failings of her poor country, with the amiable view and hope of correcting them, and she has chosen for her appropriate motto, the Christian precept of the apostle, "mind not high things, but condescend

to men of low estate." To render them more extensively known and useful, they are published in a cheap form in a popular journal,* so that every person desirous of promoting their good effect, may purchase, beside much other useful and entertaining matter, one of those Tales for *three halfpence*, to circulate among the poor peasantry of his neighbourhood. We know the salutary effects of Miss Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie," in correcting many faulty things in the domestic habits of the Scotch, and on a limited scale, Mary Leadbetter's "Cottage Dialogues," in some counties in Ireland, and we may reasonably look for a similar result from Mrs. Hall's "Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

The titles of the stories are, 1st, "It's only a Drop;" 2nd, "Sure it's Always So;" 3rd, "Time Enough;" 4th, "It's only a Bit of a Stretch;" 5th, "Do You Think I'd Inform;" 6th, "The Landlord Abroad;" 7th, "The Landlord at Home;" and, 8th, "It's only the Bit and the Sup;" and, in these subjects, not only the most injurious, but we had almost said, all the bad habits which mar their domestic comforts, are included. Their Intemperance in the first; their Indisposition to change or improvement in the second; their Habits of procrastination and waste of time in the third; their Proneness to exaggerate and deviate from the truth in the fourth; their Horror at the prosecution of a criminal, and the impunity they afford to guilt in the fifth; the misery and blessings of absentee or resident landlords in the sixth and seventh; their reckless waste of their own substance, and improvidence of comfort in the last.

These are all so excellent, that we are tempted to extract one, but as they are circulated in so cheap a form, we advise all our readers to procure them for themselves, and we think some of our "Landlords at Home," could not do better service to their tenants than by circulating them extensively. Each tale illustrates some peculiarity or evil habit of poor Pat, and, we have little doubt, that these admirable little narratives will have more effect in eradicating them, than bushels of advice.

* Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

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Next in order comes Lady Morgan, and it is but justice to her to say, that from her earliest age, she has wielded her pen in defence of her unfortunate country, and Sidney Owenson in the dawn of life, was well known as a writer in defence of Irish character, long before she obtained a husband and a title. Her line, however, was very different indeed from that of her predecessor, and her Irish characters with many traits of general resemblance, had something peculiarly *her* own. Early imbibing the new doctrines of the French Revolution, with an unhappy innate taste for politics, all her works are tinted, we had better say stained, with these colours. She became the Jacobin of female writers in Ireland, and treated the received notions both on moral and religious subjects with equal disregard. Her "Saint Clair" is a revival of "La Nouvelle Heloise," and her "Glorvina" is a wild Irish girl, such as we trust has few parallels in our country. Either from ignorance or carelessness, she confounds the first principles of right and wrong, and softens down some of the most profligate characters and indecent writers of the French school into amiable "roués" or witty "savaus." It is in our own recollection what a sensation she excited, when she first promulgated those opinions in Ireland. Instead of regarding them as the light and thoughtless effusion of a young and giddy female, who meant no more than to amuse, she was magnified into some portentous and powerful engine of wickedness, destined to upturn the foundations of society. Old Giffard led the way, and the whole *posse comitatus* of the *Quarterly* followed. It was amusing to see those "potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs," with staves and stones, running after the light and airy insect, as it flitted about, with its spangled and glittering wings, sipping sweets and bitters from every flower. "Knock her down," says one,—"tear her to pieces," says another—"trample her in the gutter," says a third—and they left no means untried for the purpose. She was an "impious worm," a "profligate reptile," even her person became the butt of these unmanly critics, and there was no weapon of attack unused, which fear or rage

could supply. 'Tis true our sprightly, careless ladi gave some occasion for this ; but we cannot see the wisdom, as she says herself, of "breaking a butterfly upon a wheel," or giving consequence to things which, if left to themselves, would expire by their own insignificance. Notwithstanding these aids of notoriety, they are now, after a few years forgotten, as if they never had been.

With respect to her sketches of Irish character, they deserve to survive the oblivion of her politics and opinions. We dwell with pleasure on her wit, her humour, her inimitable drollery, her quick and keen perception of character, her singular felicity of description, and her fecundity of inventing fictitious details ; and wherever democracy and scepticism do not peep out, we know no one better deserving our meed of praise. We would instance her "O'Donnell" as one of the most excellent among our standard novels. The Sketches of men, manners, and scenes in Ireland are admirable ; and we know not where to find a more correct and interesting picture of an Irish gentleman, struggling with adverse fortune, than she has painted in her hero. His high honour, deep sensibility, stern independence, and warm benevolence, are such as we assent to with our whole heart. He is as gentle as he is spirited, as sincere as he is kind, as candid as he is courteous. He deplures the unfortunate state of his own country, but he detracts not from the generosity, sympathy, and noble qualities of his English friends. He is not the coarse, rude, turbulent, cunning, selfish demagogue, which we remember Miladi once eulogised as the *beau ideal* of an Irishman ; her O'Donnell is not her O'Connell. But we are not writing a review of her works, but a brief notice of her literary character. We dismiss her, therefore, with Ben Jonson's declaration of Shakespeare : "He said he never blotted out a line—would he had blotted out a thousand."

Of the third and last lady of our category, and the immediate subject of our consideration, we have now to speak. Mrs. S. C. Hall holds an intermediate position between the reputation of her predecessors. With a mind apparently not so stored, or a capability of sustaining the varied incidents of a long and continued narrative of fiction as Miss Edgeworth's, she possesses a power of brief and sketchy tales which is inimitable. We know

nothing more true to nature than her first published sketches of Irish character. They gave such strong features of resemblance and probability to all the lighter and more prominent traits of the inmates of Irish cabins, less inflated than Miladi Morgan's, but more minute and simple than Miss Edgeworth's; and her pictures are such graphic representations of what is most laughable and lovely among her poor people, that their very faults are made so interesting, their absurdities so amiable, that the risibility they excite in the reader is the smile of good will, which a kind person bestows on failings which he regards with as much love as pity.

But Mrs. Hall has higher claims as a writer than those of a mere delineator of character and amusing details, by qualities in which both her predecessors seem deficient. There is a holiness and purity, a right thinking in every thing she says, which favourably contrasts her with her celebrated rivals. We recognise an innocence and delicacy in her cheerfulness, unlike what has been called the "smutty drollery" of the one, and a vein of unostentatious piety flowing through all she writes, which her admirers regret they cannot find in the admirable works of the other. There is nothing sectarian in this—it marks no particular form of faith, but seems the overflowing of that "meekness, gentleness, long suffering, forbearance of one another, in love," which quietly and almost imperceptibly issues from a pure and deep fountain of religious feeling. As a quality of this feeling, her anxious wish seems to be to do good and be useful, as far as her means enable her. Did she possess wealth and power, we feel a conviction that they would be exerted in this cause, but we imagine she has neither at her command, and so contributes the only mite that Providence has left at her disposal, to ameliorate and improve the condition of those to whom she wishes so well, and in whom she feels so deep and lively an interest. Her Irish Tales are directed at the prominent failings of her poor country, with the amiable view and hope of correcting them, and she has chosen for her appropriate motto, the Christian precept of the apostle, "mind not high things, but condescend

to men of low estate." To render them more extensively known and useful, they are published in a cheap form in a popular journal,* so that every person desirous of promoting their good effect, may purchase, beside much other useful and entertaining matter, one of those Tales for *three halfpence*, to circulate among the poor peasantry of his neighbourhood. We know the salutary effects of Miss Hamilton's "*Cottagers of Glenburnie*," in correcting many faulty things in the domestic habits of the Scotch, and on a limited scale, Mary Leadbetter's "*Cottage Dialogues*," in some counties in Ireland, and we may reasonably look for a similar result from Mrs. Hall's "*Stories of the Irish Peasantry*."

The titles of the stories are, 1st, "It's only a Drop;" 2nd, "Sure it's Always So;" 3rd, "Time Enough;" 4th, "It's only a Bit of a Stretch;" 5th, "Do You Think I'd Inform;" 6th, "The Landlord Abroad;" 7th, "The Landlord at Home;" and, 8th, "It's only the Bit and the Sup;" and, in these subjects, not only the most injurious, but we had almost said, all the bad habits which mar their domestic comforts, are included. Their Intemperance in the first; their Indisposition to change or improvement in the second; their Habits of procrastination and waste of time in the third; their Proneness to exaggerate and deviate from the truth in the fourth; their Horror at the prosecution of a criminal, and the impunity they afford to guilt in the fifth; the misery and blessings of absentee or resident landlords in the sixth and seventh; their reckless waste of their own substance, and improvidence of comfort in the last.

These are all so excellent, that we are tempted to extract one, but as they are circulated in so cheap a form, we advise all our readers to procure them for themselves, and we think some of our "*Landlords at Home*," could not do better service to their tenants than by circulating them extensively. Each tale illustrates some peculiarity or evil habit of poor Pat, and, we have little doubt, that these admirable little narratives will have more effect in eradicating them, than bushels of advice.

FELLOWS'S ASIA MINOR.*

THE very elegant volume before us is the journal of an English traveller, during an excursion in Asia Minor, in the early part of last year. An accurate description of the interior of this highly interesting country is much wanting, and our knowledge of its geography is still very imperfect, as the several maps already published too plainly exhibit. The west and north-west coasts have, it is true, by their connection and commercial intercourse with Europe, become, of late years, better known; and Captain Beaufort has laid down a chart of a part of its southern shores, the whole of which has been completed last year by Lieut. Graves, in her Majesty's surveying ship, *Beacon*. But, of the inland country, our information has remained in the imperfect state left by Pococke, Van Egmont, Chandler, and Col. Leake, with some additions by the Rev. Mr. Arundel, whose researches were, however, mostly confined to the ecclesiastical remains of more modern times, and have done little to establish the topography of its ancient cities.

A country so famed in story and in song, though seldom visited by the tourist, has within it countless objects of interest, well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of the traveller who cherishes the classic remembrances of its early Greek, and subsequent Roman Colonies; its Sparta, Troy, Patara, and Telmessus, with the recollections of its Xanthus and Mæander, its Olympus, Taurus, and Mount Ida, and the oracles and warriors, the statesmen and historians that flourished on its shores. And when we add to this, its connection with the early history of Christianity, and its being the theatre of apostolic preaching, we feel a strong desire to follow the footsteps of the traveller to Sardis and Ephesus, Thyatira and Colossæ; through mountain scenes and forest glades, among a chivalrous peasantry, bold and hardy as the pines that climb the rocks of their native fastnesses; and the stern grandeur of whose rugged hills gives increased effect to the fertile valleys and flowery plains beneath.

Mr. Fellows left Smyrna on the

22nd of February for Magnesia, a poor and ill-thriving place; but, following the course of the Hyllus, he describes the land as excellent, with scarcely a stone to be met for miles, and producing luxuriant crops of cotton and corn. His route is continued on by Thyatira to Pergamos, eight miles to the east of which, at a small resting-place, he found a Sarcophagus, which was used as a water trough, and an inscription, built up in a neighbouring fountain, which, as it appears to relate to some of the ceremonies of mourning among the ancient Greeks, not before noticed, we here transcribe:—

"MAY IT BE FORTUNATE."

"In the treasureship of Demetrius, on the second day of the month, Thargelion, Alexon, son of Damon, declared it to be a law for *relations by marriage* (?) that the female mourners should wear clean grey cloth; that the men and boys engaged in the mourning should also wear grey, unless they prefer white; that they should perform the rites appointed by law for the departed, at the latest, in three months; that the men should terminate their mourning in the fourth month, and the women in the fifth; that the women, or the trains appointed in the law, as a matter of necessity, should then rise from the lamentation, and go forth; that the Gynæconomus chosen by the people should, at the purification of the Thesmophoria, pray for prosperity and the enjoyment of their existing possessions, on behalf of those men who abide by, and those women who obey this law, and imprecate the contrary on those men and women who do not obey; and that the treasurer chosen after Demetrius bearing a crown, should inscribe this law upon two pillars, and place one of them before the gates of the Temple of (Ceres) Thesmophorus, and the other before the Temple of Artemis (i. e. Diana) Lochia."

From Pergamos his track lay principally along the coast to Assos, long remarkable for the number and grandeur of its tombs. Here, he says,

"I then entered the Via Sacra, or street of tombs, extending for miles. Some of the tombs still stand in their original beautiful forms; but most have been opened, and the lids are lying near the

* A Journal written during an Excursion in Asia Minor. By Charles Fellows. London: John Murray. 1839.

walls they covered, curiosity or avarice having been satisfied by displacing them. Occasionally, in the line of tombs, are circular seats, as at Pompeii; but these ruins are on a considerably larger scale than those of the Roman city, and many of the remains are nearly perfect. Several are highly ornamented, and have inscriptions; others, are as large as temples, being twenty or thirty feet square. The usual length of the sarcophagus* is from ten to twelve feet."

The walls of the town he describes as partaking, in the lower part, of the ancient Cyclopean, and having been repaired and built over in a later style. A similar kind of wall, exhibiting two distinct eras, will be found in the Acropolis of Athens, where the tryglyphs in its base remain since the Persian conquest; and also in the east wall of Jerusalem, the upper part of which has been added by its modern masters, while its lower is of the massive Cyclopean, in use long before the Christian era.

Our author now enters the Troad, but adds nothing of consequence to the descriptions of the memorable city of Priam; but as to the question of its site still in dispute among antiquaries, he says, speaking of the heights of Boonabassey, or what is called Old Troy, from its being the first locality fixed on:—

"We saw on the stony top of a hill, (certainly very small for the site of a city) two piles of loose stones, and think it very questionable whether put together by nature or art; and if by art, a doubt may arise as to the purpose, for I have often seen in mountain districts, piles as large, heaped up by the villagers, as a testimony of respect, upon the spot where some too adventurous brothers met with an untimely end."

At the Dardanelles, Mr. F. embarked in the French steamer for Constantinople, when, providing himself with the necessary firman, &c. he skirted the eastern shores of the sea of Marmora, and crossing over the Dil-Ferry, re-entered Asia Minor, and proceeded with occasional deviations, nearly due south to the gulph of Adalia, by this means intersecting the base of this vast peninsula, and traversing a country interesting from the number of its

remains, and from its previous unexplored state.

The first place of any note he touched at, was Iznik the ancient Nicæa. The approach to this place he describes as very beautiful. The scene varied by the garden, plains covered with evergreens, or arched with the violet, hyacinth, and anemone, in the distance the snowy range of the Olympus, before which were a series of lower hills that rose from the sides of the placid lake Ascaria, at whose southern extremity stood the ruined towers of Nicæa. He here mentions three square towers, the white marble stones, of which have their edges grooved or bevelled, and this groove, he is inclined to suppose, may have been filled with metal to increase the splendour of the building; but such a form of joining stones together was long practised by the Greeks, where no such substance would possibly have been introduced; and such is very well shown in the walls of Mycenæ at Argos.

Among the many inscriptions copied by W. F. few will be more valued than that from one of the gates of this city, a description and most accurate drawing of which he has subjoined. About one third of the stone on which this was cut has remained in situ over the gate-way, and was many years ago given to the world by Pococke in his *Inscriptiones Antiquæ*, and afterwards in 1818, by Von Hammer—"Umblick auf einer Reise nach Brussa."

Mr. F. found the remainder of this inscription on four stones, three of which he found in a neighbouring ditch, and one close by, lying on its face. When placed together, they were found to correspond, and to complete the hitherto unfinished and disputed inscription. Nice or Nicæa has many associations connected with its Christian history, for two celebrated ecclesiastical councils were held here, the first of which, under Constantine in 325, is said to be that at which the Nicene creed was formed.

From hence our author pursued his route to Cotyæium, where the most valuable part of his work commences; as from this point he was able to correct some of the geographical errors of our maps, as well as to add

* The term sarcophagus is derived from a stone peculiar to this territory of Assos, which, Pliny says, had the property of wasting the bodies entombed in it.

to our topographical knowledge. Of the former he mentions Doganlu or Dooanlu. To discover the true site of this place, he pursued a course south-east; and passing a tributary stream of the river Thymbius, after a ride of 20 miles, arrived at a valley, for eight miles of which it was a continued series of tombs and sepulchral caves, with some scattered columns and other marbles, indicative of a very extensive city. At 28 miles S.E. of Cotyæium, he found Dooaslan, the wished for, but misplaced spot. Returning to his former path he diverges to the S.W. to visit the recently discovered ruins of Æzani, which he supposed to have been a small Roman town of the time of Adrian.

"But I now find from its architecture, that it appears to be purely a Greek city, though, perhaps, afterwards possessed by the Romans, as there are some Latin inscriptions. The situation of the town is not so striking as the Greeks generally chose, but it has its gentle hills one of which was its Acropolis, crowned with a highly finished Ionic temple; eighteen columns, with one side and end of the cella, are still standing."

Our author gives two highly finished drawings of this temple, and a ground plan of the theatre and most remarkable objects in the city, with several inscriptions.

Again retracing his steps to Cotyæium, he continues his southward route through Phrygia to the lower lake Ascania, where proceeding in a more eastern direction to Sparta, whence by the ridge of Laurus he arrived at the village of Boodrom, where hearing of some ruins he climbed the mountains through a craggy wilderness, where he discovered the vast ruins of a city which he supposes to be the ancient Sagalassus. He thus describes it:—

"What was my surprise to find on ascending, the extensive remains of a superb city, containing seven or eight temples and three other long buildings, ornamented with cornices and columns, and with rows of pedestals on either side! I know not what these buildings may have been, but from their forming long avenues, I may imagine they were agoras. On one side of a higher hill, is one of the most beautiful and perfect theatres I ever saw or heard of; the seats and the greater part of the proscenium

remain; the walls of the front have partly fallen, but the splendid cornices and stuary are but little broken.

"From its peculiar situation I judge that this theatre was entered only on one side, where appeared three or four great vomitories together. The whole of the city, with its costly tombs and its inscriptions, both cut in the solid rocks and on the sarcophagi is ancient Greek, without a vestige of Roman or Christian character."

It is much to be regretted that so capable an artist as Mr. Fellows did not make some sketches of this place.

Twenty-four miles to the south-east of Sagalassus is the Turkish village of Boojak; and ten miles to the north-east of this, upon the top of a high promontory of Mount Taurus,

"Stood one of the finest cities that possibly ever existed, now presenting magnificent wrecks of grandeur. One pile of temples, theatres, and buildings vieing with each other in splendour."

The style is Corinthian, and he does not think there is any trace of successors to its earliest occupants. These ruins he conceives to be those of Selge, and speaks of them in terms such as may be excused in the enthusiastic admirer of his own *discovery*.

The blue waters of the Mediterranean are now in sight; the broad gulf of Adalia lies before us; and the coast of Syria and Karamania have been so well described by others that with two or three exceptions little remains to be done by the modern traveller.

Our author visited Perge; and upon several of the walls noticed the Greek shield introduced as an ornament appearing as if hung from the top, and supposes it to explain the passage in Ezekiel, xxvii. 2-11, where the Tyrians are described as hanging the shield for an ornament upon their walls. While here, the author had a narrow escape of being shot—the tale of which may be a warning to future travellers.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night; and as I had undertaken to call Demetrius (his servant) an hour before daylight, that he might find some ducks at their breakfast in a neighbouring stream, I was somewhat restless, and thus rendered conscious that it was a cold night.

The howling and barking of jackals and wolves around my tent lasted till day break. At seven o'clock Demetrius returned with his bag of ducks and snipes; and at the same time arrived a present from the neighbouring tents of kymac milk, eggs, and bread. After my meal I narrowly escaped a tragical adventure. 'Every bullet has its billet;' but none was yet billeted on me. As I stood watching the busy scene of striking the tents and packing horses, I heard the report of a gun, and on looking round saw within two yards of me, and under the same tree, one of my hospitable Turkish neighbours with Demetrius's gun, which had been left hanging on the tree, in his hand, and with alarm strongly depicted in his countenance. All Turks understand the management of their own single-barrelled guns; but this was double-barrelled; and after having carefully let down one lock, he thought he might safely pull the trigger, and he had thus discharged the other barrel. His alarm was natural, and mine would have been as great had I been aware of my danger; the charge entered the ground within half a yard of my feet, where I saw the smoking wadding."

No educated traveller having visited Xanthus, neither Clarke, Beaufort, nor Col. Leake, we feel much indebted to Mr. Fellows for his description of this celebrated city, which, from its contiguity to the coast, and its being accessible to yacht-going folk, one only wonders has not been oftener visited. We have dwelt so long upon the more inland travel that we regret we cannot devote more space to this. Suffice to say, that it equalled the fullest expectations of our author, who has done it great justice both in the description and in the very beautifully executed drawings of its tombs and theatre. The inscriptions are said to resemble the Phœnician or Etruscan; and a most valuable part of the information conveyed in this part of the work, is that the trustees of the British Museum, on seeing the drawings of the tombs at Xanthus, have recommended them to the government; and as directions for their removal to this country, have been given, we may hope shortly to have an opportunity of inspecting them in our own country.

The ruins marked in maps as Pinara, Mr. F. discovered to be Tlos.

With Maery (Tehnessus) he deals in a more summary manner than

would be expected from a person of Mr. Fellows' taste, as much yet remains to be done in describing the ruins and antiquities of that vast metropolis. But we must hasten onward, for the ground is now clear, and the way has been often trod. From Maery, his route is north west to Ephesus by Labranda, when turning inland, parallel to the Mæander, he visits Laodicea and Hierapolis, and returns by Sardis to Smyrna.

Thus far for the geographical material, the principal portion of the work. Its style is plain, simple, unaffected; and we should say chiefly, that in which it was written on the spot. On setting out, he states himself as prejudiced against the Turks, but learned by intercourse to think better of them. He found these Turkoman tribes to be an honest, simple race, hospitable to strangers, and free from many of the vices that their brethren of the cities, and more civilized, but less moral parts partake of. The following is an instance of their hospitality at Cotyæium:—

"I was beginning to make my meal upon the food we had with us, when in came nine people, each bearing a dish. A large tray was raised on the rim of a corn sieve, placed on the ground, in the centre of which was put a tureen of soup, with pieces of bread around it. Of the nine dishes, I observed three were of soups; I asked why this was, and who was to pay for the repast, and was informed that it is the custom of the people, strictly enjoined by their religion, that as soon as a stranger appears, each peasant should bring his dish—he himself remaining to partake of it, after the stranger has fed—a sort of pic-nic, of which the stranger partakes without contributing. The hospitality extends to everything he requires; his horse is fed, and wood is brought for his fire, each inhabitant feeling honoured by offering something. The whole of the contributors afterwards sit down and eat in another part of the room."

Longevity is remarkable among the inhabitants of this country—at least, it was before the entrance of Ibrahim Basha. At Troy, our author met an old man, said to be 102 years of age, who had, strange to say, two young teeth, just appearing through his gums; and his servant, Demetrius, relates an instance of another such phenomenon in a person still older. These must have arisen from the original milk

teeth never having been shed; but which, dropping out in old age, made room for the permanent ones to come up.

At Moola, our traveller fell in with the Chingunees or gipsies, some of whom he describes as displaying great beauty. The women go unveiled, and are remarkable for their strength. Of one group, he says,

"There was a mother with her child, perhaps five years old, dark as a negro, but of a far healthier and richer colour, almost veiled by its wild hair, which had never been cut, and, perhaps, never combed. Its neck was hung with beads, coins, and various chains; its very few clothes hung loosely, leaving the arms and legs bare. The mother was young, and of a peculiar beauty, with much elegance and softness; yet, with the dignity of a Meg Merrilies, she had somewhat of the Græco-Egyptian style of face; the features being rather long. Her hair was gathered in a band round her head, and ornamented with fresh flowers; the clothes loose and scanty; but, with this appearance even of poverty in the dress, there was, at the same time, a considerable display of wealth; on one of her wrists I saw three broad bracelets or bands of gold, about three quarters of an inch wide; and, on her neck, other gold ornaments."

Wide though the field was, our author has done little to further the science of natural history in this country. He found the sea-crab in the river at Dallomen, eight miles away from the element it generally inhabits. There is one instance of tenacity of life in a vulture worthy of being recorded. It was shot in the head and neck, and dropped immediately, but its talons closing on the servant's hand, he says,

"I stood with my whole weight upon its back, pressing the breast bone against the rock, when its eye gradually closed; its hold relaxed, and, to all appearance, life became extinct. It was then packed up in my leather hood, and strapped behind the saddle."

It remained there the whole day, till night, when, on unpacking the bundle, it was found still alive, and so strong, that it had power to bear up Mr. Fellows, standing on its back, and it required some severe blows about the head to dispatch it. But natural history is not our author's forte, as one small quotation will explain. At page 10, he very gravely informs us that, at Smyrna, "The common pigeon here is the turtle-dove!!!" Throughout the whole of this work, there seems a deficiency of classic information. We will not say that such was not possessed by the author; but, certainly, it has not appeared where it would have had a valuable effect; in traversing countries teeming with the scenes and localities of ancient authors. Some apology is, however, made for this by an erudite appendix by Mr. J. Yates. In conclusion, we should be wanting in taste and judgment, were we to close this critique without saying a word for the admirable appearance of the work, which must form an ornament in the drawing-room and the boudoir. The illustrations are well executed; and, from personal knowledge, we know many of them to be faithful representations. But there is much to be done in the country still, particularly between Olympus and Mount Cadmus, and also in the eastern part of Phrygia, and should Mr. Charles Fellows be again induced to travel, we shall hail his return as a boon to geographical science.

STANZAS TO MADALINE.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

What's in a name? O! there is much,
And Shakespeare well its magic knew,
When he, with more than Raphael touch,
Such lovely living portraits drew.

What's in a name? O! it is sweet
To name the name I love so well;
Around it all the Graces meet,
Within it all the Cupids dwell.

'Tis Music's self, and Song's bright soul,
To hear that name I love to hear;
Oh! Passion's rage it does control,
To name that name to me so dear.

'Tis sweet as her who it does claim,
Enough all men to lovers make;
And did you know my fair one's name,
You'd almost love her for its sake!

What's in a name? Go ask the flowers
What's in the sun when he does shine;
Or ask this lovely world of ours
What were it but for Madaline!

SONG.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

O! the lily of the valley! it blooms in beauty fair,
And minds me of the sunny hours, when life was free from care;
Then far adown the sleeping glen, I stray'd in happy glee,
The long, long summer day was mine, but not too long for me!

O! the lily of the valley! it comes in gladsome joy,
Recalling all the golden dreams that mem'ry lets not die!
And though in clouds the evil days slow gather in their gloom,
My heart leaps back to joyous morns, beside this flow'rets' bloom!

O! the lily of the valley! the songs have passed away,
That gladdened, by the voice of dreams, the landscape smiling gay;
The music of the woods is fled—the lays of youth are o'er—
And only thou, at mem'ry's call, lost harmonies restore!

O! the lily of the valley! how fleet the hours did flee,
When, heedless as the streamlet's course, I ran in quest of thee!
And still, though anxious days must come, and many heavy woes,
I hail thee as the brightest flower, that in the valley blows!

LINES TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

I.

Sleep, fond one! in thy dreams
How soft thine eyelids close!
No thoughts of sorrow cloud thy mind,
Nor trouble thy repose!

II.

A smile of joy half steals
Across thy face so fair,
And round thy brow of purest white
Bright falls thy golden hair.

III.

So sleeps the lily pale
At calm of dewy eve,
When sunbeams and the birds of song
Its flowery blossoms leave!

IV.

So sleeps at morning hour
The softly blushing rose,
Ere o'er the earth the blessed sun
His golden glory throws!

V.

Sleep on, thou lovely child!
Thy dreams are far away,
To where the fields are ever green,
The landscape ever gay!

VI.

Thine eye betrays no tear—
Thy bosom heaves no sigh—
But like a thing of love and light
Thou peacefully dost lie!

VII.

Long days of bliss be thine,
And on thy placid brow
May joy and peace for ever dwell,
As calm as they do now!

VIII.

Ah! me, bright days were mine
Could I with spirit free
Forget past woes and future cares,
And sleep as soft as thee.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY PEASANTRY.

NO. II.—THE BEWITCHED BUTTER.

"Thence kintra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge and plunge the kirk in vain;
 For, oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
 By witching skill;
 An' dawtit, twalpint Hawkie's ga'en
 As yell's the bill,"

Burns.

"Old Alice Ruadh More was as horrid a harlot
 As ever existed in crimson or scarlet;
 With her witchcraft and tricks the country she'd bilk,
 And rob the good wives of their butter and milk."

Old Song.

AMONGST the many absurd opinions entertained by the Irish peasantry at the present day, there is none more generally prevalent, or still remains more firmly rooted, than the belief in the existence of a super-human or infernal power exercised by demons or fairies over the properties, and particularly over the milch cattle of mortals. This superstition, like most other Irish superstitions, was, in bye-gone times, much more common than at present; but nevertheless it still remains nearly as firm as ever in many of the more secluded rural districts of Ireland. Nor is this power believed to be confined to fairies or devils: many mortals, particularly old women, are thought to possess the power of charming the cattle of their neighbours, and depriving them, by some secret and mysterious means, of their milk and butter. I believe it is not ascertained how this diabolical power is acquired; but it is said that it is by virtue of some horrid compact with the dark One, by which they engage to surrender themselves soul and body into his hands, after a certain period has elapsed, on condition of his investing them, during the said assigned period, with the power of depriving the cattle of certain persons of their milk and butter, and transferring it to their own. Thus, whenever by any hidden disease or any other undiscovered impediment, a cow appears to decline, or ceases to supply

her wonted quantity of milk and butter, she is immediately thought to be bewitched, or, as it is commonly termed "overlooked" by some covetous, malignant old hag, and application is immediately made to some "fairyman," or "knowing woman," for a counter-charm; and as it sometimes happens that the person applied to may have a knowledge of the disease under which the afflicted victim labours, or, as oftener occurs that the disorder disappears as it came, without any visible cause, the impostor is lauded to the skies for his superior skill, and some person is pointed at, as in league with the devil, and held up to the whole country as a witch and a robber, and an object of terror and detestation to all her neighbours.

This superstition, however, is declining greatly of late years; but many curious stories in connexion with it are still told throughout the country, at the peasant's fire-side on a winter's evening; and from the many which I have heard I select the two following as being the most popular in my neighbourhood, and likely to afford most amusement to my readers.

About the commencement of the last century there lived in the vicinity of the once famous village of Aghavoe,* a wealthy farmer, named Bryan Costigan. This man kept an extensive dairy and a great many milch cows, and every year made considerable sums by the

* *Aghavoe*—"the field of kine"—a beautiful and romantic village near Borris-in-Ossory, in the Queen's County. It was once a place of considerable importance, and for centuries the episcopal seat of the diocese of Ossory, but for ages back it has gone to decay, and is now remarkable for nothing but the magnificent ruins of a noble priory of the Dominicans, erected here at an early period by St. Canice, the patron saint of Ossory.

sale of milk and butter. The luxuriance of the pasture lands in this neighbourhood has always been proverbial; and, consequently, Bryan's cows were the finest and most productive in the country, and his milk and butter the richest and sweetest, and brought the highest price at every market at which he offered these articles for sale.

Things continued to go on thus prosperously with Bryan Costigan, when, one season, all at once, he found his cattle declining in appearance, and his dairy almost entirely profitless. Bryan, at first, attributed this change to the weather, or some such cause, but soon found or fancied reason to assign it to a far different source. The cows, without any visible disorder, daily declined, and were scarcely able to crawl about on their pasture: many of them, instead of milk, gave nothing but blood; and the scanty quantity of milk which some of them continued to supply was so bitter that even the pigs would not drink it; whilst the butter which it produced was of such a bad quality, and stunk so horribly, that the very dogs would not eat it. Bryan applied for remedies to all the quacks and "fairy-women" in the country—but in vain. Many of the impostors declared that the mysterious malady in his cattle went beyond *their* skill; whilst others, although they found no difficulty in tracing it to superhuman agency, declared that they had no control in the matter, as the charm under the influence of which his property was made away with, was too powerful to be dissolved by any thing less than the special interposition of Divine Providence. The poor farmer became almost distracted; he saw ruin staring him in the face; yet what was he to do? Sell his cattle and purchase others! No; that was out of the question, as they looked so miserable and emaciated, that no one would even take them as a present, whilst it was also impossible to sell to a butcher, as the flesh of one which he killed for his own family, was as black as a coal, and stunk like any putrid carrion.

The unfortunate man was thus completely bewildered. He knew not what to do; he became moody and stupid; his sleep forsook him by night, and all day he wandered about the fields, amongst his "fairy-stricken" cattle like a maniac.

Affairs continued in this plight, when one very sultry evening in the latter

days of July, Bryan Costigan's wife was sitting at her own door, spinning at her wheel, in a very gloomy and agitated state of mind. Happening to look down the narrow green lane which led from the high road to her cabin, she espied a little old woman barefoot, and enveloped in an old scarlet cloak, approaching slowly, with the aid of a crutch which she carried in one hand, and a cane or walking-stick in the other. The farmer's wife felt glad at seeing the odd-looking stranger; she smiled, and yet she knew not why, as she neared the house. A vague and indefinable feeling of pleasure crowded on her imagination; and, as the old woman gained the threshold, she bade her "welcome" with a warmth which plainly told that her lips gave utterance but to the genuine feelings of her heart.

"God bless this good house and all belonging to it," said the stranger, as she entered.

"God save you kindly, and you are welcome, whoever you are," replied Mrs. Costigan.

"Hem, I thought so," said the old woman with a significant grin. "I thought so, or I wouldn't trouble you."

The farmer's wife ran, and placed a chair near the fire for the stranger; but she refused, and sat on the ground near where Mrs. C. had been spinning. Mrs. Costigan had now time to survey the old hag's person minutely. She appeared of great age; her countenance was extremely ugly and repulsive; her skin was rough and deeply embrowned as if from long exposure to the effects of some tropical climate; her forehead was low, narrow, and, indented with a thousand wrinkles; her long grey hair fell in matted elf-locks from beneath a white linen skull-cap; her eyes were bleared, blood-shot, and obliquely set in their sockets, and her voice was croaking, tremulous, and, at times, partially inarticulate. As she squatted on the floor, she looked around the house with an inquisitive gaze; she peered pryingly from corner to corner, with an earnestness of look, as if she had the faculty, like the Arzonaut of old, to see through the very depths of the earth, whilst Mrs. C. kept watching her motions with mingled feelings of curiosity, awe, and pleasure.

"Mrs.," said the old woman, at length breaking silence, "I am dry with the heat of the day, can you give me a drink?"

"Alas!" replied the farmer's wife, "I have no drink to offer you except water, else you would have no occasion to ask me for it."

"Are you not the owner of the cattle I see yonder?" said the old hag, with a tone of voice and manner of gesticulation which plainly indicated her fore-knowledge of the fact.

Mrs. Costigan replied in the affirmative, and briefly related to her every circumstance connected with the affair, whilst the old woman still remained silent, but shook her grey head repeatedly; and still continued gazing round the house with an air of importance and self-sufficiency.

When Mrs. C. had ended, the old hag remained a while, as if in a deep reverie: at length she said—

"Have you any of the milk in the house?"

"I have," replied the other.

"Show me some of it."

She filled a jug from a vessel and handed it to the old sybil, who smelled it, then tasted it, and spat out what she had taken on the floor.

"Where is your husband?" she asked.

"Out in the fields," was the reply.

"I must see him."

A messenger was dispatched for Bryan, who shortly after made his appearance.

"Neighbour," said the stranger, "your wife informs me that your cattle are going against you this season."

"She informs you right," said Bryan.

"And why have you not sought a cure?"

"A cure!" re-echoed the man; "why, woman, I have sought cures until I was heart-broken, and all in vain; they get worse every day."

"What will you give me if I cure them for you?"

"Any thing in our power," replied Bryan and his wife, both speaking joyfully, and with a breath.

"All I will ask from you is a silver sixpence, and that you will do every thing which I will bid you," said she.

The farmer and his wife seemed astonished at the moderation of her demand. They offered her a large sum of money.

"No," said she, "I don't want your money; I am no cheat, and I would not even take sixpence, but that I can do nothing till I handle some of your silver."

The sixpence was immediately given

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her, and the most implicit obedience promised to her injunctions, by both Bryan and his wife, who already began to regard the old beldame as their tutelary angel.

The hag pulled off a black silk ribbon or fillet, which encircled her head inside her cap, and gave it to Bryan, saying—

"Go, now, and the first cow you touch with this ribbon, turn her into the yard, but be sure don't touch the second, nor speak a word until you return; be also careful not to let the ribbon touch the ground, for, if you do, all is over."

Bryan took the talismanic ribbon, and soon returned, driving a red cow before him.

The old hag went out, and, approaching the cow, commenced pulling hairs out of her tail, at the same time singing some verses in the Irish language in a low, wild, and unconnected strain. The cow appeared restive and uneasy, but the old witch still continued her mysterious chaunt until she had the ninth hair extracted. She then ordered the cow to be drove back to her pasture, and again entered the house.

"Go, now," said she to the woman, "and bring me some milk from every cow in your possession."

She went, and soon returned with a large pail filled with a frightful-looking mixture of milk, blood and corrupt matter. The old woman got it into a churn and made preparations for churning.

"Now," said she, "you both must churn, make fast the door and windows, and let there be no light but from the fire; do not open your lips until I desire you, and by observing my directions, I make no doubt but, ere the sun goes down, we will find out the infernal villain who is robbing you."

Bryan secured the doors and windows, and commenced churning. The old sorceress sat down by a blazing fire which had been specially lighted for the occasion, and commenced singing the same wild song which she had sung at the pulling of the cow-hairs, and after a little time, she cast one of the nine hairs into the fire, still singing her mysterious strain, and watching, with intense interest, the witching process.

A loud cry, as if from a female in distress, was now heard approaching the house; the old witch discontinued

2 K

her incantations, and listened attentively. The crying voice approached the door.

"Open the door quickly," shouted the old charmer.

Bryan unbarred the door, and all three rushed out in the yard, when they heard the same cry down the *borcheen*, but could see nothing.

"It is all over," shouted the old witch; "something has gone amiss, and our charm for the present is ineffectual."

They now turned back quite crest-fallen, when, as they were entering the door, the sybil cast her eyes downwards, and perceiving a piece of horse-shoe nailed on the threshold,* she vociferated—

"Here I have it; no wonder our charm was abortive. The person that was crying abroad is the villain who has your cattle bewitched; I brought her to the house, but she was not able to come to the door on account of that horse-shoe. Remove it instantly, and we will try our luck again."

Bryan removed the horse-shoe from the doorway, and by the hag's directions placed it on the floor under the churn, having previously reddened it in the fire.

They again resumed their manual operations. Bryan and his wife began to churn, and the witch again to sing her strange verses, and casting her cow-hairs into the fire until she had them all nearly exhausted. Her countenance now began to exhibit evident traces of vexation and disappointment. She got quite pale, her teeth gnashed, her hand trembled, and as she cast the ninth and last hair into the fire, her person exhibited more the appearance of a female demon than of a human being.

Once more the cry was heard, and an aged red-haired woman was seen approaching the house quickly.

"Ho, ho!" roared the sorceress, "I knew it would be so; my charm has succeeded; my expectations are realized, and here she comes the villain who has destroyed you."

"What are we to do now?" asked Bryan.

"Say nothing to her," said the hag; "give her whatever she demands, and leave the rest to me."

The woman advanced screeching vehemently, and Bryan went out to meet her. She was a neighbour, and she said that one of her best cows was drowning in a pool of water—that there was no one at home but herself, and she implored Bryan to go rescue the cow from destruction.

Bryan accompanied her without hesitation; and having rescued the cow from her perilous situation, was back again in a quarter of an hour.

It was now sunset, and Mrs. Costigan set about preparing supper.

During supper they reverted to the singular transactions of the day. The old witch uttered many a fiendish laugh at the success of her incantations, and inquired who was the woman whom they had so curiously discovered.

Bryan satisfied her in every particular. She was the wife of a neighbouring farmer; her name was Rachel Higgins; and she had been long suspected to be on familiar terms with the spirit of darkness. She had five or six cows; but it was observed by her sapient neighbours, that she sold more butter every year than other farmers' wives who had twenty. Bryan had, from the commencement of the decline in his cattle, suspected her for being the aggressor, but as he had no proof, he held his peace.

"Well," said the old beldame, with a grim smile, "it is not enough that we have merely discovered the robber; all is in vain, if we do not take steps to punish her for the past, as well as to prevent her inroads for the future."

"And how will that be done?" said Bryan.

"I will tell you; as soon as the hour of twelve o'clock arrives to-night, do you go to the pasture, and take a couple of swift-running dogs with you; conceal yourself in some place convenient to the cattle; watch them carefully; and if you see any thing, whether man or beast, approach the cows, set on the dogs, and if possible make them draw the blood of the intruder; then ALL will be accomplished. If nothing approaches before

* It was once a common practice in Ireland to nail a piece of horse shoe on the threshold of the door, as a preservative against the influence of the fairies, who, it is thought, dare not enter any house thus guarded. This custom, however, is much on the wane, but still it is prevalent in some of the more uncivilized districts of the country.

sunrise, you may return, and we will try something else."

Convenient there lived the cow-herd of a neighbouring squire. He was a hardy, courageous young man, and always kept a pair of very ferocious bull-dogs. To him Bryan applied for assistance, and he cheerfully agreed to accompany him, and, moreover, proposed to fetch a couple of his master's best grey-hounds, as his own dogs, although extremely fierce and blood-thirsty, could not be relied on for swiftness. He promised Bryan to be with him before 12 o'clock, and they parted.

Bryan did not seek sleep that night; he sat up anxiously awaiting the midnight hour. It arrived at last, and his friend, the herdsman, true to his promise came at the time appointed. After some farther admonitions from the *Collough*, they departed. Having arrived at the field, they consulted as to the best position they could choose for concealment. At last they pitched on a small brake of fern, situated at the extremity of the field, adjacent to the boundary ditch, which was thickly studded with large, old white-thorn bushes. Here they couched themselves, and made the dogs, four in number, lie down beside them, eagerly expecting the appearance of their as yet unknown and mysterious visitor.

It was a still, calm night, and, for the season, extremely dark and gloomy. There was not a single star visible in all the vast expanse of heaven, whilst large masses of dark vapour, which rolled slowly athwart the brow of the silent summer-night sky, almost constantly obscured the waning moon, which at intervals appeared sinking redly on the western horizon. There was a solemn tranquility, too, over the face of nature—not a sound was to be heard, except the monotonous, grating call of the land-rail* from the adjacent meadows, or, now and then, the appalling shriek of the screech-owl, hovering on dusky wing over the ivy-wreathed ruins of Aghavoe Priory, which, a little to the eastward of where the watchers lay, reared its venerable head in grim and isolated grandeur.

Here Bryan and his comrade continued a considerable time in nervous anxiety, still nothing approached, and it became manifest that morning was at hand. The twilight breezes had now sprung up, and were chasing the clouds along the sky before them, and the morning star was visible over the rocky pinnacle of Shean More.† Still nothing appeared to disturb the sentinels; they soon began to grow impatient, and were talking of returning home, when on a sudden they heard a rushing sound behind them, as if proceeding from something endeavouring to force a passage through the thick hedge in their rear. They looked in that direction, and judge of their astonishment, when they perceived a large hare in the act of springing from the ditch, and leaping on the ground quite near them. They were now convinced that this was the object which they had so impatiently expected, and they were resolved to watch her motions narrowly.

After arriving to the ground, she remained motionless for a few moments, looking around her sharply. She then began to skip and jump in a playful manner; now advancing at a smart pace towards the cows, and again retreating precipitately, but still drawing nearer and nearer at each sally. At length she advanced up to the next cow, and sucked her for a moment; then on to the next, and so respectively to every cow on the field—the cows all the time lowing loudly, and appearing extremely frightened and agitated. Bryan, from the moment the hare commenced sucking the first, was with difficulty restrained from attacking her; but his more sagacious companion suggested to him, that it was better to wait until she would have done, as she would then be much heavier, and more unable to effect her escape than at present. And so the issue proved; for being now done sucking them all, her belly appeared enormously distended, and she made her exit slowly, and apparently with difficulty. She advanced towards the hedge where she had entered, and as she arrived just at the clump of ferns where her foes were couched, they started up with a fierce

* Vulgarly called the "corn-creak," from its resorting to green corn, and its creaking cry. There is no person who has been reared in the country who is not always delighted at hearing the wild, well-known call of this singular bird.

† "Shean More"—a wild and rocky hill near Aghavoe. It is on the property of Sir Edward Walsh, bart., of Stradbally Hall, in the Queen's County.

yell, and hallooed the dogs upon her path.

Now came on the "tug of war." The hare started off at a brisk pace, squirting up the milk she had sucked from her mouth and nostrils, and the dogs making after her rapidly. Rachel Higgins's cabin appeared, through the grey of the morning twilight, at a little distance; and it was evident that puss seemed bent on gaining it, although she made a considerable circuit through the fields in the rear. Bryan and his comrade, however, had their thoughts, and made towards the cabin by the shortest route, and had just arrived as the hare came up, panting and almost exhausted, and the dogs at her very scut. She ran round the house, evidently confused and disappointed at the presence of the men, but at length made for the door. In the bottom of the door was a small, semi-circular aperture, resembling those cut in fowl-house doors for the ingress and egress of poultry. To gain this hole, puss now made a last and desperate effort, and had succeeded in forcing her head and shoulders through it, when the foremost of the dogs made a spring and seized her violently by the haunch. She uttered a loud and piercing scream, and struggled desperately to free herself from his gripe, and at last succeeded, but not until she left a piece of her rump in his teeth. The men now burst open the door; a bright turf fire blazed on the hearth, and the whole floor was streaming with blood. No hare, however, could be found, and the men were more than ever convinced that it was old Rachel who had, by the assistance of some demon, assumed the form of the hare, and they now determined to have her if she were over the earth. They entered the bed-room, and heard some smothered groaning, as if proceeding from some one in extreme agony. They went to the corner of the room from whence the moans proceeded, and there, beneath a bundle of freshly cut rushes, found the form of Rachel Higgins, writhing in the most excruciating agony, and almost smothered in a pool of blood. The men were astounded; they addressed the wretched old woman, but she either could not, or would not answer them. Her wound still bled copiously; her tortures appeared to increase, and it was evident that she was dying. The aroused family thronged around her with cries

and lamentations; she did not seem to heed them, she got worse and worse, and her piercing yells fell awfully on the ears of the bystanders. At length she expired, and her corpse exhibited a most appalling spectacle, even before the spirit had well departed.

Bryan and his friend returned home. The old hag had been previously aware of the fate of Rachel Higgins, but it was not known by what means she acquired her supernatural knowledge. She was delighted at the issue of her mysterious operations. Bryan pressed her much to accept of some remuneration for her services, but she utterly rejected such proposals. She remained a few days at his house, and at length took her leave and departed no one knew whither.

Old Rachel's remains were interred that night in the neighbouring churchyard. Her fate soon became generally known, and her family, ashamed to remain in their native village, disposed of their property, and quitted the country for ever. The story, however, is still fresh in the memory of the surrounding villagers; and often, it is said, amid the grey haze of a summer twilight, may the ghost of Rachel Higgins in the form of a hare, be seen scudding over her ancient favourite and well-remembered haunts.

What a wild, fanciful, and improbable story is this; yet to discredit it is considered by many in the neighbourhood where it is said to have occurred, as a crime equal at least to murder or heresy.

But we have another, full as good, full as wild, and, we hope, full as amusing to our readers; we, therefore, claim their indulgence whilst we relate it.

It was about eighty years ago, in the month of May, that a Roman Catholic clergyman, near Rathdowney, in the Queen's County, was awakened at midnight to attend a dying man in a distant part of the parish. The priest obeyed without a murmur, and having performed his duty to the expiring sinner, saw him depart this world before he left the cabin. As it was yet dark, the man who had called on the priest offered to accompany him home, but he refused, and set forward on his journey alone. He had not gone far, when the grey dawn began to appear over the hills, and he amused himself in contemplating

the varied lovely scenes presented to the intelligent observer by the splendid breaking of a May-day morning. The eastern sky was streaked with all the magnificent shades of crimson, blue, and gold, so peculiar to "rosy May," and the brilliant morning star was shining as refulgently as if it had been created but that very hour. Every thing was hushed in calm repose, except the "merry lark," as Shakspeare calls her, which poised high in air, amid the fleecy, gold clouds, poured forth her matin hymn of praise and gratitude to the great Author of the Universe, or the wild, discordant cry of the heather-bleat from the adjacent morasses, or the irregular pattering of the large dew-drops, as they fell like globules of liquid silver from the stirless trees at either side of the road. The good priest was highly enraptured with the beauty of the scene, and rode on, now gazing intently at every surrounding object, and again cutting with his whip at the bats and big beautiful night-flies which flitted ever and anon from hedge to hedge across his lonely way. Thus engaged, he journeyed on slowly, until the nearer approach of sunrise began to render objects completely discernible, when he dismounted from his horse, and slipping his arm out in the rein, and drawing forth his "Breviary" from his pocket, he commenced reading his "morning office" as he walked leisurely along.

He had not proceeded very far, when he observed his horse, a very spirited animal, endeavouring to stop on the road, and gazing intently into a field on one side of the way where there were three or four cows grazing. However, he did not pay any particular attention to this circumstance, but went on a little farther, when the horse suddenly plunged with great violence, and endeavoured to break away by force. The priest with great difficulty succeeded in restraining him, and, looking at him more closely, observed him shaking from head to foot, and sweating profusely. He now stood calmly, and refused to move from where he was, nor could threats or intreaty induce him to proceed. The Father was greatly astonished, but recollecting to have often heard of horses labouring under affright being induced to go by blindfolding them, he took out his handkerchief and tied it across his eyes. He then

mounted, and, striking him gently, he went forward without reluctance, but still sweating and trembling violently. They had not gone far, when they arrived opposite a narrow path or bridle-way, flanked at either side by a tall, thick hedge, which led from the high road to the field where the cows were grazing. The priest happened by chance to look into the lane, and saw a spectacle which made the blood curdle in his veins. It was the legs of a man from the hips downwards, without head or body, trotting up the avenue at a smart pace. The good father was very much alarmed, but, being a man of strong nerve, he resolved, come what might, to stand, and be further acquainted with this singular spectre. He accordingly stood, and so did the headless apparition, as if afraid to approach him. The priest, observing this, pulled back a little from the entrance of the avenue, and the phantom again resumed its progress. It soon arrived on the road, and the priest now had sufficient opportunity to view it minutely. It wore yellow buckskin breeches, tightly fastened at the knees with green ribbon; it had neither shoes nor stockings on, and its legs were covered with long, red hairs, and all full of wet, blood, and clay, apparently contracted in its progress through the thorny hedges. The priest, although very much alarmed, felt eager to examine the phantom, and for this purpose he determined to screw his courage to the sticking point, and to summon all his philosophy to enable him to speak to it. The ghost was now a little a-head, pursuing its march at its usual brisk trot, and the priest urged on his horse speedily until he came up with it, and thus addressed it:—

"Hilloa, friend, who art thou, or whither art thou going so early?"

The hideous spectre made no reply, but uttered a fierce and superhuman growl or "umph."

"A fine morning for ghosts to wander abroad," again said the priest.

Another "Umph" was the reply.

"Why don't you speak?"

"Umph."

"You don't seem disposed to be very loquacious this morning."

"Umph" again.

The good man began to feel irritated at the obstinate silence of his unearthly visitor, and said, with some warmth—

"In the name of all that's sacred, I

command you to answer me, who art thou, or where art thou travelling?"

Another "Umph!" more loud and more angry than before was the only reply.

"Perhaps," said the father, "a taste of whipcord might render you a little more communicative;" and so saying, he struck the apparition a heavy blow with his whip on the breech.

The phantom uttered a wild and unearthly yell, and fell forward on the road, and what was the priest's astonishment, when he perceived the whole place running over with milk. He was struck dumb with amazement; the prostrate phantom still continued to eject vast quantities of milk from every part; the priest's head swam, his eyes got dizzy; a stupor came all over him for some minutes, and on his recovering, the frightful spectre had vanished, and in its stead he found stretched on the road, and half drowned in milk, the form of Sarah Kennedy, an old woman of the neighbourhood, who had been long notorious in that district for her witchcraft and superstitious practices, and it was now discovered that she had, by infernal aid, assumed that monstrous shape, and was employed that morning in sucking the cows of the village. Had a volcano burst forth at his feet, he could not be more astonished; he gazed awhile in silent amazement—the old woman groaning, and writhing convulsively.

"Sarah," said he, at length, "I have long admonished you to repent of your evil ways, but you were deaf to my intreaties, and now, wretched woman, you are surprised in the midst of your crimes."

"Oh, father, father," shouted the

unfortunate woman, "can you do nothing to save me? I am lost; hell is open for me, and legions of devils surround me this moment, waiting to carry my soul to perdition."

The priest had not power to reply; the old wretch's pains increased; her body swelled to an immense size: her eyes flashed as if in fire, her face was black as night, her entire form writhed in a thousand different contortions; her outcries were appalling, her face sunk, her eyes closed, and in a few minutes she expired in the most exquisite tortures.

The priest departed homewards, and called at the next cabin to give notice of the strange circumstances. The remains of Sarah Kennedy were removed to her cabin, situated at the edge of a small wood at a little distance. She had long been a resident in that neighbourhood, but still she was a stranger, and came there, no one knew from whence. She had no relation in that country but one daughter, now advanced in years, who resided with her. She kept one cow, but sold more butter, it was said, than any farmer in the parish, and it was generally suspected that she acquired it by devilish agency, as she never made a secret of being intimately acquainted with sorcery and fairyism. She professed the Roman Catholic religion, but never complied with the practices enjoined by that church, and her remains were denied Christian sepulture, and were buried in a sand-pit near her own cabin.

On the evening of her burial, the villagers assembled and burned her cabin to the earth; her daughter made her escape, and never after returned.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Two Ways of Dying for a Husband—1. Dying to keep him, or Tortesa the Usurer.—2. Dying to lose him, or Bianca Visconti. By N. P. Willis, Esq. London: Cunningham. 1839.

THIS well printed volume contains two plays, both of which have been received in America—"with flattering and signal success," says the author, who modestly ascribes the favourable reception of the first play to Mr. Wallack's acting, and of the second to Miss Clifton's. Of these plays, the first is, perhaps, the best; and we are not surprised at its being found effective on the stage. In spite of a story improbable in the highest degree—indeed, all but impossible—the author has contrived to create a kind of interest, which renders it difficult to lay down the volume till the play is read. We think, however, that in England the character of Tortesa will scarcely be felt to be at all natural. His ravings against the privileged *castes* of society are more like insanity than any thing else.

The prejudices—if we are to call them so—of birth and rank are a fair subject of examination, and it is well that such evils as they may produce should be stated; but surely it is too much to say that the consciousness of not possessing these advantages, united with the belief that those who do possess them despise in their hearts all others, drives the latter mad. This, or something like it, seems Mr. Willis's theory. If it be not, and if we are to regard Tortesa's feelings as but the peculiarities of the individual, then we think such peculiarities fitter for the lowest farce than for the more serious drama. The riddle of Mr. Willis's title-page is not very easily solved. One of the two ways of dying is it seems "the Irish way," and means—"to live a little longer."

A Vision of Death, Destruction, and other Poems. By T. Ousely. Third Edition. London. 1839.

WORDSWORTH has written half-a-dozen prefaces to prove that no good poems find acceptance with their own generation. These poems are, it seems, in the third edition, and Wordsworth is—wrong.

The Outlaw. A Drama in Five Acts. By Robert Story. London: Simpkin & Co. 1839.

A pleasingly-written poem in dialogue—but scarcely, in any sense of the word, a drama. The dramatic form ought not to be selected by writers who merely wish to give a narrative in verse, and have not the theatre in view. To say, that a work of the kind is intended for the closet, not for the stage, in general means little more than that the author sees faults in his mode of treating his subject, which he is too indolent to correct. To say, that a drama is unfit for representation, is, in reality, to acknowledge that the author has failed. When Mr. Coleridge published the *Remorse*, he had the good sense to feel and to state that every alteration which he made in his work, for the purpose of adapting it to the theatre, improved it as a poem.

Catiline; or, The Roman Conspiracy. By John Edmund Reade, Esq. London: Saunders and Ottley. 1839.

WE first learned the appearance of Mr. Reade as a poet, from an article in the *Dublin University Magazine*, written by one of our coadjutors. *Catiline* seems to us far better than any of the extracts there given from Mr. Reade's poems; and though we observe the same faults of style disguising and dimming every thought of this author which are pointed out in that review, we yet see in this work indications of great promise. *Catiline* might be abridged into an effective poem. Much that is powerfully imagined, and powerfully expressed, too, is spoiled by being dwelt upon too long; much, that is original in conception, loses its effect from the fact, that Mr. Reade's language is scarcely to be called his own. We do not mean that he borrows from other writers in any unfair sense of the word—but that he does not *create* his language in the way in which Wordsworth and Shelley have done.

Mr. Reade, for the most part, writes as if language was but the accidental dress of thought. Still he is a writer of great power and promise. We transcribe a passage, se-

lected, not for the purpose of illustrating the faults we have ventured to notice, but because we greatly admire it :—

"*Cæsar*.—Aye, thou wouldst have me always
equable :

Why, the best virtue that becomes a man
Is his humanity ! his fellow-feeling
For sympathies familiar with his own.
Let Cato eat his crust i' the dark : let me
Feast with a set of hungry rogues around me,
And hear their shouts—they're honest at the
time !

If I have made them happy, why, I feel
The wiser, aye, and the better man o' the two !
Nay, if it please thee more, I'll ape the stoic ;
Look wise and solemn, and walk clothed in
rag-;

Shaming the modesty of nature ; grudge
My sharp-edged bones the wretched aliment
That keeps my life together ; and scorn all
Whose ribs are fatter than my own ! a crust—
A wretch whose boast is never to have smiled :
A dry anatomy : still mumbling out
Beneath a prickly hush of unshorn beard
Sophisms as bare and meagre as his bones !
Or I'll be Cicero, and scratch my head
To rouse my wisdom ; then, in thin, sharp
voice,

Pipe out the deeds of Grecian heroes ; borrow
Their wits and sell them for my own ; then
listen
To my own hired applause."

We give Fulvia's reply, because
it does exhibit something of the
fault of style which we attribute to
Mr. Reade.

"*Cæsar* may run

His wit unreined, his own heart best will tell
him

Virtue cannot be lowered by the jester !

The illustrious dwell apart like stars ; and shed
One influence down and make men what they
are.

Thou dost deny thyself debasing them :
Breathes there in Rome a more aspiring mind
Than *Cæsar's* ? or that has a greater faith
In its own impulses ? It shares thy love
For me—so be it—I would rather die
Than see thee cast one spot upon that fame
Which is my own," &c.

The lines,

"*The illustrious dwell apart like stars ; and shed
One influence down,*"

present some difficulty to the reader.
This arises from the *language* being,
in truth, not the writer's own, and
not quite fitting the new thoughts
dressed out in it. We ought to say
that we entertain no doubt whatever
that Mr. Reade uses the language of
others in total unconsciousness that
it has not originated with himself.
Open Wordsworth, however, and read
what he says of Milton :—

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Hear, now, what Coleridge says,
speaking of Wordsworth :—

"The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence."

With these passages before the
reader, the meaning of Mr. Reade's
words, "*one influence*," which are
at first very obscure, becomes at once
intelligible.

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CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. XLIII.—A DAY IN THE PHENIX.

WHEN we were once more in the coupé of the diligence, I directed my entire attention towards my Irish acquaintance, as well because of his apparent singularity, as to avoid the little German in the opposite corner.

"You have not been long in France, then, sir," said I, as we resumed our conversation.

"Three weeks, and it seems like three years to me—nothing to eat—nothing to drink—and nobody to speak to. But I'll go back soon—I only came abroad for a month."

"You'll scarcely see much of the Continent in so short a time."

"Devil a much that will grieve me. I didn't come to see it."

"Indeed!"

"Nothing of the kind. I only came—to be away from home."

"Oh! I perceive."

"You're quite out there," said my companion, misinterpreting my meaning. "It wasn't any thing of that kind. I don't owe sixpence. I was laughed out of Ireland—that's all, though that same is bad enough."

"Laughed out of it!"

"Just so—and little you know of Ireland if that surprises you."

After acknowledging that such an event was perfectly possible, from what I myself had seen in that country, I obtained the following very brief account of my companion's reasons for foreign travel:

"Well, sir," began he, "it is about four months since I brought up to Dublin from Galway a little chesnut mare, with cropped ears and a short tail, square-jointed, and rather low—

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just what you'd call a smart hack for going to cover with—a lively thing on the road with a light weight. Nobody ever suspected that she was a clean bred thing—own sister to Jenny, that won the Corinthians, and ran second to Giles for the Riddlesworth—but so she was, and a better bred mare never leaped the pound in Ballinasloe. Well, I brought her to Dublin, and used to ride her out two or three times a week, making little matches sometimes to trot—and, for a thorough bred, she was a clipper at trotting—to trot a mile or so on the grass—another day to gallop the length of the nine acres opposite the Lodge—and then sometimes to back her for a ten pound note to jump the biggest furze bush that could be found—all of which she could do with ease, nobody thinking, all the while, that the cock-tailed pony was out of Scroggins, by 'a Lamplighter mare.' As every fellow that was beat to-day was sure to come back to-morrow, with something better, either of his own or a friend's, I had matches booked for every day in the week—for I always made my little boy that rode, win by half a neck, or a nostril, and so we kept on day after day pocketing from ten to thirty pounds or thereabouts.

"It was mighty pleasant while it lasted, for besides winning the money, I had my own fun laughing at the spoonies that never could book my bets fast enough—young infantry officers and the junior bar—they were for the most part mighty nice to look at, but very raw about racing. How long I might have gone on in this way I

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cannot say; but one morning I fell in with a fat, elderly gentleman, in shorts and gaiters, mounted on a dun cob pony, that was very fidgetty and hot tempered, and appeared to give the rider a great deal of uneasiness.

"'He's a spicy hack you're on, sir,' said I, 'and has a go in him, I'll be bound.'

"'I rayther think he has,' said the old gentleman, half testily.

"'And can trot a bit, too.'

"'Twelve Irish miles in fifty minutes, with my weight.' Here he looked down at a paunch like a sugar hogs-head.

"'Maybe he's not bad across a country,' said I, rather to humour the old fellow, who, I saw, was proud of his pony.

"'I'd like to see his match, that's all.' Here he gave a rather contemptuous glance at my hack.

"Well, one word led to another, and it ended at last in our booking a match, with which one party was no less pleased than the other. It was this: each was to ride his own horse, starting from the school in the Park, round the Fifteen Acres, outside the Monument, and back to the start—just one heat, about a mile and a half—the ground good, and only soft enough. In consideration, however, of his greater weight, I was to give odds in the start; and as we could not well agree on how much, it was at length decided that he was to get away first, and I to follow as fast as I could, after drinking a pewter quart full of Guinness's double stout—droll odds, you'll say, but it was the old fellow's own thought, and as the match was a *soft* one, I let him have his way.

"The next morning the Phoenix was crowded as if for a review. There were all the Dublin notorieties, swarming in barouches, and tilburies, and outside jaunting-cars—smart clerks in the post-office, mounted upon kicking devils from Dycer's and Lalouette's stables—attorney's wives and daughters from York-street, and a stray doctor or so on a hack that looked as if he had been lectured on for the six winter months at the College of Surgeons. My antagonist was half an hour late, which time I occupied in booking bets on every side of me—offering odds of ten, fifteen, and at last, to tempt the people, twenty-five to one against the dun. At last, the fat gentleman came

up on a jaunting-car, followed by a groom leading the cob. I wish you heard the cheer that greeted him on his arrival, for it appeared he was a well-known character in town, and much in favour with the mob. When he got off the car, he bundled into a tent, followed by a few of his friends, where they remained for about five minutes, at the end of which he came out in full racing costume—blue and yellow striped jacket, and blue cap and leathers—looking as funny a figure as ever you set eyes upon. I now thought it time to throw off my white surtout, and show out in pink and orange, the colours I had been winning in for two months past. While some of the party were sent on to station themselves at different places round the Fifteen Acres, to mark out the course, my fat friend was assisted into his saddle, and gave a short preliminary gallop of a hundred yards or so, that set us all a-laughing. The odds were now fifty to one in my favour, and I gave them wherever I could find takers. 'With you, sir, if you please, in pounds, and the gentleman in the red whiskers, too, if he likes—very well, in half sovereigns, if you prefer it.' So I went on, betting on every side, till the bell rung to mount. As I knew I had plenty of time to spare, I took little notice, and merely giving a look to my girths, I continued leisurely booking my bets. At last the time came, and at the word 'Away!' off went the fat gentleman on the dun, at a spluttering gallop, that flung the mud on every side of us, and once more three us all a-laughing. I waited patiently till he got near the upper end of the Park, taking bets every minute; and now that he was away, every one offered to wager. At last, when I let him get nearly half round, and found no more money could be had, I called out to his friends for the porter, and, throwing myself into the saddle, gathered up the reins in my hand. The crowd fell back off each side, while from the tent I have already mentioned out came a thin fellow with one eye, with a pewter quart in his hand: he lifted it up towards me, and I took it; but what was my fright to find that the porter was boiling, and the vessel so hot I could barely hold it. I endeavoured to drink, however: the first mouthful took all the skin off my lips and tongue—the second half choked, and

the third nearly threw me into an apoplectic fit—the mob cheering all the time like devils. Meantime, the old fellow had reached the furze, and was going along like fun. Again I tried the porter, and a fit of coughing came on that lasted five minutes. The pewter was now so hot that the edge of the quart took away a piece of my mouth at every effort. I ventured once more, and with the desperation of a madman I threw down the hot liquid to its last drop. My head reeled—my eyes glared—and my brain was on fire. I thought I beheld fifty fat gentlemen galloping on every side of me, and all the sky raining jackets of blue and yellow. Half mechanically I took the reins, and put spurs to my horse; but before I got well away, a loud cheer from the crowd assailed me. I turned, and saw the dun coming in at a floundering gallop, covered with foam, and so dead blown that neither

himself nor the rider could have got twenty yards farther. The race was, however, won. My odds were lost to every man on the field, and, worse than all, I was so laughed at, that I could not venture out in the sheds, without hearing allusions to my misfortune; for a certain friend of mine, one Tom O'Flaherty——"

"Tom of the 11th light dragoons?"

"The same—you know Tom, then? Maybe you have heard him mention me—Maurice Malone?"

"Not Mr. Malone, of Fort Peak?"

"Bad luck to him. I am as well known in connexion with Fort Peak, as the Duke is with Waterloo. There is not a part of the globe he has not told that confounded story."

As my readers may not possibly be all numbered among Mr. O'Flaherty's acquaintance, I shall venture to give the anecdote which Mr. Malone accounted to be so widely circulated.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN ADVENTURE IN CANADA.

TOWARDS the close of the last war with America, a small detachment of military occupied the little block house of Fort Peak, which about eight miles from the Falls of Niagara, formed the last outpost on the frontier. The fort, in itself inconsiderable, was only of importance as commanding a part of the river where it was practicable to ford, and where the easy ascent of the bank offered a safe situation for the enemy to cross over, whenever they felt disposed to carry the war into our territory.

There having been, however, no threat of invasion in this quarter, and the natural strength of the position being considerable, a mere handful of men, with two subaltern officers, were allotted for this duty—such being conceived ample to maintain it till the arrival of succour from head-quarters, then at Little York, on the opposite side of the lake. The officers of this party were our old acquaintance Tom O'Flaherty, and our newly made one Maurice Malone.

Whatever may be the merits of commanding officers, one virtue they certainly can lay small claim to, viz.—any insight into character, or at least any regard for the knowledge. Seldom are two men sent off on detachment duty to some remote quarter, to associate daily and hourly for months

together, that they are not, by some happy chance, the very people who never, as the phrase is, "took to each other" in their lives. The grey-headed weather-beaten, disappointed "Peninsular," is coupled with the essenced and dandified Adonis of the corps; the man of literary tastes and cultivated pursuits, with the empty-headed, ill-informed youth, fresh from Harrow or Westminster. This case offered no exception to the rule; for though there were few men possessed of more assimilating powers than O'Flaherty, yet certainly his companion did put the faculty to the test, for any thing more unlike him there never existed. Tom all good humour and high spirits—making the best of every thing—never non-plussed—never taken aback—perfectly at home, whether flirting with a Lady Charlotte in her drawing-room, or crossing a grouse mountain in the highlands—sufficiently well read to talk on any ordinary topic—and always ready-witted enough to seem more so. A thorough sportsman, whether showing forth in the "park" at Melton, whipping a trout-stream in Wales, or filling a country house with black cock and moor-fowl; an unexceptionable judge of all the good things in life, from a pretty ancle to a well hung tilbury—from the odds at hazard to

the "comet vintage." Such, in brief, was Tom. Now his confrere was none of these; he had been drafted from the Galway militia to the line, for some election services rendered by his family to the government candidate; was of a saturnine and discontented habit; always miserable about some trifle or other, and never at rest till he had drowned his sorrows in Jamaica rum—which, since the regiment was abroad, he had copiously used as a substitute for whiskey. To such an extent had this passion gained upon him, that a corporal's guard was always in attendance whenever he dined out, to convey him home to the barracks.

The wearisome monotony of a close garrison, with so ungenial a companion, would have damped any man's spirits but O'Flaherty's. He, however, upon this, as other occasions in life, rallied himself to make the best of it; and by short excursions within certain prescribed limits along the river side, contrived to shoot and fish enough to get through the day, and improve the meagre fare of his mess-table. Malone never appeared before dinner; his late sittings at night requiring all the following day to recruit him for a new attack upon the rum bottle.

Now, although his seeing so little of his brother officer was any thing but unpleasant to O'Flaherty, yet the ennui of such a life was gradually wearying him, and all his wits were put in requisition to furnish occupation for his time. Never a day passed without his praying ardently for an attack from the enemy; any alternative, any reverse, had been a blessing compared with his present life. No such spirit, however, seemed to animate the Yankee troops; not a soldier was to be seen for miles around, and every straggler that passed the fort concurred in saying that the Americans were not within four day's march of the frontier.

Weeks passed over, and the same state of things remaining unchanged, O'Flaherty gradually relaxed some of his strictness as to duty; small foraging parties of three and four being daily permitted to leave the fort for a few hours, to which they usually returned laden with wild turkeys and fish—both being found in great abundance near them.

Such was the life of the little gar-

rison for two or three long summer months—each day so resembling its fellow, that no difference could be found.

As to how the war was faring, or what the aspect of affairs might be, they absolutely knew nothing. Newspapers never reached them; and whether from having so much occupation at head-quarters, or that the difficulty of sending letters prevented, their friends never wrote a line; and thus they jogged on a very vegetable existence, till thought at last was stagnating in their brain, and O'Flaherty half envied his companion's resource in the spirit flask.

Such was the state of affairs at the fort, when one evening O'Flaherty appeared to pace the little rampart that looked towards Lake Ontario, with an appearance of anxiety and impatience strangely at variance with his daily phlegmatic look. It seemed that the corporal's party he had despatched that morning to forage, near the "falls" had not returned, and already were four hours later than their time away.

Every imaginable mode of accounting for their absence suggested itself to his mind. Sometimes he feared that they had been attacked by the Indian hunters, who were far from favourably disposed towards their poaching neighbours. Then, again, it might be merely that they had missed their track in the forest; or could it be that they had ventured to reach Goat Island in a canoe, and had been carried down by the "falls." Such were the torturing doubts that passed, as some shrill squirrel, or hoarse night-owl pierced the air with a cry, and then all was silent again. While thus the hours went slowly by, his attention was attracted by a bright light in the sky. It appeared as if part of the heavens were reflecting some strong glare from beneath, for as he looked, the light, at first pale and colourless, gradually deepened into a rich mellow hue, and at length, through the murky blackness of the night, a strong clear current of flame rose steadily upwards from the earth, and pointed towards the sky. From the direction, it must have been either at the "falls," or immediately near them; and now the horrible conviction flashed upon his mind that the party had been waylaid by the Indians, who were, as is their custom, making a war feast over their victims.

Not an instant was to be lost. The little garrison beat to arms; and, as the men fell in, O'Flaherty cast his eyes around, while he selected a few brave fellows to accompany him. Scarcely had the men fallen out from the ranks, when the sentinel at the gate was challenged by a well-known voice, and in a moment more the corporal of the foraging party was among them. Fatigue and exhaustion had so overcome him, that for some minutes he was speechless. At length he recovered sufficiently to give the following brief account:—

The little party having obtained their supply of venison above Queenston, were returning to the fort, when they suddenly came upon a track of feet, which little experience in forest life soon proved that some new arrivals had reached the hunting grounds, for on examining them closely, they proved neither to be Indian tracks, nor yet those made by the shoes of the fort party. Proceeding with caution to trace them backwards for three or four miles, they reached the bank of the Niagara river, above the whirlpools, where the crossing is most easily effected from the American side. The mystery was at once explained: it was a surprise party of the Yankees sent to attack Fort Peak; and now the only thing to be done was to hasten back immediately to their friends, and prepare for their reception.

With this intent they took the river path as the shortest, but had not proceeded far when their fears were confirmed; for in a little embayment of the bank, they perceived a party of twenty blue coats, who, with their arms piled, were lying around as if waiting for the hour of attack. The sight of this party added greatly to their alarm, for they now perceived that the Americans had divided their force—the foot-tracks first seen being evidently those of another division. As the corporal and his few men continued, from the low and thick brushwood, to make their recognisance of the enemy, they observed with delight that they were not regulars, but a militia force. With this one animating thought, they again, with noiseless step, regained the forest, and proceeded upon their way. Scarcely, however, had they marched a mile, when the sound of voices and loud laughter apprised them that another party was near, which as well as

they could observe in the increasing gloom, was still larger than the former. They were now obliged to make a considerable circuit, and advance still deeper into the forest—their anxiety hourly increasing, lest the enemy should reach the fort before themselves. In this dilemma it was resolved that the party should separate; the corporal determining to proceed alone by the river bank, while the others, by a *detour* of some miles, should endeavour to learn the force of the Yankees, and, as far as they could, their mode of attack. From that instant the corporal knew no more; for, after two hours' weary exertion, he reached the fort, which, had it been but another mile distant, his strength had not held out for him to attain.

However gladly poor O'Flaherty might have hailed such information under other circumstances, now it came like a thunderbolt upon him. Six of his small force were away, perhaps ere this made prisoners by the enemy; the Yankees, as well as he could judge, were a numerous party; and he himself totally without a single adviser—for Malone had dined, and was, therefore, by this time in that pleasing state of indifference in which he could only recognise an enemy in the man that did not send round the decanter.

In the half indulged hope that his state might permit some faint exercise of the reasoning faculty, O'Flaherty walked towards the small den they had designated as the mess-room, in search of his brother officer.

As he entered the apartment, little disposed as he felt to mirth at such a moment, the tableau before him was too ridiculous not to laugh at. At one side of the fire-place sat Malone, his face florid with drinking, and his eyeballs projecting. Upon his head was a small, Indian skull cap, with two peacock's feathers, and a piece of scarlet cloth which hung down behind. In one hand he held a smoking goblet of rum punch, and in the other a long, Indian, Chebook pipe. Opposite to him, but squatted upon the floor, reposed a red Indian, that lived in the fort as a guide, equally drunk, but preserving, even in his liquor, an impassive, grave aspect, strangely contrasting with the high excitement of Malone's face. The red man wore Malone's uniform coat, which he had

put on back foremost—his head-dress having, in all probability, been exchanged for it, as an amicable courtesy between the parties. There they sat, looking fixedly at each other; neither spoke, nor even smiled—the rum bottle, which at brief intervals passed from one to the other, maintained a friendly intercourse that each was content with.

To the hearty fit of laughing of O'Flaherty, Malone replied by a look of drunken defiance, and then nodded to his red friend, who returned the courtesy. As poor Tom left the room, he saw that nothing was to be hoped for in this quarter, and determined to beat the garrison to arms without any further delay. Scarcely had he closed the door behind him, when a sudden thought flashed through his brain. He hesitated, walked forward a few paces, stopped again, and calling out to the corporal, said—

"You are certain they were militia?"

"Yes, sir; quite sure."

"Then, by Jove, I have it," cried O'Flaherty. "If they should turn out to be the Buffalo fencibles, we may get through this scrape better than I hoped for."

"I believe you are right, sir; for I heard one of the men as I passed observe, 'what will they say in Buffalo when it's over?'"

"Send Mathers here, corporal; and do you order four rank and file, with side arms, to be in readiness immediately."

"Mathers, you have heard the news," said O'Flaherty, as the sergeant entered. "Can the fort hold out against such a force as Jackson reports? You doubt; well, so do I; so let's see what's to be done. Can you remember, was it not the Buffalo militia that were so tremendously thrashed by the Delawares last autumn?"

"Yes, sir, they chased them for two days and nights, and had they not reached the town of Buffalo, the Delawares would not have left a scalp in the regiment."

"Can you recollect the chief's name—it was Carran—something, eh?"

"Caudan-dacwagae."

"Exactly. Where is he supposed to be now?"

"Up in Detroit, sir, they say, but no one knows. Those fellows are here to-day, and there to-morrow."

"Well, then, sergeant, here's my

plan." Saying these words, O'Flaherty proceeded to walk towards his quarters, accompanied by the sergeant, with whom he conversed for some time eagerly—occasionally replying, as it appeared, to objections, and offering explanations as the other seemed to require them. The colloquy lasted half an hour—and although the veteran sergeant seemed difficult of conviction, it ended by his saying, as he left the room—

"Well, sir, as you say, it can only come to hard knocks at worst. So here goes—I'll send off the scout party to make the fires and choose the men for the out picquets, for no time is to be lost."

In about an hour's time from the scene I have mentioned, a number of militia officers, of different grades, were seated round a bivouac fire, upon the bank of the Niagara river. The conversation seemed of an angry nature, for the voices of the speakers were loud and irascible, and their gestures evidenced a state of high excitement.

"I see," said one, who seemed the superior of the party—"I see well where this will end. We shall have another Queenston affair, as we had last fall with the Delawares."

"I only say," replied another, "that if you wish our men to stand fire to-morrow morning, the less you remind them of the Delawares the better. What is that noise? Is not that a drum beating?"

The party at these words sprung to their legs, and stood in an attitude of listening for some seconds.

"Who goes there?" sung out a sentinel from his post; and then, after a moment's delay, added—"Pass flag of truce to Major Brown's quarters."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when three officers in scarlet, preceded by a drummer with a white flag, stood before the American party.

"To whom may I address myself?" said one of the British—who, I may inform my reader, *en passant*, was no other than O'Flaherty—"To whom may I address myself as the officer in command?"

"I am Major Brown," said a short, plethoric little man, in a blue uniform and round hat—"And who are you?"

"Major O'Flaherty, of his majesty's fifth foot," said Tom, with a very sonorous emphasis on each word—"the bearer of a flag of truce and

an amicable proposition from major-general Allen, commanding the garrison of Fort Peak."

The Americans, who were evidently taken by surprise at their intentions of attack being known, were silent, while he continued—

"Gentlemen, it may appear somewhat strange that a garrison, possessing the natural strength of a powerful position—supplied with abundant ammunition and every muniment of war—should despatch a flag of truce on the eve of an attack, in preference to waiting for the moment, when a sharp and well-prepared reception might best attest its vigilance and discipline. But the reasons for this step are soon explained. In the first place, you intended a surprise. We have been long aware of your projected attack. Our spies have tracked you from your crossing the river above the whirlpool to your present position. Every man of your party is numbered by us; and, what is still more, numbered by our allies—yes, gentlemen, I must repeat it, 'allies'—though, as a Briton, I blush at the word. Shame and disgrace for ever be that man's portion, who first associated the honorable usages of war with the atrocious and bloody cruelties of the savage. Yet so it is: the Delawares of the hills"—here the Yankees exchanged very peculiar looks—"have this morning arrived at Fort Peak, with orders to ravage the whole of your frontier, from Fort George to Lake Erie. They brought us the information of your approach, and their chief is, while I speak, making an infamous proposition, by which a price is to be paid for every scalp he produces in the morning. Now, as the general cannot refuse to co-operate with the savages, without compromising himself with the commander-in-chief, neither can he accept of such assistance without some pang of conscience. He has taken the only course open to him: he has despatched myself and my brother officers here"—O'Flaherty glanced at two privates dressed up in his regimentals—"to offer you terms."

O'Flaherty paused when he arrived thus far, expecting that the opposite party would make some reply; but they continued silent; when suddenly, from the dense forest, there rung forth a wild and savage yell, that rose and fell several times, like the pibroch of the highlander, and ended at last in a

loud whoop, that was echoed and re-echoed again and again for several seconds after.

"Hark!" said O'Flaherty, with an accent of horror—"Hark! the war-cry of the Delawares! The savages are eager for their prey. May it yet be time enough to rescue you from such a fate! Time presses—our terms are these—as they do not admit of discussion, and must be at once accepted or rejected, to your own ear alone can I impart them."

Saying which, he took Major Brown aside, and, walking apart from the others, led him, by slow steps, into the forest. While O'Flaherty continued to dilate upon the atrocities of Indian war, and the revengeful character of the savages, he contrived to be always advancing towards the river side; but at length the glare of a fire was perceptible through the gloom. Major Brown stopped suddenly, and pointed in the direction of the flame.

"It is the Indian picquet," said O'Flaherty, calmly; "and as the facts I have been detailing may be more palatable to your mind, you shall see them with your own eyes. Yes, I repeat it, you shall, through the cover of this brushwood, see Caudan-dacwagae himself—for he is with them in person."

As O'Flaherty said this, he led Major Brown, now speechless with terror, behind a massive cork tree, from which spot they could look down upon the river side, where in a small creek sat five or six persons in blankets, and scarlet head-dresses; their faces streaked with patches of yellow and red paint, to which the glare of the fire lent fresh horror. In the midst sat one, whose violent gestures and savage cries gave him the very appearance of a demon, as he resented with all his might the efforts of the others to restrain him, shouting like a maniac all the while, and struggling to rise.

"It is the chief," said O'Flaherty; "he will wait no longer. We have bribed the others to keep him quiet, if possible, a little time; but I see they cannot succeed."

A loud yell of triumph from below interrupted Tom's speech. The infuriated savage—who was no other than Mr. Malone—having obtained the rum bottle, for which he was fighting with all his might—his temper not being improved in the struggle by occasional admonitions from the red

end of a cigar, applied to his naked skin by the other Indians—who were his own soldiers acting under O'Flaherty's orders.

"Now," said Tom, "that you have convinced yourself, and can satisfy your brother officers, will you take your chance? or will you accept the honoured terms of the general—file your arms, and retreat beyond the river before day-break? Your muskets and ammunition will offer a bribe to the cupidity of the savage, and delay his pursuit till you can reach some place of safety."

Major Brown heard the proposal in silence, and at last determined on consulting his brother officers.

"I have outstaid my time," said O'Flaherty, "but stop; the lives of so many are at stake, I consent." Saying which, they walked on without speaking, till they arrived where the others were standing around the watch-fire.

As Brown retired to consult with the officers, Tom heard with pleasure how much *his* two companions had worked upon the Yankees' fears, during his absence, by details of the vindictive feelings of the Delaware, and their vows to annihilate the Buffalo militia.

Before five minutes they had decided. Upon a solemn pledge from O'Flaherty that the terms of the compact were to be observed as he stated them, they agreed to march with their arms to the ford, where, having piled them, they were to cross over, and make the best of their way home.

By sunrise the next morning, all that remained of the threatened attack on Fort Peak, were the smouldering ashes of some wood fires—eighty muskets piled in the fort—and the yellow ochre, and red stripes that still adorned the countenance of the late Indian chief, now snoring Lieutenant Maurice Malone.

CHAP. XLV.—THE COURIER'S PASSPORT.

A SECOND night succeeded to the long dreary day of the diligence, and the only one agreeable reflection arose in the feeling that every mile travelled was diminishing the chance of pursuit, and removing me still further from that scene of trouble and annoyance that was soon to furnish gossip for Paris—under the title of "*The Affaire O'Leary*."

How *he* was ever to extricate himself from the numerous and embarrassing difficulties of his position, gave me, I confess, less uneasiness than the uncertainty of my own fortunes. Luck seemed ever to befriend him—me it had always accompanied far enough through life to make its subsequent desertion more painful. How far I should blame myself for this, I stopped not to consider; but brooded over the fact in a melancholy and discontented mood. The one thought uppermost in my mind was, how will Lady Jane receive me—am I forgotten—or am I only remembered as the subject of that unlucky mistake, when, under the guise of an elder son, I was feted and made much of. What pretensions I had, without fortune, rank, influence, or even expectations of any kind, to seek the hand of the most beautiful girl of the day, with the largest fortune as her dowry, I dared not ask myself—the reply would have dashed all my hopes,

and my pursuit would have at once been abandoned. "Tell the people you are an excellent preacher," was the advice of an old and learned divine to a younger and less experienced one—"tell them so every morning, and every noon, and every evening, and at last they will begin to believe it." So thought I. I shall impress upon the Callonbys that I am a most unexceptionable "*parti*." Upon every occasion they shall hear it—as they open their newspapers at breakfast—as they sip their soup at luncheon—as they adjust their napkin at dinner—as they chat over their wine at night. My influence in the house shall be unbounded—my pleasures consulted—my dislikes remembered. The people in favour with me shall dine there three times a week—those less fortunate shall be put into schedule A. My opinions on all subjects shall be a law—whether I pronounce upon politics, or discuss a dinner: and all this I shall accomplish by a successful flattery of my lady—a little bullying of my lord—a devoted attention to the youngest sister—a special cultivation of Kilkee—and a very *prononcé* neglect of Lady Jane. These were my half waking thoughts, as the heavy diligence rumbled over the pavé into Nancy; and I was aroused by the door being suddenly jerked open, and a bronze face, with a black beard and

moustache, being thrust in amongst us."

"Your passports, messieurs," as a lantern was held up in succession across our faces, and we handed forth our crumpled and worn papers to the official.

The night was stormy and dark—gusts of wind sweeping along, bearing with them the tail of some thunder-cloud—mingling their sounds with a falling tile from the roofs, or a broken chimney-pot. The law officer in vain endeavoured to hold open the passports while he inscribed his name; and just as the last scrawl was completed, the lantern went out. Muttering a heavy curse upon the "*mauvais temps*," he thrust them in upon us *en masse*, and, banging the door to, called out to the conducteur, "*en route*."

Again we rumbled on, and, ere we cleared the last lamps of the town, the whole party were once more sunk in sleep, save myself. Hour after hour rolled by, the rain pattering upon the roof, and the heavy plash of the horses' feet contributing their mournful sounds to the melancholy that was stealing over me. At length we drew up at the door of a little *auberge*; and, by the noise and bustle without, I perceived there was a change of horses. Anxious to stretch my legs, and relieve, if even for a moment, the wearisome monotony of the night, I got out and strode into the little parlour of the inn. There was a cheerful fire in an open stove, beside which stood a portly figure in a sheepskin benta, and a cloth travelling cap, with a gold band; his legs were cased in high Russia-leather boots, all evident signs of the profession of the wearer, had even his haste at supper not bespoke the fact that he was a government courier."

"You had better make haste with the horses, Antoine, if you don't wish the postmaster to hear of it," said he, as I entered, his mouth filled with pie crust, and Vin de Beaume, as he spoke.

A lumbering peasant, with a blouse, sabots and a striped night cap, replied in some unknown patois; when the courier again said—

"Well, then, take the diligence horses; I must get on at all events; they are not so *pressé*, I'll be bound; besides, it will save the gens d'arme some miles of a ride if they overtake them here."

"Have we another *visé* of our passports here, then?" said I, addressing

the courier, for we have already been examined at Nancy."

"Not exactly a *visé*," said the courier, eyeing me most suspiciously as he spoke, and then continuing to eat with his former voracity.

"Then what, may I ask, have we to do with the gens-d'arme?"

"It is a search," said the courier, gruffly, and with the air of one who desired no further questioning.

I immediately ordered a bottle of Burgundy, and filling the large goblet before him, said, with much respect,

"A votre bonne voyage Monsieur le Courier."

To this he at once replied, by taking off his cap and bowing politely as he drank off the wine.

"Have we any runaway felon or a stray galerier among us?" said, I laughingly, "that they are going to search us?"

"No, monsieur, said the courier; "but there has been a government order to arrest a person on this road connected with the dreadful Polish plot, that has just *éclaté* at Paris. I passed a vidette of cavalry at Nancy, and they will be up here in half an hour."

"A Polish plot! Why, I left Paris only two days ago, and never heard of it."

"C'est bien possible, Monsieur?" said the courier. "Perhaps, after all, it may only be an affair of the police; but they have certainly arrested one prisoner at Meurice, charged with this, as well as the attempt to rob Frascati, and murder the croupier."

"Alas," said I, with a half suppressed groan, "it is too true; that infernal fellow O'Leary has ruined me, and I shall be brought back to Paris, and only taken from prison to meet the open shame and ignominy of a public trial."

What was to be done?—every moment was precious. I walked to the door to conceal my agitation. All was dark and gloomy. The thought of escape was my only one; but how to accomplish it! Every stir without suggested to my anxious mind the approaching tread of horses—every rattle of the harness seemed like the clink of accoutrements.

While I yet hesitated, I felt that my fate was in the balance. Concealment where I was, was impossible; there were no means of obtaining horses to proceed. My last only hope then rested in the courier; he perhaps might be bribed to assist me at this juncture.

Still his impression as to the enormity of the crime imputed might deter him; and there was no time for explanation, even if he would listen to it. I returned to the room; he had finished his meal, and was now engaged in all the preparations for encountering a wet and dreary night. I hesitated; my fears that if he should refuse my offers, all chance of my escape was gone, deterred me for a moment. At length, as he wound a large woollen shawl round his throat, and seemed to have completed his costume, I summoned nerve for the effort, and with as much boldness in my manner as I could muster, said—

"Monsieur le Courier, one word with you." I here closed the door, and continued. "My fortunes—my whole prospects in life depend upon my reaching Strasbourg by to-morrow night. You alone can be the means of my doing so. Is there any price you can mention, for which you will render me this service?—if so, name it."

"So, then, Monsieur," said the courier, slowly—"so, then, you are the —"

"You have guessed it," said I, interrupting. "Do you accept my proposal?"

"It is impossible," said he, "utterly impossible; for even should I be disposed to run the risk on my own account, it would avail you nothing; the first town we entered your passport would be demanded, and not being viséd by the minister to travel en courier, you would at once be detained and arrested."

"Then am I lost," said I, throwing myself upon a chair; at the same instant my passport, which I carried in my breast pocket, fell out at the feet of the courier. He lifted it and opened it leisurely. So engrossed was I by my misfortunes, that for some minutes I did not perceive, that as he continued to read the passport, he smiled from time to time, till at length a hearty fit of laughing awoke me from my abstraction. My first impulse was to seize him by the throat; controlling my temper, however, with an effort, I said—

"And pray, Monsieur, may I ask in what manner the position I stand in at this moment affords you so much amusement. Is there any thing so particularly droll—any thing so excessively ludicrous in my situation—or what particular gift do you possess that

shall prevent me throwing you out of the window?"

"Mais, monsieur," said he, half stifled with laughter, "do you know the blunder I fell into? it is really too good. Could you only guess who I took you for, you would laugh too."

Here he became so overcome with merriment, that he was obliged to sit down, which he did opposite to me, and actually shook with laughter.

"When this comedy is over," thought I, "we may begin to understand each other." Seeing no prospect of this, I became at length impatient, and jumping on my legs, said—

"Enough, sir, quite enough of this foolery. Believe me, you have every reason to be thankful that my present embarrassment should so far engross me, that I cannot afford time to give you a thrashing."

"Pardon, mille pardons," said he, humbly; "but you will, I am sure, forgive me, when I tell you that I was stupid enough to mistake you for the fugitive Englishman, whom the *gens-d'armes* are in pursuit of. How good, eh?"

"Oh! devilish good—but what do you mean?"

"Why, the fellow that caused the attack at Frascati, and all that, and—"

"Yes—well, eh? Did you think I was *he*?"

"To be sure I did, till I saw your passport."

"Till you saw my passport!" Why, what on earth can he mean? thought I, "No, but," said I, half jestingly, "how could you make such a blunder?"

"Why, your confused manner—your impatience to get on—your hurried questions, all convinced me. In fact, I'd have wagered any thing you were the Englishman."

"And what, in heaven's name, does he think me now?" thought I, as I endeavoured to join in the laugh so ludicrous a mistake occasioned.

"But we are delaying sadly," said the courier. "Are you ready?"

"Ready?—ready for what?"

"To go on with me, of course. Don't you wish to get early to Strasbourg?"

I then said, "I do."

"Well, then, come along. But, pray, don't mind your luggage, for my *caleche* is loaded. Your instruments can come in the diligence."

"My instruments in the diligence! He's mad—that's flat."

"How they will laugh at Strasbourg at my mistake."

"That they will," thought I. "The only doubt is, will you join in the merriment?"

So saying, I followed the courier to the door, jumped into his *caleche*, and in another moment was hurrying over the pavé at a pace that defied pursuit, and promised soon to make up for all our late delay. Scarcely was the furlined apron of the *caleche* buttoned around me, and the German blinds let down, when I set to work to think over the circumstance that had just befallen me. As I had never examined my passport from the moment Trevanion handed it to me at Paris, I knew nothing of its contents; therefore, as to what impression it might convey of me I was totally ignorant. To ask the courier for it now might excite suspicion; so that I was totally at sea how to account for the courier's sudden change in my favour, or in what precise capacity I was travelling beside him. Once, and once only, the

thought of treachery occurred to me. Is he about to hand me over to the gens-d'armes? and are we now only retracing our steps towards Nancy? If so, Monsieur le Courier, whatever be my fate, your's is certainly an unenviable one. My reflections on this head were soon broken in upon, for my companion again returned to the subject of his "singular error," and assured me that he was as near as possible leaving me behind, under the mistaken impression of my being "myself;" and informed me that all Strasbourg would be delighted to see me, which latter piece of news was only the more flattering, that I knew no one there, nor had ever been in that city in my life; and after about an hour's mystification as to my tastes, habits, and pursuits, he fell fast asleep, leaving me to solve the difficult problem as to whether I was not somebody else, or the only alternative—whether travelling *en courier* might not be prescribed by physicians as a mode of treating insane patients.

CHAP. XLVI.—A NIGHT IN STRASBOURG.

WITH the dawn of day my miseries recommenced; for after letting down the sash, and venting some very fervent imprecations upon the postillion for not going faster than his horses were able, the courier once more recurred to his last night's blunder, and proceeded very leisurely to catechise me as to my probable stay at Strasbourg, when I should go from thence, &c. As I was still in doubt what or whom he took me for, I answered with the greatest circumspection—watching, the while, for any clue that might lead me to a discovery of myself. Thus, occasionally evading all pushing and home queries, and sometimes, when hard pressed, feigning drowsiness, I passed the long and anxious day—the fear of being overtaken ever mingling with the thoughts that some unlucky admission of mine might discover my real character to the courier, who, at any post station, might hand me over to the authorities. Could I only guess at the part I am performing, thought I, and I might manage to keep up the illusion; but my attention was so entirely engrossed by fencing off all his threats, that I could find out nothing. At last, as night drew near, the thought that we were approaching

Strasbourg rallied my spirits, suggesting an escape from all pursuit, as well as the welcome prospect of getting rid of my present torturer, who, whenever I awoke from a dose, reverted to our singular meeting with a pertinacity that absolutely seemed like malice.

"As I am aware that this is your first visit to Strasbourg," said the courier, "perhaps I can be of service to you in recommending a hotel. Put up, I advise you, at the 'Bear'—a capital hotel, and not ten minutes' distance from the theatre."

I thanked him for the counsel; and, rejoicing in the fact that my prototype, whoever he might be, was unknown in the city, began to feel some little hope of getting through this scrape, as I had done so many others.

"They have been keeping the 'Huguenots' for your arrival, and all Strasbourg is impatient for your coming."

"Indeed!" said I, mumbling something meant to be modest. "Who the devil am I, then, to cause all this fracas? Heaven grant, not the new 'prefect,' or the commander of the forces."

"I am told the 'Zauberflöte' is your favourite opera?"

"I can't say that I ever heard it—that is, I mean that I could say—well got up."

Here I floundered on, having so far forgot myself as to endanger every thing.

"How very unfortunate! Well, I hope you will not long have as much to say. Meanwhile, here we are—this is the 'Bear.'"

We rattled into the ample *porte cochère* of a vast hotel—the postilion cracking his enormous whip, and bells ringing on every side, as if the crown prince of Russia had been the arrival, and not a poor sub. in the —th.

The courier jumped out, and running up to the landlord, whispered a few words in his ear, to which the other answered by a deep "ah, *vrai-ment!*" and then saluted me with an obsequiousness that made my flesh quake."

"I shall make 'mes hommages' in the morning," said the courier, as he drove off at full speed to deliver his despatches, and left me to my own devices to perform a character, without even being able to guess what it might be. My passport, too, the only thing that could throw any light upon the affair, he had taken along with him, promising to have it viséd, and save me any trouble.

Of all my difficulties and puzzling situations in life, this was certainly the worst; for however often my lot had been to personate another, yet hitherto I had had the good fortune to be aware of what and whom I was performing. Now I might be any body from Marshal Soult to Monsieur Scibe; one thing only was certain, I must be a "celebrity." The confounded pains and trouble they were taking to receive me, attested that fact, and left me to the pleasing reflection that my detection, should it take place, would be sure of attracting a very general publicity. Having ordered my supper from the landlord, with a certain air of reserve, sufficient to prevent even an Alsace host from obtruding any questions upon me, I took my opportunity to stroll from the inn down to the river side. There the broad, rapid Rhine, separating by how narrow a gulph, from that where, if I once reached, my safety was certain. Never did that great boundary of nations strike me

so forcibly, as now when my own petty interests and fortunes were at stake. Night was fast settling upon the low, flat banks of the stream, and nothing stirred, save the ceaseless ripple of the river. One fishing barque alone was on the water. I hailed the solitary tenant of it, and after some little parley, induced him to ferry me over. This, however, could only be done when the night was farther advanced—it being against the law to cross the river except at certain hours, and between two established points, where officers of the revenue were stationed. The fisherman was easily bribed, however, to evade the regulation, and only bargained that I should meet him on the bank before daybreak. Having settled this point to my satisfaction, I returned to my hotel in better spirits; and with a *Strasbourg paté*, and a flask of *Neciensteence*, drank to my speedy deliverance.

How to consume the long, dreary hours between this time and that of my departure, I knew not; for though greatly fatigued, I felt that sleep was impossible; the usual resource of a gossip with the host was equally out of question; and all that remained was the theatre, which I happily remembered was not far from the hotel.

It was an opera night, and the house was crowded to excess; but with some little management, I obtained a place in a box near the stage. The piece was the *Huguenots*, which was certainly admirably supported, and drew down from the audience—no mean one, as judges of music—the loudest thunders of applause. As for me, the house was as great a curiosity as the opera. The novel spectacle of some hundred people relishing and appreciating the highest order of musical genius, was something totally new and surprising to me. The curtain at length fell upon the fifth act—and now the deafening roar of acclamation was tremendous; and amid a perfect shout of enthusiasm, the manager announced the opera for the ensuing evening. Scarcely had this subsided, when a buzz ran through the house; at first subdued, but gradually getting louder—extending from the boxes to the balcore—from the balcore to the *parterre*—and finally even to the galleries. Groups of people stood up on the benches, and looked fixedly in one part of the house; then changed and regarded as eagerly the other.

"What can this mean?" thought I.

"Is the theatre on fire? Something surely has gone wrong!"

In this conviction, with that contagious spirit of curiosity, I mounted upon a seat, and looked about me on every side; but unable still to catch the object which seemed to attract the rest, as I was about to resume my seat, my eyes fell upon a well known face, which in an instant I remembered, even my late fellow-traveller the courier. Anxious to avoid his recognition, I attempted to get down at once; but before I could accomplish it, the wretch had perceived and recognised me; and I saw him even with a gesture of delight, point me out to some friends beside him.

"Confound the fellow," muttered I; "I must leave this at once, or I shall be involved in some trouble."

Scarcely was my resolve taken, when a new burst of voices arose from the pit—the words "*l'Auteur*," "*l'Auteur*," mingling with loud cries for "*Meerberger*," "*Meerberger*," to appear. So, thought I, it seems the great composer is here. Oh, by Jove! I must have a peep at him before I go. So, leaning over the front rail of the box, I looked anxiously about to catch one hasty glimpse of one of the great men of his day and country. What was my surprise, however, to perceive that about two thousand eyes were firmly rivetted upon the box I was seated in; while about half the number of tongues called out unceasingly, "*Mr. Meerberger—vive Meerberger—vive l'Auteur des Huguenots—vive les Huguenots*," &c. Before I could turn to look for the hero of the scene, my legs were taken from under me, and I felt myself lifted by several strong men and held out in front of the box, while the whole audience, rising *en masse*, saluted me—yes, me, Harry Lorrequer—with a cheer that shook the building. Fearful of precipitating myself into the pit beneath, if I made the least effort, and half wild with terror and amazement, I stared about like a maniac, while a beautiful young woman tripped along the edge of the box, supported by her companion's hand, and placed lightly upon my brow a chaplet of roses and laurel. Here the applause was like an earthquake.

"May the devil fly away with half ye," was my grateful response, to

as full a cheer of applause as ever the walls of the house re-echoed to.

"On the stage—on the stage!" shouted that portion of the audience who, occupying the same side of the house as myself, preferred having a better view of me; and to the stage I was accordingly hurried, down a narrow stair, through a side scene, and over half the *corps de ballet*, who were waiting for their *entrée*. Kicking, plunging, buffetting like a madman, they carried me to the "flats," when the manager led me forward to the foot-lights, my wreath of flowers contrasting rather ruefully with my bruised cheeks and torn habiliments. Human beings, God be praised, are only capable of certain efforts—so that one-half the audience were coughing their sides out, while the other were hoarse as bull-frogs from their enthusiasm, in less than five minutes.

"You'll have what my friend Rooney calls a choice *bronchites* for this, these three weeks," said I, "that's one comfort," as I bowed my way back to the "practicable" door, through which I made my exit, with the thousand faces of the *parterre* shouting my name, or, as fancy dictated, that of one of my operas. I retreated behind the scenes, to encounter very nearly as much, and at closer quarters, too, as that lately sustained before the audience. After an embrace of two minutes' duration from the manager, I ran the gauntlet from the prima donna to the last triangle of the orchestra, who cut away a back button of my coat as a "*souvenir*." During all this, I must confess, very little acting was needed on my part. They were so perfectly contented with their self-deception, that if I had made an affidavit before the mayor—if there be such a functionary in such an insane town—they would not have believed me. Wearied and exhausted at length, by all I had gone through, I sat down upon a bench, and, affecting to be overcome by my feelings, concealed my face in my handkerchief. This was the first moment of relief I experienced since my arrival; but it was not to last long, for the manager, putting down his head close to my ear, whispered—

"Monsieur Meerberger, I have a surprise for you—such as you have not had for some time, I venture to say."

"I defy you on this head, now," thought I. "If they make me out king Solomon now, it will not amaze me."

"And when I tell you my secret, continued he, "you will acknowledge I cannot be of a very jealous disposition. Madame Baptiste has just told me she knew you formerly, and that—she—that is, you—were—in fact, you understand—there had been—so to say—a little 'amourette' between you."

I groaned in spirit as I thought, now am I lost without a chance of escape—the devil take her reminiscences.

"I see," continued le bon mari, "you cannot guess of whom I speak; but when I tell you of Amelie Graudet, your memory will, perhaps, be better."

"Amelie Graudet!" said I, with a stage start. I need not say that I had never heard the name before. "Amelie Graudet here!"

"Yes, that she is," said the manager, rubbing his hands; "and my wife, too."

"Married!—Amelie Graudet married! No, no; it is impossible—I cannot believe it. But were it true—true, mark me—for worlds would I not meet her."

"Comment et est drole," said the manager, soliloquizing aloud; "for my wife takes it much easier, seeing they never met each other since they were fifteen."

"Ho, ho!" thought I, "the affair is not so bad either—time makes great changes in that space. And does she still remember me?" said I, in a very Romeo-in-the-garden voice.

"Why, so far as remembering the little boy that used to play with her in the orchard at her mother's cottage near Paria, and with whom she used to go boating upon the Elbe, I believe the recollection is perfect. But come along—she insists upon seeing you, and is this very moment waiting supper in our room for you."

"A thorough German she must be," thought I, "with her sympathies and her supper—her reminiscences and her Rhine wine hunting in couples through her brain."

Summoning courage from the fact of our long absence from each other, I followed the manager through a wilderness of pavilions, forests, clouds and cataracts, and at length arrived at

a little door, at which he knocked gently.

"Come in," said a soft voice inside. We opened, and beheld a very beautiful young woman, in Tyrolese costume. She was to perform in the afterpiece—her low boddices and short scarlet petticoat displaying the most perfect symmetry of form and roundness of proportion. She was dressing her hair before a low glass as we came in, and scarcely turned at our approach; but in an instant, as if some sudden thought had struck her, she sprang fully round, and looking at me fixedly for above a minute—a very trying one for me—she glanced at her husband, whose countenance plainly indicated that she was right, and calling out, "C'est lui—c'est bien lui," threw herself into my arms, and sobbed convulsively.

"If this were to be the only fruits of my impersonation," thought I, "it is not so bad—but I am greatly afraid these good people will find out a wife and seven babies for me before morning."

Whether the manager thought enough had been done for stage effect I know not; but he gently disengaged the lovely Amelie, and deposited her upon a sofa, to a place upon which she speedily motioned me by a look from a pair of very seducing blue eyes.

"François, mon cher, you must put off La Chammiere. I can't play to-night."

"Put it off! But only think of the audience, ma vie—they will pull down the house."

"C'est possible," said she, carelessly. "If that give them any pleasure, I suppose they must be indulged; but I, too, must have a little of my own way. I shall not play."

The tone this was said in—the look, the easy gesture of command—no less than the afflicted helplessness of the luckless husband, showed me that Amelie, however docile as a sweetheart, had certainly her own way as a wife.

While Le cher François then retired to make his proposition to the audience, of substituting something for the Chammiere—the sudden illness of Madame Baptiste having prevented her appearance—we began to renew our old acquaintance, by a thousand inquiries from that long passed time, when we were sweethearts and lovers.

"You remember me, then, so well?" said I.

"As of yesterday. You are much taller, and your eyes darker; but still—there is something. You know, however, I have been expecting to see you these two days; and tell me frankly, how do you find me looking?"

"More beautiful, a thousand times more beautiful than ever—all save in one thing, Amelie."

"And that is——"

"You are married."

"How you jest! But let us look back. Do you ever think on any of our old compacts?" Here she pulled a leaf from a rose-bud in her bouquet, and kissed it. "I wager you have forgotten that."

How I should have replied to this masonic sign, God knows; but the manager fortunately entered, to assure us that the audience had kindly consented not to pull down the house, but to listen to a five-act tragedy instead, in which he had to perform the principal character. "So, then, don't wait supper, Amelie; but take care of Monsieur Meerberger till my return."

Thus once more were we left to our souvenirs, in which, whenever hard pushed myself, I regularly carried the war into the enemy's camp, by allusions to incidents, which, I need not observe, had never occurred. After a thousand stories of our early loves, mingled with an occasional sigh over their fleeting character—now indulging a soft retrospect of the once happy past—now moralising on the future—

Amelie and I chatted away the hours till the conclusion of the tragedy.

By this time, the hour was approaching for my departure; so, after a very tender leave-taking with my new friend and my old lover, I left the theatre, and walked slowly along to the river.

"So much for early associations," thought I; "and how much better pleased are we ever to paint the past according to our own fancy, than to remember it as it really was. Hence all the insufferable cant about happy infancy, and 'the glorious schoolboy days,' which have generally no more foundation in fact than have the 'Chateaux en Espagne' we build up for the future. I wager that the real Amant d'Enfance, when he arrives, is not half so great a friend with the fair Amelie as his unworthy shadow. At the same time, I had just as soon that Lady Jane should have no 'premiers amours' to look back upon, except such as I have performed a character in."

The splash of oars near me broke up my reflections, and the next moment found me skimming the rapid Rhine, as I thought, for the last time. What will they say in Strasbourg to-morrow? How will they account for the mysterious disappearance of Monsieur Meerberger? Poor Amelie Graudet! For so completely had the late incidents engrossed my attention, that I had for the moment lost sight of the most singular event of all—how I came to be mistaken for the illustrious composer.

MARRYAT'S DIARY IN AMERICA.*

WERE we disposed to be captious upon the subject, we might ask why Captain Marryat has given the title of a *diary* to the volumes before us. By a diary we usually understand a daily record of the thoughts or observations of the writer, claiming, from the brief intervals in which impressions are noted after their being received, that title to credence and authenticity we accord to first impressions faithfully recorded. In this respect, however few the opportunities and short the comments of the author be, the *vrai semblable* of a narrative, written by an eye-witness at the moment when

the scenes are fresh and vivid in his recollection, has ever appeared to us to possess great advantages, and, of all others, to be eminently suited to the purposes of a tourist in his rapid account of any foreign country.

The work before us does not fulfil, in this respect, the promise of its title, the writer making no more mention of "time and space" than are to be incidentally discovered in his pages. The "Diary" occupies one volume and a half—the remainder of the book is devoted to "remarks on the institutions of America;" and this latter portion, which is for the most part made up of quota-

* A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions. By Capt. Marryat, C.B. &c. 3 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1832.
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tions and observations upon the opinions of others, appears to us much the most valuable section of the work.

Captain Marryat sets out by informing us of his reasons for visiting America.

"The press was constantly pouring out works upon the new world, so contradictory to each other, and pronounced so unjust by the Americans, that my curiosity was excited. It appeared strange to me that travellers whose works showed evident marks of talent, should view the same people through such very different mediums; and that their gleanings should, generally speaking, be of such meagre materials. Was there so little to be remarked about America, its government, its institutions, and the effects which these had upon the people, that the pages of so many writers upon that country should be filled up with how the Americans dined or drank wine, and what descriptions of spoons and forks were used at table? Either the Americans remained purely and unchangedly English, as when they left their fatherland; or the question required more investigation and deeper research than travellers in their hasty movements had been able to bestow upon it. Whether I should be capable of throwing any new light upon the subject, I knew not, but at all events I made up my mind that I would visit the country and judge for myself."

Now here, at the very outset, are we ready to join issue with our author. In the first place we assert—and assert fearlessly, too—that, considering the many different aspects so vast a country is likely to present to travellers, themselves differing so importantly in station, objects, and opportunities for judging, less discrepancy exists among English writers upon the subject of America, than upon any other nation we know of. Taking the work by the author of Cyril Thornton as the best and most authentic we have upon America, written in a fair spirit, by one more disposed to be pleased than seeking for causes of complaint, where are the great discrepancies and contradictions to be found between his opinions and those of Mrs. Trollope, Miss Martineau, and even Captain Marryat? Each have put forth, in their own way, the strong features of the land—its unceasing activity—its restless energy—its inexhaustible resources—each has pictured a state of society upon which the principle of equality has so stamped itself, that

the differences of talent and ability of one man above his fellow are not recognised or acknowledged, except that thereby some political principle be asserted, or some prospect of gain held out.

The energetic boldness—the untiring industry—the all-absorbing egotism of the American, as, with rude speech and ruder gesture, he would attempt to measure the unformed and still fermenting population of his own country, with the civilised habits and more regulated manners which prevail in other states, is (however unwilling the testimony) the only one on record of America. The thirst for gain—the overweening vanity in a form of government, which, however suited to the exigencies of a new and unsettled population, presents no flattering promise for the future—the unmeasured contempt for customs and opinions, on which they are incompetent to pronounce—the fatal mistake, that licence is liberty, and rudeness of speech independence of spirit—the indifference and neglect of all the arts, save those by which money can most rapidly be acquired, have but one testimony, and that is—every work that issues from the press on the subject of America.

When you come to consider a state of society in which "every man is great in proportion to his riches"—where "the only compensation for services is money"—the only distinction is wealth—where there are few men of leisure, and where the tastes and habits of those few are, however cultivated and enlightened, rather kept in abeyance than displayed—savouring, as they are supposed to do, of aristocratic leanings—where the wealth which is the acquisition of five years forms the passport for admission into any circle—you can form some idea of a land which puts itself forward as a model for the world, and boasts that its institutions have attained to perfection. All is transition—the waves follow one another to the far west—the froth and scum boiling in the advance.

To "write upon America" as a nation, Captain Marryat well observes, "would be absurd"—it is not—"but to consider it in its present chaotic state, is well worth the labour." In this opinion we perfectly concur, and would as soon think of regarding as "national" the riotous and disorderly conduct of an Irish mob, issu-

ing from the upper gallery of a theatre, as of conceding the title of nation to that incongruous and mixed population; which, with the sole tie of a common language, have thought fit to call themselves a people.

Captain Marryat's visit to America was made at the period of their great banking crisis. Commercial distress was upon every side—two hundred and sixty houses had failed, and no one knew where it was to end—the banks stopped paying in specie, and the greatest distress prevailed, for the want of a circulating medium. The following is a ludicrous illustration of the barter system, as applied to the wants of civilized life.

"Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and, instead of change, you receive an I.O.U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change is fifteen tickets, each 'good for one glass of brandy and water.' At an oyster-shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same every where. The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the streets, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy. Dealers, in general, give out their own bank-notes, or as they are called here, *shin plasters*, which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemable only upon a general return to cash payments.

"Hence arises another variety of exchange in Wall-street.

"'Tom, do you want any oysters for lunch to-day?'

"'Yes!'

"'Then here's a ticket, and give me two shaves in return.'"

"The dogs are all tied up, and the musquitos broke loose; it is high time to leave New York," says our author; and with truth—for during the hot summer months, a more unendurable city does not exist. Up the broad bosom of the Hudson he takes his way—passing through the magnificent scenery of the Kaatskil's, which, with reason, he prefers to the banks of the Rhine.

"When you have ascended about fifty miles, the bed of the river becomes contracted and deeper, and pours its waters

rapidly through the high lands on each side, having at some distant time forced its passage through a chain of rocky mountains. It was quite dark long before we arrived at West Point, which I had embarked to visit. A storm hung over us, and as we passed through the broad masses piled up on each side of the river, at one moment illuminated by the lightning as it burst from the opaque clouds, and the next towering in sullen gloom, the effect was sublime.

"Here I am at West Point.

"West Point is famous in the short history of this country. It is the key of the Hudson river. The traitor Arnold had agreed to deliver it up to the English, and it was on his return from arranging the terms with Arnold, that André was captured and hung."

"One of the officers who most distinguished himself in the struggle was a General Starke; and the following is the speech he is reported to have made to his men previous to an engagement—

"'Now, my men, you see them 'ere Belgians; every man of them bought by the king of England at 17s. 6d. a-head, and I've a notion he paid too dear for them. Now, my men, we either beats them this day, or Molly Starke's a widow, by G—d.' He did beat them, and in his despatch to head-quarters he wrote—'We've had a dreadful hot day of it, General, and I've lost my horse, saddle, and bridle, and all.'"

Quere—were not "them 'ere Belgians" subjects of the Lord Duke of Hesse Cassel?

Boston, with a population of eighty thousand, has probably more people of leisure in it, (that is, out of business, and living on their own means,) than even Philadelphia. They are more learned and scientific here than at New York; "they're not more so than at Philadelphia, but they are more English than in any other city in America."

"Since I have been here," writes the Captain, "I have made every inquiry relative to the sea-serpent which frequents this coast alone. There are many hundreds of most respectable people, who, on other points, would be considered as incapable of falsehood, who declare they have seen the animals, and vouch for their existence. It is rather singular that in America there is but one copy of Bishop Pontoppidon's work on Norway, and in it the sea-serpent is described, and a rough wood-cut of its appearance given. In all the American newspapers a draw-

ing was given of the animal, as described by those who saw it, and it proved to be almost a *fac-simile* of the one described by the Bishop in his work."

We ourselves can vouch for having made the voyage across the Atlantic, under the guidance of a Yankee "skipper," who assured us that he sailed for two days on a wind along-side of one, and only "got to the end of him, when the breeze freshened to eight knots an hour."

"Massachusetts is certainly very English in its scenery, and Boston essentially English as a city. The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are, that is, that they have strictly adhered to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the Revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they certainly adhere to, and which, I think, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance; but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonians so far, that they certainly appear to have made no change in their manners and customs for these last hundred years. You meet here with frequent specimens of the Old English Gentleman, descendants of the best old English families, who settled here long before the Revolution, and are now living on their incomes, with a town house, and a country seat to retire to during the summer season. The society of Boston is very delightful; it wins upon you every day, and that is the greatest compliment that can be paid to it.

"Perhaps of all the Americans the Bostonians are the most sensitive to any illiberal remarks made upon the country, for they consider themselves, and pride themselves, as being peculiarly English; while, on the contrary, the majority of the Americans deny that they are English. There certainly is less intermixture of foreign blood in this city than in any other in America. It will appear strange, but so wedded are they to old customs, even to John Bullism, that it is not more than seven or eight years that French wines have been put on the Boston tables, and become in general use in this city."

On taking his place in the railroad "car" for New Jersey city, our author falls in with one of those stage-coach companions, so frequently to be met with in America—that peculiar mélange of egotism and impertinent curiosity, who supposes that by giving

the most minute details of his uninteresting self, he is privileged to know all about your concerns. He began by stating that he came from Cheshire; and here let us remark, that by far the most disgusting specimens of this class are the emigrant population, who have resided long enough to be *acclimé* to insolence—in other words, Americanized. As is the old go, "two Turks are not so bad as one renegade," so, in fact, two "genuine Yankees" are less insufferable than one adopted son of this land of independence. A few years ago, when making a short tour in America, we made one of a coach party going from Utica to the "Springs." We had not been long in the conveyance, when a swarthy, dark-whiskered, but well-dressed personage opposite interrupted a remark, by saying, "You are an Irishman, I guess, friend." Having replied in the affirmative to this, he immediately added, with a chuckle at his tact in the discovery, "Well, now, I thought so, your countrymen are such damned ugly men."

The fourth of July arrives, and with it the pride, pomp, and ceremonial of an American celebration of independence. Our author dines with the corporation, and then sets out to see the fireworks, which were to be very splendid.

"Look in any point of the compass, and you will see a shower of rockets in the sky: turn from New York to Jersey City, from Jersey City to Brooklyn, and shower is answered by shower on either side of the water. Hoboken repeats the signal: and thus it is carried on to the east, the west, the north, and the south, from Rhode Island to the Missouri, from the Canada frontier to the Gulf of Mexico. At the various gardens the combinations were very beautiful, and exceeded any thing that I had witnessed in London or Paris. What with sea-serpents, giant rockets scaling heaven, Bengal lights, Chinese fires, Italian suns, fairy bowers, crowns of Jupiter, exeranthemums, Tartar temples, Vesta's diadems, magic circles, morning glories, stars of Columbia, and temples of liberty, all America was in a blaze; and, in addition to this mode of manifesting its joy, all America was tipsy."

"There is something grand in the idea of a national intoxication." So there is, doubtless—the spectacle of a vast population moving by one impulse—actuated by one sentiment—

possessed with one exclusive and all-absorbing feeling—is a grand and imposing spectacle. Such, for instance, was the general shout of enthusiasm with which the German army welcomed the Rhine as they arrived upon its banks, and, by one universal cheer, saluted the old river of the Fatherland. To be effective, however, this spectacle must be supported by old and time-honoured associations. No new people, without an ancestry—without a “household god”—can make a national explosion of this kind touching or powerful. If it recall not the mellowing touch which imparts a beauty to the canvas of the older masters—which all modern efforts are wanting in—so the remembrances of the long past, reflected from every oriel window and battlemented tower, are needed to shed a sombre and more hallowed light over that troubled scene, which, without it, were a vulgar rabble.

Captain Marryat makes frequent mention in his work of one feature of American society, which, in itself a trivial one, will yet convey a very tolerable notion of their ideas upon politeness and good breeding generally. You are never permitted in America to be alone. You are bandied about from one person to the other—shaking hands being the essential at each rencontre—and then you go on making acquaintances with every body or anybody—for in this land of independence it is impossible to know who any body is; and whether your friend be a member of Congress, or the “gentleman” that cleaned your boots, demands on your part a tact to discover, which no short residence in the States confers. No wish or effort on your part to avoid observation, and indulge your own thoughts, is ever respected. He must, indeed, be a gifted adept in reverie who can follow the train of his own reflections, when some stalwart Yankee salutes him with a slap upon the shoulders, and bellows out, “Well, old boy, are you asleep?”

That deference for the tastes and feelings of others, which, among all other nations, constitutes the staple of good manners, is, we hesitate not to say, wanting in America. No man believes he is rude in subjecting you to a close cross-examination as to the objects of your journey—the length of your purse—the number of your children—and will be much more disposed to convict you of hauteur and pride in

avoiding his inquiries, than himself of impertinent curiosity in pushing them—his own vanity and loquaciousness leading him invariably to descant upon *his own* views and prospects, he sees no reason why he should not also be in possession of *yours*—it is a fair barter, he thinks—and, so thinking, he will not be cheated. Bearing this *fact* in mind, it may be imagined how pleasant is coach travelling in America. There is a sameness, too—a monotony in the topics discussed, that wearies and fatigues beyond measure—for, the important subject of personalities being gone through, next comes the eternal comparison between England and America—they are the chang and whang of every conversation—you never mention one without some reference being made to the other; and in all your efforts to ascertain facts about the States, you must be satisfied to wade through a sea of attack and vituperation against the old country.—“Oh, no—it is not so here—Americans are not slaves—that may do very well for you in England—we would not stand it here;” or, “Well, if you like to be treated as niggers, it is your own affair”—such being the invariable commentary upon every institution—every enactment of England.

The consciousness of superiority—God bless the mark!—which the Yankee possesses, is not enough for him, if he cannot make you feel a sense of inferiority. Now, this we really protest against. In all conscience, he should content himself with the greater blessings his constitution confers, without making any injurious reflections upon our's, if we confess ourselves satisfied. And as to the habitudes of society, it is surely no great hardship for Mr. Cooper, that we tamely submit in England to the gradations of rank, and permit a lord to take the *pas* of a commoner in entering or leaving a room, so long as *he* enjoys the happiness of knowing that in his country the cobbler may rub shoulders with the courtier, and the dustman dispute the passage with the diplomat.

Mark the difference if you like—but mark it in a tone less querulous and insulting. This is all we would bargain for—we do not require *you* to conform to *our* habitudes—leave us, then, fervently to follow them. A Russian corps in the German Legion, once drank all the oil in the lamps of

Cork, and thereby left the city in total darkness, laughing, the while, at the stupid inhabitants, for not appreciating a delicacy—yet we never heard that the worthy Corkians took the hint, and adopted train oil in lieu of whiskey. So, we fear, are we equally incorrigible and dull, and not to be taught, let Mr. Cooper charm us ever so wisely.

This taste for lauding themselves at our expense, is not peculiar to any class, or any district of the States—it is general, in every rank and part of them; and if we could dignify any thing from such a quarter with the epithet of national, we would call it by this name. Next in order to the dislike of the "old country," the most prominent feature in an American is his pursuit of gain. The mantle of Israel seems to have fallen upon the Yankee in this respect. No time, place, or season, is ever unsuited. Whether travelling for pleasure—calling at the Springs, or "gunning in the bush," it is all alike: the solemnity of a church, or the fracas of a theatre, are equally unavailing to distract him from the great business of life—money-making. "I had a most amusing specimen of the ruling passion of the country," writes our author, "on this stage, which is communicated to the females as well as to the boys."

"I will stop for a moment, however, to say, that I heard of an American, who had two sons, and he declared that they were so clever at barter, that he locked them both up together in a room, without a cent in their pockets, and that before they had *swopped* for an hour, they had each gained two dollars a piece. But now for my fellow-passengers—both were young, both good-looking, both ladies, and evidently were total strangers to each other. One had a pretty pink silk bonnet, very fine for travelling; the other, an indifferent plush one. The young lady in the plush eyed the pink bonnet for some time: at last *Plush* observed, in a drawling, half-indifferent way:—

"That's rather a pretty bonnet of your's, miss."

"Why, yes, I calculate it's rather smart," replied Pink.

"After a pause and closer survey—'You wouldn't have any objection to part with it, miss?'"

"Well, now, I don't know but I might; I have worn it but three days, I reckon."

"Oh, my! I should have reckoned that you carried it longer—perhaps it rained on them three days?"

"I've a notion it didn't rain, not one. It's not the only bonnet I have, miss."

"Well, now, I should not mind an exchange, and paying you the balance."

"That's an awful thing that you have on, miss."

"I rather think not, but that's as may be. Come, miss, what will you take?"

"Why, I don't know—what will you give?"

"I reckon you'll know best when you answer my question."

"Well, then, I shouldn't like less than five dollars."

"Five dollars and my bonnet! I reckon two would be nearer the mark—but it's of no consequence."

"None in the least, miss, only I know the value of my bonnet. We'll say no more about it."

"Just so, miss."

A pause and silence for half a minute, when Miss Plush looks out of the window, and says, as if talking to herself, 'I shouldn't mind giving four dollars, but no more.' She then fell back in her seat, when Miss Pink put her head out of the window, and said, 'I shouldn't refuse four dollars, after all, if it was offered,' and then she fell back to her former position.

"Did you think of taking four dollars, miss?"

"Well! I don't care, I've plenty of bonnets at home."

"Well," replied Plush, taking out her purse, and offering her the money.

"What bank is this, miss?"

"Oh, all's right there, Safety Fund, I calculate."

"The two ladies exchange bonnets, and Pink pockets the balance."

Of all the singular customs of American life—nasal intonation and rocking chairs included—none is more remarkable than the custom of whittling.

"It is a habit, arising from the natural restlessness of the American when he is not employed, of cutting a piece of stick, or any thing else, with his knife. Some are so wedded to it from long custom, that if they have not a piece of stick to cut, they will whittle the backs of the chairs, or any thing within their reach. A Yankee shown into a room to await the arrival of another, has been known to whittle away nearly the whole of the

mantel-piece. Lawyers in court whittle away at the table before them; and judges will cut through their own bench. In some courts, they put sticks before noted whittlers to save the furniture. The Down-Easters, as the Yankees are termed generally, whittle when they are making a bargain, as it fills up the pauses, gives them time for reflection, and, moreover, prevents any examination of the countenance—for in bargaining, like in the game of brag, the countenance is carefully watched, as an index to the wishes. I was once witness to a bargain made between two respectable Yankees, who wished to agree about a farm, and in which whittling was resorted to.

"They sat down on a log of wood, about three or four feet apart from each other, with their faces turned opposite ways—that is, one had his legs on one side of the log with his face to the east, and the other his legs on the other side with his face to the west. One had a piece of soft wood, and was sawing it with his penknife; the other had an unbarked hickory stick, which he was peeling for a walking-stick. The reader will perceive a strong analogy between this bargain and that in the stage between the two ladies.

"Well, good morning—and about this farm?"

"I don't know; what will you take?"

"What will you give?"

"Silence, and whittle away."

"Well, I should think two thousand dollars a heap of money for this farm."

"I've a notion it will never go for three thousand, any how."

"There's a fine farm, and cheaper, on the north side."

"But where's the sun to ripen the corn?"

"Sun shines on all alike."

"Not exactly through a Vermont hill, I reckon. The driver offered me as much as I say, if I recollect right."

"Money not always to be depended upon. Money not always forthcoming."

"I reckon I shall make an elegant 'backy stopper' of this piece of sycamore."

"Silence for a few moments. Knives hard at work."

"I've a notion this is as pretty a hickory stick as ever came out of a wood."

"I shouldn't mind two thousand five hundred dollars, and time given."

"It couldn't be more than six months, then, if it goes at that price."

"(Pause.)"

"Well, that might suit me."

"What do you say, then?"

"Suppose it must be so."

"It's a bargain, then, (*rising up*), come, let's liquor on it."

Beatrice's admonition, that the "cleanliest shift's to kiss" would be unheeded in the States—the lover preferring to "cut his stick" than press his suit.

Captain Marryat thinks, and we perfectly coincide in the opinion, that, upon the whole, Upper Canada is the finest portion of North America.

"In America, every degree of longitude which you proceed west, is equal to a degree of latitude to the southward in increasing the mildness of the temperature. Upper Canada, which is not so far west as to sever you from the civilized world, has every possible advantage of navigation, and is at the same time, from being nearly surrounded by water, much milder than the American States to the southward of it. Every thing grows well, and flourishes in Upper Canada; even tobacco, which requires a very warm atmosphere. The land of this province is excellent, but it is a hard land to clear, the timber being very close, and of a very large size. A certain proof of the value of the land of Upper Canada is, that there are already so many Americans who have settled there. Most of them had originally migrated to establish themselves in the neighbouring state of Michigan; but the greater part of that state is at present so unhealthy from swamps, and the people suffer so much from fever and agues, that the emigrants have fallen back upon Upper Canada, which (a very small portion of it excepted) is the most healthy portion of North America."

* * * *

"From Hamilton, on Lake Ontario, to Bradford, the country is very beautifully broken and undulating, occasionally precipitate and hilly. You pass through forests of splendid timber, chiefly fir, but of a size which is surprising. Here are masts for 'tall admirals,' so lofty that you could not well perceive a squirrel, or even a larger animal, if upon one of the topmost boughs. The pine forests are diversified by the oak; you sometimes pass through six or seven miles of the first description of timber, which gradually changes until you have six or seven miles of forest composed entirely of oak."

While this is the case, the means of

communication are totally wanting. The Welland and Rideau canals—splendid works as they are—are too much in advance of the country; and had the government spent one-half the money in making good roads, the province would have been much more benefitted. The process in Canada and the States is inverted—in the former, towns and villages rise up first, and communications follow after—in the latter, “the roads are made first, and the towns and villages make their appearance on each side of them, just as the birds drop down on each side of a furrow.” The two countries strikingly exhibit the differences between the great but unsuccessful efforts of a government, and the apparently slight, but, in reality, stupendous results of individual enterprise and industry.

Coal is in abundance in America, but not in any demand, wood being so much cheaper. At Wheeling and Pittsburgh, and on all the borders of the Ohio, above Guyandotte, they have an inexhaustible supply, equal to the best offered to the London market.

“All the spurs of the Alleghany range appear to be one mass of coal. In the Eastern States the coal is of a different quality, although there is some very tolerable. The anthracite is bad, throwing out a strong sulphureous gas. The fact is, that wood is at present cheaper than coal, and therefore the latter is not in demand. An American told me one day, that a company had been working a coal mine in an Eastern State, which proved to be of a very bad quality; they had sent some to an influential person as a present, requesting him to give his opinion of it, as that would be important to them. After a certain time he forwarded to them a certificate couched in such terms as these:—

“I do hereby certify that I have tried the coal sent me by the company at —, and it is my decided opinion, that when the general conflagration of the world shall take place, any man who will take his position on *that coal mine* will certainly be the *last man* who will be burnt.”

We remember a not dissimilar story told of the Irish coal mines near Dunganannon. Some fifty or sixty years since, a company had been formed, with a noble lord at its head, to work these mines, supposed to equal in their produce the richest of Wigan or

Workington. Year after year, however, the undertaking seemed merely to exist, either from deficiency of coal or ill-management. The speculation seemed all but bankrupt—a great effort was decided upon by the shareholders, to bring their national exertions before the public; and a general meeting was called, at which the noble proprietor of the soil assisted as chairman. A number of resolutions being proposed and carried, he rose to address the assembly—congratulated them on the pleasing prospects the reports held out, the necessity for continuing vigorously to persevere in their truly “Irish” undertaking, and concluded by recommending every gentleman in Ireland to have at least two tons of Dunganannon coal in his house—“for,” added he, with most imposing solemnity, “if, by any untoward accident, his premises should take fire, I’ll be — if it would not put it out.”

Our author’s “Diary” concludes with a specimen of American hospitality, which we cannot omit recording:—

“I had to travel by coach for six days and nights, to arrive at Baltimore. As it may be supposed, I was not a little tired before my journey was half over; I therefore was glad when the coach stopped for a few hours, to throw off my coat and lie down on a bed. At one town where I had stopped, I had been reposing more than two hours, when my door was opened—but this was too common a circumstance for me to think any thing of it; the people would come into my room whether I was in bed or out of bed, dressed or not dressed, and if I expostulated, they would reply, ‘Never mind; we don’t care, Captain.’ On this occasion I called out, ‘Well, what do you want?’

“Are you Captain M——?” said the person, walking up to the bed where I was lying.

“Yes, I am,” replied I.

“Well, I reckon I wouldn’t allow you to go through our town without seeing you any how. Of all the humans, you’re the one I most wish to see.”

I told him I was highly flattered.

“Well now,” said he, giving a jump, and coming down right upon the bed in his great coat, “I’ll just tell you; I said to the chap at the bar, ‘Aint the Captain in your house?’” “Yes,” says he. “Then where is he?” says I. “Oh,” says he, “he’s gone into his own room, and locked himself up; he’s a d——d aristocrat, and won’t drink at the bar with other gentle-

men." So, thought I, I've read M——'s works, and I'll be swamped if he is an aristocrat, and by the 'tarnal, I'll go up and see; so here I am, and you're no aristocrat.'

"I should think not," replied I, moving my feet away, which he was half sitting on.

"Oh, don't move; never mind me, Captain, I'm quite comfortable. And how do you find yourself by this time?"

"Very tired indeed," replied I.

"I suspicion as much. Now, d'ye see, I left four or five good fellows down below, who wish to see you; I said I'd go up first and come down to them. The fact is, Captain, we don't like you should pass through our town without showing you a little American hospitality.'

"So saying he slid off the bed, and went out of the room. In a minute he returned, bringing with him four or five others, all of whom he introduced by name, and reseated himself on my bed, while the others took chairs.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, 'as I was telling the Captain, we wish to show him a little American hospitality; what shall it be, gentlemen; what d'ye say—a bottle of Madeira?'

"An immediate answer not being returned, he continued,

"Yes, gentlemen, a bottle of Madeira; at my expense, gentlemen, recollect that; now ring the bell.'

"I shall be most happy to take a glass of wine with you," observed I, 'but in my own room the wine must be at my expense.'

"At your expense, Captain; well, if it must be, I don't care; at your expense then, Captain, if you say so; only you see, we must show you a little American hospitality, as I said to them all down below; didn't I, gentlemen?'

"The wine was ordered, and it ended in my hospitable friends drinking three

bottles; and then they all shook hands with me, declaring how happy they should be if I came to the town again, and allowed them to show me a little more American hospitality."

He very properly adds, that in narrating this anecdote he intends no sarcasm upon American hospitality in general—merely observing, that "there are conditions usually attached to their hospitality, if you wish to profit by it to any extent—and one is, that you do not venture to find fault with themselves, their manners, or their institutions."

And here, for the present, we take leave of our author and his subject—of the former, with feelings somewhat of disappointment—his deservedly high literary reputation having led us to form great, perhaps too great, expectations of his long-promised volumes, which, though upon the whole amusing and instructive, are still unmarked by any original observations or new views. The Americans themselves we part with here, as we did some years since from their shores, "*sans regret*." With their smoking, gin-drinking, rocking, whittling, and spitting population, we have no sympathies. We can understand the feelings of an Englishman who makes America the subject of a tour, we ourselves pleading guilty thereto—but to his selection of it as a resting-place for life, we can only say, that few infractions of the law could carry so heavy a penalty, than we should not prefer submitting to them at home, to seeking for an immunity from them in that *refugium peccatorum*, the United States of North America.

JOURNAL OF FRANÇAISE KRASINSKA—PART V.—CONCLUSION.

5th of April, 1760.

TOMORROW we quit Warsaw! My father having written to the Prince and Princess that he cheerfully consents to leave me with them, as their guest, as long as my presence is agreeable. I am to go with them to their estate at Opolé. I do my best to conciliate the affections of my aunt, and hope I succeed pretty well. She inspires me with infinite respect, and almost fear, so that I am ready to sacrifice every wish to her slightest pleasure; and when she gives me one of her rare

smiles of approbation, I feel as if the heavens opened! If ever I live to an advanced age, I should like to inspire such sentiments. Even the Prince Royal himself stands in awe of her!

Can I believe that I feel relieved at not going to Maleszow? It is true! I dread now returning to this home of my childhood. I should profane its calm sanctity by bringing there the inquietudes of my heart.

Ought I to regret the past? Is a life of future inquietude to be the price of a few moments of perfect hap-

pires, which elevated me to the summit of human felicity? If the wish which I dare not express is accomplished, I shall be—oh! too blessed; and, therefore, my mind mis-gives me; yes, even in the very midst of my intoxication. But I trust in Him who is always merciful, that He will inspire me with strength sufficient to support the reverse of all my presumptuous hopes. My hopes! Good God! how have I strength to commit to paper what I dread to avow even to my own heart? When I think of *him*, I dread that my thoughts are guessed, and I write.—Oh! if my journal fell into my aunt's hands, or into any creature's! Could I ever survive the scorn they would feel for me, presumptuous and foolish as I should be thought. I will go this moment and lock it up under four locks.

Friday, 21th of April.

We have been here eight days. The castle is pleasingly situated enough, but I do not like it. This place does not agree with me. The trees ought to be green, but the branches are yet bare; the weather ought to be mild, but I feel frozen. I try to embroider, but the silks I prefer I do not find here. I wish to play, but the piano is detestably out of tune, and no organist to be had to remedy it nearer than Lublin. There is here a fine library, but the Princess keeps it locked, and I dare not ask for the keys. The Prince has all the new works, and I saw him give six golden ducats (£3 5s. 4d.) for ten little volumes of Voltaire's works. Voltaire is now the most celebrated of all French authors, and is excessively popular here, but the Princess forbids me to read his works. This does not annoy me, but I was in despair at being refused permission to read a novel that came lately from Paris, and which all rave of. It is called "*La Nouvelle Héloïse*," and is written by a certain author named Rousseau. I possessed myself of a volume, and read a few pages of the preface, but what did I behold? The author himself says of his own book—"La mere en défendra la lecture a sa fille." The Princess was, therefore, quite right, and I flung aside the book with horror, and a beating of my heart which has not yet left me.

The Warsaw physicians have ordered the Princess to take exercise on horseback while in the country, as being exceedingly wholesome for her.

She laughs at the prescription, and refuses to follow it; but the Prince, who does not understand ridiculing the orders of physicians, has purchased a lovely mare, gentle as a lamb, and with it a very easy and safe saddle. Still, my aunt refuses ever to mount it, and has compromised the matter, by consenting to ride a donkey twice daily round the garden-walks. I, who fear nothing, have a most immoderate desire to try this mare that the Princess rejects, and ventured to mention it yesterday; but she would not hear of my riding, and scolded me for a long while, saying, with an air of great severity, that it was "the most unbecoming exercise in the world for a young lady." I must submit, and I do so with great regret.

The castle seems more lively; great numbers of visitors come from the towns and neighbourhood, to pay their respects to the Palatine. All this ought to amuse me, but it does not for one instant withdraw my thoughts from their late interests. Among the guests is Michel Chronowski, so changed, poor fellow! The Prince Palatine, at my father's recommendation, sent him to study for the bar at Lublin, and he is said to exhibit considerable talent; but he is grown so thin and pale, and is so bowed down, and looks like a very old man, with his face, that used to be so round and merry-looking, all drawn into wrinkles. He has not danced once since Barbara's wedding. Mazurkas and Krakowiaks are no more for *him*; but their place is supplied by processes and pleadings, and all the tiresome phraseology of the law. He questions all things, and reasons upon every thing; and requires those he converses with to be so precise as is very troublesome. In fact, he has become totally uninteresting! To compensate for his dulness, there is another visitor here, whom I find very amusing—Prince Martin Lubomirski, cousin-german to the Prince Palatin, but much younger than he; I met him frequently at Warsaw. The Princess, who is extremely satirical, and very seldom praises any one, finds many faults with him, but I do like him nevertheless. The estate of Janowiec belongs to him, and he has pressing invited us to go and spend some time with him there, which I think we are likely to do. I shall be very glad to exchange our present life for a visit to his castle, as I find his conversation perfectly well-bred and

agreeable. He is a dear friend of Prince Charles, of whom he speaks with great enthusiasm. He duly appreciates him, and it makes my heart swell with pleasure to hear him well spoken of.

From the Castle of Janowiec, 1st of May.

Here we have been for two days, and Prince Martin declares that we must make a long stay with him now, which I, for one, shall not raise any objection to, for all at Janowiec pleases me infinitely more than any thing at Opolé. No one can be more hospitable or agreeable as a host than the Prince. His generosity is unbounded; and the Princess Palatin says, that he *sows* gold, as if he expected the earth to reproduce it for him. At present he is making an avenue which is to traverse an immense forest, close to the castle. From the windows of my room, I see hundreds of workmen felling trees, of a height and size that looks as if they had stood untouched since the creation! This avenue is to terminate in a pavilion, at which they seem to work with astonishing rapidity; for each morning the sum of the preceding day's increase is little short of miraculous. The Prince has caused workmen to be brought from Warsaw, and I know not how many parts of Poland, to labour at these works. They receive double pay daily; and he has laid a bet with the Prince Palatin, that the whole will be finished within one month, which bet he seems very likely to win. The country abounds in small game, but he has sent in all directions, to procure elks and bears to inhabit this vast park. What can be his motive in using such extraordinary expedition in all his preparations!

I never was at any place which pleases me so much as Janowiec. The position of the castle is charming; elevated as it is on a great hill overlooking the Vistula. Its architecture may be traced to the remotest antiquity. The views from it are of immense extent, stretching so far as to include the granaries of Kazimierz and Pulawy, which belong to the Princess Czartoryski. The apartments are of great size, numerous, and furnished gorgeously, but the most perfect amongst them is, in my opinion, my cabinet de travail. I have little difficulty in imagining myself a heroine of romance, since I inhabited it, placed as it is, the topmost room of the highest tower in a castle, which

stands many thousand feet above the level of the surrounding country. It is lighted by three windows, each facing a totally different landscape, but all perfectly enchanting pictures. I sit most frequently at the window which faces the new avenue, and watch the pavilion, which rises as if by the hands of the fairies. The pannels of my cabinet are ornamented with pictures, that represent Olympus, and the Prince said to me as he installed me in this apartment, "*a Venus alone was wanted, and you come to complete the heavenly group!*"

Sunday, 3rd of March.

Never, in all my life, have I risen so early. Three o'clock has just struck by the castle clock, and I am already scribbling! Before day I took a walk in the long corridor of the castle, and am not able to compose myself to rest, so I shall betake myself to my journal. Prince Martin has followed the instructive custom of our ancestors, and furnished a gallery with portraits of distinguished individuals, and pictures of all the events connected with the glory of the Lubomirski family. He brought a great artist from Italy to execute the pictures, and gave him, as his assistant, a person profoundly versed in the annals of the Lubomirski family, and in the history of our country in general. After much discussion and long deliberation, this project was executed, as attested by the inscription, in the year 1756. The Princess Palatine considers it much to be regretted that those pictures are in fresco, and not painted in oils, which would have rendered them more permanent and possible to remove. Whatever may be their future fate, for the present the effect is truly magnificent. Yesterday, Prince Martin and the Prince and Princess Palatine gave me an outline of the history of each picture, and to-day I have risen thus early and brought my journal to the gallery, that I may, while their details are fresh in my memory, transcribe a few of them for future recollection.

At the four corners of the gallery are the arms of the Lubomirski family, (Srzeniawa,) received on occasion of a battle gained by one of their ancestors, on the banks of the river Srzeniawa, near Cracow. The first picture represents the division of property between the three brothers,—a division which was made in the reign of Wladislas First, and signed Feb. 1088. Most of the other pictures are

portraits of women, illustrious for some good action, and men, distinguished in the various careers, civil, military, political, and religious, especially during the reigns of Sigismund Third, John Kasimir, John Third, and Sobieski. There are many portraits of Barbara Tarlo, through a marriage with whom the Janowiec estate came into the family of Lubomirski. The whole series terminates with a picture, the history of which much interested me. A winter sky and forest of leafless trees are represented, and on the foreground a furious bear is dragging to the ground a stout Heyduke, while a beautiful young woman, in a hunting dress, appears just coming behind the bear and discharging a pistol into his ear. The history of this picture is, that a princess, who was passionately fond of the chase, was returning from hunting one day, in a sledge, attended by only one Heyduke, when a furious bear burst upon them. The horse, fearfully frightened, overturned the sledge, and both lady and servant must have perished, had it not occurred to the generous Heyduke to save the life of his mistress at the expense of his own. Pronouncing these words, "Protect my wife and children!" he flung himself between her and the monster; but the heroic princess, just as the bear had secured the man in his deadly embrace, fired a shot into each ear, and the beast fell dead at her feet,—thus saved she the life of her devoted servant.

There are signs of life and sounds of many voices in the castle, and I must steal back, on tip-toe, to my room, as it is five o'clock, and some one may come this way and catch me scribbling.

Thursday, 14th of May.

We have spent some days at Opolé, but Prince Martin made us promise to return here, and I am once more installed in my pretty apartment. The pavilion is very nearly finished. All the outside work is done, and only a little of the ornamental part remains to be completed. The prince has, therefore, gained his bet, and he spoke to me this morning in terms I cannot quite understand. "All rate at me for the enormous expense I have been at to render these arrangements as perfect as possible, but I shall have a recompense which would be worth any outlay, and to *you* I shall owe it." Ei-

ther I myself am, or those around me are perfectly mad!

16th of May.

Who could ever have expected such happiness! The Prince Royal is arrived—is here, and once more I see him, hear him, live in his presence! The pavilion, park, and all, are for him and for me—for all now know that he loves me; and it is to give him the pleasure of being with me that this pretext has been used to draw him to Janowiec.

I bless the accident of his arriving at night, for, had our first meeting taken place by daylight, my blushes, my trembling limbs, and the palpitation, which took away my breath, must have been visible to all, and betrayed my presumptuous passion to the whole world.

Until now I have feigned not to understand his words, and I try, with all my power, not to let what passes in my mind be seen too plainly by him: but how shall I be able to preserve such self-command when I shall see him daily and hourly? Painful as is the effort of wearing a perpetual mask, I must make it; but, despite my utmost vigilance, I fear my heart will speak in my eyes, in my voice, in the very coldest word I can force myself to utter. God inspire me with discretion and courage to acquit myself properly in this difficult position; but at present I do not know how to determine on any thing connected with the future. I don't know whether I ought to abandon myself to the guidance of my heart or of my judgment. Alas! my judgment! What does it tell me but to fear the *worst*, and what light does it give for my guidance, but that which shows me perils and humiliations connected with even the most brilliant realization of my hopes, and withdraws me with a hand which I feel to be that of truth, from a thousand happy dreams that, while I indulge in them, I *know* to be delusions. If I could only confide in any one! If I could find in my aunt a confidant and friend! But no! my attachment for her is hedged round with such profound respect that I find it impossible to confess to her what she would term contemptible weakness. She perpetually drops expressions that chill any project I might entertain of opening my heart to her, for she blames the character of the prince at all opportunities, and pities the woman who be-

comes attached to him. But why do I murmur thus, when I can hourly apply for aid to Him who is all-powerful to assist. Oh, would that the Abbé Baudoin were here! for henceforth every hour will bring with it fresh trials.

The Prince Royal will make a long stay, and is to be joined by his brothers, who are coming for a hunting party.

—
18th of May, Evening.

I am the happiest of human beings! The most favoured by God! Blessed beyond—oh, so far beyond my most sanguine hopes! I, Française Krasinska, who am not of the blood royal, am yet chosen to be the prince's wife, Duchess of Courland, and, in all probability, one day Queen of Poland.

He loves me,—loves me beyond all human beings; beyond his father,—beyond all his worldly advantages;—forgets the inequality of our conditions—forgets all but that he loves me! Do I dream? Is it true, that after dinner I took a long walk, *alone*, with Prince Charles, in the park? But this was caused by an accident which occurred to my aunt. Going up the steps of the pavilion she slipped, and hurt her foot, which obliged her to stay within when all the rest of the party went to take the air in the park. Generally her vigilance is unparalleled. She never leaves my side for an instant; but, being unable to stir from the sofa to-day, we walked out without her, and on the way, Prince Martin having stopped to show some object to the other princes, Prince Charles took my arm and said that he preferred to walk on. For some minutes he was silent, which surprised me in one so generally fluent; but at last he asked me if I persisted in refusing to understand the reason of his visit to Janowiec? With a faint attempt at my usual dissimulation I said that no doubt he was induced to come by the prospect of fleet hunting in Prince Martin's vast and well-stocked forests and parks.

"No, Française, it was for *you*. To be near you, in whose presence alone I feel happy. To demand, in fact, if you will consent to make my life henceforth blest, by becoming my wife?"

"Is it possible, Prince," said I, "that you can thus forget your rank, and the throne that awaits you? Your father and your subjects will expect

from you that you wed only with the daughter of a king."

"You, Française, you are my queen. Your charms first made a conquest of my senses; and your candour and sensibility of character endear you to my heart. Before I knew you, I was accustomed to find all the women I met load me with gross flattery, and make me the object of coquetry; but you, who, I trust, love me more than any, are the soul of modesty. To adore you, without losing all hopes of return, one must guess at your inmost heart, which can only be done when long intimacy gives a thorough knowledge of your character. The first throne in Europe would be embellished by your occupying it; and, if I desire to be king, it is only that I may place a crown upon a brow so worthy of it."

My surprise and happiness took from me all power of utterance. At this moment Prince Martin and the Prince Palatine approached us.

"I make you witnesses of my oath," said he: "I swear never to have any other person for my wife but Française Krasinska. Circumstances require secrecy in this matter for the present, so you both shall alone know of my happiness and my love. He who betrays me shall henceforth be regarded in the light of my bitterest enemy."

The princes made humble salutations, and expressed themselves highly honoured by the confidence of their royal master, promising to guard his secret religiously; then, in passing me they murmured—

"You are worthy of all the honors and happiness that can befall mortal!" and they disappeared.

I remained for some minutes silent, and without the power of stirring, but the prince was so tender, so persuasive, and so encouraging, that I presently found myself confessing to him, that I had long loved him,—a confession that I hope may be without great blame, when it is made to a person pledged to be one's future husband. On thinking over all I have written, I could go on for ever doubting if all this happiness and glory can be real—in fact, imagining that I must be the victim of some delusion, so much beyond the possibility of human events does my present position appear—so much greater my happiness than ever was enjoyed by any one but an angel in heaven! And yet it is quite true. This very ring on my finger attests that I am the betrothed of Prince

Charles. Barbara gave me a ring, made in the form of a serpent, the emblem of eternity, and the Prince Royal had one made exactly similar, with the words "For ever" engraved on it. This he placed on my finger, taking mine in exchange. This circumstance I must keep secret. Alas! Barbara and my parents are ignorant of all. My parents have not blessed these rings! It is not my father who has promised me to my lover,—my mother has not given me her tender blessing. In spite of all my happiness I am wretched when I think of these things. Alas! all the points of my position considered, will the time ever come when mine will be other than a tearful happiness?

Monday, May 25:

I have written, and it appears to me that I have said nothing. Eight days have elapsed without committing my thoughts to paper, because I cannot think of any fitting form of words in which to describe what I feel. I am happy; and language, so rich in the eloquence of sorrow, is powerless when such bliss as mine is to be pictured.

Last week I took up my pen frequently, but presently laid my journal aside, for I found a perpetual repetition of the same sentiments; and when my poor head would strive to arrange words, my heart wandered off into a thousand fond hopes and dreams. Now a new terror seizes my mind, and I *can* write.—If he should cease to love me.

On Thursday last the Princes Clement and Albert arrived, and since then there have been daily hunting parties. This day, my waiting-maid tells me, they depart. My terror is, lest he depart also.

For eight days I have been the happiest of human beings. Not a shadow of fear has troubled my heart, and my duties, as lady of the house, (for since the princess's accident I have represented her,) have not left me a moment's leisure; but now this news that my maid communicates fills me with terror. My God! if he should go away too! What desolation! To what end should I awake in the morning! To what purpose dress with care, since he would be no longer present to see me! Without his presence life will be an intolerable burden. I grow faint, and must open the lattice. It is six o'clock, and already

I see a white handkerchief, which flutters in the air from his pavilion,—his mode of making a morning salutation. Ah, I recognise his favourite *chasseur*, whom he sends to a hot-house, four miles from hence, to bring me, each morning, a bouquet of the finest exotics. How foolish and unjust I am thus to disquiet myself. He is still here. No one has announced his departure, and he will remain, no doubt, a long time. I shall, then, know some days of happiness yet.

May 27th:

I hoped too much,—he is going away, and the remembrance of the past is all that I shall have to console me for the weary days to come. *Console* me! Such remembrances will embitter all the future. I knew that Monday was a day of ill omen. From the moment my maid told me of the prince's departure all has gone wrong! The *chasseur* who brought me the bouquet announced to me, in the prince's name, that he was obliged to depart;—that he has invented a thousand excuses to be permitted to remain for three days after his brother's departure. Those three days expire to-morrow, and he leaves me to-day. He must go. The king has sent an *estafette* ordering his instant return. In half an hour he leaves, and I know not when we shall meet again. Ah me, how wretched I feel!

Sunday, 7th of June, 1780.

Fifteen days since the prince left me. He sent two expresses, and in his envelopes to the prince he slipped two billets for me. But what is a letter! The incomplete expression of a thought; and, in that case, can a hundred pages of writing stand in the place of ten minutes' interview? He kindly left me his portrait, which all here find the best resemblance in the world,—but to me it is an inanimate canvas. His features are there, but not his expression. Oh, how different and how superior the image of him graven upon my heart!

All consolation is refused me, for I do not reply to his letters. I imposed this penance on myself. It seems to me that my hand would become fixed as marble if, without the knowledge and consent of my aunt, my eldest sister, or my parents, I was to write to my lover. The Prince Royal pressed me much upon this subject, but I said to him that he should not receive let-

ters from me, except as his wife. It was really a painful sacrifice, but God will, I trust, give me grace to accomplish it. The hours hang heavy upon me since his departure. At first I did all things by chance, like a fool. I could not remain still for ten minutes together, or set my mind seriously to any occupation. The princess's illness requiring all my attention, however, restored me to some presence of mind, for the accident to her foot, though trifling at first, being neglected, has become very serious, and so very great was the degree of fever, that for three days her life was in danger. No words can describe the anguish I suffered. Not for a parent or sister should I have grieved more. I scarcely once gave a thought to the Prince Royal, and what I should scarcely have believed possible, I no longer regretted his absence; for, had he been here, I could not have devoted every hour of my time, and every thought of my heart to my aunt. The idea of her death afflicted me beyond all things; for, in spite of the persuasions of Prince Charles and Prince Lubomirski, I feel my conduct towards her grievously culpable in withholding from her my confidence while I remain under her protection. I hope to atone for all my disingenuousness towards her one of those days, by throwing myself at her feet, and confessing all; but when death menaced her, I felt as if it came for a judgment on me, by removing her beyond all possibility of hearing my confession, and that I should, in the event of her death, be delivered up to eternal remorse. But now another fear takes possession of my mind. My parents are very advanced in years; if I should lose them before I have revealed all to them!—Oh! it is not possible to express the anguish this thought gives me. God sees fit to try me with many troubles, but to-day deigns to grant me a ray of comfort, for the doctors pronounce my aunt quite out of danger, and I have received good accounts of my parents' health from Maleszow.

If the king granted his free consent to my marriage with his son, I could not be more pleased than when my aunt's improved state of health was announced, after the doctors had visited her.

Good God! if I thus suffer, what must be the state of the prince's mind, who deceives his father and his king, and offends him in both relations by

cherishing a love that he certainly—ah, too certainly!—never will consent to crown. Why did these reflections not occur to me until after his departure? Why did I not show him the abyss into which he is about to precipitate himself? I was then intoxicated with happiness, and blinded to all the consequences; but now there is no one's position which does not appear in my eyes preferable to mine. And yet, with what earnestness have I desired this love, which is likely to prove so fatal to the happiness of both the Prince Royal and myself. Oh, happy sister! if, like you, I had loved one of my own rank, like you, I should be contented: but no, I was always ambitious, and the prince's rank dazzled me. How merciful is our heavenly Father in hiding the future from our view with an impenetrable veil! May he pardon my errors more easily than I can excuse them to myself!

I have been half an hour absent from the princess, but must now return to her, for she cannot bear me out of her sight for a moment, and I feel that being useful to her is the only happiness I can now enjoy.

At the Castle of Opolé, June 19:

The health of the princess being entirely re-established, we have been for three days here. I have quitted Janowiec with regret, for there all spoke of *him*. He tells me dismal news in his last letter. That he is obliged to depart immediately for his Duchy of Courland, there to spend two months. Two months! what centuries! We have had many visitors, among others, the Bishop of Kamieniec, Adam Krasinski, who being come from Warsaw, speaks, in common with all others, of the sad alteration in the Prince Royal. That he flies all society, and is looking so pale and sad as gives his father and all his friends serious uneasiness. And I am the cause of those sufferings to Prince Charles! Ah! what cruel anguish are his sufferings to me! They say, also, that I am changed—looking very ill, and the poor dear princess attributes my paleness and low spirits to the fatigue I endured while she was ill. Her expressions of gratitude and affection cut me to the heart. When shall I be in peace with my conscience!

Saturday, July 11.

A ray of happiness has shone upon me, and disappeared like a flash of

lightning! On Wednesday last the Prince Royal quitted Warsaw, as if for Courland, and having sent his equipage on before, northwards, he took the road to the south, which led here. His suite awaited him at Bialystok, and he was obliged to travel night and day to prevent suspicion. His visit was so short that it seems only like a dream. To gain admittance to the castle he assumed the disguise of his chasseur; and in this dress no one would have recognised him. No one knew of his coming but the Prince Palatine. He repeated all his passionate assurances of adoration, and restored to my heart all its dearest hopes. Had he not done so I should have been dead before three months, which is now the shortest period fixed for his stay at Mittau. Three months! What a number of days, and hours, and minutes in three months!

September 3d, Thursday:

Nearly two months have elapsed, and no entry in my journal! But time passes whether spent in happiness or misery. As to my days, they pass in sadness and monotony; but they have passed, and my hours of happiness approach. To-day I was delighted to observe autumn tints on the trees. The sight seemed to advance my happiness a whole month. To-morrow we depart for Warsaw.

A very unpleasant incident has happened to disturb my repose, if repose it can be called which is only a stagnation of life. A most brilliant marriage has been offered to me, and my aunt, who, since my attendance upon her sick bed, loves me tenderly, after arranging all matters with my parents and the Bishop of Kraminiec, happened to think of consulting me. I had to endure her anger, her reproaches, and, worst of all, allusions full of gall, which she threw out respecting the Prince Royal. To conciliate my parents, I wrote them the humblest letter of excuse I could frame; and received from my mother a reply, written evidently in sorrow, but without any expression of reproach. It concluded with this reflection: "Parents who voluntarily consign their children to any other guardianship than their own, must resign themselves to seeing them become disobedient and self-willed."

My dear, dear mother! to think thus of me! She then closes with her blessing, and an assurance that my fa-

ther forgives me. Oh! if ever I arrive at being Princess Royal, how dearly will my happiness and grandeur have been purchased.

Warsaw, 22d of Sept.

We have been for some days at Warsaw; and with great hope and delight I find myself here, for I shall often see the Prince Royal. His last letter assures me that he will return on the first of October, so I have only eight days to wait. Eight days of endurance,—for really my present existence is barely enduring life. I have lost all interest in any but one subject. My toilette, formerly a source of amusement, is become a perfect fatigue to me. Visits, balls, and all the shapes in which society is presented to me are alike uninteresting, and even displeasing; for each person I meet seems to me a severe judge, and to observe me either with blame or pity. I dread my own sex most. They are seldom indulgent, because never disinterested, and they as little like the happiness of another woman as they like her beauty or agreeability. Yesterday, with what cruelty Madame—but I hate her name,—questioned me, and seemed to enjoy my confusion. I was ready to cry, and she—her whole countenance was lighted up with pleasure. Before fifty people she vented upon me a thousand spiteful sneers for what she termed my triumph; what I feel a joy too sacred to be named even to my nearest and dearest relatives. The Prince Palatine, who is always ready to stand forth as my advocate, saw what I suffered, and came to my assistance. This excellent man! How I do love him! He would be all to me, could he but understand and sympathize with anything but mirth; but when I am ready to weep at the forebodings of my mind, he laughs at me, and calls me a silly child!

Thursday, Oct. 1.

He is come! I have seen him, and yet I am not completely happy. He was surrounded by a crowd, and when it would have been my delight to have flown far into the court of the palace to meet him, I was chained to a respectful distance, and made him a salutation with an air of proper dignity, when he approached me, after formally saluting the princess and other elderly people of rank present. But he *is* come, and I will hope for more satisfactory interviews.

Tuesday, 2d October.

How joyful are the words I am about to write, and how blest is the maiden who, with her heart, promises her hand to the beloved of her soul, for life. The 4th of November being the prince's birthday, he has made me consent that our union should take place on that day. His prayers and tears have softened my heart, (already too well disposed to listen to his entreaties,) and the Prince Palatine, also, joined in the request, so I yielded to all he required; but now while I write, I am afraid—almost sorry! And yet, how could I do otherwise. He was so happy—looked so radiant with pleasure, and flung himself at my feet with such a devoted air to thank me. He entreated that our marriage should be a profound secret, for some time, from every creature, the prince being the sole witness; but to this arrangement I did venture a very decided opposition, and threatened to retire to a convent, and become a nun, sooner than take such a step unknown to my parents. He yielded his consent, (gentle and good as he is,) and I write to my parents, he adding a postscript.

At first I was grateful to him for this permission, but on cool reflection I am offended. Ought he not to be the person to apply to my parents? Is it not so in all cases? Alas, yes! when one weds with her equal. It is a prince—a prince of the blood-royal, who *condescends* to wed with me—I must accept his hand as a favour. This consideration has become so painful to me that I positively think I would hazard all and retract, but that I have given my solemn promise.

I must now write to my parents, and avow all those feelings which I have so long kept concealed from them. Oh! how guilty they will think me! I have refused my confidence to the best of mothers; have failed in respect and duty to the most indulgent of fathers. Oh God, inspire me with words likely to conciliate them! Give me courage! No culprit was ever more afraid of her judge than am I at this present moment, while I prepare myself for this task.

Thursday, 22d October.

The prince's confidential valet has this moment set out for Maleszow. I think my letter well enough, but the prince blames it as being too humble; and I, in my secret heart, find his postscript too royal. I was on the point

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of telling him so, but the Prince Palatine prevented me. What will be their reply? Perhaps they will refuse their consent. Strange to say, for some days I feel an increased sense of dignity, or perhaps self-respect, which makes the prince's proceedings towards them far from satisfactory.

If nothing happens to prevent my marriage, I am very anxious that the clergyman at Maleszow should bestow on me the nuptial benediction. The Prince Palatine promises to arrange it so for me. He would be a sort of representative of my parents, and thus would give it a shadow of propriety. Barbara's marriage perpetually occurs to me. I thought her desires but little enlarged when she said to me, "Try and be as happy as I am." Oh, her amount of happiness is immense when compared with mine.

Wednesday, October 28.

The answer of my parents is arrived. They bestow upon me their benediction, and offer ardent prayers for me; but the feeling their letters testify is not so tender as what they evinced for Barbara at the time of her marriage. The Prince Royal expected to get a letter from them, but they have not written. He is evidently piqued, and spoke aside to the Prince Palatine about the inordinate pride of those Polish noblemen.

I feel much more tranquil since my parents have become acquainted with my secret, and feel as if my heart was delivered of a frightful weight. They consent to preserve the secret of our marriage until whatever period the prince may see fit to publish it. They seem much surprised; but my mother's letter contains one sentence which profoundly touched me. "If you are unhappy," she writes, "I shall not be responsible; if happy, (and I shall ever pray earnestly that happy you may be,) I shall rejoice; but still, however, regretting that I could not contribute to your being so." These words are almost illegible, for I have effaced them with my tears!

The curate of Maleszow will be here eight days hence, and directly after his arrival the marriage will take place. The Prince Palatine is getting ready some indispensable papers, and, up to this time, there is not the slightest suspicion awakened. When Barbara was married there was no concealment; on the contrary, all the neighbouring noblemen and gentry were advertised of

the event to take place, while I—but I should care for nothing if the prince was always by me. When he is present, all cares are forgotten, and all the embarrassments of my position sink into insignificance in comparison with the delight of hearing his voice, and beholding his expressive countenance. But often whole days pass without my seeing him, and then all the griefs I have ever known, or can anticipate for the future, press upon my heart. He fears awakening the king's suspicions—or still more those of the minister, Brühl. He avoids me in public, and comes much seldomer to the Prince Palatine's residence. I must submit to the cruel necessities of the position I have so earnestly coveted.

Yesterday, at Madame Moszynska's soirée, I accidentally overheard a conversation which was most painful to me. A gentleman said to his neighbour,—

"How terribly altered is the Starostine Krasinska."

"That is not surprising," was the reply. "The poor young creature is passionately in love with Prince Charles; and he, you know, is proverbially fickle. One pretty lady after another receives his devoted attention, until (which is not a very long period) he wearies of her, and now he has no eyes but for the Countess Potocka."

I am quite sure that he feigns admiration of other ladies, the better to conceal what he feels towards me; notwithstanding which, I trembled so that I was near fainting. It is so humiliating to be the subject of such comments, and so every way painful! If I had any creature to confide in—to demand counsel of—but my maid is silly as a goose, and has not a second idea! The Prince Palatine has sent to the south of Siskuania, and in a few days I shall have as my companion a married lady, of good birth, and elderly. In the meantime I have no one to consult as to my toilette de nocé. In my distress for advice I applied to the Prince Palatine on this subject, who replied, "Be attired exactly as you are every day."

What a strange destiny is mine! I am making the most brilliant marriage in all Lithouania, and the daughter of my shoemaker would have a wedding and a trousseau that I might well envy.

—
Warsaw, Thursday, 4th November,

My fate is sealed! I am the wife of the Prince Royal. We have sworn

eternal faith and love! He is mine—mine only! We were obliged to hurry through the ceremony fearing discovery which mingled much pain with my happy feelings. * * * * For eight days preceding the marriage I did not even see the Prince Royal. He feigned illness and did not leave his room. To-day he refused to appear at the dinners of the Prince Primate, and ambassadors, and even the ball given by the grand general of the crown. His supposed illness was a sufficient pretext for his absence. My former femme de chambre has left, and yesterday her successor arrived, who swore upon the crucifix to guard the strictest secrecy respecting all she should see or hear.

At five o'clock, this morning, the Prince Palatine knocked at my door. I had been up and dressed for two hours; we took our departure in profound silence. At the door we were joined by Prince Charles, and Prince Martin Lubomirski. The morning was dark, windy, and dreadfully cold. We proceeded on foot to the church of the Carmelites, it being the nearest, where the good old curate awaited us at the foot of the altar. The church was fearfully gloomy; two wax tapers shed a dim uncertain light just where we stood, and all beyond was darkness and silence among the tombs. The ceremony did not last ten minutes, and we fled the church the instant it concluded as if we had been committing a crime. The Prince Royal brought us back, though Prince Martin strongly advised his returning from the church to the palace; he was very sad at parting from me.

The only alteration I ventured to make in my dress was putting a sprig of rosemary in my hair. When dressing I wept bitterly at recalling Barbara's toilette de nocé, for I had no mother to be busy about me and to prepare the duckat, the bread, the salt and sugar, that the bride ought to wear. When leaving I forgot them totally.

I am now alone in my room. No friends wish me joy, no parents bless me, all is silent as the grave around me for all are yet sleeping. Ah! how sad I feel! were it not for this ring I wear on my finger (and which I cannot now take off and hide from all eyes) I could not persuade myself that I am married to my beloved Prince Charles, and yet feel so sad!

—
Sulgostow, Monday, 24th December:

I used to think that when I married

I should cease to write in my journal. That I should possess a friend—another self, who would be the depository of all my thoughts, “Why need I write,” thought I, “when I can tell all to Prince Charles?” But all things concur to separate me from my beloved husband, and it seems to me that writing my thoughts of him is making some approach to conversing with him. I am pursued by so pitiless a fate—I am persecuted by so much ill fortune, that I now seriously and sadly doubt if it will ever be permitted to me to conquer the combination of adverse circumstances that are ranged against me, ever to enjoy that intimate communion that is accorded to all other married persons, but which would be, in my case too much felicity, too near an approach to the bliss of heaven, ever to be hoped for by mortal.

These last few days have been so replete with fearful agitations that I am grateful to my heavenly father for preserving my senses to me! The Princess Palatine has driven me forth from her house and rejected me as unworthy of her future notice. I, Française Krasinska, have been thus treated! I have taken refuge at Sulgostow with my sister. On arriving I called Barbara and her husband and said to them—

“Take pity on me! I am innocent! I am indeed! I am the wife of Prince Charles.”

My poor sister, to whom these exclamations appeared the ravings of insanity, called her woman to help in restoring me to reason. I calmed her fears, and to-day I confided to her ready sympathy all my sorrows.

I must try to write all that has befallen me, and if God permits me to be happy one of those days I shall ever keep this record of my feelings and sufferings to serve the purpose of reminding me of the price I have paid for the attainment of my wishes.

Six weeks had elapsed since the day of our marriage and no one entertained the slightest suspicion of it. The Prince Royal went no where under pretext of delicate health, and the Princess Palatine arranged our interviews. But eight days since the Prince was announced in the saloon. It was the first time I had seen him since our marriage in presence of a third person, and I was not sufficiently guarded in my looks and behaviour. The Princess saw all, and when the Prince Royal left, she rated me severely for what she was

pleased to term my coquetry and folly. I could not support this injustice and imprudently answered that no one had any right to accuse me when I was acquitted by my own conscience. Next day the Prince came again, and there was no possibility of mistaking the Princess's manner towards him, for she took no trouble to conceal her displeasure, and was brusque to the very verge of rudeness. Prince Charles, occupied entirely with me, took no notice, and I verily believe never observed her manner. Not being able to obtain a private interview that day he had written to me, and, in pretending to play with the strings of my workbag, he slipped in the note. The Princess saw it, and the moment he was gone seized my bag, and possessed herself of my letter which was addressed “To my Love.” Never can I attempt to pourtray her fury—her indignation; but how I survive the scene that followed is astonishing.

“Your intrigues,” said she, “shall not succeed here—you, the horror, the scandal, the everlasting shame of your family, shall choose some other house than mine wherein to disgrace the mother who had the misfortune to bear you. Already I have taken measures to put a stop to your infamy. Behold the copy of a letter I yesterday sent to the minister Brühl. I tell him that honor is dearer to me than any ties of blood, and that ambition will never blind me to the duty I owe to my king, which in this instance commands me to warn him that the Prince Royal is becoming entangled in a love affair with my niece. I conjured him to cut short its further progress before matters go too far. I proved, at least, that I will be no party to this abomination, and that, if I have been up to this time, remiss, I sinned because I was too confident in the utter impossibility of one of my family disgracing herself! wretch! monster! the King himself, knows of your shame ere now.”

“The King,” I exclaimed in a delirium of fear, “the King, ah! good God! he will discover our marriage, and the Prince will be undone! Ah! do not tell him, or I die at your feet.”

I was beside myself, and avowed in a moment of frenzy all that I had promised to keep secret.

“Married! you his wife!”

This exclamation recalled me to my senses which certainly must have forsaken me when I could be so fatally imprudent—awakened me to a sense

of having in all probability ruined my husband. In the instant I had for reflection I felt there remained but one course—to avow all!

Still on my knees, I implored her to pardon the past, and to keep our secret. Whether she was offended by my tardy avowal, or that she had gone too far to retreat, she remained utterly unmoved, and with a cold and repelling dignity ordered me to rise.

"So proud a lady," said she, "ought not to remain in a position so humiliating, and I beg a thousand pardons for my conduct towards your Royal Highness."

I made an effort to kiss her hand, but she snatched it away and finished by saying that her poor house was quite unworthy to be the residence of a lady of my high rank—of a princess royal—of an independent duchess, and the future queen of Poland—that she would give immediate orders for my removal elsewhere. I struggled with my feelings and am grateful to God that he inspired me with patience, and that I did not, by giving words to my passionate indignation, shew my aunt that I had totally forgotten all her previous goodness to me. With the submission of a child I turned to depart, though I was utterly ignorant of where it was intended I should go, or of who would give me an asylum and protection. I suppose the word *Sulgostow* had been pronounced either by me or the Princess, for the chamberlain who came to take her orders spread through the house that I was going to spend the Christmas at *Sulgostow*. This accident decided my route. Incapable of thinking or acting for myself, I was happy to be spared all trouble and to be led anywhere. In less than two hours all my preparations were made, including a long letter to the Prince Royal, which I confided to the care of my aunt. I walked hither and thither without knowing in the least why I did so. My mind was annihilated! I was put into a carriage with my *femme de chambre*, and the horses set off in a gallop.

When I beheld the walls of *Sulgostow*, I began to consider how I should reveal those surprising tidings to my sister, but once in her presence, my emotion became so great as to deprive me of all command over my speech and feelings. Hence, the conduct which led Barbara to think that I had become delirious. Now she knows all, and we smile at the mistake; but those smiles are but a short-lived forget-

fulness. The two days past have been cruel to endure, for I have had no tidings of any sort from the Prince Royal; I cannot describe my anguish. I neither sleep or eat, I care for nothing, and my health fails rapidly.

Sunday, 30th December.

I have decided on returning to *Malleszow*, where I may, perhaps, be happier than here. Barbara would accompany me, but the time of her confinement approaches too near, and her husband fears that a journey now would be imprudent.

I have received a letter from the Prince Royal, full of tenderness. He is in despair at my departure, and irritated to the last degree against the Princess, my aunt. He does not think *Brühl* has told the King.

I wish to leave here as soon as possible. The happiness I witness—this sweet and peaceful union of two beings who love as do my sister and her husband—this well organised establishment, these delicate and unceasing attentions of the Starost to his adored wife, all these hourly recurring proofs of domestic felicity, pierce my heart by the contrast they afford to my own utter loneliness! Barbara's little girl is perfectly lovely and engaging, and its father plays with it continually, and cannot bear it out of his sight. My parents write continually letters full of solicitude about her and her child. Happy Barbara! to whom life is a continual fête. May God long preserve to her the happiness she enjoys. It is my only consolation in my misery.

Perhaps, I shall be more tranquil, when once more with my parents. Their pardon will be sweet to receive, I will commence the new year with them. I used to be so happy at *Malleszow*.

Castle of *Malleszow*, 5th January, 1761.

I have been here for two days, but I think I shall shortly return to *Sulgostow*. I am unhappy every where, and so restless that any other place seems to me preferable to wherever I happen to be at the moment. My marriage was brilliant when contemplated at a distance, but is very miserable in reality. My parents received me and treat me kindly, but one circumstance, apparently a trifle not worth mentioning, is a source of great misery to me. I have no money! I have not brought the smallest present to my sisters, or to the people at the castle. When

with the princess Palatine, I never needed any as she provided for all my expenses; but now I find the hourly want of it a grievous humiliation, and I would sooner die than ask for it from my husband or my parents. When Barbara returned from her convent she brought to each individual some present, but she was not at her return to her family, like me, crushed beneath a load of grief. She came amongst us rosy, happy, and joyous as a bird. She had been thinking only of those at home during her absence, and had supplied the want of money by working with her own hands, little souvenirs, when she was not rich enough to buy them. But I—disquieted, agitated, mooping about from morning till night, without any interest in anything or any one present—knowing no change of mind but from intense grief to intense fear, dreading the arrival of every messenger from Warsaw. Hoping nothing! oh what a difference! among my dreams, when I used to view my present position as wife of the Prince Royal from a distance, a favourite one was to picture my first visit to home after my marriage. I travelled with the train of a queen, and not an individual was forgotten in the distribution of my favours. What a contrast between my wishes, and the reality!

When I saw my parents my first impulse was to fling myself at their feet, but my father prevented me, and treating me as a stranger, and thinking of me only as Princess Royal, he made me a profound reverence. Every time I enter the saloon he rises and never sits near me. I found my first dinner in company with my family intolerably cold and ceremonious. My mother looked uneasy, and made me a thousand apologies for setting before me only the usual fare, and my father said in an under voice, I should like to have a bottle of wine from Françoise's hog-head at this your first dinner here after your marriage; but custom requires that the father drinks the first goblet and the husband the second—did we infringe this custom it would be a bad omen. I could neither speak nor eat, and my father made signs to little Matthew to say something witty; but nothing more plainly shows me how much I am altered than that *his* fun falls on my ear without producing the least effect towards engaging my attention.

While I wrote these lines my mother entered the room with a load of jewels,

satins, and blonde, laying them on my bed she said,

"I present you with part of the trousseau I destine for my daughters, and would have added many other things but fear they would not be rich enough for your acceptance. I have consulted with my husband and he has decided on selling two villages that he may have means to purchase a trousseau worthy of a bride who makes so illustrious an alliance—this is to take place when your marriage is published."

Drowned in tears I was flinging myself into her arms, but she prevented me, coldly asking a thousand pardons for the small value of the presents she was able to make me. I purpose leaving here on the day after to-morrow, for I suffer beyond bearing. My younger sisters, madame, the courtiers, all comment openly upon the change they see in me, and ask, why I am not married? and why there seems to be no idea of seeking an alliance for me? The girls I promised to take into my service came to me, and old Hyacinth also brought his daughter; but those poor people who relied upon my protection I can do nothing for because I have married the son of a king.

Sulgostow, Thursday, 9th of Jan.

Once more with my dear sister. No letter awaited me from the Prince Royal, which fills me with a thousand apprehensions. Perhaps he is ill, or the king has heard all, or—but there is no end to the number of my fears. My parents adieux have been made more to my taste than their conduct while I remained their guest. At parting all their former tenderness seemed renewed, and I found their sympathy very soothing. The good old priest held with me much discourse before leaving, and I felt calm and resigned.

Tuesday, 15th Jan. 1

For the last three days I have had to endure further persecution. Just as we were sitting down to table a horn sounded to announce the arrival of a visitor, and in a few minutes the folding doors were thrown open and the minister, Borch, was announced; I guessed the motive of his visit, and trembled so I could scarcely support myself. Borch, in his usual diplomatic style, affected an easy tone, and during dinner the conversation turned on indifferent subjects; but when the

courtiers had retired he invited me to a private conference, and said,

"Brühl and I are in possession of your secret. Of course, you know we regard this marriage as a joke, a bit of child's play, a marriage made by a priest not belonging to the parish in which it took place, and unknown to the parents of both parties is perfectly null and void; therefore it will directly be broken and without much trouble either."

I was thunderstruck at this announcement made in such a confident tone; but hesitated not a moment, for the low and cunning character of Borch being well known to me I felt that on my conduct in this interview depended my fate for life, and that an exhibition of firmness insures success with those beings who are strong only with the weak.

"Sir," said I, "your ruse has completely failed; your diplomacy and that of Brühl avails nothing where rights such as mine are in question. My marriage is perfectly valid, the consent of my parents blessed it; I hold my rights, therefore, from God, and I shall know how to defend them. The bishop knew of this marriage on which it pleases you to cast the anathema of your irony. The clergyman of my parish performed the ceremony, and two noble witnesses were present. I know that a divorce may be obtained, but only with the consent of both parties concerned. The Prince Royal, my husband, never will consent, neither shall I."

Borch seemed stupefied with astonishment, having counted upon my being a childish creature whom he could dazzle with a few fair promises; but during the two days he remained here he tried to renew the subject continually, and to induce me to sign a renunciation, and finding that I persisted in my refusal, he departed, first, however, asking me, if in the event of the Prince desiring it, I would consent to a divorce.

"Yes," said I, "when you show me a letter to that effect written by the Prince himself."

My chief fear at present is, lest Barbara should be a sufferer as well as myself, her state of health is so precarious and requires so much repose, and who that cares for me can know any peace of mind. Dear Barbara, she is my other self, my guide, councillor, and confidant; and I do believe there is no sacrifice that human friendship could make that she is not capable of.

Alas! neither for myself nor for those who love me, is there peace of mind.

Here ends the journal of Française Krasinska. Henceforth her thoughts and adventures were too replete with poignant anguish, for her to commit them to paper. It was her fate to be gradually disenchanted of all her illusions. She had courage to contend with the injustice of the whole world; but was subdued by the first symptom of indifference from her husband, who, acted upon by various motives of expediency, and influenced by the advice of his father's ministers, soon ceased to care for her. After the departure of Borch, Française remained long at Sulgostow. Barbara Swidzinska already the mother of a daughter, gave birth to a son and the year following to another daughter, to whom she gave the name of Française. The tender care of her family could not console Française for the abandonment of Prince Charles; but from Barbara she continued to receive the fullest sympathy.

Her heart received at a further period an increase of sorrow, in the death of both her parents, who died ere they had bestowed the name of son upon the husband of their daughter. At this time she retired to the convent of the Franciscans at Warsaw, and there Barbara sent her daughter, Angelica, that the presence of this beloved child might reconcile her to existence. She dwelt also at Czestochowa, and at Opole; but every where received strict orders never to publish her marriage. At very distant intervals Prince Charles paid her short visits; but to a soul of passionate devotion like hers, total oblivion would have been preferable to this heartless intercourse kept up by the Prince to satisfy his conscience.

The prophecy of little Matthew was verified to the letter. Prince Charles lost both the ducal crown and the throne of Poland. When Augustus III. died at Dresden (5th of October, 1763) Biren was nominated to the Duchy of Courland, and Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski succeeded to the throne of Poland.

To calm her mind and quiet the sorrowful suspicions of Française, the Prince assured her that fear of his father's displeasure alone prevented his avowing his marriage during his lifetime; but after the king's death several years passed without any change in her position. The Prince continued to live with the royal family at Dres-

den, and Française dwelt apart, still not venturing to assume her rank. The Lubomirski family made vigorous efforts to procure justice for her on this point, and even appealed to Maria Theresa in her behalf. The Prince at last relented, and wrote her a letter of tender entreaty to join him at Dresden. She obeyed, but found neither happiness nor the respect due to her rank. Deprived of the revenue she should have received if acknowledged as one of the royal family, she endured great privations, and was reduced almost to poverty; Maria Theresa, pitying her sufferings, presented her with the estate of Langkorona, near Cracow; but this benefit, bestowed by the hands of a stranger, noway satisfied her ambition, and she finally sunk under an illness brought on by her mental sufferings.

She held a very lively correspondence with her sister, and all the members of her family who remained in Poland. Before her departure for Dresden she thus writes:—

I must depart without seeing you again, which you may guess is a source of much unhappiness to me, my dear sister; but I cannot longer defer going to my husband, who has fixed the day when I must arrive. In his letter he commands that I fail not to be with him by the 5th of January. I must, therefore, write my adieux, instead of pronouncing them, as I should have preferred, in your arms. I return you with all my soul the tender affection you have ever evinced for me. Be assured that wherever I may be, and under whatever circumstances I may be placed, you are, and ever will be, the tenderest object of my affection and gratitude. I go to where I hope to find a little repose—not happiness, for I have been fearfully awakened from the dream that happiness can ever more exist for me. The Elector will neither grant me the title of Princess, nor recognise me as the Prince's wife. He orders that I am to preserve the strictest incognita while in his States. The Prince Royal is truly afflicted; and in the midst of my grief nothing more sensibly afflicts me than that he should suffer from anything connected with me. His health visibly declines. Should we receive any augmentation of pension, I shall pray him to leave Dresden, and establish me in another state near Saxony, where I may communicate easily with him," &c. &c.

In 1776 the Polish Diet assigned considerable pensions to the heirs of Augustus III., and half that of Prince Charles was to revert to his wife, F. Krasinska. During her stay at Dresden she gave birth to a daughter, the Princess Mary, to whose education she devoted all her time and energies; but she did not live to see the result of her care. The sorrows of her mind worked its evil effects on her frame, and she died the 30th of April, 1796, aged 53 years.

Madame Moszynska, who had been the friend of Française during her prosperity, and remained faithfully attached to her amid all her reverses of fortune, thus announces her death to Madame Angelica Gzymanowska, the niece to whom Française and the Prince Royal were sponsors in the Cathedral of Warsaw in 1760:—

Dresden, 8th of June, 1796:

I comply with your request, madame, and hasten to give you some particulars of what has been to me the greatest sorrow of my whole life—the death of the Princess your aunt. She began to feel symptoms of her malady two years since, and experienced then a pain, which, beginning faintly, became violent in her breast. Some physicians declared it to be cancer, while others made light of it as a mere glandular affection. An incision was made, the effect of which was, that she appeared better for a time, but the relief was only temporary, as an external swelling became visible, and she suffered agonies indescribable in her breast, and along the whole length of her arm. She bore all with exemplary patience. She consulted many physicians, all of whom declared her malady hopeless unless she consented to undergo a most painful operation, the result of which must still be uncertain. For the space of 12 weeks she saw no persons but those in immediate attendance on her, and the physicians, who pronounced her sometimes amending, and sometimes worse. At the end of that time fever supervened, which totally exhausted her strength, and symptoms of rapid consumption were developed, under which she sank, and expired with great resignation, and in a heavenly state of mind, on the 30th of April. On examination, after death, the physicians found that she had been suffering from a complication of diseases; and I, who attended her through all her suf-

ferings, know that her ailments of body were much increased by her mental unhappiness. I have not yet had the honour of an interview with her husband ; but report says he is ill, and not likely long to survive his wife.

I entertain the sincerest affection for the Princess Mary, her daughter, who gives all the promise of being a very distinguished and valuable character. Her mother, in dying, recommended her to the care of the Princess Elizabeth (sister to Prince Charles), who has ever interested her-

self warmly in her education, and is much attached to his Royal Highness.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

L. MOSZYŃSKA.

The Prince Royal survived his wife only for the space of a few months, and their daughter, still very young, remained under the guardianship of her aunt, the Princess Elizabeth. When of an age to marry, she espoused Prince Carignan of Savoy, and their descendants at present occupy the thrones of Lombardy and Sardinia.

LAKE'S POEMS.*

Poetry is at all times a venture—there is an uncertainty attending the putting forward of the best specimen of it in the best of times ; and no author, nor publisher, no ! nor critic either can speculate on the reception it will meet with when it appears, farther than that it will be cried down by many. There are two things against it ; one is that there is always something in poetic sublimity, which, in the minds of the unpoetic public, verges on the ridiculous, and may be confounded with it by a little judicious management ; besides on the part of the poet, there is some violence ever done to the natural inclination (unless vanity be very strong) in exposing the *feelings* in public at all, just as it requires some fortitude and strength of nerve to act or sing before a mixed audience, both one and the other requiring a display of something of passion and excitement which is distasteful to the mind just in proportion as these feelings have force from nature, or delicacy from cultivation, in the breast of the exhibitor. Another disadvantage against which the poet has almost invariably to struggle ; and this to some may appear a singular opinion, though our whole literary experience and observation tends to confirm us in it, is, that the public taste in this country, is, and has been, *aye*, and ever will be, *against* poetry, however great the merits of the author and his work may be. This is humiliating, no doubt ; it is an opinion that many will repudiate with indignation, and many pass by with contempt ; but nevertheless it is too true that the nation of shopkeepers are constitutionally averse to rhyme, and look ashamed

if their customers catch them with an epic under their ledger. At the present time, to be sure, there is an outcry raised against it, a sort of anti-poetic agitation, and the tide of temporary feeling unites with the strong national current, bearing off the mind at ten knots from the shores of song ; but that current sets as constantly in one direction as the waters of the Atlantic through the Straits of Gibraltar. The fact is the current remaining the same, the tide *had* flowed a little the other way for a short period during the last generation, and quiet men were betrayed into a sort of unwilling emotion at tropes, figures, images and metaphors, sublimities, and sentimentalisms. Now, however, their eyes are open again ; they blush at their by-gone enthusiasm, and with all the stubborn resolution by which the nation is characterised, determine that it must be something monstrously sublime indeed which shall avail to draw a tear from their eye, or a shilling from their pockets, in the cause or in the purchase of "poetry."

This being the lamentable condition of things as regards the unfortunate maker of rhymes, can we wonder when we see poet after poet torture his nerves into an agony in his closet, during years of brain-compelling toil, then trembling put forth the cherished offspring of his mental life for the notice and approbation of the public, hoping, fondly hoping that it may at least avail to support itself, and perhaps its worn and wasted parent in the decline of his years, and then after all see him forced to receive home the adventurer, buffeted, ridiculed, defamed, to hang a dead

* The Retired Lieutenant, and the Battle of Loncarty.—Poems by John Lake, author of "The Golden Grove," &c. &c. 2 vols, 8vo. London. 1836.

weight upon his heart and hands to the end of his days? Alas! we well know what to look for, when we see the eye of genius glowing with hope and ambition.

"I've marked the youth with talents cursed,
I've watched his eye, hope-lit at first,
Then seen his heart indignant burst
To find his genius scorned."

And as often as we have witnessed that delusive gleam and the deadly disappointment that followed, so often have we "registered a vow" to keep ourselves entirely guiltless of the innocent blood, to wash our hands of all participation in the sacrifice which is doomed to be made in the person of each successive aspirant for the hand of renown—a renown that is more relativity than Atalanta herself.

The poet, whoever he may be, therefore, is safe from us. We have only to leave him and the public to fight it out between them, for we know which will come off conqueror at last. We have no fancy to mutilate what is doomed for destruction, and prefer abandoning untenable poetry peaceably, to blowing it up or dismantling it on withdrawing the garrison of our good opinion. Not but we can, on the proper occasion, administer *corrective* castigation—"spare the rod, and spoil the child"—but we can safely say that, in so doing, our principal object is the good of the culprit, and that the gratification of malice, revenge, or spleen, have never added a single stroke to the sentence of justice. In our opinion, it is in many cases the best way to serve an author, and we have often as fair a claim to thanks on him, as on the public—a claim he would no doubt be ready to allow, if he could only shake off that *Sir Fretful* spirit that sticks so commonly to his craft.

On the other hand, we may as well confess it, our powers for good are now-a-days extremely limited. Whereas, at one time a reviewer had only to direct the public to commend, to ensure success to an author, all he can do now is humbly to produce his specimens, and leave it to his sturdy, self-judging readers to turn the thumb up or down, according as they doom death, or accord life to the gymnast before them. This is perhaps all as it should be, if this same public could only be found fair and impartial in its decisions. But with heads stiffly set against all claimants, ears deaf to the

most cunning charmer, souls averse to music that in old times would have moved stones, mankind, in these days of useful knowledge, steam, and railroads, would do well to take a little advice in matters of taste from those who have leisure to cultivate it, and not condemn what they will not listen to. We do not pretend to say, that the arts will not fall back among antique absurdities by and bye; indeed they have begun to do so already. It is discovered that Nature can be her own artist, as far as form and colour are concerned, and the Royal Academy could scarcely do better than anticipate the fate that awaits it, and like Sardanapalus, collect its treasures in a heap, and commit an act of magnanimous suicide at once, *ut pictura poesis*. This, in the course of things, will extend to the sister arts, and in time, we shall have epics thrown off by a versifying machine, at the rate of so many rhapsodies an hour, while poor poets stand by, like bewildered post-horses at railway station-houses. But while the imperfect old system lasts, and individual labour sweeps along the painful stages of poetry, in the name of justice let respect be paid to the noblest form in which the mental faculty can exercise itself, that form in which the oldest Scriptures, and the sublimest works of human genius have developed themselves; and let the bard, superannuated and blind though he be, be still accommodated with a loose box, and a well-filled rack, by those he has so long and so nobly served.

Now, Mr. Lake, though neither superannuated nor blind, is, in our mind, *a poet*, and as such we lead him out before our readers, with a view of making a fair experiment in his person, how far we have any authority left among them. We allow he is poor, unfriended, and to a certain degree uneducated. He has not the excuse of youth to offer for his faults, nor the hopes of youth to encourage future efforts. He is already past middle age. His poems are the labours—rather, we should say, to his enthusiastic temperament, the recreation—the fruit of his best years. Such as they are, they are what he must stand or fall by; he need never, now, expect to mend his hand. His lot is similar, while his merits are, in our eyes, vastly superior, to Nathaniel Bloomfield's. Moving in humble life, and now peaceably settled many a mile from his native hills, these

poems were conceived, and partially executed during the excitement and adventure of an unusually chequered and adventurous life, and they may claim one merit, perhaps, even superior to Falconer's admirable production, that while they enter into the tone and spirit of the scenes they describe, and the characters they illustrate with surprising concentration and energy of thought; the scenes and characters, instead of being suggested by the realities of the occasion on which they were written, were conceived *in spite* of surrounding interests and associations, and were the creatures almost wholly of imagination and reflection, animated by constant and fervent application to books. Considering the concentration of tone and feeling displayed in the poems before us, we do conceive this to be a merit. *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, quam oculis subjecta fidelibus*, and that imagination must be strong indeed, which can think itself out of active life into fiction, so as to maintain poetic keeping, for any length of time together.

Mr. Lake's life has been one of much adventure, and we have been permitted the perusal of a MS. account of some years of it, by his own hand, which we sincerely hope may not eventually be withheld from the public, so strange are the scenes and situations described, and so simple and strong the mode of describing them.

The volumes before us contain two poems, which differ as widely as the poles asunder. This difference extends to the style, metre, tone, and character, as well as the name and subject. One is simple and domestic, marked by a *Crabbe-like* simplicity—the other, romantic, chivalrous, heroic, modelled on Scott's feudal poetry; and both, as we hope to show, managed with much power and feeling in their several styles.

"The Retired Lieutenant" is a simple narrative of the little incidents which marked the close of the life of a gallant veteran, resting all its interest on the fidelity of its touches to nature, and the pure and affecting moral to be drawn from the whole piece. Halbert Guise had scraped together enough of money, after all his services, to purchase a cottage near an English village, and there he determined to take up his quarters for the rest of his earthly campaign.

"With its appendages, the place
Might occupy an acre's space;

For Halbert, all his battles o'er,
Had conquer'd of the world no more.
Small territory! but alas!
Great Cæsar now inherits less;
And he who lords earth's widest fœu
Will, one day, find a less will do."

He looked for a housekeeper, and at last found one to his mind, "a female blanched by age and cares,"

" 'Tis sure all housewifery she knew;
Could pickle, salt, preserve, and brew;
Tell quantities without the book,
Get linen neatly up, and cook;
Comfort at slender cost induce,
And turn small things to weighty use."

She answered his purpose, it seems, completely,

" And truth it was, she every way
So selvag'd out her master's pay,
And with such luck her thrift was crown'd,
That at his board the veteran found
Of wholesome fare, and frugal cheer,
No stint nor stoppage all the year."

Such a settler was sure to attract notice in the village. Amongst the neighbours, Farmer Goss solicited his friendship, nor was it difficult to obtain it—a few kind offices sufficed: and we find the veteran on a summer's day proceeding on his way to partake of the farmer's rustic hospitality. The description of the homestead, as he approached, will, we think, be pronounced masterly:—

" Warm in a vale with culture gay
The patriarchal dwelling lay;
Its hoary roof, with tufts of moss
Enamell'd, rose, and scarcely rose,
O'er piles of corn, and heaps profound
Of rural stores that hemm'd it round:
Whence barns surcharg'd with winnow'd grains,
Stalls, stables, sties, and copious pens
Rang'd o'er the miry basements, rear
Their russet copes; and to the ear
The lowing ox, the porker's growl,
The screaming goose, and cackling fowl,
And neighing steeds, in various quire,
Proclaimed the rustic burgh entire."

By the farmer our hero was introduced to another neighbour, Mr. Drew—

" The sun had sunk from Walford spire,
And socially, beside their fire,
This ancient trader and his dame
Were talking, days of old their theme;
His greatest trouble, nought to do,
Her's that she could not see to sew;
When, at their gate a ponderous knock
The farmer's blunt arrival spoke."

Guise was presented, and Drew was soon added to the list of his friends

and well-wishers. In every reflection and every sentiment throughout this poem, be it observed in passing, there is a manly and wholesome morality, clothed in homely and plain language, so as to give to the whole piece a species of simple dignity which is not easily conveyed through the medium of disjointed pageantry. The veteran in his turn was in the habit of entertaining his new friends, with histories of many a hard-fought campaign. He possessed trophies in the shape of rusty swords, &c. over his chimney-piece, and of course a story was sheathed in every scabbard, though probably by no means so difficult to draw out as the blade that suggested it. He kept the anniversaries of the victories he had helped to win, and even exhibited the hacks upon the trusty steel :—

"The movements of the glorious day,
And marchings, he would then portray ;
And next the gallant deeds proclaim
Of chiefs and regiments, name by name ;
And, having yielded each their right,
His own he'd modestly recite ;
Would, punctual to the hour, as well
As geographic minute, tell
The point at which the feat was done,
That such or such a trophy won :
And grown, at the remembrance warm,
Would bare his dark but mighty arm,
At once the glorious scar to shew
And weapon that had dealt the blow.
And, in succession, tales like these
Told with such fluency and ease,
That fancy almost might behold
The deeds perform'd of which he told."

The parson was next added to his list of acquaintances—

"In their conditions clearly stood
A sympathetic brotherhood :
Both cited to vocations high ;
Both faithful ; both neglected by
The aids preferment that secure ;
Both old and honourably poor ;
Both to their destinies resign'd ;
And e'en their manners of a kind."

The minister, like the soldier, was above repining at his lot.

"No priestly fopperies had he,
No purpose-serving sanctity ;
No aims, by counterfeited zeal,
To earthly dignities to steal ;
For to his soul the hope was given
A mitre waited him in heaven."

At last the retired and retiring lieutenant meets with some unexpected civilities from the Baron and his lady, people of wealth and influence resid-

ing hard by. He is, greatly to his surprise, invited to dine at the castle, and finds the whole company anxious to shew him attention and kindness. He passes the day in the midst of luxuries and refined conversation, he himself taking an animated part in the discourse, and departs at last, having been presented by this noble host with the liberty of sporting over his manors, to him a most acceptable privilege, and assured besides of the very high consideration with which he was regarded by the whole family. Poor Guise was rather overwhelmed with all this ; he had been ambitious, but had schooled his mind down to contentment, by long and rigid discipline, and there was to him something painful and oppressive in experiencing these late marks of favour, which seemed to aim at breaking through the barriers he had so long successfully opposed to his own aspirations. There is much knowledge of nature in this ;—once the mind has made a conquest over itself, it is distressing ever to be brought to feel that the struggle was uncalled for, and the self-subdued philosopher would almost prefer resigning the choicest gifts of fortune, to an inch of that hard-fought ground gained in the mortal conflict with himself.

"But more, in scenes secure to please,
Brought him again his wonted ease ;
With home and humble fare content,
As wont he in his garden spent
Those seasons when the ether bland
Opens the earth to culture's hand."

And Guise was once more master of himself. With every page our interest in this philosophic veteran grows warmer. In each office and duty of life, he is guided by the most upright and manly principle, and a dignified simplicity ever attends him, and hallows his very presence. In him the world had done with its heart-burnings and vexations. A calm serenity seemed to spread towards the horizon where his sun was destined to set. We see the spirit having effected its subjugation of the will now reigning benignly over the passions it had reduced from rebels to subjects.

At last, a packet arrives one evening, directed to Lieutenant Halbert Guise, "reinstatement on active service," "promotion," "a summons to London :

"The veteran's heart advanced and fled
By turns, as he the letter read ;"

but he soon recovered his equanimity, and, accustomed to prompt obedience, set himself at once about preparation for his departure.

It was his new friend, the baron, who had represented his case at court, and obtained his promotion. Poor Guise went through the remaining business of the evening with his accustomed placidity, but rest fled his eyes at night. The next day his friends assembled at his house to congratulate him, and at the same time to deplore his departure. They talked long and affectingly together. The good minister sent a message of affectionate admonition. There was grief in the village,

"His friends withdrawn; to seek for rest
In sleep, poor Guise himself address'd.
But, rising slowly to repair
To bed, he fainted in his chair;
A sudden quail seem'd to o'ercast
His powers, yet only came, and pass'd."

He felt no more of it, and went into his chamber.

"The morrow dawn'd with lustre bright,
On who had pass'd in sleep the night;
But Halbert of that salve of care
Again had sought in vain to share.
Truth was, that, like the Trojan steel
That pierc'd at last Achilles' heel,
Events had, of our hero tried,
At length assail'd the weaker side:
In disappointments he was prov'd;
Adversity had nothing mov'd
Him; on that side, from usage long,
His powers and faculties were strong:
But unexpectedly to find
Hopes, once the magnet of his mind,
Ambitions of his blood's full tide,
When long extinguish'd, gratified;
Had put an action on his heart
That labour'd its corporeal part;
And ask'd his pulses, when too late,
To youth's intensities to beat:
Yet where in aught his powers declin'd,
The flesh was faulty, not the mind."

He rose betimes, and was now ready for his departure, sitting with his friends, and conversing with them to the last; when, just as he was about to extend his hand to one of them, for the purpose of bidding adieu, he fell senseless into his arms. A doctor was called—he was bled—but lay in a stupor.

"It pass'd abroad, and was the theme
Of general grief; the parson came:
The doctor all his art essay'd,
And fervently the parson pray'd;
But thus, amidst his friends, till night
The warrior lay; when, hard on eight,

He, softly whispering, thank'd their care,
And bade them for like hour prepare;
Then, reaching at his sword, he sigh'd,
And grasping it convulsive, died!"

He was buried in "Walford town;" and there are few of the villagers who cannot point out the cottage and the grave of the good Captain Guise.

We confess we like this little story. The interest turns on so delicate, and affecting, and yet so natural a peculiarity in the mind's organization, that it serves as a contrast to many a more striking narration, wherein the importance or stir of some piece of noisy action, is made to stand in place of the moral sentiment which should always be the turning point of a simple tale.

But Mr. Lake can change his tone, and lay down the pensive horn to assume the spirit-stirring trumpet. The principal piece in the volumes before us, is an historical poem in ten cantos, "The Battle of Lonscarty," wherein an interesting period of early Scottish history is illustrated, and the action described, in which was performed that celebrated deed of valour, by the family of the Hays, from which originated the fame and greatness of the Errols. The battle of Lonscarty was fought towards the close of the tenth century, in the reign of Kenneth III. between the Scots and the Danes. After a hard struggle, the latter succeeded in putting the forces of king Kenneth completely to the rout, till in a narrow pass the progress of the fugitives was arrested by a peasant and his two sons; the Hays, who, tearing to pieces the implements of their husbandry, rushed down upon the pursuing Danes, and succeeded both in checking their onset, and inspiring their own friends with confidence, so that the day was terminated by a complete and final overthrow of the invading power. On this theme Mr. Lake has woven a very spirited epic, and we are rejoiced to know that some success at least has attended this effort in the warm patronage of more than one of the most distinguished names among the Scottish aristocracy. We would gladly extract copiously from this poem; however, as our limits preclude the possibility of this, we must confine ourselves to a few specimens of style and diction, without attempting to give even an abstract of the story, which is adorned with all the usual incidents of chivalrous romance, a tournament, plots, a nunnery, disguises, surprises, carouses, and a love episode.

It is in the fifth canto that the action of the story draws towards its completion. The Danish hosts are lying at anchor in a Scottish port, when Angus, a powerful noble, a traitor to his country, joins their ranks. He promises to lead them to victory.

"As pass'd the word from Angus' tongue,
With loud assent the council rung :
And, yielding all to his commands,
They steer'd their ships, and ready bands,
Towards the copious bay—
Where Esk's bright floods to ocean flows,
And in the sea's embrace, Montrose,
A town of traffic, lay."

There, led by Angus, they succeeded in surprising and sacking the town,

"Nor could the sword of death assuage
Their ruthless fury : urg'd by rage
Insatiate, they renew'd their toil,
And hurried to their ships the spoil.
When torches of Norwegian pine,
Surcharg'd with flaming turpentine,
They fir'd by hundreds, and, to crown
Their fury, launch'd into the town ;
Which soon arose in spires of light
That through the plain and bay,
Seem'd to transform the startled night
Into a hideous day.

Where, then secure, around their fires,
The Danish hordes, in boisterous quires,
Roar'd their rude songs, or tore their meal ;
Or quaff'd to Odin bowls of ale ;
Or stretch'd supine upon the plain,
By toil at length oppress'd,
Resack'd the town, and slew again,
In horrid dreams, the shrieking slain,
And writh'd in troubled rest."

The next day, elated by victory, the invading hordes pressed towards the western part of Scotland, the richest districts being situated in that quarter, and passed by Brechin.

"From thence, with rage redoubled, bore
The foe towards sublime Strathmore ;
The valley vast which, Scotland through
To feed its mountains, Nature drew.
Fields where, ere then, the Scots had bled
Too oft in freedom's conflict dread :
As witness still the dark remains
At Cupar, and in Guthry's plains ;
The martial line, the fosse profound,
And vallum proud, that marks the ground
Where, toiling to extend their sway,
Long erst invasion's legions lay ;
When, bloated and diseas'd at home,
And tottering to its fall, proud Rome
March'd, to subdue the patriot Gael,
Her legions, the sixth time, to fail
For, though great Gildus glorious died,
Scots liv'd who still her conquering arms defied.

Kenneth, the youthful king, was aroused at last by the approaching foe. He called a council of war, and took immediate steps to repel the invaders, summoning the various clans around his standard. Their gathering is described ironically :

"Dark, from Dumblane, in troops descend
The sons of Allan's woody stream,
In holy zeal by Culdees train'd,
To combat for the Christian name.
From where the foaming Doonan boils
In hoary caldrons, and, with roar
Eternal, spurns its rocky toils,
In ready bands the warriors pour :
From verdant Alva, rich in store
Of flocks ; from where in Ochil's mines
The silver lurks in mass, or ore,
The agate and the topaz shines ;
Of those then fully peopl'd lands
Descend in haste the gallant bands,
Infuriate at their country's harms,
And, shouting, join their king in arms."

From Cleish, Ballingrae, Lomond, Kinross, and many another fastnesses, the loyal Scots poured in ; and at length the king found himself in a condition to march northward to meet the enemy. A youth, the son of a disgraced noble, Rodardus, petitions through "the Græme," to be allowed to fight in the king's ranks.

"Let him be charg'd, King Kenneth cried,
To join the battle near our side—
Not mix amongst inferior men !
We seek not thus his rank to stain.
Ah, Græme ! his sire, to Scotland lost,
With us to-day, had been a host !"

The Danes having crossed the Tay, and laid siege to Bertha, or Perth, it was determined that the Scottish army should follow them under cover of night.

"Alone was heard the evening gale
Through the resisting forest wall,
Or stream, which rocks or shoals impede,
Murmuring for a smoother bed,
Till red the orb of day had set,
And twilight sunk in clouds of jet."

When the Caledonian army arose, and performed the traject in silence, encamping at the post of *Loncarty*, on the opposite shore.

The battle is described minutely, but with vigour. Some of the images are forcible. The Scots are repelled, but recover their ground.

"So when the loosen'd rivage heaves
Its mass into the mining waves,
The sea recoils, or dashed in air,

A moment leaves its margin bare ;
But quickly, with redoubled roar.
Returns, and re-asserts its shore."

The fight rages with various success, until in a general charge the Danes are triumphant, and the panic-stricken Scots are driven into that defile, in which the almost miraculous achievement of the Hays is performed. By their valour, as we have already stated, the fortune of the field is completely changed, and a dreadful carnage of the Danes ensues ; the few who escape, betaking themselves to their fleet, and returning in dismay to their own country.

" But now the fierce pursuit forborne,
The war-worn heroes slow return ;
And Kenneth through the carnag'd plain
Advanc'd to meet the victor train.
While, with his sons, the patriot Hay,
Discoursing o'er the fatal fray,
Return'd towards their field ;
Glad that their aid had check'd the foe
Who sought their country's overthrow ;
Nor seeking, nor expecting note
For their achievements, 'yond their spot
Of birth : or praise that neighbouring Scot
In social hour might yield.

Thus they retired : but to their late
Obscure and undistinguished state,
By destiny it was decreed
They never should again recede."

A quaint description follows of the mingled simplicity and shrewdness of these primitive peasants, and the difficulty with which they were made to believe that they had done any thing worthy of note, or were the heroes of the triumphs that followed. In all this history is followed, aided by the popular tradition, which the author's early local acquaintance with the neighbourhood of the action gave him opportunities of collecting, and facility in remembering.

In the tenth canto the love episode is concluded. The outlawed Thane of Methven Rodardus, has been discovered by his valiant son, Gilwarden, after having performed prodigies of valour, in disguise near the king, during the battle, and is, of course, restored to favour and his honours ; and at the same time his lovely daughter, Inva, recognizes in the knight who has wooed her, fought for her, and preserved her, no less a personage than king Kenneth himself, who, in full assembly, having proved her truth, claims her as his bride.

The remainder of the canto is occupied in a spirited description of the

mode in which the estates of the Hays, and their title, are said to have been acquired. The king, after the banquet, which was given in honour of the victory, and the principal authors of it, addresses the elder Hay,

" Now, Hay, as from the ruthless foe
Our rescue all to you we owe ;
We shall, as soon as forms allow.
Your house with noble rank endow :
And of the lands which east from high
Kinnoul in verdant prospect lie,
From Angus fallen, you shall obtain
And ever hold your free domain,
And though they fertile are, and fair,
In measurement we shall not spare ;
Nor niggardly, nor nicely, search
For custom, on a rood, or perch ;
But, as the fight for us you won
By means to war before unknown,
So we will recompence by rule
That shall be new to measure's school.
Know, then, we leave it to your choice,
And give us, three days hence, your voice !
Whether you'll take your boundaries on
The square extent shall lie
Within the space a hound may run,
Or a train'd falcon fly.
From high Kinnoul the start shall be ;
Prepare your mind ! your choice is free !"

* * * * *

" The morning rose serene and clear,
Throngs under high Kinnoul appear ;
Horns through the distance shrilly sound,
With yelps and neighs the hills resound ;
The hawks are perch'd in lesser gay,
The leash the hounds can scarcely stay
And many a dame of high degree,
And lordly thane, and hunter free,
All glee, had at the dawn been there,
Intent the rousing sport to share.
And when the Hays had join'd the field,
The cheers that, to salute them, peal'd
Through all the vast and mirthful throng,
Were deaf'ning loud, and lasted long,
For all degrees seem'd pleas'd to pay
To them the honours of the day.

At length towards the merry scene
Advanc'd, in state, the king and queen ;
And, plaudits loyally prefer'd,
When they had in abundance shar'd ;
And Hay was to the presence led,
To him the king thus, gaily, said :
Now, thane, our hounds are fleet and young,
Our falcons are of pinions strong ;
On which do you election place,
The boundaries of your lands to trace ?
When, mildly, Hay : My sovereign lord,
In that a choice I dare not word ;
The grace with thee has, solely, birth ;
I dare not set its measure forth.

Nay ! cried the king, it cannot be !
Choice you must make ! and it is free.
When thus the queen, with look benign :
My lord, let, then, the choice be mine.
Brave thane, here is a noble bird,
She knows my sign, she knows my word,

If her you choose, I dare believe
 You at her flight will nothing grieve.
 It shall be as the queen has said :
 Quoth Hay, and, reverent, bowed his head.

Now, smiling, deign'd the queen to take
 The bells from her gyrfalcon's neck ;
 And whilst the falconers round prepare
 Their birds, that all the sport may share,
 Hers to her neck she fondly drew,
 And said, as if her words it knew,
 Go, noble bird, to yonder light,
 The rising sun, direct your flight ;
 Go, bird, and all your mates outfly ;
 And mind the lure, and mind the cry.
 When from her hand the falcon soar'd ;
 And east the thronging sportsmen poured.

The falcons round successive rise ;
 Wide spread the mirth, and mixing cries,
 Still eastward pour'd the sportive crew,
 And on the feather'd coursers drew ;
 But, mounted on his swiftest steed,
 Gilwarden kept of all the lead,
 And by his practis'd signs and cries,
 His sister's bird, who knew his voice,
 Still eastward lur'd he on :
 Till, far the sportive train outflown,
 And winging now the air alone,
 Of further flight reluctant grown,
 It sunk on Errol stone ;
 And there, when drew the sportsmen round,
 The queen's gyrfalcon was perching found."

This stone is said to be yet preserved at Errol, bearing the name of the Falcon's stone. Hay was created Thane of Errol, and obtained by the strength of that bird's wing,

" Full ten miles square, from bound to bound,
 Of Scotland's fairest, richest ground ;

and was the ancestor of that illustrious family, who, at this day, in addition to their other honours, enjoy the hereditary dignity of lords high constable of Scotland.

We conceive that Mr. Lake has a peculiar claim on the gratitude of his native country, for having so poetically and faithfully illustrated an interesting and important period of her history, independent of that he may be allowed to merit by all members of the republic of literature. It is gratifying to know that he is about to prepare a new edition of these poems, accompanied, as we are informed, by some additional pieces, and we cannot but feel an interest in the success of productions so strikingly opposed to the perverted tales of the present day, in the charming morality, and loyal and chivalrous spirit, by which they are honourably distinguished. And now we have done *our* part ; what our readers will say is more than we can divine, for, as we observed before, we do not presume to *lead* their tastes. In former times—but no more complaining. If the worst come to the worst, Mr. Lake must be content to speculate on what might have happened if he had been destined to live and write in the time of our fathers, or, perhaps, fondly anticipate what honours may be done to his memory, should poetry once again come into fashion in the days of our sons.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. II.—DOCTOR ANSTER.

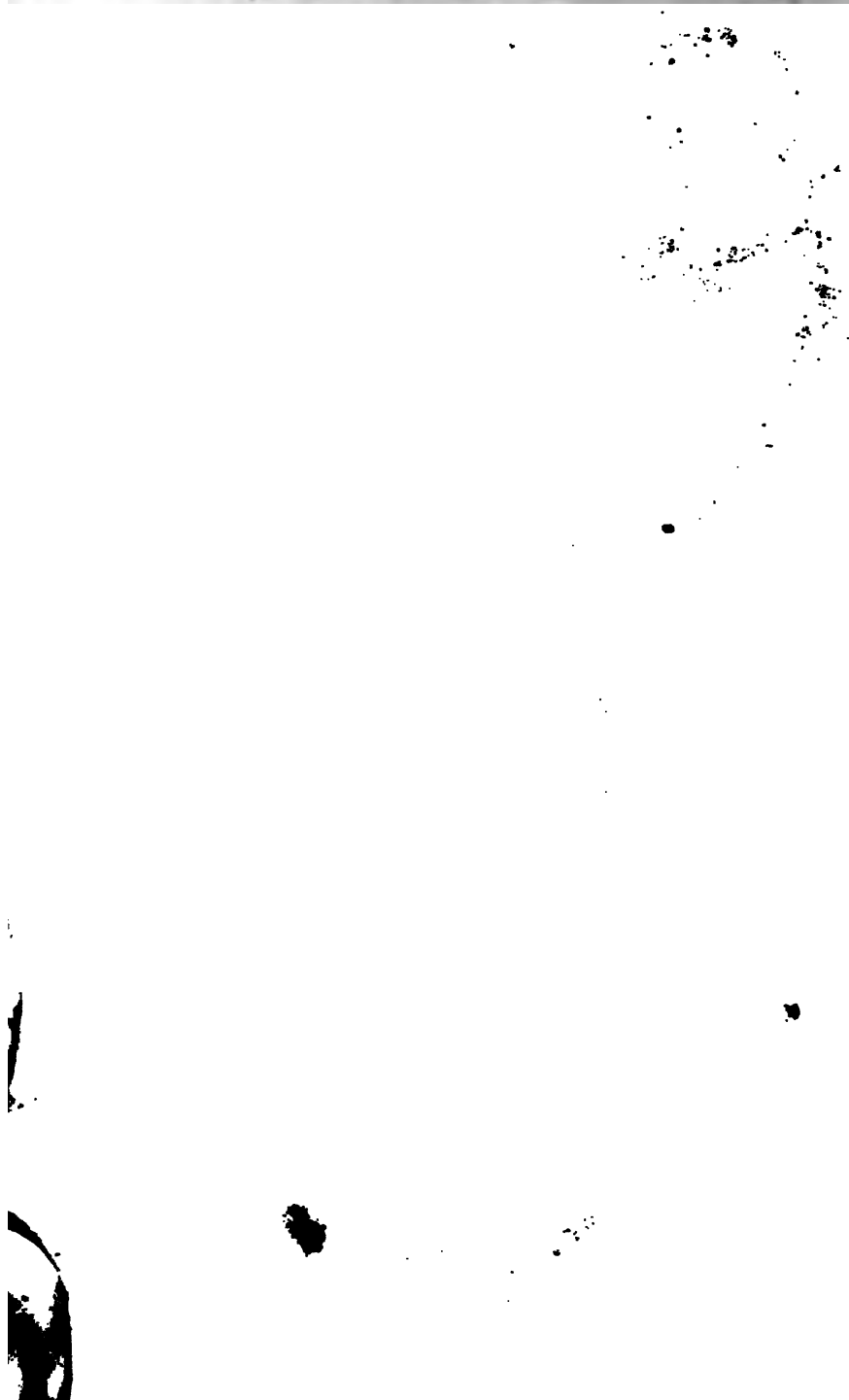
WHOM have we here? Anster? Yes—"Anster, with his familiars—John Anster, with his brothers and sisters—and Doctor Anster, with all Europe." But where are his spectacles? No matter. The sketch is very like him: the eyes have that haziness which the use of spectacles is apt to give, and he does not want them now; for he is neither in the street, "cheapening old authors at a stall"—nor in Curry's, sporting witticisms too quick, fine and recondite for the ready apprehension of his friends—nay, nor yet at the admiralty, registering wrecks or computing salvage: but in his study. Neither is he there engaged in tracing facts or hunting up authorities; nor in the throes of composition; nor in the after-pains of polishing, to the nicest aptitude of expression to thought, his "true-turned and well-fyled lines." In none of these tasks is the contemplative poet engaged; but he has obviously been reading the SECOND PART OF FAUST; and meditating, perchance, a transfusion of it into his native language, he is searching where that "well of English undefiled" may be discovered whose bright surface shall faithfully reflect the beauties of the renovated Helen, and whose transparent depths refract without distortion the mystic wisdom and imaginative philosophy of his German original. And so occupied we shall leave him to his studies.

Mr. Anster is a southern—a native of that province (Munster) as noted for the genius of her sons as for the sturdy turbulence of her submission to the rule of the Saxon. The family were early settlers on the borders of the counties Limerick and Cork. Adherents to the last of the Stuarts, they were sufferers in the reverse of his fortunes. Lest, however, the rival counties should hereafter contend for our poet's birth, we may as well settle the dispute beforehand, by stating that he was born in Charleville—wore his first jacket and trousers in the poetical village of Bruree, (where the last of the bards held their latest convention)—and that if he have the Irish luck to die "convenient," some friendly hand will "lay his bones their kindred bones among," beneath the chancel of the venerable parish church of the ancient town of Kilmallock.

But nimble as we have jumped from his birth to his burial, Mr. Anster is not of the number of whom nothing can be recorded but that they were born and that they died. He has created an intellectual progeny which have familiarised his name to the literature of the present generation; and it is fully within his power—health and poetic ease conspiring—so to confirm his title as to make it "renowned among the posterities." His earliest production, published during his under-graduate course in the Irish University, (of which he was an honoured alumnus), ranks high amongst the best *juvenilia* which our literature can show. We know few things of the kind more sweet and touching than his "Home" and "The Poet's Haunt." Many of the pieces in this small collection, together with others of greater length, and some translations from the German, were republished in a larger volume in 1819. In 1837 Mr. Anster published another volume of poetry, under the title of *XENIOLA*. The translations in this volume, and in that of 1819, are the only versions (with the exception of his great work) from any foreign language which he has given to the world.

But the highest honours he has yet achieved are connected with the *FAUST*. He was the first who introduced this singular poem to the literature of England: and we doubt not that his complete translation will be the last which English literature will eventually require or permanently tolerate. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1820, appeared those fragments of a translation which surprised the English public with the beauty and force of the original, and fired Shelley into a generous competition. Goethe was then alive, and did not withhold his recognition of their vigour and truth. These extracts were reprinted in England and America, and their success suggested to Dr. Anster the propriety of completing the work, and publishing it with his name—a task which he happily completed in 1835. In the interval, many translators of parts, or the whole, in prose or in verse, have "strained at the bow of Ulysses;" but (with the exception of Lord Francis Egerton's version, which, though not complete, is often elegant and sometimes true) Anster's and Hayward's (in prose) alone are of the slightest value. It appears to be the nature of Doctor Anster's





mind to throw itself entirely into the subject on which it is for the time engaged. Thus the very effect which his author produces is reproduced by him; and, as the *Edinburgh Review* has said, his work «(with a few improvements [?] which they suggest, but which we trust will never be adopted) is “amongst the few translations which, in any language, hold substantive rank in their own country, and are admired, cited and imitated in lieu of their originals.” There is not, in our language, a translation of any work of length which produces so entirely the effect of original poetry on the mind; and this without the slightest omission of any image in the original which could with propriety be retained, and with little more of addition or expansion than was absolutely necessary for the purpose of explanation.

On the continent the book is frequently quoted in the same way that Schubarth and Ekermann are. But its value is far higher than that of any commentary on the original can be. It is as an English poem that Anster's *Faust* must be regarded; and it is really astonishing with what felicity thoughts, the highest and deepest in German theology, and the subtlest in their metaphysics, find adequate expression in our language; and how scenes which—if we look at any other exposition of them—seem shapeless as the most misty reveries of the Swedenborgians, assume shape and colour and life. In the first interview between the hero of the poem and the demon, the exorcisms of the conjuror gradually recovering from his perplexity—the half-heard whisperings and low chaunt of spirit-voices breaking in upon each successive charm—and the last song of the unseen spirits, where every phantom-image, each growing out of the last, or connected with it by the faintest and most delicate ties of association, is supposed to rise like an exhalation to each note of the enchanted music, and pass before the eyes of Faustus till they at length close in sleep—that dreamy song best interpreted by Retzsch's pencil, or Radzewill's music*—“soft, as is the flying gossamer of a summer's evening”—

*“Vanish, dark arches,
That over us bend,
Let the blue sky in beauty
Look in like a friend!”*)

all—all is of unsurpassed and almost magical beauty. The dialogue between the presumptuous magician and the Spirit of the Earth, and the after-scene, in which despair has subdued and fatigued the restless spirit of the unhappy Faustus into momentary calm, are given with great power. But it is not in the more serious passages, where the interest of the situation, and the readers' sympathy, once successfully awakened, are, of themselves, sufficient to sustain attention, that we feel surprise at the triumph achieved by the translator of this wonderful poem. The difficulties which we should have imagined insurmountable, and which yet have been completely overcome, are of another kind. In the character of Mephistophiles there are constant touches of humour, which are brought before the English reader with perfect fidelity. When it is considered how difficult it is to communicate any perception of the humour of one nation to another—how absolutely unknown Quevedo or Scarron are in translation, though Goldsmith translated Scarron—and how little, for instance, of the character of the original has ever been communicated by any translator of Rabelais, though few translators were ever equal to Urquhart,—and how every thing peculiar in Cervantes is lost or disguised by every one of his dozen of distinguished translators—we shall be better able to estimate what has been accomplished by the translator of *Faust*. The scene of wild dissoluteness in the wine-cellar at Leipzig—the bewildering dialogue with the perplex student coming fresh from the country to a German university, when the demon assumes the costume of a professor, and lectures on theology and logic and medicine—the same worthy person's account of the death of Martha's husband, where he keeps the poor wife's hopes and fears alive by the fugacious prospect of his having brought her a legacy—the mad chamberlain's arrangements for the witches' ball—are all given in the English *Faustus* as amusingly as any of the

* See Goethe's correspondence.

stories of Peter Pindar, or the metaphysical discussions in *Hudibras*; and it is really curious, in comparing Anster's translation with the original, to see how nearly literal it often is, and by what skilful touches—when literal translation would have plainly destroyed the effect of the original—that effect is, in some different way, produced.

Mr. Anster is the author of various essays on general literature, in prose, contributed to the magazines—written in an easy and pointed style. We may refer to his preface to the *FAUST*, for no unfavourable specimen of his characteristic qualities in this species of writing.

Of Anster's professional life we can only spare room to say, that he was called to the Irish bar in 1824. Whether owing to his supposed devotion to the Muses, (a quality that seldom finds favour amongst the acute practitioners of the law), or to a want of that confident address and flippant elocution essential to the success of a popular advocate, his advance at the bar has not kept pace with his talents as a man, or his large and varied acquirements as a lawyer. There are few men of sounder learning and judgment in his profession, nor any more habituated to close research and patient investigation: it is, therefore, a matter of surprise to his friends, that his practice has not been more extensive. But the plague of *SCOTT* is upon him. He is a poet, and must be content with immortality. The church, perhaps, had been more his element, had he thought it his vocation. But the die has been cast. The appointment which he holds in the Court of Admiralty is certainly unworthy of his talents. It was given and accepted, we apprehend, under a mistaken notion of its value. Since the decadence of the Court, the office is of little importance.

We cannot, perhaps, more appropriately close this sketch than with the following beautiful tribute of one true poet to the genius of another:—

“TO THE TRANSLATOR OF GOETHE'S *FAUST*.”

“Enchanter! thou hast made the spell thine own,
 Buried in silence with the mighty dead;
 The wierd light from the wizard's grave is shed,
 Dancing on rubied pane and pillared stone.
 Hark! through the haunted choir the swelling tone—
 That midnight chaunt of dolour and of dread—
 A wailing from death's cold and startled bed:
 And now 'tis woman's broken-hearted moan.
 Margaret! poor child! thy choking sob I hear,
 And the fiend's laugh rings wildly thro' the pile.
 Margaret!—forsaken one!—The spell hath stood,—
 And, in charmed might, enchanter! wins the ear,
 Yea, and the heart of SHAKESPEARE'S own proud isle,
 To grant—by Rhine's green wave meet rivalhood.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

NO. III.—THE ACTRESS'S LEGACY.

I HAVE the scene before me now! It is years since it took place, and yet I can recal its minutest features. I have seldom, even within the walls of a London theatre, seen so brilliant an assemblage as that which, in the fashionable town of B—, had gathered to witness the débüt of the young and lovely actress, Harriet Elliott. I remember not only the circle of fair faces in the boxes, the suffocating crowd in the pit, the noisy gods in the gallery, but the episodal circumstances of the beautiful girl in the centre box, who wept so bitterly for the feigned sorrows of the heroine of the night; and the bald-headed critic in the pit, with his golden-headed cane and eye-glass, and the boisterous sailor, who, more than half-seas-over when he came in, was thrust out in the midst of a whirlwind of mingled execrations and sobs, elicited from him by the pathos of the mimic scene before him. And, above all, do I recal that lovely debutante, who came forward so timidly, and looked towards her audience with such an appealing, deprecating glance—then, gathering courage from the cheering reception she experienced, became at length so absorbed in her part, that her tears were real, and her impassioned earnestness unfeigned. The curtain fell amidst deafening plaudits, and the actress's triumphant success was acknowledged by all.

Beautiful Harriet Elliott! I know not in whose possession is the portrait of which I was the painter; the faint resemblance of her exceeding loveliness. It was easy to pourtray the white, spotless neck, the features, so delicate, yet so noble in their outline, the full, deep, speaking, blue eyes, the abundant waves of golden hair—the difficulty lay in the fluctuating expression of the countenance, the cheerful lights and shadows of thought, that flitted over it in the course of a single sitting. It was impossible to tell whether pathos or mirth was the predominant characteristic of her mind, so equally were they blended. In tragedy or comedy her success was the same. I have, in my long life, been acquainted with many of her profession, but I have never known any one who seemed so completely fitted for it by nature as Harriet Elliott. During the few weeks that she remained at B—, I saw her very frequently, and was sorry to observe that after the first pleasant excitation, caused by her success, had subsided, Miss Elliott was subject to occasional fits of dejection. It would have been impertinent to attempt to fathom their cause, but from a few words spoken sometimes to herself, rather than to me, I conjectured that she was of good family, that she had been strictly brought up, that Elliott was not her real name, and that she had most seriously disobliged her relatives, by yielding to her uncontrollable inclination for the stage. I fancied, too, that the realities of her position were beginning to be apparent to her; that her lofty mind and fresh feelings were already wounded and distressed, by persons and things with which she was forced into contact; but still, her intense love for her art, and her cravings after excitement, were gratified, and she said she was happy. As surely as I left her one day in a melancholy mood, did I find her on the next in high, even wild spirits; with smiles on her lips, gladness in her eyes, and eloquent mirth on her tongue.

I can truly say, I was sorry when her portrait was finished, and I could find no farther excuse to plead for one sitting more. Similarity of taste, in many things, an equal love of the beautiful and romantic, and above all, the idea that some deep mystery hung over this enchanting creature, had made me feel deeply interested for her. She evidently saw and was grateful to me for that interest, and when we parted, our farewell was like that of old and tried friends.

She went to London, and I soon heard of her splendid successes on metropolitan boards; but circumstances kept me for some time in the country, and it happened that, when I returned to town, she was making the tour of the provincial theatres, so that years elapsed before I had an opportunity of seeing her again. During those years my interest in her had abated for many reasons. Rumours to her disadvantage, garnished with many mysterious dashes and asterisks, were current in the public prints—then came bolder assertions, and

broader statements of facts. A common story of temptations yielded to, and character blasted for ever, had its common sequel—disagreement and desertion. I felt annoyed and mortified that I had been deceived in Miss Elliot. I felt some natural touches of sorrow on her own account, and then my kindly feelings towards her gradually died away, and I ceased to think of her with either interest or regret. In fact, I had almost forgotten her, when circumstances occurred to recal her to my memory, and rivet her there for ever.

It was eleven years since our parting at B——, before I again saw Harriet Elliot. I was at Paris, and she chanced to occupy apartments in the same hotel with myself. The renewal of our acquaintance was not of my seeking; indeed, for reasons founded on the circumstances I have before hinted at, I was somewhat annoyed at the receipt of a billet, requesting me, as an old friend and countryman, to favour her with a visit. "Though eleven years have elapsed since we met," said the note, "I cannot bring myself to consider or address you as a stranger. If you possess the same benevolent spirit as formerly, (and from what I know of you it is not likely you will have lost it,) you will not refuse to grant me this request, when I tell you that I am ill and unhappy, and that you can be of service to me." I could not be insensible to such an appeal, and though I felt awkward and uncomfortable in the prospect of an interview, I returned an answer, purporting that I would wait upon her that evening.

My presentiment that our meeting would be a painful one, was amply fulfilled. If it had not been for the peculiarly sweet voice, which once heard was not easily forgotten, and the unchanged gracefulness of manner, for which she was remarkable, I should not, at first, have known Miss Elliot. She was very pale, and her fine form was reduced from its perfect symmetry to a pitiable thinness. Her rich tresses no longer flowed unrestrained, but were braided smoothly round her head, and evidently much decreased in luxuriance. Her dress, which formerly was adjusted so as to set off to the best advantage a remarkable beautiful bust, now consisted of a loose black silk wrapping gown, fastened closely at the throat, and utterly without ornament. Yet after the first few embarrassed minutes had passed, during which I was mentally comparing the brilliant debutante of B——, with the wasted and pallid being before me, I could not help thinking that for the thoughtful and intellectual, her face now possessed a more powerful charm than in the days of its more radiant loveliness. The lofty forehead, the full sweet blue eye, the majestic outline of the face were still unimpaired, and there was that dignified expression of unuttered sorrow pervading the countenance which is only produced by great mental suffering. Once or twice, indeed, during the evening, the colour deepened in her cheek, and the smile flashed round her lips as it was wont to do, and placed the actress before me for a moment in the full glow of her early beauty.

Our conversation at first was entirely of past times, and old recollections connected with B—— and its inhabitants. A cloud of deeper sadness stole over her face, as she contrasted her present lonely condition with the social pleasures of that long past time; for I should have mentioned that in the hey-day of her provincial fame, Miss Elliot had been noticed and received as a guest by many of the most fashionable families in B——. I marvelled how she could bear to speak of the contrast, for I felt that she must remember that her own unfortunate imprudence had exiled her from similar society for life.

My old feeling, *that there was a mystery about her*, returned with redoubled force. I puzzled myself to think how, according to the intimation in her note of that morning, I could be of service to her. She was evidently in no need of pecuniary aid; indeed she spoke of having amassed sufficient property to supply all her wants. As I rose to take my leave, she rose also, and while the deepest crimson suffused her face, and as much of her slender throat as was visible, she begged me to remain a few moments.

"There is a subject on which I must speak to you Mr. Ashley," said she; "and I have delayed it until the last, because I dread to touch, even in my own mind, on the bitter griefs with which it is connected. I *am dying*—do not start! I know and feel it at every moment, in every fibre of my frame. It is not that which moves me; but there are those still living who believe—oh, I cannot tell you *half* the bitter things that are written against me in the hearts of those who once loved me, and which you may be the agent to lessen if you cannot

quite efface them. Sinful I have been, very sinful, but not wilfully so. There is one deep event against me, and yet it was love for *her*, deep, dear love that did it all. Oh, Amy, Amy! my sweet, sweet sister—surely her blood is on my head!"

A violent and hysterical fit of weeping succeeded these exclamations. I found that to attempt to soothe her at present was impossible; and I judged that it was better to let her sorrow have its way. The paroxysm passed, she dashed the tears from her eyes, and spoke more calmly.

"I must make my request while I have opportunity; I have told you I am dying—will you be my executor? I tell you before hand you will have no pleasant task, but I can rely on you more than any one, and if you deny me I shall go to my grave with a load of obloquy on my memory which none may brighten or palliate—will you grant my prayer?"

It may be supposed that my situation was far from an enviable one. My impression was, that affliction had disordered the poor lady's intellect, yet I knew not how to refuse. Besides if my conjecture were well founded I felt that opposition would be a likely means of increasing her malady. I consented therefore, and her gratitude seemed unbounded. We parted, as it proved, never to meet again. During the three succeeding days she was too unwell, or too unwilling to renew our painful interview, to receive me; and on the fourth morning I left Paris, having first conveyed to her an address in London, which would be sure to find me.

Some months afterwards I received a letter from the master of the — hotel at Dover, stating that Miss Elliot had arrived there the preceding day, intending to proceed to town, but that she had become suddenly worse, and finding herself so, had begged I might be informed of her condition. I lost no time in setting out to her, but before I reached Dover the curtain had fallen for ever on her sorrows and her sufferings. I found her will directed to me as her executor. It was a strange document, principally full of directions respecting her funeral, which was to be as private as possible in some country church-yard—her grave was to be covered with simple sod, and no stone was to be placed on or near it. Part of her property was to endow an alms-house for superannuated actresses; and one thousand pounds were to be devoted to erecting a monument to the memory of her "beloved sister Amy, who lies buried in L— church." Five hundred pounds was bequeathed me, as her dear friend, Edmond Ashley, whose sympathy in her early joy and after sorrow seemed to her to be more real than any other person's. Besides this, I was to have her manuscripts, which were rather numerous, consisting of letters, poetry, and essays of her own composing. Especial reference was made to one parcel of them, containing a memoir of herself. She wished me to read it, and transmit a copy of it to her brothers, "that they may learn to pity while they blame, and look on the motives as well as the actions of their most unhappy sister." The document was signed, not Harriet Elliot, but Harriet L—, a name which startled me, for I knew it to be borne by an ancient and honourable family in the county of H—.

The tasks thus imposed on me I religiously performed, and the subjoined memoir is given in the actress's own words, with the omission of some few passages relating solely to affairs which could be of no general interest. The story is certainly a singular one, and I have thought it worthy of publication as a new chapter in the strange book of human life.

I am the eldest sister of the present representative of the L— family, whose estates are situated in the fair county of H—. My childhood was passed in a venerable mansion, magnificent alike in its architecture and its furniture. My earliest recollections are connected with stately apartments, where the rich, but somewhat sombre decorations, accorded well with the massive style of the building; with long matted corridors, where the dim light stole through narrow windows of richly painted glass; with silent orderly

domestics, who glided through the vast apartments like shadows. I remember occasional festivities, which seemed more like the celebrations of deep solemnities: they created no bustle, they brought no gaiety within our walls.—The preparations for the reception of guests were made as noiselessly as possible; and the only sign of their existence was, that there was greater importance than usual in the countenances of the servants, and that the children of the house, myself of course included, were forbidden more peremp-

torily to play or laugh within hearing of the state apartments.

My father's ancestors received their estate from Oliver Cromwell, as the reward of services performed in behalf of the Commonwealth. The Hall had formerly been the dwelling of some jovial Cavalier, but from the first residence of the L—— family within its precincts, the sounds of mirth and jollity had been banished as something criminal. The grave and saturnine spirit of Richard L——, the founder of our race, appeared to have descended as an heirloom from parent to son; and my father seemed to resolve that it should not be undisplayed by him.— Indeed he was, if possible, sterner in his temper, and narrower in his views, than his predecessors; and the more so, that his children, especially myself, showed signs of a lighter and gayer disposition than he was inclined to approve of. Am I wrong in attributing many of my after miseries to the "rude will" to which I was subject in my early years?

My mother was the daughter of a noble family, a woman possessed of great beauty and extraordinary sweetness of disposition; but her very gentleness was a misfortune for children circumstanced as we were. She saw that we had free, glad, happy natures; she saw that we required careful and kindly training, that stern commands and harsh reproofs, had an evil influence on our minds. But she was delicate in health, and somewhat indolent in her temper, and ever accustomed to yield implicit obedience to her husband's will; she allowed us to be over-tasked, and kept in a state of almost slavish subjection: while she contented herself with passive regrets and unavailing wishes.

I have said I was the eldest of the family. Three brothers followed next, and then one bright creature of my own sex. Amy! my sister Amy! would to God *thou* hadst never been born!

But of her I have not yet to speak, let me put off the evil hour as long as I may, and recount some of the incidents of my own girlhood.

I said my paternal dwelling was a noble one, and I said truly. It was situated in one of the loveliest districts of our lovely country, and commanded the admiration of all who beheld it.— The mansion was sheltered on three sides by fine woods of oak, the broad close shaven lawn sloped gently down in front to the side of a fine river, whose waveless stream flowed silently

on, a gliding sheet of silver. Two Gothic bridges, so placed at either side of the lawn as not to interrupt the view from the house, formed passages into an extensive park; which, with its wide green glades, its hillocks and hollows, its clumps of hawthorns and beeches, and its herds of deer lay on the other side of the river. How I loved to haunt the wild copses and winding paths of that park, whenever I could elude the vigilance of my nurse and governess! How delicious it was to contrast its woods and dingles with the stately terraces, and formal gravel walks in the quaint, neatly kept gardens, where it was my father's pleasure that our sole exercise should be taken!

I remember one *escapade* of the kind, in which my eldest brother and myself were partners, which deserves particular mention.

It had been a fine autumn day, and we had planned, or rather I had proposed, that we should, if possible, steal away into the park, to enjoy a ramble amidst its copses, and a treat of the nuts and blackberries with which we knew they abounded. But the evening was almost down before we could execute our scheme; and shall I ever forget the light, swift steps, with which we flew through the oak wood and over the bridge; and the shout of mutual congratulation in which we indulged, when we found ourselves fairly out of sight and hearing of the house. We thought nothing about the punishment which might follow, the present delight was enough for us. We filled our little baskets with nuts and blackberries, we plunged through the briars, and scrambled among the bushes, with an utter disregard of our garments or our skins; and were only stopped in our career of mirth by a sudden conviction of the lateness of the hour, announced by the rapidly fading light and the falling of the dew. We prepared to return home, and began to need the comfort of a hope that our absence might have been unobserved; but presently we heard our own names loudly vociferated, and were certain from the sound of distant voices that search was making after us. We crept into the darkest part of a thicket, where we had seen a large hollow tree, into which I thrust my brother, crouching myself at his feet, and triumphing in the idea that we were safe from discovery—even so it proved. The searchers, who I knew by their voices to be two of the domestics, passed quite close to our re-

treat without observing us, and we could gather from their conversation that my father was greatly displeased at our unauthorized absence. My brother plucked me by the sleeve, and whispered that we had better surrender at once; but my proud spirit could not brook the idea to be taken home like a culprit, and I refused to do so. But when a silence of some time assured us that the servants had returned from their fruitless errand, we left our hiding place and hastened towards home.—

What was our consternation on reaching the bridge, to find the gate, which we had not remembered was always fastened at night, already locked against us! In extreme perplexity we ran to the other, and found that also fast.—

We could not climb over them, for they were defended along the top with sharp iron spikes, and the distance to the house was so great, that, if we had dared to call aloud, no one could have heard us. We were exceedingly terrified, for, brought up as we had been, our situation was of course an unusual one, and the night was fast closing in. The woods rested in impenetrable looking masses against the cold grey sky. The old dark mansion was only distinguishable on account of a few lights in the lower windows; and the river lying broad and bright before us, seemed to be the only object to which light yet clung in all the broad, shadowy landscape.

There was no resource left us but to cross the park and getting into the high road to make the best of our way round to the back of the premises.—

Away we went, too much frightened to communicate to each other the apprehensions that were pressing on our minds. How different the scenery looked to what it was in the cheerful sunshine! Then every long dell, and fantastically shaped tree, seemed full of beauty and delight: now, we perpetually started, as shapes, indistinctly seen in the gloom, gave rise to a thousand nameless terrors. I am not naturally timid, but I remember well that night's progress through the park was one long paroxysm of deadly fear. I durst not speak to Wilfred, who was as full of nervous agony as myself, and we fled on as if some frightful demon were pursuing us. At last we reached the nearest gate, which lay more than a mile from the bridges, and finding it likewise fast, we clambered over it, and landed safely in the road. In half an hour more we reached the large folding doors which shut in that part of the de-

mesne in which the stables were placed, and there we stood trembling, without sufficient courage to demand admission. However, I ventured to give the bell a gentle pull, which scarcely elicited a tinkle, but that was sufficient to set all the dogs of the establishment in a chorus of barking and yelping. A servant appeared, and we were conducted up the back stairs to our apartments, where our attendant, grumbling at having had to wait for us, sent us *sans ceremonie* to our beds. Morning came, we dressed and breakfasted as usual: nobody said a word to us on our last night's adventure, but we felt there was something ominous in the silence. Our usual lessons were given us and performed, and we began to hope that no notice was to be taken of the affair, when we were summoned to attend my father in the breakfast room. Very reluctantly we obeyed, and found him sitting with a newspaper in his hand, stiff, grave, and cold, as usual. He did not deign any reply to our respectful salutations, but came at once to the matter in hand.

"I am sorry," he said, "that in one day two of my children should have ventured to disobey me. I can easily believe that the evil councils of the elder influenced the younger, but this is no excuse. I shall on this occasion inflict no punishment beyond that which your own fears have already given you; but, I desire you both to take notice of two things: whoever again breaks the bounds which I require to be kept, shall be severely chastised, and whoever again remains outside my gates after the hour of shutting them is past, without my permission for doing so, shall never re-enter them while I live."

There was a stern deliberation in my father's manner that convinced us he was perfectly in earnest. We were awed by the terrible importance which he seemed to attach to our childish frolic, and we retired downcast and silent from his presence.

That adventure made a deep impression on me at the time, and the alter circumstances of my life compel me to recall it vividly to my mind.

There was one source of amusement within my reach which was not *tabooed*, and which I was permitted to indulge in at all leisure times. The immense library was open to me with all its treasures, "immortal as the minds that gave them birth." Had my father been aware of the contents of many of the books which I had there an opportunity

of reading, I imagine my access to that enchanted region would have been less easy; but his own studies were confined to a few dozen volumes of history, science, and controversial divinity; and he seldom deigned even to look into the huge packages of new publications which reached us quarterly from London. His bookseller there had general orders to forward every new work of any interest, for our ancestors had purchased and preserved all the books of their several times that were worth preserving; and my father did not wish to transmit the series to his successor in an incomplete state. But to him they were of little use, and he never examined their contents, except especially recommended to do so by some friend whose judgment he valued because it accorded with his own. He converted the breakfast room into a study and seldom came into the library, so that I looked upon the latter as in some degree my own apartment. It was a long narrow room, the walls crowded with book-cases, quaintly decorated with carvings in oak and ebony. It was lit by tall narrow Gothic windows, and besides its books contained a cabinet filled with coins, shells, stuffed birds, and other curiosities; a pair of fine globes, a few choice paintings, and some strange looking chairs and tables. It was less handsomely furnished than any other room in the house, and yet to me it was the most attractive. I had caused some green-house plants to be placed in the windows, brought thither my working materials, and drawing instruments, and hung my pet canary's cage from the roof. The great drawback to my hours of enjoyment within its precincts was, that I had no one to whom I could say "how delightful," for I am not naturally a solitary, but a most social being. My infant sister was too young, and my brothers kept too closely to their studies for much companionship with them. But I have some bright visions still of happy winter afternoons, when a rare half holiday was granted to the younger ones, and we five gathered in the library with a wood fire blazing in the wide chimney, and a crimson velvet screen drawn up behind us to shut out the vastness of the apartment. And those three brothers drew closer and closer to me, and little Amy, as she sat on my knee, with her innocent arm round my neck, would fix her clear eyes wonderingly on my face, all, all breathless with interest, as I told, in

glowing language, and with exaggerated marvels, some tale of faery or goblin which I had gathered from the volumes around us. How delighted was I as they hung on my words! How proud I felt of the power to command that mute attention, to fix their whole senses by my eloquence! Surely the seeds of my future destiny were sowing even then.

My mother died, calmly and peacefully as she had lived. Her constitution had been always delicate, and for the last twelvemonths of her life she had been slowly and painlessly wasting away. We sorrowed, as children needs must sorrow who lose a kind and gentle parent; but not with the wild affliction and sense of irreparable loss, which might have been ours had she taken a more active part in our behalf; or admitted us more deeply into her confidence and sympathy. She was kind to us as far as she was allowed to be so, and we never heard a harsh or peevish expression from her beautiful lips, but she was utterly under my father's controul in all things; and her death was more like the taking away of a fair and fragrant flower, than the uprooting of a noble and sheltering tree.

A few months passed by, and then came the period which I shall ever regard as the turning point in my destiny. My father was alarmed about a slight, but obstinate inflammation in one of my eyes; for, notwithstanding his gloomy temper and apparent indifference to outward show, he was at heart proud of the personal appearance of his children. His presence was required in London to transact some urgent business, and he took me with him that I might benefit by the advice of the first oculists of the day. He purposed staying at an hotel, so that I might not be in any degree exposed to the contaminations of London life, but his sister, the Lady M—— discovered us in our retreat, and by entreaties, first playfully urged, and latterly enforced even with tears, induced him at last reluctantly to consent that her house should be our home during the remainder of our stay in the metropolis.

I had never before seen this near relative, and at our very first interview I was enchanted with her. Her features had all the stately outline and perfect symmetry of my father's, but there the likeness between them ceased. Her manner was full of kindness and warmth, she seemed to delight in making every creature near her happy, and elegance

pervaded every thing she said or did. There might be some policy in the extreme indulgence with which she regarded every one, but it was a very pleasant policy for those about her. She seemed made to win the admiration of all hearts, and I easily discovered why she had never appeared at L—— Park, why letters and tokens of regard had passed so seldom between herself and her brother. Her presence would have accorded ill with our dull formal home, her gay conversation would have been deemed a dangerous snare to a maiden brought up as I had been.

I was too young to accompany Lady M—— in her visits, even had I been permitted to do so; but almost every evening I beheld her dressed in splendid attire, and radiant with smiles, departing to some scene of festivity, and even that was sufficient to unsettle my pre-conceived notions of worldly happiness. My thoughts would trace her to the halls of gaiety where a hundred hearts would beat with delight in her presence; where her beauty and her fashion rendered her the most conspicuous of the throng. Her respect for my father's prejudices, however, prevented her from permitting similar gaieties under her own roof during our sojourn there. Two or three stately dinner parties, at which the company consisted almost entirely of old friends of our family, formed the limit of our dissipation.

Days and weeks passed away, and my father evidently was impatient for us to be gone, but the disease in my eye appeared more stubborn than we had anticipated; and the oculist declared that another fortnight must pass ere he could ascertain the success of his experiments. Lady M—— begged that I might be left under her care, but this proposal was not likely to be acceded to. But imperative business called my father a few miles into the country, and he announced to us that he must be absent three whole days, during which time he trusted I would conduct myself as an obedient daughter, and that his sister would prove a faithful guardian. The words fell lightly on my ear, used as I was to solemn adjurations and injunctions about the meanest trifles, and Lady M—— laughed outright as soon as the door had closed behind him.

"I wish I could take you to a ball to-night, Harriet," said my aunt, "but that is impossible, because the matter might be talked about, and your father

is so odd there is no saying how he would take it. But I am determined to give you the next best treat in my power: to-night we will visit Drury-lane Theatre, it is a positive sin to keep you in London so long and let you see nothing."

And to the theatre we went—the place that had never been named in my home without shudderings of virtuous horror. How shall I describe the new existence that opened for me upon that evening! How shall I tell the new feelings that swept over my heart, the new powers that seemed to awaken within me! The glorious language of Shakspeare was familiar to my thoughts, but here I saw his creations embodied, his dreams placed palpably before my eyes. From the moment the performance began—I forgot my own identity—I was irresistibly borne away in the current of events that seemed passing before me, and my burst of anguished weeping at the catastrophe was so violent, that Lady M—— hurried me away, ashamed even while she was amused at that display of feeling.—There was no sleep for me that night, I was far too much excited to yield to its influence. How I envied the great actress whose power over my passions had been so entire! How earnestly I longed to exercise a similar sway over a hushed and listening crowd of my fellow beings.

* * *

We returned to the country, and a darker shadow of discontent came over my mind as I trod the stately chambers again, or sat in the large library of L—— Hall. I now seized every opportunity of reading newspapers, in which I had formerly taken no interest, but only one column attracted me, and that was headed "Theatrical Intelligence." The name of the actress who had so delighted me appeared again and again, connected with the highest encomiums, and not unfrequently associated with the names of the noblest and fairest in the land, who admitted her to their most select assemblies.—Oh! how much higher a destiny than mine did hers appear—how enviable her position—how glorious her fame!

A plan suggested itself to my mind, so daring, that, at first, I hardly ventured to think of it; and yet, in spite of myself, it would arise in my thoughts until I learned to cherish and dwell upon it as a favourite idea. It seemed to promise much—deliverance from the paternal rule that had long since grown

a heavy thralldom, the gratification of my own strong inclinations, fame, and a place amongst the great and the gay. In my ignorance of the world I never once thought of the difference of rank between myself and the gifted lady, whom I was resolved to make my model. I did not reflect, that while to *her* it was honourable that high talents and unblemished character, should have raised her in the scale of society, to me, who might claim a similar place there as my birthright, a connection with the theatre *must* be degrading. I calculated nothing for my youth and inexperience, for the dangers to which I might be exposed, the sorrow I should bring upon my friends, the possible failure that might await me. In my fervent ignorance my imagination overleaped all these things, and I saw myself arrived at once at the goal of success and honour.

The disorder in my eye had been entirely removed by the skilful treatment it received in London, and I looked in the mirror, for the first time, with a conscious thrill of delight; for I felt that my personal attractions were not inferior to hers who had excited my emulation. My brothers were under the care of a tutor who was a first rate elocutionist, for my father was ambitious that one or other of his sons should adorn the senate. My request to share their lessons was readily complied with, and my vanity was elated by the compliments which were bestowed on my rapid improvement. Scenes from Shakspeare were frequently selected as exercises, and a casual remark of our instructor "that I should have made a splendid actress," flattered me exceedingly. I was impatient for the time when I should be able to emancipate myself from my joyless prison, for such my home now appeared to me, and escaping into the free air, soar at once towards fame and fortune.

I made no confidante, for I had a lurking feeling that even my aunt, Lady M——, would oppose so bold a scheme; and I determined that its discovery and my success should be simultaneous. I had a handsome allowance for clothes and pocket money, and from this, in due time, I saved a sum sufficient, as I supposed, to support me until my genius should obtain its share of substantial rewards. I contrived to get a few indispensable articles of dress conveyed to the next town, and very early one summer morning I found myself on the high road,

with fifty pounds and a few jewels in my possession, and the wide world "all before me where to choose." The London Coach coming up I got into it, inquired for my bundle of clothes at our first stopping place, where under a feigned name, I had directed it to be left till called for, and presently was rolling away towards the metropolis, a wilful outcast from the home of my childhood. Some natural regrets arose in my heart, but my independent spirit had chosen its course too boldly to allow me to indulge them, and away I went, without the remotest idea of the weight of my offence, or the bitterness of its after effects.

There was only one other passenger in the coach—a middle-aged man, of benevolent aspect, and remarkably pleasing address. The tears, which found their way in spite of my efforts to repress them, as I caught the last glimpse of the moving woods that surrounded L—— Hall, afforded him an opportunity of expressing regret that so young a person should have cause for sorrow. Seeing that my emotion was increased by his observation, he thus continued—

"Excuse me, young lady, for saying so much, for I cannot help thinking there is something peculiar in your situation. It is not very common for females so youthful and so beautiful to be waiting alone in the high road, at five in the morning, for the chance of being picked up by a stage coach. I am sure you are respectable, and I confess you have interested me. I mean no impertinence; but if the motive of your journey be no great secret, perhaps you would not object to mention it."

Had I known more of the world I should, in all likelihood, have withheld such information from an entire stranger; but in this instance my simplicity did me good service, and, with small persuasion, I confided to him my history, merely withholding my name. He shook his head when I concluded.

"London! my poor lassie," said he. "You to appear on a London stage! Have you any letters to the managers—any friends at court—any introductions, in fact?"

I confessed I was unprovided with any.

"And you are doing all this without the sanction of your friends? I cannot help plainly telling you that you are very silly and very wrong. Take the advice of an old stager—of one

who has trodden the boards these thirty years, and with tolerable success too. Go back from the next town we stop at; make your peace with your friends; and be thankful you are prevented from going on in the road to ruin. Believe me you had better spend your life in stitching wristbands, at three-pence a-day, than venture your health, peace, and happiness in the atmosphere of a London theatrical life."

In one moment I felt inclined to take my new friend's advice, and return home, for his words had opened to my mind new and terrible glimpses of things which had never before intruded on my golden visions. Then the recollections of my father's stern and inflexible temper, and the tenfold suffering that would be my portion, even if he received me back to his protection, rose before me in such dark array, that I felt I could never encounter the alternative—that my only course was to proceed.

It would occupy too much time to enter into a detailed account of the remainder of my journey. We reached London the following morning; and my kind friend, for such he afterwards proved, did not leave me till he had conducted me to a decent lodging. Very narrow and dingy it looked, indeed, after the splendour of L—— Park; but I comforted myself that my residence there would be short, as I need only remain till I had time to find a pleasanter one. I had no idea of the value of money, and looked on my little fund as inexhaustible. The next morning my travelling companion, Mr. B——, called, accompanied by his wife, a very pleasing and lady-like woman. After a little conversation he produced a newspaper, containing an account of my elopement. It was evident that my destination or object in quitting my home were not guessed; and the concluding paragraph stated that, though my friends were greatly distressed at my disappearance, my father had forbidden any steps being taken towards my recovery.

"But not doubting your willingness to return, and your father's to receive you by this time," said Mr. B——, "I have taken upon me to write to him myself, assuring him of your safety, representing your *escapade* as a piece of childish folly, and requesting to know his pleasure concerning you."

I was angry and alarmed at this interference. I began to fear that I

might possibly be recalled. I shrunk from the thought of such an event more than ever; and I assured Mr. B—— that I had neither wish or intention to return to my friends. He blamed me much—told me my conduct was equally foolish and wicked, and we parted on no very good terms.

A few days passed over in mingled hope and fear, during which I saw nothing of Mr. and Mrs. B——. At the end of the week, however, they called, and, without alluding to the unpleasantness of our last meeting, spoke kindly and affectionately to me. At last Mr. B—— said that he was now willing to aver that I knew my father better than he had supposed I did, for that he had received a letter from him that morning, which he must say he could not have supposed a parent would indite; and, so saying, he produced it. It was written in my father's stiffest hand, and sealed with his largest seal. It was short, stern, and decisive. "Miss L—— had pleased herself," it said, "and in so doing had rejected his authority for ever. She might remember that he had told her, years since, that whoever permitted his gates to be closed on them for one night, should never, with his leave, re-enter them. He disowned her, as she had forsaken him, and should no longer regard her as a daughter. Her clothes and books should be forwarded for her to Mr. B——'s care." It was strange that I should have felt astonished on reading this letter. I *thought* I expected it—I fancied I was prepared for it; but now that my conjectures were realized, I was filled with conflicting feelings. There was something inexpressibly dreadful in this open sundering of old ties and claims. It seemed as if the earth had broken up around me, and left me the solitary occupant of a point, with a precipice on every side. I had anticipated my father's conduct, but not my own feelings on the occasion. I began already to repent of my folly; and with bitter tears observed that I did so. But repentance came too late, and my hopes and aspirations revived when I heard the very favourable opinions expressed by the B——'s of my dramatic talents. They advised, however, that I should not in the first instance hazard an appearance in London, but make my *debut* in some country theatre, where I could with more freedom make a trial of my powers. I was also advised to assume the name

of Elliot, and under this *alias* I was introduced to the public. You, my dear and kind friend, were present on that occasion, and you know its triumphant results. Alas! that I should have lived to regret my popularity!

How shall I fill up the darker and sudden shades in this picture of my life? How shall I tell of the feverish excitement, the passion, the madness which followed my London engagement? I was pre-eminently successful, and was at once exalted to the highest pinnacle of celebrity, petted, flattered, followed. My real name and rank were never suspected, for the story of the runaway Miss L.—was forgotten in the fashionable world, and Lady M.—, who might by chance have seen me, and discovered my secret, was absent, on the continent. The patronage of the B's was a sufficient warrant for the respectability of my character; and I was received and made much of in those charmed circles, which pride themselves on their exclusiveness. In short I was the fashion—fetes were given in my honour, and head-dresses were called after my name, countesses courted my acquaintance, and earls bowed down before me. Nay, believe it or not; but I solemnly declare that more than one coronet was laid at my feet, and that one of the wealthiest commoners in England would fain have made me the sharer of his fortunes. But I refused them all; refused to leave my life of toil, and its precarious brilliancy, and take my proud place amongst the matronage of the land, because I loved another, and that other how unworthy!

Captain Hereford was the only son of a baronet, far advanced in years, and possessed of immense wealth. But it was not the mere prospect of his succession to an honourable title and large estates that weighed with me in my preference for him—preference! it is a cold word! Had he been the poorest and lowliest born amongst those who sought my love, I feel assured he would still have been the object of the intense soul-engrossing passion that took possession of my heart. Impetuous and impatient of restraint as I was by nature, I knew no measure in my feelings towards him, and his love seemed to equal (it could not exceed) my own. But unlike the others whose hearts had been subdued by my attractions he wooed me secretly; and yielding to

his intreaties, I consented that our engagement should remain concealed until circumstances should permit him to claim me openly. Unsatisfied, however, with my promise to be his, and his alone, he at length prevailed on me to consent to a private marriage. His visits to me were remarked and commented upon; my friend Mrs. B. remonstrated with me; but feeling my true position, and bound by a solemn vow not to reveal it, I replied in a manner that grieved or offended her, and the oldest and kindest of my theatrical friends abandoned me to my fate, as one whose blemished reputation would not permit them to hold further intercourse with her. Desolate and unhappy as I felt, it was no hard task for Captain Hereford to induce me to remove me to his lodgings, and thus break the last link between myself and the virtuous of my own sex. But all this was dust in the balance compared with the blessedness of being continually with Hereford, of feeling that whatever cloud might, for the present, overshadow my fame; the day would soon come when it would pass away, of believing that we were united beyond the power of man to separate us. I cared not for the slights of former friends, for the exultation of rivals and enemies; *my world* was beside me; the being of my choice, the husband of my heart. He heaped upon me jewels and splendid dresses, and all the toys and baubles that are supposed to be precious in the eyes of woman. To me their chiefest value was, that they were *his* gifts; my only pleasure in displaying them was because it was his will that I should do so. Yes; for the six months, during which, calumny and malice were wreaking their bitterest rage upon me, with but one being to love, and he the one for whose sake my name was blackened and my conduct reviled; for that six months I was so intensely happy that I question if the fairest and proudest bride in the land, courted by all, and surrounded with admiring friends and approving relatives, could have matched her happiness with mine.

Mine is a wretched history. I sicken even now to recal the events that followed that delirious dream of joys. First came unfounded jealousy or its appearance, then mutual reproaches and upbraidings laid the foundations of a violent quarrel, which terminated in the desertion of Here-

ford; for such it proved, though he professed to proceed on business to the continent. Still I knew not the extent of my misery; still I believed myself his wedded wife; but I forbore to proclaim the truth; for I could not endure the thought of injuring him. And I hoped that when the necessity for secrecy ceased to exist, and I was permitted to acknowledge myself his wife, we should meet again and yet be happy. Weeks and months passed by, and I heard nothing of Hereford; and still no change took place in my circumstances. I lived in the strictest seclusion, for I determined that *he* should have no cause of complaint against me, and I conducted myself with a propriety which astonished every one, and which my peculiar case rendered it extremely difficult for me to observe. I was at first persecuted with letters containing offers to which I can only allude, but sufficiently tempting to one in my supposed situation. The first of these I rejected indignantly, the rest I treated with silent contempt. Though Hereford had forsaken me, he had not left me without such a provision as added to the fruit of my own exertions, was more than sufficient for my every want. Life seemed stripped of its fairy hues and ecstatic bliss; yet I sorrowed not as one who has no hope; for I trusted that time might yet restore my name, fame, and much, if not all, the happiness that I had lost. I was calm and hopeful, for I knew not the extent of my desolation.

I was startled from this inactivity of feeling by the news of my father's death. He had left an immense property behind him, independent of the family estates, and this I understood was divided between his two younger sons and his only surviving daughter, Amy. So I was told the will was worded, and he must have thought *me* dead, or wished that the world should think so.

I was seized with a feverish desire to re-visit my old home. My father had vowed I should re-enter it no more; but it was his no longer, and I resolved, that come what might, I would see it again. "But *they* shall not know me," I thought in the bitterness of my heart; "at present I could only bring distress and disgrace upon them. Nevertheless I will look on my birthplace; and the day may yet come when I shall return there proudly

with a vindicated fame, and a joyous heart."

Seven years had passed since I left that well-known mansion; and now I stood within sight of it again, so disguised by a deep, mourning dress, and so altered by anxiety and sorrow, that there was little chance of my being recognised. I stood amidst the trees, of which every bough was familiar to me; I opened the wicket that I had unlatched with such a trembling hand seven years before; there was the green path where my elastic step had scarcely marked the dew on the morning of my flight; and my life ever since that morning seemed a dream. A sudden conviction of the reality of the past darted over my mind. Surely I had only just stolen out through the library window to muse under the old oaks, the oaks that looked as if not a leaf had fallen since I left them. I sat down and wept such a flood of bitter, burning tears as surely never can burst from the heart more than once in a life time!

I was startled by the light touch of a hand on my shoulder; I looked up and beheld a form and face, the very image of what mine had been seven years before. I was puzzled about my own identity; I felt for a moment as if reason were forsaking me. But a sweet soothing voice spoke gently to me, and inquired what ailed me, and why I wept so sadly. I murmured that I was a stranger, an unhappy stranger, and that overcome by fatigue and sorrow, I had sat down to rest, and I prayed pardon for my intrusion. Oh, how I longed in that hour to fall on her neck and make myself known like the exiled patriarch of old; for I felt that lovely being was my own only sister Amy. But I forbore; I remembered my resolution, and I resisted the entreaties of that dear sister, that I would come into the house and rest, and take refreshment. I *did* suppress the words of love and agony that were rising to my lips, I bade my throbbing heart be still, and bowing deeply I withdrew from her presence without daring to look back upon her.

The next day I was again in London, and the following upon a bed of sickness, from which I did not arise for weeks. Reason had totally deserted me, and I raved of L—— Hall and my beautiful sister incessantly. I recovered very slowly. I left town

and took up my temporary abode in a quiet village on the southern coast. Health and strength gradually returned; and I was enabled to amuse myself by reading and working alternately. One day I chanced to take up a newspaper which accidentally came in my way; and the very first paragraph that met my eyes made my heart stand still, and filled me with unutterable consternation. It stated that "the gallant and accomplished Captain Hereford, only son of Sir Charles Hereford, of Hereford House, was shortly to lead to the altar Miss L——, the only daughter of the late George L——, Esq., of L—— Park. The agony, the measureless horror that rushed over my mind I cannot describe. I looked at the date of the paper; it was more than a fortnight old; what if the intelligence had come too late! One thing alone seemed clear to me; an effort must be made for my sister's preservation. In an hour I was on the road to L——.

There were sounds of rejoicing and signs of festivity in my native village, as my carriage with its foaming horses rattled through the narrow straggling street. There were flags displayed from the windows, and groups of people in their holiday apparel were thronging to the green, where was stationed a band of music. But I paused not to inquire the meaning of these indications. I ordered the postilion to drive on to L—— Park; and as we entered the grounds I saw that the road to the house was thronged with carriages. I sprung from the chaise in desperation, rushed past the crowd and up the steps, and confronted Hereford in the very act of bearing away his bride from the farewell embraces of her friends. "Stay, stay," I cried, wildly; "Amy, my sister Amy! I am his wife, his own wife, he cannot deny it, he cannot marry another. I could utter no more, but sank insensible at their feet.

* * *

And this was my doing! From the

window of my chamber on the day after my consciousness returned, I saw the long, mournful procession and the white plumed hearse that bore to the tomb of our fathers, her who had been so lovely and beloved, who but for me and my early follies and later rashness might have been still living, a happy wife, and who might by God's blessing, have been made in time, the honoured instrument to win a sinner from the error of his ways. It was I who had staid for ever the beatings of that happy heart, who had quenched the light in those smiling eyes. Well, she was at rest. She never knew the witherings of slow, wasting anguish, the gradual dispersing of her dream of bliss. Her sorrow was heavy; but it was brief; I, her sister, had broken her heart, and wherefore? To prove myself in truth the vile being that the world had called me; to find that I had no legal right to the name of wife; that I had been deceived, and cheated, and betrayed. The marriage that had been imposed on my ignorance was an illegal one; I was not even believed when I asserted that I had been fully persuaded of its validity; and I found myself stripped of my last hope and consolation, and rejected and disowned on every side.

Once more I left the home of my childhood, an outcast and a wanderer. I chose the continent as a residence; for there I had less chance of encountering those who had known me in former days than in my own country. But my strength is rapidly failing, and I know that my release is drawing nigh. To-night I rest at Calais, tomorrow I shall return to England, for I feel that it will be a consolation to think that my ashes shall sleep amongst English dust. To you, kind friend, I consign this record of my sorrows and sins. I attempt no excuse, I plead but little palliation; and yet I trust to be gently judged by those who read these pages. I have sinned heavily, and I have suffered sorely. It is just and right that it should be so!

ENGLAND VERSUS POPERY.

GREAT PROTESTANT DEMONSTRATIONS IN MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL.

We rejoice to see that the Protestant feeling of the empire is awake; and that ministers will not be suffered to perpetrate their atrocities in the cabinet, without provoking the reclamation of an indignant people. Manchester has nobly done its duty. Liverpool has nobly done its duty. The good men and true, in these great marts of commerce and manufactures, have assembled, in thousands, to listen to the spirit-stirring eloquence of the great champions of pure religious truth and sound Conservative principles, which were never in more perilous danger; and they have not separated without bearing their testimony against changes and promotions, which bear upon them the stamp of profligate incapacity, or reckless daring, hitherto altogether unexampled.

That a man who stood at the bar of the House of Lords as a culprit, accused of malversation of office in his conduct in the administration of the Irish Government, such as, in the better times of the constitution, would have brought down upon him pains and penalties; and, in the mind of every reflecting and impartial man, convicted, even by the showing of his own witnesses, of the weightiest of the charges upon which he was arraigned, should, as soon as parliament ceased to sit, be promoted to the most influential office in the empire, an office which gives him a sweeping controul over the church, the magistracy, and the administration of justice, is, surely, an experiment upon public forbearance, the boldest and the most audacious that ever was made; and indicates, fully, the degree to which ministers calculate upon the backwardness and timidity of Conservatives to call them to account for their misdeeds, and the increased earnestness of the popish and radical party, to sustain them in the threatening attitude which they have assumed against all that is sacred or valuable in the empire.

The appointment of Mr. Shiel to the office of privy councillor, and Mr. Wyse to that of lord of the treasury, is a pledge respecting their designs against the church, which must be altogether satisfactory to those who are leagued for its overthrow, and who have hitherto moved heaven and earth

for its destruction; nor will any thing which the popish and infidel party in this country can do be wanting to sustain in office the abandoned men, who have thus, literally, for the emoluments of office, sold themselves to work both political and moral evil; and by whose continuance in power the ruin of England is more sure to be accomplished, than by the immediate ascendancy of more ostensibly desperate men, who would be more direct in their aims, but less plausible in their pretensions.

Well then, is it, for the weal of England, that that supineness and indifference upon which ministers calculated, is, at present, no where to be found; and that the sentiments of the speakers, at the meetings to which we have above adverted, have met with a response in the bosom of every Conservative in the empire? Nor is the indignation less deep, because it is not loud, which swells at the prospect of the ruin and misery which must be brought upon this great nation if the present guilty and contemptible holders of office, though not possessors of power, should be much longer inflicted upon us. There is a sentiment of loyalty which animates the bosom of every true hearted Conservative, which forbids the utterance of any strong remonstrance which might wound the feelings of our youthful Queen. We so habitually reverence the sovereign, that we can, with difficulty, be brought to speak or to act strongly against views or principles towards which she is represented to entertain fond though pernicious predilections; and thus, while the enemies of the monarchy, or the desperate men who must act as the enemies of the monarchy in order to retain their ill-gotten power, feel no scruple in abusing the mind of the sovereign for their own purposes, and to her undoing, the friends of the monarchy so venerate the sacredness of that majesty "that doth hedge a king," that they can with difficulty be induced even to murmur their discontent, when, by the contrivance of evil councillors, the monarchy itself is endangered.

We are, therefore, not to estimate the determination of the Conservatives to resist the designs of evil doers, by

the loudness or vehemence of their denunciations. The greatest depth of feeling, and the utmost steadfastness of principle, is yet compatible with a tone of mildness, with "a modest stillness and humility," of which the lovers of peace and order will find it difficult to divest themselves, even under circumstances the most alarming. Their opinions and sentiments will, as they ought, be shown more by acts than by words. They well know that by improving the representation in the House of Commons alone, can they, avert the coming dangers. And as this is only to be done by attention to the registries, all true-hearted friends of the monarchy will be up and doing in the preliminary contest, which must, in its results, either confirm the power, or seal the doom of an unprincipled administration. Already, the feeling and the determination of the people have been felt by ministers in quarters where it was least expected. Cambridge, we may be well assured, would not have been vacated by Lord Mount-eagle, could government have seriously apprehended that he would have found a successor in Mr. Manners Sutton; nor would Poulet Thomson have been sent to play his "fantastic tricks" in the Canadas had ministers entertained a notion of the narrow escape of their seat for that place being taken forcible possession of by Sir George Murray. They were saved there by a rally extraordinary of the Quakers. That peaceful body had determined to remain neutral, until they saw the Conservative candidate at the head of the poll, when they changed their mind, and came forward in a body to support the destructive Socinian. But it is satisfactory to know that they will not be able to enact such a part again with the same result, and that nothing but a most culpable supineness, (which the recent meeting gives us no reason to apprehend,) can prevent the triumphant success of the good cause at the next election.

These are but a few of the significant hints which have taught the government that their only hope of safety lies in courses that are allied to desperation. Office they are determined to hold; and how could they calculate upon the tenure of it for one single hour, if they were cast off by the Radical faction. Therefore it is that they are wise in their generation, in conciliating "by all appliances and means to boot" the power of O'Connell and

the priests in this country, and that of Joseph Hume, and the Radicals, infidels, and political dissenters, in the other. Without them, they could not stand for a single moment; and they had, in truth, no option but to relinquish office, or to cast off all shame, and proclaim themselves identified in principle with the fomenters of colonial rebellion, and the thorough-going advocates of a repeal of the union. Upon the utter want of principle manifested by many of their old Whig supporters, they, no doubt, still calculate; and hope that their alliance with them will not be dissolved even by their open confederacy with men of such extreme opinions that they can be scarcely designated as other than covert traitors. How far a judicious dispensation of the good things at their disposal may act as flappers to the consciences of these men, and cause them still to slumber on in blind security, oblivious of the perils, both foreign and domestic, by which we are on every side beset, remains to be seen. We would fain hope better things of them. We would fain hope that the great majority of them will now see that the time has come, when they must no longer halt between two opinions. No fatuity can prevent them seeing that there now remains but one hope for England; and that, if the vessel of state be not anchored, firmly, in sound Conservative principles, it must be drifted, by the rising surges of an infidel Radicalism, over the precipice of revolution. What then, are they disposed to do? Will they take council from their own corruption, and accept the bribe, or be deluded by the representations, of government, to be aiding and assisting in measures utterly at variance with their recorded convictions? Or, will they act upon those better instincts, of which we would fain believe many of them conscious, and, flinging party feeling to the winds, become like old Burdett, as distinguished for their resistance to popular tyranny, as they might have been, in former times, to what they fancied to be, on the part of the crown, unconstitutional encroachment? It is for them to decide between disgrace and honour, as concerns themselves; and between safety and ruin, as concerns their country. But no. We will not believe that the destinies of the country are, even in the present nearly balanced state of parties, altogether in *their* hands. Upon the Conservatives

themselves, we would again and again impress it, our salvation as a nation must depend ; and if they but do their duty like men, we care not who may prove knaves or traitors. Let, therefore, the old Whigs, if so they are minded, take their places in the rear of Hume, O'Connell, and the Radicals, and aid in the movement which has for its object a more extensive predominance of republican institutions. We fear them not, as long as the enlightened Protestantism of the empire is wide awake, and, with a full view of their perils and difficulties, the battle-cry of the Conservatives is, "England expects every man to do his duty." But let the Conservatives be remiss at this important crisis, and all, indeed, is lost. The combination of infidels, profligates, destructives, and papists, must prevail, and the downfall of the foremost nation in the world be the consequence of their unhallowed machinations.

Nor let it be supposed that we regard the whole of the party, or of the combination of parties, to whom we are opposed, as wickedly and irreclaimably bent upon evil courses. No such thing. We believe them, for by far the greater part, to consist of honest, though mistaken, men. As applied to merely human concerns, we are no maintainers of the corruption of human nature. In divine, and spiritual concerns it is, undoubtedly, true, that man has departed very far from his original righteousness, and that the lowest depth of self-abasement is the only proper ground upon which he can take his stand, when he becomes a suppliant for pardon to the throne of grace. As a spiritual and immortal creature, there is a natural repugnance to the self-renouncing courses which he is called upon to enter, if he would copy the example of his Lord and Master. There is a conflict between the flesh and the spirit. The things which he would, those he does not ; the things which he would not, those he does. All this is true of man, in relation to his eternal interests ; as was, indeed, to a considerable extent, recognised by the enlightened heathen, when he said, "*video meliora, proboque ; deteriora sequor.*" But no such truth is predicable of man, in his relation to the present world, with respect to the things of which he has been emphatically pronounced to be "wise in his generation." In mere political matters it often happens that there is no natural opposition between what is

right in itself and what is personally agreeable. And when wrong courses are pursued, it is much more frequently from error of judgment than from perversity of disposition, or depravity of heart. We therefore never yet met an honest man who had been perverted to radicalism, of whom we did not entertain good hope, that, sooner or later, he would be led to see his errors ; and innumerable are the instances in which our anticipations have, in the amplest manner, been realised. Time, favouring opportunities, a somewhat better knowledge of the leaders of their own party, a freer intercourse with ours, have contributed, gradually, to the softening of prejudice, and the implanting of better convictions ; until, in process of time, the virulent partizan of democracy and revolution has been changed into the strenuous defender of social order ; and some of the very staunchest adherents of sound conservative policy have been thus won over from the ranks of its bitterest enemies.

To the scornful and contumelious tone, therefore, which is too frequently used towards the masses who differ from us, we are utterly opposed. Their leaders, indeed, in most instances, deserve the very worst which can be said of them. They are, for the most part, needy adventurers, or desperate traders upon the unsuspecting credulity of those who are their dupes. But not so the masses who are so often influenced by them to act to their own undoing. These, however mistaken, are actuated by honest intentions. They do not pursue what is wrong, in defiance of what they know to be right ; but it is from a fixed belief in the rectitude of their opinions, that they are induced to persevere in what are destructive courses. Let us, therefore, only illuminate their judgments, and we do a great deal to correct the obliquity of their conduct. It is not, as in the case of moral evil, where there is an instinct in opposition to the rule of right ; a law in our members at variance with the law in our minds. There is nothing which leads the generality of men to prefer bad government to good government, *knowing them to be such* ; but much the contrary. And when, therefore, we convince the understandings of the radicals that conduct which they have been encouraged to adopt is that which must lead to results the very opposite of those which they were taught to expect, our

readers may rely upon it that there will be a falling off from their cause precisely in proportion to the extent of such convictions.

If we looked for an instance illustrative of the truth of the position here advanced, we could not find one more to the purpose than the great Protestant meeting which was held at Brighton in (we believe) 1835. That town was then the very focus of radicalism; and it was determined by the radical leaders, by a bold stroke, to defeat the intentions of the Protestants, and to convert the meeting to a purpose the very opposite of that for which it was convened. With this view, by means of forged tickets, they, in great numbers, pre-occupied the place of meeting; and when the Protestant chairman, Lord Teignmouth, made his appearance, he was with great violence set aside, and a strong partizan on the other side placed in the chair. Every thing seemed to have succeeded according to their wishes, when Doctor O'Sullivan presented himself to the notice of the assembly, and claimed, as an accused individual, in common justice, to be heard. He was heard, although with many interruptions, for nearly three hours; and such was the effect which his able and honest statement produced on this hostile audience, that many who went to the meeting with feelings of bitterest prejudice against him and his cause, were convinced of their errors; and it was with no small difficulty the managers of the radicals were enabled to pass some feeble deprecatory resolutions, by which the object of those who called the meeting was, at the moment, defeated. But what was the effect of this day's proceedings, when the statements which were then put forth had time to work in the minds of the people? Let the ensuing election of town councillors tell, when the Conservative party so signally triumphed, and when the very individual who had been thrust into the chair, to the exclusion of Lord Teignmouth, was ignominiously rejected.

Why do we allude to this? Is it for the purpose of magnifying the prodigious effort of reasoning and eloquence by which the reverend speaker was on that occasion distinguished? No. But for the purpose of pointing out the honesty which was at the bottom of the most desperate radicalism; and proving, by indisputable facts, that we have only to treat men as rational

creatures, when their political interests are concerned, in order, in a great majority of instances, to make them good subjects.

We freely acknowledge that there is a certain amount of unredeemed scoundrelism, which cannot be turned to good by any reclaiming or humanizing process with which we are acquainted. The wretches who trade upon popular delusion, and who, if deprived of their present occupation of misleading the public mind by a system of "enormous lying," must hang or starve, cannot be easily induced, by any presentation of virtuous or honourable motives, to desist from their pernicious endeavours to make proselytes to infidelity and sedition. Upon such, therefore, we well know that it is altogether useless to expend argument. They are literally given over to a reprobate mind. But they bear, happily, but a small proportion to the masses whom they are permitted to leaven with their pernicious counsel, and amongst whom they have, hitherto, with too much impunity, been suffered to disseminate their pernicious misrepresentations. They are not more in number, as compared with the population, than the felons who adorn our gibbets or tenant our jails. And we ascribe it altogether to Conservative remissness, that they have been permitted, hitherto, to work so much un-mixed evil. Had we fully done our duty, their occupation would have, long ago, been gone. But, owing partly to the persuasion that lies will always refute themselves; and partly, to that timidity and backwardness which has always characterised the defenders, as contrasted with the assailants, of our institutions, they have been suffered to go about in the political world like the roaring lion of whom we read in Scripture, when it only required a vigorous determination, and a word of power, to consign them to their own place. This must no longer be. A mendacious press must no longer be permitted to drug the minds and to debauch the consciences of the people. The conservative ability of the country must be alert and indefatigable, not only for the instruction of those who are numbered in its ranks, but of the myriads who are only not numbered in its ranks, because of the manner in which they have been abandoned to the misdirection of miscreants who can only live in the atmosphere of fraud and delusion. The people, we repeat it, whatever they may be led to think

or to do, always mean well. And this is confessed by the enemy; for it is only by acting upon their *virtuous ignorance* that he hopes to prevail upon them to adopt his views. It is only by inducing them to believe that the cause of ultra-democracy is the cause of outraged liberty, that the enemies of our civil and social institutions are enabled to recruit their ranks with the numbers by whom they are rendered powerful. It is only by persuading religious minds that the *voluntary principle* is that which, if adopted universally, would be most conducive to the spread of virtue and religion, that the partizans of such an opinion have been made to multiply to an extent that renders them formidable to the church. Are these errors, or are they truths? If the latter, let them go on and prosper. We ourselves, we write in all sincerity, would not, in such a case, despair of being infected with the divine contagion. If the former, is not our course plain? What have we to do but to make known the truth? And is it not morally certain that in proportion as we disabuse the blinded partizans of voluntaryism and radicalism of the errors by which they have been misled, that we must take them out of the hands of their democratic masters. In the mean time, let us furnish the latter with a few lines of recommendation, by which no doubt, they will feel highly honoured, while we express our regret that they did not themselves hear them as they came from the lips of the Rev. Hugh M'Neile. By those who were fortunate enough to have been present at the great Protestant meeting which was held at the Amphitheatre in Liverpool, on Friday the 4th of October, they will be for ever remembered:—

"There is, I grieve to say, another class of persons, a small and I trust diminishing, but still a noisy class, with whom we can have no discussion. From these we have nothing to anticipate, except the honour of wilful misrepresentation and virulent abuse. Sir, I must throw myself on your indulgence and that of this meeting, while I say a few painful but necessary words concerning this waspish section of the community. They seem to me utterly incapable of comprehending what Christian patriotism means. Christian patriotism, the most touching, and next to the love of God in Christ, the noblest passion of the human heart; the love, the undying love, of that country which protected the cradles of our infancy, and encloses the ashes of

our fathers—the happy scene of childhood, when all was hope and joy; when innocence was in every heart, and pleasure in every eye; when every smile was bliss, and every thought was buoyant rapture; when a father's benignant encouragement, a mother's affectionate embrace, a sister's softening and humanising companionship, conveyed to the ripening character indelible impressions of philanthropy, associated for ever with the walks, the trees, the rivers, the mountains, amongst which the gentle influences twined themselves around the soul. Christian patriotism! the holy romance of sensibility and virtue.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land—
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand."

Yes, sir, there are men who seem utterly incapable of any approach towards such sacred emotions, and who, measuring the possibilities of the human heart by the sordidness of their own experience, ascribe, not upon documentary evidence, which it would be fatuity to disregard, but without proof, without evidence, without the slightest reason, to others, all the baseness to which they feel addicted themselves. Such men are the pests of society, infecting where they move, and poisoning where they repose. Advocates for liberty, with loud professions, they practically erect themselves into a star-chamber of censorship, and pronounce every one corrupt, ignorant, bigotted, who dares to differ from their dogmas. There is nothing too low for their praise, or too high for their abuse. There is no safety from such characters, except in open, uncompromising hostility. A profession of friendship from them would be but a prelude to treachery. Oh! sir, it is an instructive lesson, and the moral of it should sink deep into every heart, that such characters invariably inflict more lasting injury upon themselves than upon any others. Let no man be weak enough to imagine that when he has tampered with his conscience, and made his sincerity a sacrifice to his interest or his party spirit, he can stop short when he pleases, and at any stage of his criminal career: for, such is the mysterious constitution of our being, at once retributive and merciful, under the eye of Him whose wisdom and whose will we may not question, that no man can contract and dilate at pleasure the pupil of his moral vision. Once begin to darken or invert this beautiful orb of universal justice, and presently it ceases to present any obstacle in

the way of a downward, disastrous course, and loses the capacity of discernment between even the brightest and darkest colours of right and wrong. If we remit our exertions for our country until such men join us, or modify our exertions until such men approve of us, never shall we conceive any thing of nobleness, or accomplish any thing of value. Patiently acquiescing in the dark dispensations of Providence, which, for the present, render the existence of such characters inevitable, and thankful that since they must needs be, we are happily entitled to their abuse; I would only further say of them at present, that so long as, with conscious guilt and consequent cowardice, they skulk behind the mask of anonymous slander, and (except through their printers) irresponsible libel, they may be quietly and contentedly despised, and passed by with that mixture of merciful humanity and incipient disgust, by which we are induced in our walks to withhold the foot which was ready to tread upon a reptile. But should they show themselves by name, within the precincts of British civilization, they must be crushed.

"The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,

A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose—th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:

A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within the proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the open field.
There they are privileged."

Turning now, sir, from these blots upon the face of nature, these venomous remembrancers of our fallen condition, I address myself to the question more immediately before this meeting."

Such is an outline of the character of the men, to whose pestilent instruction whole masses of a Christian community have been abandoned. Is it too much to say, that the very same sort of guilt which is contracted by those who poison their fellow-creatures by the introduction of opium, attaches to the venders of deleterious politics, by whom the public mind is distempered, and public morals undermined? And if the answer must be in the affirmative, how is it possible that we ourselves can be divested of grave responsibility, while we possess, but neglect to apply, the antidote, by which such monstrous evils might be prevented?

But if we should be careful to ex-

tend our influence over others, it no less becomes us to be circumspect in not multiplying the divisions amongst ourselves. At the great Manchester meeting, which preceded that at Liverpool, the Rev. Mr. Stowel did much to diminish the usefulness of a very admirable speech, by a very unnecessary and ill-advised tirade against the writers of the Oxford Tracts. Whether he was right or wrong in his animadversions, the topic was one which should not have been introduced upon such an occasion, and could only have tended to sow jealousies and divisions amongst a body to whom it was never more indispensable that they should be united.

In Liverpool, a similar evil might have been the result of some equally ill-timed observations on the part of the excellent chairman, if they had not, happily, been met and counteracted by Dr. O'Sullivan, with a wisdom and an eloquence which carried with him the whole meeting. The following is but a very feeble and imperfect report of the living words of the reverend gentleman, who was placed in the very awkward predicament of being obliged to commence his speech with a disclaimer of some of the sentiments of the very respected individual who presided at the meeting:—

"And here, sir, I have to crave your indulgence and that of the meeting for some remarks not properly, perhaps, belonging to the subject of my resolution, but called for by observations in that address from the chair, which was listened to with a delighted and deserved attention. I speak, sir, of the opinions set forth in what are called the Oxford Tracts. If there be difference of opinion between us in this matter, as it is perhaps the only subject on which we are likely to be divided, I will hope, for the many in which we are one, that you will hear me with indulgence; and I am, indeed, not without a hope that although, at first you may question the soundness of my views, you will find them, on fuller consideration, not objectionable. I would say, sir, with respect to the Oxford system—'Be of good cheer.' We live in days when great principles are on their trial. The empire of the sword has had its hour, and seems to have passed away. We are living under the dynasty of opinion. In an age like this, it is surely well that all great principles which are entertained among men shall be plainly stated, and, when they are erroneous, shall be strongly and discreetly combated."

And there is such a controversy now. On the one side are eminent men, earnest to assert the pure succession of the church, lovers of antiquity, carrying their admiration so near the region of passion, that they will love the object of their veneration, even with its defects. On the other side are high men, also, lovers of truth, but so offended with the errors chargeable upon writers of ancient days, that they forget or disregard the claims of antiquity itself upon their respect and affection. Between the two parties the truth will be cleared and established. The lovers of antiquity will learn that that which they truly value is widely distinguished from the opinions and practices which ancient men have recommended, and they will qualify their admiration. Those, on the other hand, who, in their zeal for the truth, slight the testimony of antiquity, because many false and superstitious notions shelter within it, will learn that, nevertheless, there was much important truth for which we are indebted to those who were under a holy direction in the olden time. And thus, by the lights reflected from the one side and the other, a spectacle of wonder and thanksgiving and praise will be disclosed. We shall see erroneous opinions, unedifying practices, and gross and drivelling superstitions circulating among men;—and distinct and exalted above them,—the authority of a saving faith—the *authority of a creed*. We shall see men, in their private capacity—when under the government of their own will, extravagant, erroneous, and absurd—and these same men, all steadfast and self-controlled to guard the sacred deposit of the faith. We shall see them in their studies, and their discourses, and their books, too often savouring of what was light, and frigid, and fantastical; and we shall then see them—these same men, assembling together to proclaim the paramount authority of the formulary which contains the summary of saving faith, and admits neither error nor perplexity; and we shall see them even abridging their own liberty, in order to protect against themselves this precious deposit. Surely, sir, this will be a gracious and edifying spectacle; and from the manner in which the controversy has been taken up, I strongly hope this spectacle will be realised. Thankful then, deeply thankful should we be, that in his gracious providence the Lord has permitted those disputed opinions to be brought out at a time when the Christian world is sufficiently sensible of difficulty and danger to welcome their truth—and when Christian knowledge and zeal are advanced enough and strong enough to combat successfully their errors. And now, sir,

thanking you and the meeting for their patience, I turn to the subject of the day."

And thus, we trust, will end any allusion to such topics, on occasions where they are so obviously irrelevant; or, if they should be again so introduced, we can only express a wish, that the introduction of them may be, in a similar spirit, wisely and discreetly reprehended.

But let us follow Dr. O'Sullivan to the business of the day. This was, chiefly, to hear his masterly exposure of the defence set up for the Irish government, before the committee of the house of lords, upon the state of crime in Ireland. In Manchester he commenced his statement, in which, confining himself to Mr. Drummond's testimony, he clearly established the profligate character of the Normanby administration. The *Manchester Courier*, a moderate and most ably conducted paper, thus describes the effect which he produced:—

"As Dr. O'Sullivan, in a speech that would have done honour to the greatest statesman that ever lived, clearly proved, the people of this country have everything to apprehend from that dexterous shuffle between Lords Normanby and John Russell which placed the former in the home office. The man who has nurtured and encouraged popery in the sister isle in every imaginable way, and who has received a marquise as the price of his treachery, is not exactly the sort of person to abandon an impious and sacrilegious work, because the scene of his labours happens to be changed from Dublin castle to Downing street. In Ireland my Lord Normanby was surrounded by cunning sycophants, who alternately played the bully or the pliant tool as his lordship's temper and the tone of circumstances might suggest. He was sent to Ireland as the lieutenant of his sovereign, to govern that country on the principles of the 'constitution in church and state, as by law established.' He had scarcely found himself within the walls of the viceregal residence before he began openly to violate that branch of the established form of government which is its first as it is its highest and most sacred principle. His was the hand to sow the first seeds of a conspiracy which had for its object the supremacy of the pope and the subversion of Protestantism. Proud, imperious, vain and ambitious, he might possibly imagine himself the independent and enlightened representative of a liberal government,

with the absolute power to act as his inclination and interest might dictate; whilst, in point of fact, he stood there a titled automaton, subservient to the designs of his country's worst enemies. The charm was soon broken; and he found himself a wretched tool, employed in the work of undermining his country's best interests. Did his noble blood fever and run riot through his veins at the humiliating discovery? Oh no; an appeal was made to his vanity, the 'leprous distilment' of flattery was poured into his ears, he scoured through the country, patronizing priestcraft and popery, throwing open the gaols, and releasing thrice-convicted felons; thus rendering the lives and property of the people precarious, by interposing a violent effort of prerogative (questionable because abused) between the law and its victims. His return was scarcely less remarkable than his mad-cap expedition into the provinces. He aided the promotion and aggrandizement of the creatures of the vatican, suspended and superseded Protestant magistrates because they had the firmness and patriotism to support constitutional principles, and otherwise promoted the dark conspiracy to which he had given himself up. Thus, between the weakness and fury of his passions did he scarcely leave a moment for reflection; except, indeed, when he was speculating upon the future reward of his treachery. On nearly all these points did Dr. O'Sullivan comment with a degree of force and perspicuity that have seldom been equalled, and certainly never surpassed. In one view he has presented us with a picture of the social, political, and religious condition of Ireland, that must carry conviction to the mind of every one who is not steeled against proof, and lost in the lowest depths of prejudice. The rev. doctor completely proved the case of Ireland against the government. With such a digest of facts before us as is furnished by him, we cannot feel surprised that their present position should have roused and engrossed the whole attention of the Protestants of Ireland. We rather admire the pious zeal with which they assert their interest in the cause, than blame them for their seeming indifference about any other. When the first and vital principle of the constitution is invaded, minor grievances naturally lose their force; and as they must depend for their adjustment in a great measure upon the maintenance of our settled form of government, we think the Protestants of Ireland have commenced their work in the right place."

The most plausible of Mr. Drum-

mond's positions, was founded upon returns of the state of crime in 1836-7-8, compared with similar returns in 1826-7-8; from which he would infer, that as crime, ostensibly, has not greatly increased, the condition of the country is not much worse now than it was during the palmy days of a Peel and Wellington administration. But what is the true statement of the case? The period referred to was one before the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, when the disabilities were said to be a perennial source of disturbance and disaffection. The particular years chosen were those during which Pastorini's prophecies were agitating the minds of the people, and the whole country was in a state of unexampled turbulence and commotion, as if in the hourly expectation of some mighty change. We all remember the simultaneous meetings; and the scenes which were enacted at the Clare and the Waterford elections. "Is there no allowance to be made for these things?" asks Dr. O'Sullivan, in estimating the amount of crime which prevailed during those years which may be described as the agony of Ireland. But that is not all. In twenty-nine, the Relief Bill passed, which was represented as a panacea for all our evils. Did that effect nothing towards the tranquillization of the country? But that is not all. Then passed the Reform Bill; which, under the management of whig-radical rulers, handed over Ireland to the demagogues and the Roman Catholic priests. No allowance to be made for this? Was the public peace not promoted by all this *conciliation*? But this is not all. The Orange institution was represented as a never failing irritant, by which, as long as it existed, the Roman Catholics must be perpetually provoked and insulted. Well, the Orange institution was dissolved; its processions were discontinued. No allowance to be made for that? Is Ireland still to be as rife with disorder, as when that obnoxious institution was at its height, and each succeeding year brought about offensive commemorations? But that is not all. The sources of crime which were to be found in party fights, have now been dried up; and the government have become possessed of a stipendiary magistracy, and an armed police, compared with which, the means at the disposal of all former governments, were altogether inefficient and contemptible. And notwithstanding all this, shall it

be made a matter of boast that crime does not now greatly exceed what it was when the government of the country was without these powerful aids, and obliged to contend with disaffection and turbulence at such great disadvantage? Yet what is the fact, as demonstrated by Mr. Drummond's returns? That there is, positively, *an increase of crime, in most of the graver offences, and more particularly those which indicate seditious combination*, during the halcyon days of the Normanby regime, when every incentive to turbulence had apparently been withdrawn, and government had become armed with a voltaic battery, (as Dr. O'Sullivan called it,) for the repression of crime, of the power of which, no combination in chemistry could furnish a suitable illustration!

Our space does not permit us, and, even if it did, the report would not enable us, to convey an adequate idea of the power and the felicity of Dr. O'Sullivan's exposures of the manner in which the Normanby government tampered with the police, insulted the magistrates, and disparaged the administration of justice. Let the following suffice as a specimen of their proceedings respecting police appointments:—

"Already, sir, I have endeavoured to show, that in the case between the government and the landlords of Ireland, the government have, to the same extent as we have been enabled to examine the case, been found in error. They have not only abandoned their charge against the landlords, but have by their own witnesses, it may be said, disproved it. They have also confessed themselves, or shown themselves, in error with respect to the amount of crime in Ireland. Their own returns show that it has augmented fearfully during the period of their government. On the other hand it has been shown, that by their expressions towards landlords, and their conduct towards judges, jurors, and witnesses, they have appeared hostile to the rights of property and the administration of justice. I now proceed to consider their conduct towards the magistrates and police—that great force, for the arrangement and discipline of which they have claimed such praise from the nation. How has government conducted itself towards this great force? Has it been zealous and watchful to ensure and promote its efficiency? Has it shown a due sense of the trust reposed in it by a generous opposition? Indeed, to hear the manner in which government and its advocates

speak of the police force, one would expect a care for it little less than superstitious. It seems the idol of our present rulers. We might almost expect to hear of some of those advocates discarding all complicated formularies of faith, as they have discarded the Bible from the schools, and summing up their faith in one comprehensive proposition, 'We believe in the police.' How have they acted towards this force so trusted in? It is said that they have made it the convenience for lodging some partisans and favourites, and that they have not been careful to protect it from being abused by the introduction of unworthy members. I do not mean to trouble you with many cases of this description. I shall select a very few from the many which were offered to me, and choose those only in which government, by its organ, has pronounced an opinion, and explained the circumstances or the principles by which its conduct has been determined. I shall take them from Mr. Drummond's evidence:—

"You say you only heard a rumour that he had been concerned in smuggling?"

"Just so."

"Did you make inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining the fact when you heard the rumour?"

"No, I did not. When it was mentioned to me, I was told it was likely to be a subject of inquiry before this committee, and therefore I thought it as well that nothing should be done until the result of that inquiry was known."

"The more massa call me, the more I won't come. Mr. Drummond thought it likely the parliamentary committee would inquire about the matter, and therefore he thought it better to leave himself unable to answer. A satisfactory witness! But Mr. Drummond thought this the better course. It is not for us to impugn his judgment: it may have been the better course—better for the witness; but if better for the government that he came to defend, bad was that better—bad for the government—and bad, very bad, for the forsaken individual upon whose reputation he seems to have pronounced the contemptuous sentence, the less that is known of him the better."

"Are you aware of the appointment of a man of the name of Fitzgerald to the office of chief constable?"

"Yes."

"Was there any representation made to government of unfitness on his part?"

"There was."

"Did the government investigate the matter?"

"A representation was made to the inspector-general, which he brought to me, and I transmitted it, as a matter of course,

to Lord Morpeth, suggesting that those who had recommended Mr. Fitzgerald should be applied to in the first instance, to know what information they had to give on the subject. I then called Lord Morpeth's attention to the fact, that nothing had been heard respecting it; to which he replied, that he had misunderstood the nature of the representation, thinking it was a complaint against the father of Fitzgerald, and not the young man himself; and, as it was stated that the son had given perfect satisfaction in the constabulary, he saw no reason why he should question his appointment because of the alleged misconduct of his father. I then pointed out to Lord Morpeth that the complaint was against the individual who had been appointed to the police; and his lordship directed the usual course to be followed, namely, that the complaint should be transmitted to the person complained of, in the first instance, and that he should make such observations upon the charge as he thought proper. This is the preliminary step in all such cases.

"Were the charges those of having suborned witnesses to commit perjury?"

"The charge was something similar to that, but really I am not quite sure. I think it was a charge of having brought forward a false witness, or having brought forward a written testimony, knowing it to be false. It was a serious charge."

"What authority would Lord Morpeth have over the father, supposing the charges to be made against him, and not against the son?"

"None whatever against the father; the party must have proceeded against him in any way the law enabled them to do."

"Was Fitzgerald, the chief constable, suspended when this complaint was laid before the government by the inspector-general?"

"As I have mentioned, Lord Morpeth was not aware, in the first instance, that the charge was against the son. In the hurry of reading the letter he misunderstood it. On the second representation, he learned that the complaint was against the son, and he immediately directed that letter to be sent to him for observation. I am not aware what answer has been received; it was but a few days before I came away; I think only two days before I left Dublin."

"And so, Lord Morpeth, in his hurry, imagined that a charge, preferred by the inspector of police against a constable, was intended for the constable's father. One is curious to know by what process of reasoning the impetuous nobleman was hurried into such a conclusion. What the inspector of police had to do with the fathers of his subalterns, or what Lord Mor-

peth had to do with them, Mr. Drummond appears unable to inform us. But all is to be ascribed to Lord Morpeth's hurry. I wish we could recommend him to use the old adage, 'A man of sense may be in haste—he can never be in a hurry.' A man to whom the care of a troubled people is committed should not have hurry to plead as an excuse for neglecting his duty."

"You state that it has been the custom not to appoint chief constables of police above thirty-five years of age, who never were in the police before?"

"Formerly there was no restriction as to age: then Lord Normanby restricted the appointment to the age of forty, and afterwards to thirty-five or thirty,—but I think thirty-five."

"Are you aware of the appointment of a man of the name of Slattery, as chief constable of police, in January, 1838?"

"Yes, I am."

"Are you aware that the man is above the age of fifty?"

"I am not aware how old he is, and I do not believe he was appointed since the regulation."

"He was appointed in May, 1838, according to the parliamentary returns."

"Then I should think, at that time, the age to which appointments were restricted was forty?"

"I am not quite sure of the date at which those regulations were made; they grew up by degrees, as the result of the experience."

"Was this Mr. Slattery brother to a Roman Catholic archbishop?"

"He was."

"Do you consider it advantageous to introduce into the police force persons so connected?"

"I do."

"Would you, under such circumstances, have considered his age a decided objection?"

"I think it is so desirable to introduce a person so connected into the force, that, supposing the appointment rested with me, I should have been disposed to set aside the rule, with regard to age, in such a case."

"This case speaks for itself. A charge was preferred against a constable who was brother to a Roman Catholic bishop. The charge is duly investigated, that is, the accused party is informed of it, and being asked if he were guilty, he denies, and says that he will swear, if required, to his innocence. 'A clear case!' cries Mr. Drummond. *Causa finita est: ipse dixit.* I take it for granted that the accuser had not a Roman Catholic bishop for his brother. The sub-constable is above the age within which it was ruled by Lord Normanby himself that constables should be

chosen. But he was brother to a Roman Catholic bishop, and, in virtue of that sacred tie, rules must make way for his convenience. I will not trouble you with other specimens. You may gather from those which I have set before you some notion of the manner in which government patronage was exercised, and the peace-preserving force of the country practised upon. If Lord Morpeth is in a hurry, or Mr. Drummond is not; if Lord Morpeth think that a son has an undutiful father, or Mr. Drummond think that a parliamentary committee wish to ask him a fair and necessary question, a reason is furnished for neglecting to inquire into the fitness of an officer. Oh, that some such hurry or such procrastination had interfered to befriended poor Patterson! If a Roman bishop appear, then is there a 'nodus vindice dignus,' or, 'a vindex nodo dignus;' the fastenings of the knottiest rules and obligations are loosed for him."

Surely all this is most important. Wise in their generation were the government scribes when they endeavoured to misrepresent, and mystify, and explain away, the damning facts by which their Appollyon stands condemned, for a prostitution of the extensive powers placed at his disposal, which could not, we believe, *as yet*, be attempted with impunity in any other part of the empire. Ireland was the country chosen for giving the *initiative* to that system of Popery and tyranny under which, ere long, the empire must groan, if it be not speedily arrested. "*Experimentum fit in corpore vili.*" Such is the complimentary maxim, in accordance with which we are favoured with a preference, when patronage is to be abused, or liberty outraged, or the free course of evangelical religion impeded. Let the people of England remember that the late attempt to force Popish chaplains into their prisons and penitentiaries was preceded by a successful effort to introduce a similar practice into this country; and that, too, under a Tory administration.* Let them remember that the Church Rate Bill, with which they themselves are now threatened, was preceded by a similar bill which has been carried into effect here. Let them remember that the meditated spoliation of their cathedrals, was preceded by the sup-

pression of ten bishopricks in Ireland. Let them remember that the national system of education, by which their population are to be parcelled out for religious instruction amongst Dissenters of every denomination, who are to be recognised by the state as standing upon precisely the same level with the established clergy, was preceded by a similar system in this country, in which the education of the humbler classes has virtually been abandoned to the Roman Catholic priests. Let the people of England, we repeat, heedfully remember these things. They were indifferent enough as long as we alone were concerned, and ready enough to say, "Ye are turbulent—ye are unreasonable—ye are seditious," when we cried aloud against the measures by which our church was plundered, and darkness substituted for light in the education of our people. But they now find that the iniquities which they passively countenanced, have only established a principle from which they must be sufferers themselves, unless, by a vigorous effort, they shake off the incubus of a profligate ministry, who can only exist as long as they are obedient to the behests of the patrons of infidelity, and the promoters of revolution. Let them, therefore, henceforth, act upon the principle of "*obsta principis.*" Let them regard Ireland as the nursery of pernicious measures, which, bye and bye, when they have come to a pestilent maturity, are to be transplanted amongst themselves. Let them be well convinced that they can never permit any such measure to take root in the one country, without incurring the danger of having it adopted in the other; and that when they have once admitted the principle, it is too late to reclaim against the practice. Had Normanby been exposed, as he should have been, at an early period of his Irish misgovernment, and had the public mind in England been properly awakened to the unconstitutional courses upon which he had entered, he never would have had the temerity to outrage public opinion as he afterwards did; or, his career would have been cut short by one of those overwhelming demonstrations of indignant feeling which could not have been resisted.

* We believe that Lord Maryborough was Chief Secretary in Ireland when the measure above referred to passed into a law. But this is to be said for him, that the disabling statutes were then in force; and it was the desire of his lordship and others to give to Roman Catholics every indulgence short of emancipation. They were not aware that an important principle was compromised in thus invading the functions of the established clergy.

With respect to the conduct pursued towards the Conservatives, as contrasted with that observed towards the Radical magistracy, Dr. O'Sullivan's statement is most powerful. Our readers remember the manner in which Colonel Verner was insulted and cashiered, for a toast given at a private dinner to which he invited his constituents after the last Armagh election. The toast was "The Battle of the Diamond," being an allusion to an affray between the loyal men of Tyrone and the traitorous association of Defenders, in which the latter were signally defeated. Well, now for the even-handed justice of the Normanby government. It was officially reported, by a stipendiary magistrate, Captain Vignoles, that Mr. O'Connell, at a public dinner in Carlow, used words of a most seditious character, being a direct exhortation to the shedding of blood. What was the conduct of the men who expelled Colonel Verner from the magistracy for toasting "The Battle of the Diamond?"

"A severe letter to Mr. O'Connell? Was such a letter sent? No; not a line, gentle or censorious. Not a line. Mr. O'Connell shared in the hospitalities of the Castle; and before he appeared at the Vice-regal table all that he was required to do was communicated to him in the form of a request, sent verbally through his son-in-law, Mr. Fitzsimon, and the result was a most unsatisfactory disclaimer. But it is better to let Mr. Drummond speak:—

"In the course of Captain Vignoles' evidence reference was made to the speech made by Mr. O'Connell, at a dinner at Carlow; did you receive any information upon that subject, and was it brought to the notice of the Lord Lieutenant? It was brought under the notice of the Lord Lieutenant by Mr. Vignoles. I saw the Lord Lieutenant shortly after Mr. Vignoles had been with him, and he mentioned the circumstance to me, stating what Mr. Vignoles had reported to him.

"What did he state that he had reported? That certain expressions had been attributed to Mr. O'Connell at the meeting at Carlow; very nearly the same words stated by Mr. Vignoles in his evidence. On that day the Lord Lieutenant had a large party of members of parliament to dine with him, and among them Mr. O'Connell had been invited; and the Lord Lieutenant told me that an intimation must be made to Mr. O'Connell that such a statement had been conveyed to him, and that he must

have a disavowal by Mr. O'Connell of those expressions before his Excellency could receive him. Mr. O'Connell was out of town at the time, but I saw a relation of his, Mr. Fitzsimon, to whom I communicated the circumstance, and in the course of the afternoon I received this letter from Mr. O'Connell, which I placed in the hands of the lord lieutenant. The words were stated by Mr. Clayton Browne more fully and distinctly, and they were also given in a public report in the newspapers.

"Did the lord lieutenant state to you what were the words represented by Captain Vignoles, of which complaint was made? That I am not sure of; but I understood that the words reported by Mr. Vignoles were substantially the same as those used by Mr. Clayton Browne at the public meeting.

"Were these the words—'Men of Carlow, are you ready?' The reply was, 'Aye, aye,' and there was a pause. Then these words were distinctly and solemnly spoken? 'I am the last man to recommend the shedding of one drop of blood; but we have tried every means of obtaining our just rights, and they have failed; we have no course left us now but that which I have hitherto deprecated—the shedding of blood. Blood must be shed!' There was then another pause—a lengthened pause—and then came what follows:—'My reason for now saying that blood must be shed, is to prevent the shedding of blood; for if your enemies again get into power, they will shed your blood.' Are those the words, or tantamount to the words, which you called the attention of Mr. O'Connell to? My recollection is, that I called his attention to the words used by Mr. Clayton Browne, as having been reported in the newspapers.

"What newspaper is that in your hand? It is the *Dublin Evening Post*."

"Are the words that have been now read to you of the same import as those that were ascribed to Mr. C. Browne? I think so."

"Such were the words ascribed to Mr. O'Connell. Here is his disclaimer:—

"Merrion-square.

"MY DEAR SIR—I have seen a report of a speech by Mr. Clayton Browne, at the meeting at the Lord Mayor's, and I am asked to assure you that nothing can be more false than this version of my speech at Carlow. It bears no resemblance to the truth. I would not condescend myself to contradict such misrepresentations, unless it were suggested to

me by others. I should never end else.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your very faithful servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Thomas Drummond, Esq., &c."

The committee was naturally desirous to ascertain the impression produced on Lord Normanby's mind by a matter so grave as this; and the witness, Mr. Drummond, was questioned further:—

"Did the Lord Lieutenant—as there was a declaration of Captain Vignoles that he had heard the words, with a precise statement of what the words were—remark on Mr. O'Connell's being only a general disclaimer of those words, without any specification whatever? We separated almost immediately. I had just time to put the letter into his hand, and heard nothing more on that day.

"Mr. O'Connell, however, came to dinner? He did.

"On the following day had you any communication with his Excellency on that subject? I do not recollect any official communication the following day.

"Had you any further conversation with his Excellency on that subject? I had further conversation on the subject; but I received no official directions.

"Have you any recollection of the purport of the conversation you had with his Excellency? The subject of our conversation would naturally be the indiscretion, to say the least of it, of uttering expressions capable of being misunderstood, and represented in such a light; and I remember an observation was made that there was a palpable contradiction in the very terms imputed to Mr. O'Connell, namely—that blood must be shed in order that blood might not be shed, which was the more remarkable, as the recommendation of shedding blood was totally adverse to every principle ever avowed or sanctioned by Mr. O'Connell. Upon the face of the speech, as reported, therefore, there was a manifest inconsistency.

"That was the comment made by the lord lieutenant to you on the words ascribed to Mr. O'Connell—it was at least assented to by him? My strong conviction is, that it was made by Lord Normanby. It is very difficult, at this distance of time, in referring to a private conversation, which I never expected would have been made the subject of examination, to call distinctly to mind with which of the parties a particular observation may have originated. The conversation was of the nature I have stated."

The forgetfulness or neglect of Mr. Drummond, on an occasion like this, is not easily or creditably intelligible. It

was precisely the case in which nothing that could be written should have been trusted to the memory. He is responsible for his choice. The examination of Mr. Drummond was continued:—

"Did you ever hear that there were any officers of the army present at that dinner at which Mr. O'Connell is said to have made use of those words? Having read Mr. Vignoles's evidence, I perceive that he states that, &c.

"Did he (the lord lieutenant) give you any reason for not inquiring of those persons? I presume that he conceived that the denial of Mr. O'Connell was sufficient, otherwise he would not have received him at dinner.

"Did you have a conversation with the lord lieutenant about the terms in which that letter was conceived? I think, on further recollection, that just at the time I put the letter into his hand, he observed that it might be more satisfactory if Mr. O'Connell had given a more detailed contradiction to the particular expressions imputed to him; but as he had totally disclaimed the whole report, he would accept his disclaimer. Whether this observation was made then, or on the following day, I am not quite sure.

"Did you receive from the lord lieutenant an impression that he was satisfied, from that letter, that Mr. O'Connell had not used those words? I received an impression that he was satisfied that Mr. O'Connell had not used words of the import attributed to him, and that impression was strengthened by his observing subsequently, that it was contrary to the declared sentiments of Mr. O'Connell, who had uniformly disclaimed all violence as a means for effecting any political objects whatsoever.

"Were those particular expressions at variance with the commencement of the speech at which they occurred? I never read the whole speech, and therefore cannot speak to that; but the lord lieutenant spoke as if he felt those expressions to be inconsistent with what had fallen from Mr. O'Connell."

From this it appears that Lord Normanby did not think the disclaimer sufficiently satisfactory; but yet did think Mr. O'Connell's denial sufficient. Strange inconsistency! Mr. O'Connell was precisely the individual from whom, more strictly than from other men, a precise form of expression should have been demanded. Few can be ignorant of the manner in which he solemnly, in parliament, called God to witness that not one word of a statement made by the Recorder of Dublin was true; and afterwards defended himself, when forced to acknowledge that *not one word of it was*

false, by the subterfuge that if in the story the Christian name of a party had been given in addition to his surname, he would never have disputed its correctness. Was this the man whose unsatisfactory disavowal was to be so confidently received? But Mr. O'Connell had always shown himself averse to the dangerous occupation of shedding blood, and ever in his speeches had avoided such topics. It is easy for those who have not read Mr. O'Connell's speeches to speak thus. Had Mr. Drummond inquired as to a speech of Mr. O'Connell, delivered, I believe, about the same time as that at Carlow, he would not have expressed himself so confident as to the peacefulness of the learned gentleman's speeches. The *Dublin Evening Mail*, January 22, 1836, extracts from the *Pilot* O'Connell's speech at a dinner in Tuam. In it he declares himself a repealer, and makes use of such expressions as these :—

"I made the experiment for five years to conciliate the Orangemen—I might as well attempt to tame sucking tigers, for they are more ferocious in their nature, and more sanguinary in their actions, than the beasts of prey; and I arrived at the conviction that the attempt was useless, and that we must treat them as we do other felons in society. And, first, we want to keep out the Tories. You all know that if the Tories return to power there is no hope of justice for Ireland; no prospect of improving the state of the country. We have had the bitter fruits of Tory administration in seven centuries of oppression. Let the enemies of my country brand me as they please with a desire to shrink from danger where my God forbids; but they mistake me if they think, should they attempt to carry their threats of violence into effect, that I would be backward in the struggle to prevent my country from being injured afresh. I do not say it lightly, but I assert in the presence of my God, who is to judge me, my conviction, that there exists among the Tory party in England and Scotland a conspiracy to put down the Catholic population of Ireland, as well as those liberal Protestants—and thank God there are many—who join their Catholic brethren against the machinations of that conspiracy."

The committee persevered in the inquiry. It was asked—

"Supposing Mr. Vignoles had given this information to the lord lieutenant, that he referred to other persons to confirm that information which he had given to him, and in the speech also of another gentleman, Mr. Browne, this was repeated, does it appear to you that the lord lieutenant should have been satisfied

with the mere disclaimer of Mr. O'Connell under those circumstances, without inquiring of these other gentlemen? I think so. There was a letter inserted in the newspapers calling on Mr. Clayton Browne to come forward and support his allegation. It bore the signatures of a number of persons who had been present at the Carlow dinner, and who declared that the sentiments attributed to Mr. O'Connell had not been delivered by him. There were thus conflicting statements as to what had occurred.

"Supposing Mr. O'Connell to have made use of a treasonable expression, an expression on which an indictment might have been formed for treason, and that a gentleman in the condition of Mr. Vignoles had come forward and stated that fact, would it not have been the duty of government to take that information? The whole course of proceeding by Mr. Vignoles was most irregular. If there was a treasonable expression used, his duty was to report it in the usual official manner, and to swear informations against Mr. O'Connell. These would have been transmitted, and laid before the Attorney-General, whose opinion as to further proceedings would have been taken as a matter of course."

And why was this not done? Had Mr. Vignoles refused to obey the lord lieutenant? I presume he had not. Why was he not taught his duty? Why did not the lord lieutenant direct him as to the course he should pursue? Mr. Drummond has not taught us. The natural conclusion is, therefore, that the misconduct of which he complains is ascribable partly to his own neglect, or that of Lord Normanby, who should not have complained of, but corrected it. The evidence proceeds :—

"Are you aware of any communication with the law officers on the subject? I am aware that I spoke to the law officers on the subject.

"Before the dinner? After the dinner.

"Were the law officers aware that there were persons ready to take oath of those words having been used at the time of the communication with them? They were; and they were also aware that there were persons ready to contradict them.

"There was no case laid before the law officers of the crown, to take their opinion upon the subject? The law officers of the crown are daily consulted, as I have already stated, without a case being formally submitted in writing for their opinion. There are many points submitted to them, verbally, as in this case.

"In serious matters, does the lord lieutenant act on those verbal communi-

cations, and not have a case laid before them? I think there never was a doubt, on the minds of the law officers, that this case could not be successfully prosecuted.

"Have the law officers of the crown ever given such an opinion in writing? No; I only speak from my intercourse with them.

"Was it not your opinion that those words should be laid before them in writing, supposing there was evidence that they had been used? No; I think not. The circumstances were as fully known to them as if a written case had been submitted to them.

"Would not the way to ascertain these facts be to take the information of those persons? That, I think, must, in a great measure, depend upon the Attorney-General's considering whether there was any probability of proceeding in the case criminally. My belief is, that the Attorney-General was of opinion that there was not a case upon which criminal proceedings could be taken.

"Supposing the real question to be, whether there was a case on which to proceed criminally, does it not appear to you desirable that the truth of the case should be inquired into? I think not, judicially. The circumstances were sufficiently known to enable the law officers to decide, and I see no public end that could be gained by further inquiry, if the case was not followed up.

"Was Sir Michael O'Loughlin the Attorney-General at that time? I think it must have been either Mr. Richards or Mr. Woulfe.

"With whom had you communication respecting the indictableness of the words? With the Attorney or Solicitor-General; I am not certain which. It is the habit of one or the other to call at the Castle every day. If the Attorney-General is absent, the Solicitor-General comes.

"In that conversation was this point brought to the notice of the law officers—the point that Mr. Vignoles had told the lord lieutenant that he was ready to swear to the words having been used? I will not undertake to say their attention was very particularly called to that. It was to be taken for granted that Mr. Vignoles would have no hesitation in doing so, inasmuch as it is considered that every magistrate who makes a declaration of fact is prepared to swear to it when required." And of this nature was the consultation:—

I promise to give you, dear Titty,
My brooch and my bonnie black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to pity
The lad I love dear, my Tam Glen.

BURNS.

Yes, Sir—could we form a written statement of the professional consultations, this I have no doubt would be its character. I can almost fancy the process. Our Scottish fellow-subjects are of a deeply poetical temperament. I remember once travelling in company with one well known and much loved by many here—James Edward Gordon. I had long known him as a strong wrestler for the truth—a man of vigorous understanding, keen sagacity, and reasoning powers of a high order. I did not know that he had cultivated the lighter graces of literature in his course of study. I was undeceived when I accompanied him into the scenes of his early life. The power of the hills came over him, and his mind and memory turned out their treasures—snatches of old border minstrelsy, anecdotes of romantic adventure, bursts of bold patriotism, and golden gleams of poesy, all came out in generous profusion, and taught me that until then I had not known my friend. Mr. Drummond may have his hidden poetry too—and I can conjecture how it misled him. When he heard the charge against Mr. O'Connell he resolved to be severe. That gentleman was a magistrate. He resolved to learn what magistrates should do, and how they should be treated. He sent for "Burns' Justice of the Peace," and that fantastic nobody within his chambers, who has wrought mischief so often, remembered his frolicsome vocations on this occasion, too, and sent him "Burns' Poems." At first Mr. Drummond did not clearly understand; but when, in turning over the leaves, he fell upon the song or story from which I have quoted—he interpreted the allegory, and was counselled by it. The maiden consulting her sister as to a marriage of the heart or reason was Lord Normanby between the claims of justice and of Mr. O'Connell, and the consultation with the law officers ended in proper form, with a recommendation "to be pitiful."

We do trust that the champion of Irish Protestants will not rest satisfied with the exposure which he has already made of the shuffling and equivocating defence which has been set up for the Irish government; but that he will do for the whole of the evidence which has been taken before the committee, what he and Dr. Phelan did for the evidence in 1825, and render it impossible for the simplest or the most credulous to be deceived by the glosing plausibilities which have been put forward.

We repeat it, the people, the masses, only require to be rightly informed, in

order both to think justly and to act constitutionally, in the great struggle now going on in the political world between the powers of good and evil. As we stated, in a previous part of this paper, the middle and the humbler classes only require to be rightly instructed, in order to be all that we could desire. Let the enlightened Conservatives but do their duty by them, and they will yet be found to be the most devoted and intrepid conservators of social order. Many things have hitherto, contributed to mislead them. Ignorance, basely pandered to by the mountebanks and profligates who have made them their tools. The most audacious and flagitious misrepresentations. A tone of timidity and compromise on the part of the defenders of our institutions which amounted to a virtual surrender of the principles upon which alone they can be maintained.* The abuse of church patronage, and the want of church accommodation; by which the people have been assigned, for spiritual instruction, to incompetent guides; or, left altogether, in hundreds of thousands of instances, without any spiritual guidance. The multiplication, and the mischievous activity, of malignant, as contradistinguished to, pious and conscientious dissenters. All these causes have long been in operation; and it is not to be wondered at that they should have been extensively influential in deteriorating the character of our people, and predisposing them to act at the suggestion of the anarchist, the infidel, and the incendiary, until all the foundations of society are out of course. Indeed, we are only surprised that the evil is not more extensive than it is; and so far from despairing of being able to find a remedy, we feel persuaded, that, if the Conservative leaders actively bestir themselves, a remedy, and an effectual one, may easily be found, by which the masses of our population may be reclaimed, and turned from courses which, as they

may be easily made to see, can only tend to the dishonour of God, and terminate in the destruction of their country.

We have before us, this moment, a number of the *Scottish Guardian*, containing a report of a speech delivered by Mr. Colquhoun, before his constituents at Kilmarnock, and the following passage so entirely falls in with the above remarks, that we cannot resist the gratification of presenting it to our readers. He thus speaks of the Chartists:—

“You all remember the opinion expressed—not by the Chartists merely, but by other classes of politicians who hold with them, that we ought to make great and extensive alterations in the Reform Bill. When such a proposal is made, there are two courses which statesmen ought to follow. The one is, to say we think the Reform Bill is sufficient, and will maintain it—the other is, to say that it is deficient, and we will alter it. But there is another course, which is neither “fish nor flesh,” but a tepid and lukewarm course, which I cannot really for the life of me understand; but, strange to say, that course some parties in the state have thought fit to adopt. They say we don’t want any alteration in the Reform Bill—we think it very good—we don’t wish it changed; but a large body of the people demand a change, and although we think a change will be very mischievous, we must stop their mouths—we must give them a little—throw a tub to the whale—we must accompany the movement for a short time, and keep them quiet with promises which we never mean to perform. Lord John Russell seems to think with many of us, that the Reform Bill ought not to undergo any alteration. In a pamphlet published during the present year, he says of the Reform Bill—“A new Reform Bill, whether the suffrage were household or universal, would do nothing toward the cure of evils which belong to a populous country; but the excitement of a new agitation would go far to shake the stability of property, and make law the servant of disorder.” He

* An instance of the manner in which this cause operates, lately occurred to the writer of this paper in the city of Glasgow. He was conversing with a merchant, of no ordinary intelligence, and of sterling honesty, but, unhappily, leavened with Whig politics, respecting the Dublin corporation; and nothing could disabuse his friend of the opinion that that body was a sink of corruption. He was asked to specify any instance in which such corruption could be proved; but he contented himself with saying that the corporation was now *given up by its friends*; that they had agreed to its extinction; and that that was enough to satisfy him that its enormities must be altogether indefensible. And there are few who will not admit that there was a degree of plausibility in this most groundless inference, by which a good man might well be deceived.

says that any change, or the precursor of any change, whether ballot or extension of the suffrage, all these, he thinks, would be accompanied with danger. But what does he do? He associates himself with the very men who think that these changes are indispensable; and when vacancies occur in the Cabinet, he takes in those very individuals who hold opinions in favour of the ballot and extended suffrage—measures which he says would be prejudicial to the country. Various of the Government prints, and Mr. O'Connell in Ireland, have of late been launching out against the Chartists as the enemies of property and the subverters of the present state of things. I don't profess to agree with the Chartist party in their demands. I have never concealed my hostility to them. When a very worthy gentleman put some questions to me here last year, he asked how I should receive a Chartist delegation in London. I said that I would receive them with the respect due to any men sent on a public mission, but that in every way in my power I would oppose their measures. I don't say whether I was right or wrong in holding this opinion, but holding it, I was bound, as an honest man, to avow it. Thinking that the Reform bill has secured the rights and privileges of the people of this country, I never will consent either to restrict or extend its operation; and on this ground, as an honest man, I considered it my duty to give them a final and irrevocable negative. Well, then, that is what I conceive to be the honest, if not the prudent course; but when I hear the Government prints launching out against the Chartists as a pack of mad dogs, and the plunderers of other men's property, I venture to say that I don't think so unfavourably of them, or of any large class of people of this country. I do not mean to say that there are not many of the leaders in that unfortunate agitation whose views are not in a high degree culpable, because they ought to have known better things. There are among the Chartists designing men, who are misleading others; but when you ask me if all those in England and Scotland embarked in the cause of the Charter, are designing men, bent on plunder and disorder, I am free to say that I do not entertain that opinion; I think them ardently attached to liberty, although they are led away by the strong protestations of men who are not actuated by the same honest feelings. But as to lumping them among the Repealers of Ireland, and putting their cause on a level with the Repeal agitation against the religion and the liberties of England—for Mr. O'Connell to say they are unworthy to be associated with the Repealers—I say I indignantly deny the assertion; I

say they are as far superior to the Repealers, and as much distinguished from them in their ultimate views and designs, as it is possible for any one class of men and one class of objects to be from another. Therefore, gentlemen, I would argue with the Chartists on the imprudence of their plans; I would not assail them with intemperate attacks; I would reason with them, and show that their designs are inconsistent with the framework of our constitution, and the interests of a well-ordered society; but I repeat that I would not denounce them as the common enemies of those interests. But what has been the conduct of government in regard of this party? While they have condemned their proceedings in the most unqualified manner, they have not hesitated to encourage them. In last autumn, Lord John Russell, at a meeting in Liverpool, referring to the Chartist agitation, said that the party were quite right to meet for the discussion of what they conceived to be their grievances, and that he wished to see the people meeting together and expressing their opinions on public matters. I ventured, when I addressed my constituents at Port-Glasgow last autumn, to predict that this speech of Lord John Russell's would have a most mischievous effect, and that it would, as the event has proved, give new vigour to the Chartist agitation. Then government have given their sanction to some of the most violent Chartist leaders, by putting them into responsible offices. The mayor of Bolton is a Chartist; so are some of the magistrates of Birmingham; and, when the Chartists see their leading men thus countenanced and patronized by the government, what are they to think but that the government, who thus nod and wink them to come on, are favourable to their designs; and then, when the people have plunged into excesses, the government bring against them the arm of the law. I say it would be infinitely better if government had proceeded in a temperate course—it would have been infinitely better if, instead of encouraging them by putting their leading men into the magistracy and the commission of the peace, they had discouraged and deterred those men engaged in this agitation; and, above all, if they had discountenanced the agitation for organic change, which was merely a precursor to the charter."

This is true wisdom. Thus, and thus only should these misguided men be dealt with. But we would even go farther than the honourable member, and say, that by a similar course, the repealers also, might be turned from the errors of their ways. But here, we confess, there is a difficulty,

for these men must be taken out of popery, before they can be securely entrenched within the limits of the constitution.

But the ruffians of the press, and of the hustings, and of the platform—how are they to be dealt with? We do not propose that any reclaiming process should be adopted with regard to *them*. Neither would we put any constraint upon them. But we call upon the advocates of truth and of sound policy, to be as energetic and as indefatigable in disabusing the public mind, as these men are in misleading it, and the result must be a loss of influence which must very soon render them harmless.

Only let the miscreants, who are hired by the present officials, persevere in defending the iniquitous course which was pursued in the prosecution, or rather persecution, of Abraham Sly, the infamous proceedings adopted towards Captain Vignolles, the flagrant injustice done to Colonel Verner, as contrasted with the guilty connivance at Mr. O'Connell's words of treason; and when *the truth* upon all these subjects is made fully known, the wretches by whom the masses were mystified will no longer find their account in the propagation of falsehood and slander.

The most credulous of their dupes are not deliberate murderers. The most violent of their partizans are yet not shamelessly opposed to every principle of fair play. By ignorance, by folly, by fatuity, they may be characterised; but not by deliberate wickedness, or an outrageous disregard of truth and justice. We say, therefore, that they are reclaimable, and that it will be our own faults if they be not reclaimed. Hitherto, they have been too much neglected. Conservatives viewed them as natural enemies; and seemed to consider their pestilent principles as ineradicable as the dusky colour which distinguishes the Ethiopian. But this was a most erroneous persuasion. Many and many a thorough-going Radical have we seen sobered into a sound politician; and if the course which we feel proud at having the high sanction of Mr. Colquhoun for now recommending, be universally followed, a very few years will make such a change in the relative position of the two great parties, that the one will be as triumphant as its principles are lofty and pure, and the other as contemptible and as prostrate, as its views are low, its professions false, its principles base, and its proceedings disgraceful.

SONNETS SUGGESTED BY THE PRESENT STATE OF THE EAST.

BY E. M. H.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Thou younger sister regal-eyed, of her
 "The eternal city" named!—how like a trance,
 Brought back from days of rapturous romance,
 Was that first hour to me, when thou didst stir
 My whole soul in me! Thou didst disinter
 All gorgeous visions, buried 'neath the advance
 Of life's cold tide, and with thy lustrous glance
 The intense enchantment, only thine, confer.
 Child of the Sun! who yet hast willed to deck
 Thine Orient brow with that fair gem of Night—
 The crescent moon. Ah! exquisite Stamboul!
 Must thou with Rome bow down, and sit a wreck
 Upon thy seven-hilled throne? must despot might
 Tread down thy pride, and o'er thy beauty rule?

Righteous thy doom! for thou didst tread down one
 More beautiful than thee—the heaven-beloved—
 The holy city!—with a heart unmoved
 Thou didst behold her anguish;—it is done!
 Her warfare is accomplished—thine begun.
 Rome's eagle-eye hath lost its fire; and thou!
 Sorrow and fear are on thy queenly brow—
 The death-winged pestilence hath made thy sun
 Seem dark at noon-day; and a morning soon
 Comes that shall quench for aye thy crescent moon.
 And all earth's nations in thy doom shall share,
 That hate Jerusalem; for she shall rise,
 And shine—with light too terrible to bear—
 On haughty unbelief's blaspheming eyes.

ASIA MINOR.

Heart-stirring region! shall thy hills ere long
 Wake from that solemn slumber sweet and deep,
 As when (while eve's voluptuous glow would steep
 Their purple silence) I have sat among
 The cypress-glooms, and heard the river's song
 Through that funereal darkness softly creep?
 And shall thy quiet skies that never weep
 One summer tear, the splendid hours to wrong,
 Soon, at the far reverberated roar
 Of war's deep echoes 'mid those mountains old,
 Wear their own look of azure peace no more
 Above that vine-wreathed city by the shore,*
 That nymph-like sits 'neath the grey fortress bold,
 Laving her snowy feet in liquid gold?

Oft in foreboding visions, I can see
 More than the stately-moving camel-train;
 Or noble-hearted Moslem's calm disdain
 Of the false Christian—like thy Judas-tree,
 Whose roseate blossoms seem to flush with glee
 Spring's brilliant cheek; but on whose boughs remain,
 And in whose name, a never-dying stain—
 The apostate's far recorded infamy!

* Smyrna.

More than thy immemorial wells, like those
 To which Rebekah came at day's bright close—
 More than *thy* glittering harbour sprinkled o'er
 With ships from many nations, proud but still—
 More than all this, sweet sunny Ismir! more
 Blends with thine image oft, my soul to chill.

SMYRNA.

Am I of those have felt thy charmèd air
 Breathe its love-whispers on the wanderer's cheek,
 'Till the heart grew too full of bliss to speak ;—
 And have I let thy breeze of sunset bear
 Me on, in its own soft embrace, where'er
 The enchanted boat, the beautiful caïque,
 Flew as 'twas guided by the bright-eyed Greek ;—
 To Kordelio's fruit-groves rich, or where,
 With Asia's wild anemones begemmed,
 Lies Judah's sea-washed burial-place, alone :—
 Can this be so,—and yet the murmurs moan
 Unheeded past me of the gathering storm,
 That soon thy lovely aspect may deform,
 And leave thee altered as the heaven-condemned ?

THE MISSIONARIES AT SMYRNA.

For you, dear exiles from far-distant shores—
 Pilgrims of love to that grief-hallowed spot !—
 Thou, from thy pleasant Rhine-land unforgot !—
 Thou, England's daughter !—ye, from coasts where soars
 The northern eagle, and the Atlantic roars,—
 Sweden—Columbia !—you, whose tear drops hot,
 Prove "tribulation" still to be your lot :—
 Ye two young hearts, whose crushed affection pours
 Its bleeding warmth un murmuringly away
 O'er your three first-born buds, where cold they lie,
 Their very grave a boon 'neath that strange sky !*
 Or thou, the plague-bereft ! who lived to lay
 With thine own hands thy shrouded infant by
 Its buried mother's side ;†—not, not for you, I sigh.

No !—I have felt, with you, the city rock
 Like a light ship upon the moving sea ;—
 As if a giant panting to be free
 Shook subterranean chains ;—the earthquake's shock,
 And the cold ghastly checks it seemed to mock
 For one dread moment.—I have seen, and see
 In memory yet, each dark deserted tree
 Round some plague-smitten roof, whose weeping flock
 Went homeless forth :—yet not for you I grieve :
 Yours is the promised crown—the better choice ;
 To you yet speaks the Apocalyptic Voice,
 "I know thy works." To this world's children leave
 The woful thoughts their own wild spirits weave ;
 Lift up *your* hearts, ye blest ! and evermore rejoice !

* "They now lie in one grave, 'asleep in Jesus.' I have lately had their coffins removed to the burial-ground of the new chapel, as the government would not allow the former one to be completed." . . . —*M.S. Letter from Smyrna.*

† "Mrs. D. and her little boy were both buried within a few days of each other" . . . "Mr. D. (I need scarcely tell you) never left his wife, and had to bury his dear child himself !" . . . —*M.S. Letter from Smyrna.*

We meet no more by the old fig-trees there—
 I see no more the far-off nights divine,
 Of lands that border upon Palestine.
 No more I hear, on the Autumnal air,
 Seeming the tone of Prophecy to share,†
 And bursting forth till midnight moonbeams shine,
 That glad wild shout, exultant o'er the Vine,
 Of those that tread the grapes :—but, oh ! in prayer
 Do not our spirits meet and mingle yet,
 E'en 'mid those turban'd crowds that prostrate fall
 At the wide cry from mosque and minaret ?
 Till my life's sun in our dim West shall set
 Can I those hours' communionship forget—
 That even in brighter worlds ungrieved we shall recall !

E. M. H.

† Jeremiah, xxv. 30.

THE HAUNTED.

" They said she saw strange visions, for her eye
 Was restless, glancing round, though none was nigh,
 As if she saw what others might not see ;
 And often murmured song from her full soul
 Over her lips, like wind o'er blossoms, stole.
 They said that spirits haunted her—alas !
 One phantom did—a deathless memory
 That never, never from her mind might pass."

Thou art present in thy beauty, I see thee even now,
 With the silken rings of shining hair just parting on thy brow,
 With thy smile, the beautiful and bland, to sunshine most allied,
 Thou art present unto me, beloved, though unto none beside,
 And thy voice, the sweet and many-toned, is whispering in my ears,
 And I feel a melting at my heart like a blessed gush of tears,
 And the loving light of those blue eyes—those gentle eyes of thine,
 Flows down as erst it used to flow unto my heart through wine.

Thou art present in thy beauty when I lay me on my couch,
 Thy lips seem fondly hushing me with whisper and with touch ;
 And those dear eyes, half-closed, still beam on mine with radiance meek,
 And thy clasping arm is round my neck, thy curls are on my cheek ;
 And as sleep steals gently o'er me, I have a quiet sense
 That thou art resting on my heart in love's pure confidence.
 And, like the shutting of a flower beneath the moon's soft beams,
 My thoughts are closed and wander in the moonlit land of dreams.

Thou art present in thy beauty through all the livelong day,
 And yet I know, thou dearest one ! that thou art far away—
 At first the vision awed me, but the terror hath passed by,
 And I have ceased to tremble at thy phantom voice and eye.
 As those who long have lived beside some mountain torrent's bound,
 Have almost ceased to hear it rush, and yet would miss the sound,
 Whilst even the rustling of a leaf, if it should chance to fall,
 Would still be heard—the stream would bear a burden musical.

Thou art present in thy beauty to my memory and my heart,
 And shall I murmur that we are so many miles apart ?
 I remember there were bitter tears sometimes when we had met—
 I remember there were worldly fears, and hopeless vain regret.
 They bade us part—we parted—but none may take away
 The dear and perfect image that haunts me night and day ;
 And I shall ever think that thus 'tis to our spirits given
 To hold on earth such communing as we shall hold in heaven.

Liverpool.

M. A. BROWNE.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY PEASANTRY.

NO. III.—THE SHEOGE.

"Dear madam, think not me to blame,
Invisible the fairy came ;
Your precious babe is hence conveyed,
And in its place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose ?
Or mother's eyes as black as sloes ?—
See here, a shocking, awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature."—*Gay*.

"I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying ;
I fear'd for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying.

"There came a haud to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
I knelt to pray—but rose again—
For I heard my little boy groaning.

"I cross'd my brow, and I cross'd my breast,
But that night my child departed !
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted !

"Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow ;
My little boy is gone to God,
And his mother soon will follow."—*Anster*.

THAT elegant and inimitable historian of the "Irish fairies," Mr. Crofton Croker, in treating of the popular Irish superstition respecting changelings, or, as they are called in the Irish language, *sheoges*,* says :—"When a child appears delicate, or a young woman consumptive, the conclusion is, that they are carried off to be made a playmate or nurse to the young fairies, and that a substitute, resembling the person taken away, is deposited in their place, which gradually declines, and ultimately dies. The inhuman means used by ignorant parents to discover if an unhealthy child be their offspring or a changeling, (the name given to the illusory image), is placing the child, undressed, on the road side, where it is suffered to lie a considerable time exposed to the cold. After such ceremony, they conclude that a natural disorder

has caused the symptoms of decay ; and the child is then treated with more tenderness, from an idea, that had it been possessed by a fairy, that spirit would not have brooked such indignity, but made its escape. Paralytic affections are attributed to the same agency, whence the term 'fairy-struck ;' and the same cruel treatment is observed towards aged persons thus affected."

Now this is very good, and strictly true ; but with all due deference to the superior merits and high talents of Mr. Crofton Croker, I must be bold to say, that his observations on, or description of, the "fairy-finding" ordeal is very meagre and limited, and the absurd means employed by persons for the aforesaid purpose, much more inhuman and barbarous than one would be led to imagine, from reading the above extract from that gentleman. It ap-

* "*Sheoge*"—*Anglice*, "young fairy," from *she*, a fairy, and *oge* young.

pears strange to me if Mr. Croker, who, of all who have written on such subjects, is the most entertaining, the best informed, and seems to have been the most assiduous in exploring every matter connected with the popular superstitions of Ireland, can be ignorant of the various other ways in which poor suspected urchins are tortured, in order to arrive at that grand desideratum, *i. e.* whether they are imps or "nathural Christians." In that part of the country where I have been brought up, this superstition is as firmly rooted in the minds of the peasantry, as the most darling tenet of the creed which they profess, and, consequently, the means employed to counteract the influence of the dreaded fairy, and "evil eye," are equally singular and absurd. Whenever a child is suspected to be "struck," it is thought useless to apply to a medical person; consequently the disease under which the poor thing labours, being neglected, increases—the child loses its strength and its appetite—it pines away—gets sickly and emaciated—and the conclusion then is, that it is "no right thing," that it is a "sheoge" which has been substituted in the stead of the "purty darlint," who is now wandering amongst the faries in the caverns of the earth, or in the ranks of the "*slua-shee*,"* winging its way through the regions of the air, in the much feared and terrible "*shee-gchy*"† Then, as a matter of necessity, some plan must be had to get rid of the unearthly urchin; but before they deem themselves justified in putting that plan into execution, some test must be adopted to make "assurance doubly sure," and to convince themselves and their neighbours that they are justified in what they are about, and that the unhappy little creature is, in reality, not of mortal lineage, but a denizen of the fairy kingdom. The poor victim is then placed on an iron shovel, and no matter what may be the state of the atmosphere—whether the snows or storms of winter drive round its shivering form, or the burning heats of the midsummer parch its skin—it is conveyed to the dung-heap, and there left naked for a certain assigned period, before the expiration of which, in case

it be a fairy bantling, it will scamper off to its native haunts in some lonely *rath*, or beneath some green hillock, or grassy mound in the neighbourhood; but should it maintain its ground, despite of the inclemency of the weather, it is then considered to be their own offspring, and is, accordingly brought back and treated kindly; but it is then generally too late, as the wretched sufferer has contracted some disease, generally a cold or a fever, which terminates in the death of the poor little victim. Another test, but one which was more commonly adopted in former times than at present, is to carry the suspected being to some bridge or ford, then to fling in into the stream; in which case, if it sank and was drowned, it was deemed innocent; but if, on the contrary, it swam down the current, metamorphosed into a bundle of ferns or flaggers, it was—and what wonder!—*bona fide*, a regular imp. I could enumerate many other species of cruelty put into operation on such occasions, such as placing the suspected person between smoking fires, torturing them with red-hot irons, &c. &c., but as these barbarous and shameful practices are fast wearing away, and as a repetition of them could neither be amusing nor interesting to the reader, I will dismiss the subject, and relate one of the many curious stories which are current in my native village, connected with this wild and absurd superstition.

Close by the fine old castle of Gurnaclea, there lived, some seventy or eighty years ago, a wealthy *scullion*, or small farmer, named Pat M'Mahon. He was married at an early age to a blooming girl of the village, and in due time became the joyful father of a fine little girl, which, after his pretty wife, he named Maria. Pat and his wife were extremely fond of the little Maria, and no wonder, for in the country round there was not so fine, so rosy-cheeked, or so healthy-looking a child; and then, she was of such a lively, playful disposition, and so quiet and engaging, that she was the favourite of every one who saw her; and many an old hag of the neighbourhood, as she gazed on the beautiful features of the lovely child,

* "*Slua-shee*"—the fairy host or band.

† "*Shee-gchy*"—the fairy storm or tempest. Those sudden whirlwinds so prevalent in the summer season are imagined by the country people to be caused by the fairy host, in their passage from one place to another.

shook her grey head, and muttered an orison, which, in the language of Sir Walter Scott,

"Although the holiest names were there
Had more of blasphemy than prayer,"

for the future safety and well-being of the cherubic girl.

The little Maria was about two years old, when Mrs. M'Mahon gave birth to a son, which was named John; and now the fond pair congratulated themselves on the happiness they were likely to enjoy in having a fine offspring, and, withal, in having a means to support them in comfort and comparative independence. But however "man proposeth," yet it is Providence "that disposeth," and generally contrary to human hopes and human desires; and little did Pat M'Mahon or his worthy spouse dream of the storm which was gathering around their heads, and which was, at "no distant date," to frustrate their hopes of bliss, and level their air-built castles to the dust.

The beautiful Maria had completed her third year, and her little brother was nearly a year old, when one day, in the month of August, their father left home to go to a neighbouring town to a fair, and as he had a good deal of business to do, he was not to come back that night. He had often been out before, and his wife felt no apprehension at remaining at home in his absence, but as soon as night fell, secured her house, and retired to rest, taking her two children with her as company. She soon fell asleep, and had slept, she knew not how long, when she was suddenly awoke by a loud scream from Maria. She jumped up; the little window of the apartment was open, and the silver beams of the broad full moon, gleamed in brightly about the room. She looked around, and was horrified at seeing the figure of a little, dark-looking, old woman, richly arrayed in black silk and velvet, beautified with ornaments of gold and silver, leaning over Maria, and breathing audibly into her mouth and nostrils. The poor woman was almost frightened to death; she screamed violently, and seizing the child in her arms, she said—

"May God and the holy virgin protect thee, my own darling."

The old hag turned a scowl of withering vengeance on her, and, uttering what a "border minstrel" would term an "eldritch cry," flew out through the window, in a flame of bright fire,

obscuring the light from the moon as she vanished, and the whole house apparently shaking to the foundation.

The little girl continued shaking and trembling all night, and her cries were so violent and incessant, that all her mother could do was not able to pacify her, even for a moment. Towards daylight, she fell into an uneasy slumber, and reposed a few hours, but on awaking, again renewed her outcries, and continued so afterwards. Recourse was had to doctors, quacks, and "fairy women," but in vain; she still remained ill, and every day got worse and worse. She lost her speech, and her walk; the flesh wasted from her bones; her skin became hard and yellow; her hair stood erect; her once beautiful blue eyes became dim and crooked; her limbs got bent and clubbed; in fine, from being the loveliest child in the district, she became one of the most hideous and disgusting objects ever beheld; whilst, to wind up the climax, her appetite was so enormous, that she would eat as much as would satisfy three ordinary men, and as soon as she had devoured one meal, she began to shout for the next, and continued that provoking, whining, and unnatural cry until again supplied with more food, which she would again attack with the rapacity of a wild animal. Her parents were distracted at the fate of their darling child, yet they knew not what to do. They had tried every possible means to effect a cure, but without effect; and they often wished, if it was the will of heaven, that she was stretched quietly in the lonesome churchyard. Various people advised them to carry her to the gully—a little murky stream which ran at a small distance from their residence—and throw her into it, but they always rejected this and the many other savage plans recommended to them to get rid of the wretched urchin.

In the mean time, John, or, as he was more commonly called, "Johnnie," grew up a fine, promising boy, and as heaven never blessed the worthy couple with another child, he was treated with all the tenderness which fond parents are capable of exercising towards an only son.

The wretched Maria had now attained her twenty-third year, when one fine Sunday morning, early in the month of May, Pat M'Mahon and his wife left home to attend mass at a little rude chapel in the neighbourhood, leaving John to take care of

the place in their absence. The morning was one of those beautiful ones peculiar to the season, and John sat on a ditch near the house to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, and breathe the invigorating air of early May. He had not been long there, when he perceived an old woman, dressed in a suit of faded black silk, with a rusty black velvet cape flung over her shoulders, approaching him at a slow and stately pace. He gazed on her with intense curiosity, and as she advanced quite near, he found some strange and indefinable sensation of terror pervading him, and he almost fainted away. He had often heard his mother describe the dress and appearance of the old hag, by whom her beautiful little girl had been "struck," and he now felt convinced that, if not the same, she was the exact prototype of the strange-looking personage who now approached him. She was now close up to him, and every feature, every lineament resembled the description given by his mother of the fairy beldame.

"Good morning, young man," she said, in a solemn tone, as she came up.

"Good morning kindly, friend," replied the boy, faintly.

"A lovely day, boy," said the strange woman.

"Yes, indeed," returned Johnnie.

"A warm day this for travelling," said the old woman.

"Do you travel far?"

"Is it a man named Pat M'Mahon that dwells in that house?" asked the woman.

"Exactly."

"Then, here my journey terminates, but I have many a long and weary mile to go before I again breathe the air of my native village."

"Do you want my father or mother?"

"No, but I want to see their son."

"I am he."

"I know that already," said the antique looking dame.

"Come in until I get you something to eat," said Johnnie.

She did not await to be invited a second time, but followed the young man without hesitation. On arriving at the porch, she stood, and uttered some words in the Irish language, in a low, mystic, and murmuring tone. She then entered and sat down.

The *sheoge* occupied her usual position—seated on a wisp of straw in an

old basket—in the chimney-corner. On the old woman sitting down, she looked up, and uttered a strange and horrible laugh, then, as if recollecting herself, she sank on the straw, and resumed her usual whining cry; every now and then, however, she would look at the old woman, with a spiteful grin, and, at times, would utter a strange, unearthly laugh, but would quickly again resume her low, tantalizing howl. The stranger still said nothing, but gazed at the ugly-looking urchin earnestly, and with evident emotion; she held down her head, and appeared to restrain her feelings with much apparent difficulty.

Whilst this scene continued, Johnnie was engaged in preparing some repast for the stranger. He now made his appearance, and set down some bread, butter, and sweet-milk on the kitchen-table, and invited the old woman, in a courteous manner, to partake of it. She did so, but very sparingly, and when she had finished, she arose, and beckoned to the young man to follow her. She led him a little distance from the house, when she stopped, and, after a considerable pause, thus began:

"Young man, I am come this day many a weary mile on business of the utmost importance to your family. I need hardly tell you that your sister has been these many years with the 'good people'; I am the person who 'struck' her; I was wandering this way one day invisible, and I perceived your beautiful little sister playing with your mother at the threshold. I coveted her, and that very night I rode many a mile through the moonlight haze, and took her from the bed, from your mother's side, and deposited that ugly imp within, in her stead. I have conveyed many a mortal to the realms of faery, but never have I felt such remorse as I did for taking that lovely girl, and many a time, as I passed this way, riding on the midnight clouds, or careering on the wings of the summer whirlwind, have I sighed for her fate. But now the time has arrived when I can make, at least, some restitution to her injured parents, and I am determined, let what may be the consequence, to restore her once more to her native world, provided you agree to do as I shall instruct you. I was many years myself an inhabitant of the fairy kingdom, but have lately been restored to earth—by what means, I am not at liberty to disclose—and am resolved, ere I die, to restore as

many as I can of those whom I myself have taken, to home and happiness. But what do you say? Are you disposed to assist me in effecting your sister's enlargement? for, as I told you before, without your co-operation I can do nothing."

The young man was astonished; he regarded the old woman suspiciously, and was too much overpowered with apprehension and wonder to reply.

"The undertaking," she continued, "will be attended with great danger, but as for you, as long as you wear this you need fear nothing"—and she took from around her neck a very small packet, (suspended from a black ribbon), closely enveloped in scarlet silk, and made up in a heart-like shape, and, giving it to him, said—"Here, take this; wear it near your heart, and while you keep it, you need not dread any thing."

He took it, and felt considerably relieved by the promises and kind manner of the mysterious stranger, and boldly promised to render her every assistance in his power.

"Very well," said the woman, "go now to the next plough, and take the *coulter* from it; go home then, and put down a very large fire, and when it is sufficiently kindled, put the *coulter* into it. The imp will redouble her outcries when she sees you doing this, but do not be alarmed, but look at her fiercely, and tell her that you will run the red-hot iron down her mouth if she does not make off. Perhaps she would speak to you, but let her say what she will, don't be frightened, as she cannot injure you, while you have that charm in your possession. When she sees the *coulter* burning hot, she will start up, and scamper away nimbly; do you pull the iron from the fire, and pursue her; she will endeavour to baffle you, but don't lose sight of her, and as she cannot cross a running stream, whilst in human sight, you will probably have but a small distance to run, as she will take refuge in the next *rath* which she meets. As I told you before, do not let her quit your sight, but still do not press her too much, but let her keep a small distance a-head of you. She will run to the next *rath*, and, on arriving there, will enter the earth and vanish. Do you mark the spot accurately where she enters, and thrust the hot *coulter* into the earth after her; repeat this process three times, and at each time you are to say the following words."

Here she repeated the verses, or

charm, which he was to say in the Irish language, and which, being translated, might run nearly as follows:—

"You sprites and fays
Who pass your days
In cave, or mine, or flood;
Or roam all night
In the grim moonlight
Through heath, or fen, or wood;
In your fairy cells
If my sister dwells,
Or rides with your fairy band,
Let her chains be broke,
And her fairy yoke,
And restored from fairy land."

"When this is repeated the third time, no matter what you may see or hear, return as quickly as possible, and you will find your sister at home before you. Farewell, now, my dear child;" and, advancing towards him, she kissed him fondly and said, "may heaven bless you and protect you from your enemies. Farewell, now; I part with you for ever; do not look after me, or ever make any inquiry more about me."

John remained awhile, overcome with astonishment; at length, plucking up courage, he prepared to set about his strange operations. He went to the plough, and brought the *coulter* from it. Then he put down a large fire, and when it was well kindled, he put the magical iron into it, at the same time eyeing the urchin in the chimney-corner with a scowling countenance, and stirring the *coulter* perpetually. On his first putting it into the fire, the imp appeared to regard the process with restrained emotion, and as it began to get red-hot, her terror and excitement was quite apparent. John, observing this, gained additional courage, and vociferated, in an earnest tone, "Woe to the first comes across me when this *coulter* is red."

The imp's unearthly countenance assumed a terrific aspect, and, raising her head, she said, in a thrilling and inhuman voice,

"What do you want that for, Johnnie?"

Johnnie was thunderstruck; it was the first word he had ever heard her utter, and he was almost frightened to death at her wild manner and supernatural tone. At length he summoned sufficient courage to reply, and said—

"To burn your guts out if you do not be out of that before it is red hot."

The demon uttered a harrowing shriek, and, starting up in a wild

fright, ran out of doors nimbly.—Johnnie snatched the ploughshare from the fire, and pursued her. She ran nimbly in the direction of a little green mound in the neighbourhood, which had been for ages considered as a favourite haunt of the fairies. The boy ran quickly after her, but still kept a little in the rear. Every now and then she would stop, and face her pursuer with a fierce and menacing aspect, whilst he would also stop, and, brandishing his *coulter*, dare her to return back. In this manner they proceeded, now standing and now advancing, until at length they arrived at the little conical hillock, which was studded with brushwood and long rank weeds and grass. On gaining the top of this little hill, the fugitive fiend stood again, and fronted her pursuer with a furious countenance. He, however, was not intimidated, but pressed on, and she entered the earth with a yell more loud and terrific than ever before fell on human ear. Johnnie ran, and, thrusting the coulter into the very spot into which the fairy appeared to enter, he repeated the mystic verses which the old woman had taught him three several times. A strange and infernal noise smote his ears, and he heard the sound of lamentations and railings, mingled with blows and uproar, advancing towards the surface of the earth. Immediately a fierce, strong wind rushed from the spot, and knocked him prostrate on the earth. In a few seconds, however, he recovered, and ran towards home as quickly as he could move. On arriving at the house, he found the door open as he left it, and when he entered he was surprised at seeing the figure of a tall and strange-looking young woman, quite naked, standing with her back to the fireplace. He looked at her with wonder; her stature was tall and finely proportioned; her hair was black as the raven's plumage, and fell to her toes in wild profusion; her skin was quite brown, and scarred all over with rents and cuts, as if from a recent severe beating, and her countenance was stern and unearthly. She gazed on the young man with a strange and haggard stare, and he now felt that this singular looking personage was his long-lost sister. He spoke to her, but she answered him but with signs. He got somewhat alarmed, and, shutting the door, he went out into the yard. He saw his father and mother now returning from mass, and he related

to them all that had happened in their absence. They were almost frantic with joy, but could hardly believe their son's strange tale. They rushed into the house, but felt almost disposed to retreat at the singular appearance of the mysterious female. She uttered a loud and passionate cry, and exclaiming, in a sad and strange tone, "Oh! my father, my mother!" fell in a swoon on the ground. The fond parents hung over their long-lost Maria with loud cries of joy and affection. They used exertions to resuscitate her, and after a time their efforts were successful; and when they had dressed her in a suit of her mother's best clothes, messengers were dispatched to acquaint their friends and neighbours with the strange circumstance, and inviting them to come and participate in their joy at the recovery of their darling girl from the realms of fairy.

The "fairy girl," however, seemed little elated at her unexpected redemption from her former life in the "green wood." She never was seen to smile, and spoke but little. When questioned concerning her by-gone years, and the strange scenes she had witnessed whilst an inhabitant of the fairy world, she would hang down her head in silence, and appear fretted and discontented; but one word she never revealed, unless she did to the priest who attended her on her dying day. After some months, she assumed an appearance and exterior somewhat human, but still she never was any thing like that blooming girl which her infant days had promised. Her skin continued brown and rugged, her features, although finely formed, were strange and ghastly, and her voice was tremulous and unearthly. She lived but three or four years after her redemption, and was buried on the morning of a summer Sabbath among the ashes of her forefathers, mourned by all the lads and maids of the village.

Years rolled away, and Johnnie was now grown up to manhood. He still wore around his neck the talisman which the old hag had bestowed upon him, and sprite or fay never troubled his imagination. Being a handsome young fellow, and, eke, possessed of what Burns would term the "yellow dirt," his company was sought by all the youth of the village, and he was a constant attendant at the cock-fight, the ball-court, and the dancing-school. One lovely Sunday afternoon in autumn, he was at a dance in the neighbourhood,

and was just about commencing a set with a beautiful cherry-cheeked blonde, when, raising his eyes suddenly, his blood was frozen at beholding the well-remembered figure of the fairy imp who had so many years been his play-fellow and companion standing quite near him, and grinning at him with a horrid and spiteful expression of countenance. He instinctively applied his hand in search of the old hag's gift, but it was gone—by what means he knew not. She raised her tiny arm, and threw something at him, and then vanished like a moonbeam. His sight quitted him; he reeled, and fell to the earth speechless. He was removed home; he took to bed, and never again got up. He lingered a few weeks in agony, and, ever and anon, complained of a dreadful pain in his side, where he imagined the

fairy imp had "struck" him. Death, at length, put a final period to his sufferings, and he was laid by the side of Maria, in the churchyard of the village. It is said, that on the day of his interment, his coffin was examined; and instead of the corpse of John M'Mahon, its place was supplanted by a broomstick. The afflicted old couple lived some years after in anguish, and often, in the evening grey, might they be seen slowly wending their way to pour their sorrows and their prayers over the graves of their departed children.

Such is my tale of the "*Sheoge*." It is, indeed, a wild one, but woe to him who would express his dissent from the strange story in the neighbourhood where it is said to have occurred.

HISTORY OF INEBRIATING LIQUORS.*

THE desire for vinous stimulants appears to be inherent in the human constitution, and to pervade every tribe of mankind, and every condition of society, until a high degree of morality and intellectual refinement instils a relish for something better than mere animal gratifications. An habitual and steady control over our emotions is the most valuable of all acquisitions, as well as the most difficult to learn, while with the greater number of mankind, periods of privation and compulsory moderation must be compensated by an indulgence in the most violent excitement. Almost every people is acquainted with the art of preparing certain stimulants; and those tribes whose want of ingenuity or unproductive climate has denied them the means of obtaining such substances, have shown the utmost aptitude in learning their use from their more intelligent visitors. Of all passions, that for spirituous liquors is the one which proves most ruinous to uncivilized tribes, and the one which brings them soonest into the most abject dependence on Europeans. When the improvident savage has acquired a taste for rum or brandy, his ruin speedily follows, as he will

part with everything that is of most value to him, for the sake of gratifying his new appetite. It is to the abuse of spirituous liquors that we may trace the speedy extinction of many barbarous tribes; and as long as they form the cheapest article of exchange which the merchant can supply, we may rest assured that no considerations of religion or policy, will ever put an end to their employment. The American fur trader, and the opium merchant of the East, will continue to supply their pernicious stimulants, as long as the trade is profitable; or, as Miss Martineau teaches of the slave-holders of the United States, they will become emancipists as soon as it is their interest to substitute free labour for servitude.

Montesquieu was of opinion, that the desire for inebriating liquors was strongest in cold countries, and diminished as we approached the equator; and consequently, that the nations of the north of Europe were more given to habits of intoxication than those of the south. In this, however, as in several other instances, this truly eminent writer appears to have attached an exaggerated importance to the influence of climate, on the moral

* A Philosophical and Statistical History of the Inventions and Customs of Ancient and Modern Nations, in the Manufacture and Use of Inebriating Liquors; with the present Practice of Distillation in all its Varieties; together with an extensive Illustration of the consumption and effects of Opium, and other Stimulants used in the East, as substitutes for Wine and Spirits. By Samuel Morewood, Esq. Collector of Excise. 8vo. Dublin, 1838.

and intellectual condition of man. We do not perceive any *a priori* consideration, which renders it necessary that the desire for inebriating liquors should increase with the coldness of the climate. We would rather infer the reverse of this; and maintain, that from the excessive perspiration incident to tropical countries, intoxication should be more frequent in them. If we consult experience and observation, we will find scarcely any evidence in support of Montesquieu's proposition. No doubt, the Russians are far more addicted to intoxicating liquors than the Italians; while, on the other hand, the Norwegians are much more abstemious than the Irish. In the tropical islands of the Pacific, the abuse of intoxicating liquors is one of the greatest curses that has befallen their inhabitants, while the people of Iceland are moderate in the use of such stimulants. The people of Nubia and Abyssinia are very much addicted to intoxication, notwithstanding their proximity to the equator.

The true cause of prevalence of intoxication is ignorance and barbarism, or preponderance of the animal part of our nature, and the consequent desire for violent excitement; such can be gratified by the coarsest means. The Tahitian delighted in his disgusting cava; the Samoide in his no less filthy narcotic mushroom. In accordance with this view, we find that the semi-brutal Russians, and the depraved community of New South Wales, consume more liquor than the people of any other country. It is the same feeling which induced the ancient Scandinavians to place their chief delight in the heaven of Valhalla, in quaffing beer from the skulls of their enemies.

"In Odin's hall their benches be,
Where we may sit and drink,
There we shall tope our bellies full
Of nappy ale in full-brimmed skull."

We have said that the desire for vinous stimulants is universal, and the work of Mr. Morewood may be considered as an attempt to establish this truth upon a most extensive induction of facts, drawn from every country, and from every epoch in the history of man. He takes his departure from the history of Noah, and treats largely concerning the liquors of the ancients, and explains the various mode of intoxication which the perverse ingenuity of man exhibits in every region from

Lapland to Patagonia. This is obviously a favourite topic with our author, and all his reading and reflection have been made to converge on this subject. Franklin defined man to be a tool-making animal, but a survey of the vast variety of stimulants which he has discovered, may convince us that he is also an inebriating one. In this comprehensive view of his thesis, the work is not restricted to the consideration of fermented liquors only, but of all other narcotic drugs to which man has had recourse, such as opium, hemp, cava and mushrooms; and also contains an account of all kinds of drinking vessels from the drinking horn of the Irish to the calabash of the African.

The process of fermentation is so readily induced in every saccharine juice, that the conversion of the sweet matter into an alcoholic liquid would scarcely fail to be made at the very earliest period in the history of our race. The ancients deified the inventor of wine, and in our opinion most undeservedly, as apart from all questions as to the good or bad effects of the use of fermented liquors, the discovery was one which it was impossible to avoid making. If a small quantity of the juice of the grape happened to be laid aside for a few days, wine would unquestionably be produced, and nothing would be easier than to repeat the experiment on a larger scale. The Persian legend of the discovery of wine, has more verisimilitude, if less poetry, than the history of the life and exploits of Bacchus. Their hero Jemshid, who lived at a period long anterior to the time of Cyrus, was passionately fond of grapes, and desirous of preserving his favourite luxury, he deposited a large quantity in a vessel carefully secured in a vault. On repairing to his treasure some time afterwards, he was surprised to find that the fruit had burst and become acid. Ignorant of the nature of fermentation, and unacquainted with the virtues of the grape in this new form he considered it to be deleterious and dangerous, and with this impression, he got some vessels filled with the juice on which he inscribed the word poison. To prevent bad consequences, he had these vessels placed in his own apartments; a favourite concubine, then labouring under pain and nervous debility sought death as a relief from her affliction, and observing the word "poison" on one of the vessels in the monarch's room, she opened it and swallowed the contents

with avidity. The draught overcame her, and she fell into a sound sleep from which she awoke to her great surprise much renovated; charmed with the effects of the restorative she repeated the draughts so frequently, that the poison soon became exhausted, which Jemshia discovering, and learning from the lady how her recovery had been effected, immediately after this he caused grapes to be gathered, and left them in the same manner in large vessels. Wine being thus collected without labour, the court of Jemshia soon resounded with the pleasure which the Teher-e-roosh, or the delightful poison as it is called to this day, inspired.

This tale gives a very just representation of the origin and improvement of the simpler and more essential arts of life; an accident first suggests the process which, a few experiments soon perfected sufficiently for the limited wants of an early stage of society. The vine, from the abundance of its juice, and from growing luxuriantly in the countries which were first settled by man, appears to have afforded the earliest fermented liquor. Noah, we know, cultivated the vine and fermented its juice, and it appears that the countries around the base of Ararat, and mount Caucasus, which were the first cradle of the human family, are also the native country of the vine. The vine seems to grow there in all its native luxuriance, and although wild, appears to revel as if in its primitive home, and after yielding more wine than is necessary for the inhabitants, such is the superabundance of the grapes, that large quantities are permitted to rot on the branches, or to be consumed by the fowls of the air, since they cannot be converted to any useful purpose. In the provinces on the Black Sea, the vine thrives without any cultivation, and is seen clinging round all the large trees giving the country the appearance of a vast and continued vineyard.

The vine, wherever it could be cultivated, would be preferred to all other vegetables; not only from the quantity of liquor which it affords, but also from its excellence. Beyond the limits, of heat or cold, which define the range of the vine, other substitutes were sought, which might afford a fermented liquor in tropical regions. The sap or fruit of different kinds of palms, yields a species of wine which is sufficiently palatable. In cold countries the apple

and pear yield fermented liquors, which resemble in some respects the acid wines. The juice of the grape, however, is the only liquor capable of affording a genuine wine, as it alone contains the proper ingredients in the requisite proportions for fermenting into a good and durable liquor. The most essential compounds of the juice of the grape are sugar, which is changed into spirit of wine or brandy, vegetable matter, which acts as a leaven, and a vegetable acid, whose influence we know to be essential to the success of the process. In the vine the vegetable acid is cream of tartar, as it is called, and one excellence of the grape consists in this, that the acid salt is soluble in water, and nearly insoluble in spirit of wine. Hence the cream of tartar is always preserved in the fermenting juice, in the requisite proportion, abundant at the commencement in the watery syrup; but deposited from the solution in proportion as the sugar is converted into brandy, and the wine is completely formed. In the forests of northern countries we can only obtain an acid wine, as the vegetable acid which exists in them is soluble both in water and spirits; and, hence, it can only be concealed by an excess of sugar, or removed by the addition of lime. In the sap of the palm there is scarcely any vegetable acid, and the saccharine juice yields a spirituous liquor, which is with difficulty preserved, and soon passes into vinegar.

Such liquors, from the extreme simplicity of the fermenting process, would be known to the most barbarous tribes who had intellect enough to scoop out a calabash, or bake an earthen vessel to receive the vegetable juice. The manufacture of beer is a rather more complicated process, inasmuch as it is not obtained from substances naturally saccharine, but such as must be converted into sugar before they can afford a beer. The different grains, such as barley, maize, millet, &c., owe their nutritious properties to the farina or starch which they contain, and this principle by fermentation is changed into sugar which may be converted into spirit like the naturally saccharine juices. Such appears to have been the amount of the manufactures of the ancients; they were acquainted with the simple process for making wine or beer, but were ignorant of the practice of malting or the process of distillation.

The Egyptians appear to have been

acquainted with a variety of fermented liquors from the most remote antiquity, and beer, grape-wine, and palm-wine, were common beverages among them. It has been questioned by some whether the climate of Egypt was adapted to the growth of the vine; and M. Aargo, in particular, has maintained that the mean temperature of the valley of the Nile was too high for its successful cultivation. All doubts on this head are removed by the records which still remain to illustrate the domestic life of the ancient Egyptians. In the work of Rosellini, the manufacture of wine is explained in all its stages; from the gathering of the vintage to the obtaining of the juice, and the use of the liquor at their tables.—The subjects of the Pharaohs appear to have indulged freely in the use of wine, and not content with the produce of their own vineyards, they also imported a considerable quantity of the more generous wines of Greece. If Rosellini's plates tell a true story, temperance does not appear to have been a virtue of the higher grades of Egyptian society. On the contrary the ladies appear to have been as fond of a cheerful glass as the gentlemen. One plate represents a party consisting of ladies only, in which the fair guests betray a keen relish for the juice of the grape. The faded garland is seen on their heated temples, and there is unequivocal evidence that the stomach, as well as the head, has been stretched beyond its capacity. If the social meetings of the ladies exhibited such evident proofs of conviviality, we may be sure the meetings of the gentlemen were not distinguished for sobriety; and the guests appear not uncommonly to have been carried home in a state of insensibility. We do not remember that any instances of angry quarrels are represented at the Egyptian feasts; and it would appear that the worshippers of the cat, the monkey, and the crocodile, avoided all hard questions of divinity or zoology while occupied at a convivial meeting.

Beer appears to have been the beverage of the lower orders among the Egyptians, as it is among ourselves. *Æschylus* in the *Suppliants*, making *Pelagus* contrast the barley wine of the Egyptians with the more agreeable wines of Greece; and the evidence of *Herodotus* is still more decisive, when he informs us that beer was the liquor chiefly in use among the Egyptians. Although the culture of the vine has long ceased in Egypt, the manufacture of a kind of

beer called *bouza* is still known, both there and throughout a great part of Africa. This liquor is prepared by mixing water with highly leavened bread, which produces a very intoxicating but disagreeable liquor. It is remarkable, that the inhabitants of Mexico and Peru prepared a similar beverage from the fermented bread of the Indian corn, long before the Spaniards vested the new world.

Among the Greeks and Romans wine was the only fermented liquor in general use, and a degree of care was bestowed on the cultivation of the grape, proportioned to the high value attached to it. *Pliny* informs us that his countrymen were acquainted with no less than one hundred and ninety-five different kinds of wines. The cultivation of the vine and the manufacture of the wine was conducted in nearly the same manner as at present, the process being too simple to require much improvement either from mechanics or chemistry. The chief differences between ancient and modern wines consisted in the flavours which were imparted to them, and also that they never contained an undue proportion of brandy, as the ancients were ignorant of the art of distillation. The flavours of the ancient wines depended in part on the nature of the vessels in which they were contained. The wine vessels of the ancients were either skin bottles or earthen jars. When skin bottles were used, an animal flavour must have been communicated to the wine. As the art of glazing earthen vessels was unknown, they were rendered impervious by a varnish of pitch or mastic, which communicated a resinous taste to the wines preserved in these jars.

This resinous flavour appears to have been a favourite one, and to have often been heightened intentionally, by the addition of various preparations from the pine. *Origanum* and other aromatic plants were also used to perfume the wines. The most extraordinary addition to their wines was that of mingling them with a portion of salt water. Such a wine would be sufficiently disagreeable to a modern palate, but perhaps not more so than porter would have been to an ancient Greek. The flavours of wines, both in ancient and modern times, appear to be altogether arbitrary; the result of habit and education.

When we consider the weakness of the materials of which the wine-vessels of the ancients were made, we may

be as much surprised at the magnitude of some of the ancient jars or skin-bottles as at the gigantic dimensions of the tun at Heidelberg, or the vats of the London brewers. The earthen jars were hooped to prevent them from bursting, and some of them were so large as to contain upwards of eight hundred gallons. Some of the skin-bottles were of equally astonishing capacities. The greatest of which we have any account was that exhibited at the feast given by Ptolemy Philadelphus. It was drawn on a car seventy-five feet long and forty-two feet broad, and was constructed of panther's skins, and contained 20,250 gallons. It is obvious that this gigantic skin-bottle of Ptolemy's must have had some powerful support, as the pressure of the contents would readily have burst an unprotected vessel composed of such materials.

In tropical or sub-tropical countries, where the vine ceases to flourish, the choice of vegetables capable of furnishing a fermenting liquor is nearly inexhaustible. On this subject Mr. Morewood's work affords a vast supply of information. Of all the tropical plants the palms afford the greatest supply of potable liquors. The sap of these trees yields a weak, but palatable vinous beverage, and their saccharine fruits produce a much stronger wine. The manufacture of an inebriating liquor from the fruit of the date palm is well known in the east. This kind of wine was, in all probability the strong drink alluded to in Scripture, and is obtained, rather from the inspissated juice of the palm, than from the grape; which affords a product far more intoxicating than the most spirituous grape wine. In India another palm affords a wine, well known in the east under the name of toddy. This liquor is obtained by making an incision in the summit of the tree, and the sap which flows from the wound is collected in a pot, which is suspended from the tree for that purpose. A good tree will discharge three quarts per diem of sap, and this supply may be obtained regularly for three years before the tree becomes exhausted. The sap of this palm may be considered as a solution of sugar, but destitute of any vegetable acid, and containing only a moderate quantity of vegetable fermenting matter; it consequently ferments rapidly, from the warmth of the climate, and affords a very spirituous beverage, which, however, is not capable of being

preserved for any length of time. This liquor is the common intoxicating drink of the lower order of Hindoos.

If we pass to the new world, we find that a species of aloe is to the Mexican what the palm is to the African or the Hindoo, and may be regarded as the vine of the regions in which it grows. The agave or aloe is very extensively cultivated in the warmer parts of Mexico; and it affords a large proportion of the intoxicating liquids used by the lower order of the Mexicans. The cultivation of the agave is extremely profitable, although it requires, in the first instance, a considerable outlay of capital. We are informed by Humbolt, that the individual who can afford to form a plantation of from 30,000 to 40,000 plants, has made an ample provision for his family. Some of these plantations yield an income of upwards of sixteen hundred pounds per annum. The juice of the agave or maguey, is not obtained from the fruit, as is the case in the vine; but is the pure sap, obtained by making an incision in the same manner as is done to obtain the toddy from the palm. This juice is an extremely luscious syrup, called aquameice, or honey water, by the Spaniards. It runs through the fermenting process with great rapidity; is ready for use twenty-four hours after its exudation from the plant. As it contains a considerable proportion of saccharine matter, the agave wine is very nutritious, and an inveterate toper seldom takes much solid nourishment. The extent to which this liquor is used may be inferred from the great revenue which it yields, and also from the fact that in the city of Mexico, tumbrils are sent round to collect the drunkards of the night, who may be found lying in the streets. They are carried to a watch-house in the morning, and an iron ring is closed on their ankles, and in this state they are compelled to cleanse the streets for three days successively, as a punishment for their irregularity.

The most remarkable of fermented liquors is obtained, not from the vegetable, but from the animal kingdom; and the Mongo tribes, ignorant of the arts of agriculture, and whose wealth consists in their flocks, have learned to obtain a vintage from the milk of their cattle; for this purpose the milk of the mane is preferred, and a liquor called kounmiss is obtained from its fermentation. The preparation of this substance is by no means difficult; a quan-

tity of milk is put into a skin bottle, mixed with a small portion of old koumiss, to aid as a leaven, the mixture is frequently agitated, and in the course of twenty-four hours the preparation is fit for use. The koumiss is slightly inebriating, and yields brandy when distilled.

When we compare the various inebriating liquors in use in modern Europe, with those with which the ancients were acquainted, we find that in as far as respects the preparation and preservation of wine, there is little difference, except in the substitution of wooden casks and glass bottles, for the skins and unglazed earthen jars of antiquity. We are, however, acquainted with two important processes, which were unknown to the Greeks or Romans—we convert grain into malt, and employ the process of distillation to extract the pure spirit from the fermented liquor. We have no evidence that the beer of the Egyptians was prepared from malt; on the contrary, Pliny, who has given us some information on this subject, says, that the beer was made by steeping grain in water. The beer used by the Gauls, and other nations of western Europe, was prepared in the same manner. We are not aware at what period the art of malting became known in modern times; but it is remarkable that the Peruvians were acquainted with the process long before they had any intercourse with Europeans. Large quantities of maize are, in various parts of Peru, converted into *chica*, and it is remarkable that the grain used in such cases has been made to undergo the process of malting. In making *chica* no other ingredients are mixed with the malted maize, called *jora*; when sufficiently boiled in water the fluid ferments like our ale or porter, and the produce is very intoxicating. In some places the natives believe that fermentation will not ensue if the malted grain be not previously submitted to mastication; from this circumstance, many old men and women assemble at the house where *chica* is made, and are employed chewing the *jora* or malt. Two kinds of *chica* are usually made from the same grain; one called *cluro*, the water in which the malt has been infused. This is drawn off, and when afterwards boiled has some resemblance to cider. Another is made by boiling the grain for several hours, after which it is strained, fermented, and termed

neto. The great antiquity of this beverage is proved beyond all doubt by its being known to the natives long before they were visited by the Spaniards, as Mr. Stevenson affirms, that he drank *chica* that had been found in *huaccas* or burying places, where it must have remained upwards of three centuries. It appears, therefore, that the Peruvians were familiar with the preparation of porter long before that beverage was known in England.

The art of distillation like that of malting is a modern one in the west of Europe. Although it appears that distillation was introduced into Europe by the Arabs of Spain, still it by no means follows the invention belongs to that people, on the contrary, it was in all probability familiar to the Chinese from time immemorial. In this as in many other instances the sole merit of the Saracens was, merely that of being the carriers of the knowledge of the Hindoos and Chinese from the remote regions of Asia to Europe. The art of distillation gave a new order of spirituous liquors, possessing far greater strength than any previously known, and whatever may have been the moral consequences of this discovery there can be no doubt of its vast importance in advancing the progress of the arts and sciences. The improvements which the use of the spirit of wine has introduced into the practice of pharmacy are very great, and without it chemical science, especially the analysis of organic bodies, could scarcely be attempted, and its employments in the arts are too numerous to be specified; it is one of the most indispensable substances in the chemical arts.

Besides the various inebriating liquors obtained by fermentation, and whose properties depend chiefly on the spirit of wine which they contain, there is a second class of stimulants whose narcotic properties do not depend upon any conversion of saccharine into spirituous matters. Opium stands at the head of this class of inebriating drugs. The use of opium is nearly universal from Turkey to China, and the enormous quantity consumed in the latter country is an evidence that a taste for this narcotic does not depend on the prohibition of wine to the followers of Mahomed. Even in Mussulman countries the interdiction of the prophet is little regarded by those who can obtain a supply of wine or brandy, and all classes, from the Sultan to the *raya*, appear to relish fermented liquors.

The use of opium however appears to be more in accordance with the habits of the orientals, little given to social pleasures, and choosing rather to be inebriated alone than in company.—It is needless to investigate whether excess in the use of opium or of fermented liquors is more injurious; it appears however, that moderation in the use of liquors is more easily observed than in the consumption of opium. Thousands indulge in the moderate use of wine, spirits or beer, for a long time without ever committing any crimes or any way injuring health. It is different with the use of opium, a moderate dose soon loses its power, and with time the quantity used requires to be progressively augmented until the opium eater becomes a victim to the abuse of his drug. There are very few individuals, who, like the late Mr. Wilberforce, can continue the moderate use of opium during a long life.

Some of the opium eaters can consume an immense quantity of opium without any immediately fatal consequences. Beaujoir gives an account of a Turkish Effendi, who took every day thirty cups of coffee, smoked sixty pipes of tobacco, and swallowed three drachms of opium, while his solid food consisted of only four ounces of rice. Dr. Jones, in his book, entitled *Mysteries of Opium Unveiled*, assures us that he knew of several persons in England who were in the habit of taking two, three, four, or six drachms daily; and that he heard of one that could take *two ounces in a day*, a quantity not exceeded, perhaps, in the history of man.

Baron de Tott gives a miserable picture of those who frequent the opium market at Constantinople, describing them as having pale and melancholy countenances, with meagre necks, heads twisted to one side, backbones distorted, shoulders drawn up to the ears, and other extraordinary appearances. Seated in the twilight of the evening or reclining on sofas in little shops, ranged along the walls of the mosque of Solyman, may be seen the infatuated He-reaks, (opium eaters,) swallowing their opium pills in proportion to the degree of want which habit has rendered necessary. Each poor votary anxiously awaits the agreeable reverie that is to follow as the effect of this indulgence. He soon returns to his home full of an imaginary happiness which neither rea-

son nor the realities of life can procure, and in this manner each successive day witnesses a repetition of the irregularity till worn out with debility and intemperance, he at last sinks like a shadow into the grave.

The following anecdote, for which, however, the authority is not given, gives a curious example of the effects of immoderate habits of using opium. An English ambassador lately sent to a Mahomedan prince, was conducted upon his arrival at the palace through several richly decorated and spacious apartments, crowded with officers, arrayed in superb dresses, to a room, small in dimensions but ornamented with the most costly and splendid furniture. The attendants withdrew. After a short interval two persons of superior mien entered the saloon followed by state bearers, carrying under a lofty canopy a litter covered with delicate silk and the richest cashmere shawls, upon which lay a human form, to all appearance dead, except that its head was dangling loosely from side to side as the bearers moved into the room. Two officers holding rich filligree salvers carried each a chalice and a vial containing a black fluid. The ambassador considered the spectacle to be connected with some court ceremony of mourning and endeavoured to retire, but he was soon undeceived by seeing the officers holding up the head of the apparent corpse, and after gently chafing the throat and returning the tongue, which hung from a mouth relaxed and gaping, pouring some black liquor into the throat, and closing the jaws, until it sank down the passage; after six or seven times repeating the ceremony, the figure opened its eyes and shut its mouth voluntarily, it then swallowed a large portion of the black fluid, and within an hour an animated being sat on the couch with blood returning into his lips, and a feeble power of articulation. In the Persian language he addressed his visitor, and enquired the particulars of his mission. Within two hours this extraordinary person became altered and his mind capable of arduous business. The ambassador after apologising for the liberty, ventured to enquire into the cause of the scene he had just witnessed.

"Sir," said he, "I am an inveterate opium taker, and I have by slow degrees fallen into this melancholy excess. But of the diurnal twenty-four periods of time, I continually pass

eighteen in this reverie, unable to move or speak; I am yet conscious, and the time passes away amid pleasing fancies, nor should I ever awake from the wanderings of this state had I not the most faithful and attached, whose regard and religious duty impel them to watch my pulse. As soon as my heart begins to falter and my breathing is imperceptible except on a mirror, they immediately pour the solution of opium into my throat, and restore me as you have seen. Within four hours I shall have swallowed many ounces, and much time will not pass away ere I will relapse into my ordinary torpor."

The mode of using opium in Turkey and China is a little different. In the former country the practice is to swallow a certain number of opium pills, proportioned to the capacity of the *theriaki* or opium-eater. In China the opium is boiled in water, and the extract, when dried, is put into a pipe and used as we do tobacco. The employment of this demoralising drug has grown to an evil of enormous magnitude in China; and we believe few individuals who are moderately acquainted with the circumstances of the case will disapprove of the energy which the Chinese government have at last insisted on putting down this mischievous traffic, and still fewer who will not entertain feelings of contempt or disgust at the conduct of the East India Company, which profits so largely by this commerce, and is the only power which can effectually put it down.

The conduct of the Company is an instance of elaborate iniquity and hypocrisy. It appears from the Chinese Repository for 1837, that throughout all the territories within the Company's jurisdiction, the cultivation of the poppy, the preparation of this drug, and the traffic in it until it is brought to Calcutta, and sold by auction for exportation, are under a strict monopoly. Should an individual undertake the cultivation without having entered into engagements with the government to deliver the produce at the fixed rate, his property would be immediately attached, and the ryot compelled either to destroy his poppies or give security for the faithful delivery of the produce. Nay, according to a late writer, the growing of opium is compulsory on the part of the ryot. Advances are made by the government through its native servants, and if a ryot refuses the advance, the simple plan of throw-

ing the rupees into his house is adopted. Should he attempt to abscond, the peons (police) tie the advance up in his clothes and push him into the house. The business being now settled, there being no remedy, he applies himself as he may to the fulfilment of his contract.

"The great object of the Bengal opium agency," says Dr. Butter, "is to furnish an article suitable to the peculiar tastes of the population of China. During the year 1837 the quantity of opium exported to Canton amounted to 16,916 chests, containing each about 120lbs. and having a value of upwards of two and a-half millions sterling." The amount of misery occasioned by this commerce must be enormous. The cultivation of the drug is almost compulsory on the poor Hindoo. The entire opium crop is smuggled into China, where it proves a poison to millions. The process of smuggling is thus accurately described by a Chinese magistrate:—"Here are constantly anchored seven or eight large ships, in which opium is kept, and are, therefore, called receiving ships. At Canton there are brokers of the drug, called melters. These pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. There are carrying boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly called fast-crabs and scrambling dragons. They are well armed with guns and other weapons, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as if they were wings to fly with. All the custom-houses and military posts which they pass are largely bribed. If they happen to encounter any of the armed cruising boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensues."

The enormous mischiefs of the opium trade are sufficiently apparent to the Chinese government, which has the credit of being sincerely desirous of putting a stop to it. The matter has been discussed by the different mandarins in the most deliberate manner, and with a perfect knowledge of all the facts; the evils of smuggling, on the one hand, and of a licensed trade, on the other, are discussed in a manner which would exceed the intellectual capacities of many European statesmen. The more intelligent of the Chinese appear to be of the same opinion with their governors, as to the urgency of the evil, and the necessity

of checking so enormous an abuse. Their moralists write against it, and it is the subject of illustration by their artists. In the Chinese Repository, there is an account of a series of paintings by a Chinese artist, illustrating the progress of the opium-eater, from health and affluence to poverty and disease; and the idea, and mode of execution, bear a striking resemblance to the Rake's Progress by Hogarth.*

We are sorry to see several attempts to mislead the public by those who appear to be interested in the traffic, and some even propose going to war with the Chinese for the sake of the opium trade. It is probable that few right thinking people will feel any sympathy for the opium merchants, or will countenance any attempt to bully the inoffending Chinese government into a free trade in this deleterious drug. Were the importation of opium abandoned, it is probable that the real and heavy grievances which the Chinese inflict on the inoffensive portion of the foreign merchants might be at length removed, and certainly they would meet with more sympathy.

Opium, like wine, stands as the type of a class of stimulants of which many kinds are used as substitutes for the juice of the poppy. The use of various preparations of hemp is common in those countries where opium is taken, and appears in short to be the poor man's opium. The consumers of the two drugs being respectively analogous to the wine drinkers, and whiskey drinkers of our own country. The most common preparation of hemp goes by the name of bang, and is exclusively used in India; its narcotic properties resemble those of opium but are more stupifying and violent, and less permanent.

We shall only notice two other substitutes for opium taken from two very remote countries. The Peruvians have been acquainted for a long period with the virtues of a small tree called coca, whose leaves possess properties resembling the effects of opium. The leaves of this plant are plucked three or four times a year, and after being carefully dried are packed in small baskets. Many chew these leaves as others do tobacco; and such is the sustenance derived from

them that they frequently take no food for four or five days, although constantly working; and while they have a good supply they feel neither hunger, thirst, nor fatigue, and without any injury to health they can remain upwards of a week without the refreshment of sleep. Coca proves to the Peruvian the highest source of gratification; for under its influence the imagination presents the most pleasing and fascinating scenes of voluptuousness. Many to indulge in its use forsake the rational associations of civilised life, and return in the evening to the woods to revel in the uninterrupted enjoyment of its magic qualities. Prostrated under a tree its votary, heedless of the storm, the darkness of the night, or the attacks of wild beasts, reposes happy and contented until the morning awakes him to a sense of his own degradation, induces him to return a frightful picture of unnatural indulgence. When a Peruvian starts on a journey he carries with him a small, leather pouch for holding coca, and a calabash for lime or ashes of the *molle* to mix with the coca. Thus equipped, a man will undertake to convey intelligence upwards of one hundred leagues without any other provision. These persons are termed *chosques* or *chosqueros*, a name given to the conductors of mails. Men of this description were employed for the transmission of intelligence by the Incas long prior to the invasion of the Spaniards; and some of these couriers have been known to convey news a distance of six hundred miles in six days. The coca appears to be a kind of American opium, closely resembling the opium of the poppy in its effects, and presenting a most remarkable analogy in its history and uses with that of the oriental drug.

A mushroom which grows in Siberia, and which is not uncommon in this country, is used as a narcotic in Kamtschatka and other parts of the Russian empire. The fungus or mushroom is eaten without any preparation; and two small ones afford a moderate dose. The effects of this exhilarant have more resemblance to the intoxication produced by spirits, than to the sober, dreamy visions induced by opium. Its ordinary effects are giddiness, gaiety, a flushed countenance, and incoherent

* We wish we could transfer the history of these illustrations to our pages. The reader may find them in an interesting little work, entitled the Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China.

talking; it renders some very active and proves highly stimulant to muscular exertion. Too large a dose brings on violent spasmodic affections; and such are its excitements on the nervous system, that it renders many very silly and ludicrous. If a person under its influence wish to step over a straw or small stick, he takes a stretch or jump sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree; a talkative person can neither keep silence nor secrecy; and one fond of music is perpetually singing.

The most extraordinary effect of this mushroom is, that the intoxicating principle is capable of resisting the digestive powers of the stomach, and passing off unaltered with the secretions, and hence suggesting to the barbarous natives of Siberia an obvious but disgusting method of continuing their intoxication for several days.

It was Lord Bacon we believe who, among the other desiderata in his day, specified the want of a complete treatise on the history of wine and other stimulants. Even the present advanced state of chemical science is incompetent to accomplish such a history as Lord Bacon would have required. The mode of obtaining spirituous liquors by fermentation is one of the commonest but least understood of chemical processes, and seems almost as mysterious as the vital chemistry of a living body. The object of Mr. Morewood is not to enter into chemical researches concerning the nature of fermentation, but to give an account of various substances from which spirituous liquors may be obtained, or

used as narcotic stimulants without any particular preparation. This he has accomplished with the most indefatigable industry, collecting materials from every quarter of the globe, and which has afforded all the interesting facts which we have quoted in this article. His work is the most valuable storehouse of facts on this subject, and we are afraid is destined to be more copied from than quoted. It is, we have no hesitation in asserting, by far the most complete history of inebriating substances which has appeared, and must have been the result of many years of reading and research. The work is, however, susceptible of considerable improvement, especially under the head of method. The arrangement followed is geographical which, of necessity tends to a good deal of repetition, as the same substance is often cultivated in many countries. Had the work been divided into chapters devoted to the wine, the palm-wines, malt liquors, &c., it would have been much more convenient for consultation. Some irrelevant matters, also, which, however interesting, are but remotely connected with the subject, might also be omitted. We should not have made those remarks unless we had considered the work one of great merit; and they are made not in the spirit of censure, but to suggest what we are certain would be improvements in a valuable work, which abounds not merely in useful matters, but in much that is amusing as well as instructive.

A SYLVA.

THE INSCRIPTION.

New to Love's transports, chastening Joy with Fear,
 Lucy! four little letters carved I here.
 'Twas a young sapling, then, smooth, green, and juicy,
 And took thy name as if it loved it, Lucy!
 And now—long years past—I return and see }
 The self same sculpture memorizing thee, }
 The letters *widening* with the aging tree.
 Thy other Soul! My Life's far dearer part!
 Thus was thy name then written on my heart,
 Thus written still; and as I older grow
 The same dear letters on enlarging go;
 Facts, feelings, treasured from all times and lands
 Expand the soul, but still that name expands.
 The heart may swell to grasp its swelling store,
 But "LUCY," more endeared, spreads round it more and more

B.

MIDNIGHT LOVE-DREAMS.

Where shinest Thou, young vesper of my sky!

Where shinest Thou?

Methinks this glorious night thou wanderest,
 Gazing in bright uncertainty above,
 Yearning for thine own regions of the blest,
 Yet charmed to Earth by all a Daughter's love!

What leafy grove or upland art Thou haunting?

What leafy grove?

A Sister of the Stars, a Shape of Light,
 A phantom nymph that mocks the dazed sight;
 Oh, words but cheat the wants of Fantasia,
 They flow in vain, they cannot image Thee!

What Spirit calls thee to the mystic shade,

What Spirit calls?

To tell thee how the choir of angels long
 For one bright Form to glorify their Song,
 To speak the message of thy kindred skies,
 And whisper thee the news of Paradise!

Ah, these are dreams, thou lone and lovely Flower!

These are but dreams!

A gentler place is woman's lot and thine,
 A Parent's side on whom each thought divine
 Of love to thy *celestial* Parent given
 Rests for a season, on its way to heaven!

B.

A MIDNIGHT SONNET.

From soundless solitudes of upper air
 Soft sinking on our world, oh mystic night!
 Unveiler of the visible Infinite—
 Once more thy slumberous touch bids her repair,
 Wearied of Life, to die awhile from Care.
 Give—give me sleep! her wand the Torturer waves,
 Unsepulchres the Dead of ancient graves,
 And multiplies the spectres of despair.
 Oh give me sleep! and to my sleep a dream
 Of golden glories from that orient Land
 By Phantasy's soft wings for ever fanned,
 Where Hope is Truth, and all things are that seem.
 So shall lost suns arise with lovelier ray,
 And outer Darkness die in that bright dreamland day!

FACT AND FANCIE.

My Soul a Bird of light in search of Beauty!
 It rose upon the luminous air, it stood
 Above the teeming world, and saw 'twas good,
 And very fair! 'Twas then its blissful duty
 To cleave the sunlit clouds, and, diving deep
 Within the solemn ocean, there to cull
 Lone, hidden glimpses of the Beautiful,
 That Nature treasures in the eternal sleep
 Of hollow-murmuring seas. Again, again,
 It sprang aloft, hovered o'er antique woods,
 The wordless voice of moonlight solitudes
 My spirit heard in breathlessness!..... And then,
 Fluttering it sank near THEE, and deeper blest.
 "Sea, sky—farewell!" it sighed, "be *this* mine home of rest!"

B.

"DO NOT PLUCK THE FLOWERS; THEY ARE SACRED TO THE DEAD."

An inscription similar to the foregoing is seen in many parts of the Roman Catholic burying ground, Botanic Gardens, Cork.

Oh! spare the flowers, the fair young flowers,
 The free glad gift the summer brings;
 Bright children of the sun and showers,
 Here do they rise, earth's offerings.
 Rich be the dew upon you shed,
 Green be the bough that o'er you waves,
 Weariless watchers by the dead,
 Unblenching dwellers 'midst the graves!

Oh spare the flowers! their sweet perfume,
 Upon the wandering zephyr cast,
 And lingering o'er the lowly tomb,
 Is like the memory of the past.
 hey flourish freshly, though beneath
 Lie the dark dust and creeping worm,
 hey speak of Hope, they speak of Faith,
 They smile, like rainbows through the storm.

Pluck not the flowers—the sacred flowers!
 Go where the garden's treasures spread,
 Where strange bright blossoms deck the bowers,
 And spicy trees their odours shed.
 There pluck, if thou delightest, indeed,
 To shorten life so brief as theirs,
 But here the admonition heed—
 A blessing on the hand that spares!

Pluck not the flowers! In days gone by
 A beautiful belief was felt,
 That fairy spirits of the sky
 Amidst the trembling blossoms dwelt.
 Perhaps the dead have many a guest,
 Holier than any that are ours,
 Perhaps their guardian angels rest
 Enshrined amidst the gentle flowers!

Hast thou no loved one lying low,
 No broken reed of earthly trust ?
 Hast thou not felt the bitter woe
 With which we render dust to dust ?
 Thou hast ! and in one cherished spot,
 Unseen, unknown to earthly eyes,
 Within their heart, the unforget
 Entombed in silent beauty lies.

Memory and faith, and love, so deep
 No earthly storm can reach it more—
 Affection, that hath ceased to weep,
 These flourish in thy bosom's core.
 Spare then the flowers ! With gentle tread
 Draw near, remembering what thou art,
 For blossoms sacred to the dead,
 Are ever springing in thy heart.

M. A. BROWNE.

Cork, May 1839.

SICKNESS—DEATH—THE GRAVE.

In the house a sick man lies,
 Writhing in his agonies ;
 In his chamber silence keep,
 Leaving it to moan and weep ;
 In his presence strive to smile,
 Though your heart be sad the while,
 Though a dread unseen, intense,
 O'er you hang in dim suspense.
 In the house is noiseless stir—
 Friends with anxious friends confer—
 Whisperings are upon the stair—
 Active service everywhere ;
 Not a window in the night,
 But doth show some glancing light ;
 Fond ones to his door still creeping,
 Listening if he yet be sleeping ;
 Thrilling at the languid tone
 Of his faint and fruitless moan ;
 Praying with that earnest prayer
 Born so often of despair.

In the house the same man lies—
 Past are now his agonies ;
 All the anxious stir is o'er—
 Flitting forms are seen no more.
 Close the shutters ! shun the light !
 Come not into strangers' sight !
 Veil the steps ! be awed ! be dumb !
 A regal visitant hath come.
 With that sick man doth he rest,
 An uninvited, mighty guest.
 Glide like shadows—hush the breath—
 That regal visitant is Death !

In his shroud the dead man lies—
Dreamless slumber seals his eyes ;
The shock that bid his pulse be still
Seems around to spread its thrill,
On each mourner's soul and sense,
With a numbing influence.
Busy labour come not near !
Sorrow keeps her Sabbath here ;
Laughter ! how discordant grown,
Now would seem thy softest tone ;
Even the children's mirth is mute,
Lightly falls each little foot ;
Near each other oft they draw,
With a dim, mysterious awe,
Soothing by companionship,
Fears that may not pass the lip ;
See them to that chamber brought,
Death's first lesson to be taught—
'The first conviction bringing nigh
Of their own mortality.

In his grave the dead man lies,
Needing not our sympathies !
Once again the house is rife,
With elastic, stirring life ;
Gone hath that once precious clay
With its royal guest away.
Ah ! that what was once so dear
Should have grown a thing to fear !
Is it not some cause for grief,
That its departure was relief ?
Light again is in his room,
Past the sable signs of gloom.
Though his memory oft is bless'd,
Though deep sadness fills the breast,
His power to awe and thrill is o'er,
Remembrance doth his form restore,
Without that dim vexatious dread,
That shrouds the most beloved dead.

Liverpool.

M. A. BROWNE.

THE THREE WISHES.—AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

IN ancient times there lived a man called Billy Duffy, and he was known to be a great rogue. They say he was descended from the family of the Duffys, which was the reason, I suppose, of his carrying their name upon him.

Billy in his youthful days, was the best hand at doing nothing in all Europe; devil a mortal could come next or near him at idleness; and, in consequence of his great practice that way, you may be sure that if any man could make a fortune by it he would have done it.

Billy was the only son of his father, barring two daughters; but they have nothing to do with the story I'm telling you. Indeed it was kind father and grandfather for Billy to be handy at the knavery as well as at the idleness; for it was well known that not one of their blood ever did an honest act, except with a roguish intention. In short, they were altogether a *dacent* connexion, and a credit to the name. As for Billy, all the villany of the family, both plain and ornamental, came down to him by way of legacy; for it so happened that the father, in spite of all his cleverness, had nothing but his roguery to *lave* him.

Billy, to do him justice, improved the fortune he got: every day advanced him farther into dishonesty and poverty, until, at the long run, he was acknowledged on all hands to be the completest swindler and the poorest vagabond in the whole parish.

Billy's father, in his young days, had often been forced to acknowledge the inconvenience of not having a trade, in consequence of some nice point in law, called the "Vagrant Act," that sometimes troubled him. On this account he made up his mind to give Bill an occupation, and he accordingly bound him to a blacksmith; but whether Bill was to *live* or *die* by *forgery* was a puzzle to his father,—though the neighbours said that *both* was most likely. At all events, he was put apprentice to a smith for seven years, and a hard card his master had to play in managing him. He took the proper method, however; for Bill was so

lazy and roguish that it would vex St. Peter to keep him in order.

"Bill," says his master to him one day that he had been sunning himself about the ditches, instead of minding his business, "Bill, my boy, I'm vexed to the heart to see you in such a bad state of health. You're very ill with that complaint called an *All-overness*; however," says he, "I think I can cure you. Nothing will bring you about but three or four sound doses, every day, of a medicine called 'the oil o' the hazel.' Take the first dose now" says he; and he immediately banged him with a hazel cudgel until Bill's bones ached for a week afterwards.

"If you were my son," said his master, "I tell you, that, as long as I could get a piece of advice growing convenient in the hedges, I'd have you a different youth from what you are. If working was a sin, Bill, devil an innocent boy ever broke bread than you would be. Good people's scarce, you think; but however that may be, I throw it out as a hint, that you must take your medicine till you be cured, whenever you happen to get unwell in the same way."

From this out he kept Bill's nose to the grinding-stone, and whenever his complaint returned, he never failed to give him a hearty dose for his improvement.

In the course of time, however, Bill was his own man and his own master; but it would puzzle a saint to know whether the master or the man was the more precious youth in the eyes of the world.

He immediately married a wife, and devil a doubt of it, but if *he* kept *her* in whiskey and sugar, *she* kept *him* in hot water. Bill drank and she drank; Bill fought and she fought; Bill was idle and she was idle; Bill whacked her and she whacked Bill. If Bill gave her one black eye, she gave him another; *just to keep herself in countenance*. Never was there a blessed pair so well met; and a beautiful sight it was to see them both at breakfast-time blinking at each other across the potato-basket, Bill with his right eye black, and she with her left.

In short, they were the talk of the whole town : and to see Bill of a morning staggering home drunk, his shirt-sleeves rolled up on his smutted arms, his breast open, and an old tattered leather apron, with one corner tucked up under his belt, singing one minute, and fighting with his wife the next ;—she, reeling beside him, with a discoloured eye, as aforesaid, a dirty ragged cap on one side of her head, a pair of Bill's old slippers on her feet, a squalling brat on her arm,—now cuffing and dragging Bill, and again kissing and hugging him ! yes, it was a pleasant picture to see this loving pair in such a state !

This might do for a while, but it could not last. They were idle, drunken, and ill-conducted ; and it was not to be supposed that they would get a farthing candle on their words. They were of course *dhruv* to great straits ; and faith, they soon found that their fighting, and drinking, and idleness made them the laughing-sport of the neighbours ; but neither brought food to their *childre*, put a coat upon their backs, nor satisfied their landlord when he came to look for his own. Still the never a one of Bill but was a funny fellow with strangers, though, as we said, the greatest rogue unchanged.

One day he was standing against his own anvil, completely in a brown study,—being brought to his wit's end how to make out a breakfast for the family. The wife was scolding and cursing in the house, and the naked creatures of *childre* squalling about her knees for food. Bill was fairly at an am- plush, and knew not where or how to turn himself, when a poor withered old beggar came into the forge, tottering on his staff. A long white beard fell from his chin, and he looked so thin and hungry that you might blow him, one would think, over the house. Bill at this moment had been brought to his senses by distress, and his heart had a touch of pity towards the old man ; for, on looking at him a second time, he clearly saw starvation and sorrow in his face.

"God save you, honest man !" said Bill.

The old man gave a sigh, and raising himself with great pain on his staff, he looked at Bill in a very beseeching way.

"Musha, God save you kindly !" says he ; "maybe you could give a poor, hungry, helpless ould man a mouthful of something to ait ? You

see yourself I'm not able to work ; if I was I'd scorn to be behoulding to any one."

"Faith, honest man," said Bill, "If you knew who you're speaking to, you'd as soon ask a monkey for a churn-staff, as me for either mate or money. There's not a blackguard in the three kingdoms so fairly on the *shaughran* as I am for both the one and the other. The wife within is sending the curses thick and heavy on me, and the *childre*'s playing the cat's melody to keep her in comfort. Take my word for it, poor man, if I had either mate or money I'd help you, for I know particularly well what it is to want them at the present spaking ; an empty sack wont stand, neighbour."

So far Bill told him truth. The good thought was in his heart, because he found himself on a footing with the beggar ; and nothing brings down pride, or softens the heart, like feeling what it is to want.

"Why you are in a worse state than I am," said the old man ; "you have a family to provide for, and I have only myself to support."

"You may kiss the book on that, my old worthy," replied Bill ; "but come, what I can do for you I will ; plant yourself up here beside the fire, and I'll give it a blast or two of my bellows that will warm the old blood in your body. It's a cold, miserable, snowy day, and a good heat will be of service."

"Thank you kindly," said the old man ; "I *am* cold, and a warming at your fire will do me good, sure enough. Oh, it is a bitter, bitter day, God bless it !"

He then sat down, and Bill blew a rousing blast that soon made the stranger edge back from the heat. In a short time he felt quite comfortable, and when the numbness was taken out of his joints, he buttoned himself up and prepared to depart.

"Now," says he to Bill, "you hadn't the food to give me, but *what you could you did*. Ask any three wishes you choose, and be they what they may, take my word for it, they shall be granted."

Now the truth is that Bill, though he believed himself a great man in point of 'cuteness, wanted, after all, a full quarter of being square ; for there is always a great difference between a wise man and a knave. Bill was so much of a rogue that he could not, for the blood of him, ask an honest wish,

but stood scratching his head in a puzzle.

"Three wishes!" said he. "Why—let me see—did you say *three*?"

"Ay," replied the stranger, "three wishes—that was what I said."

"Well," said Bill, "here goes,—aha!—let me alone, my old worthy!—faith I'll overreach the parish, if what you say is true. I'll cheat them in dozens, rich and poor, old and young; let me alone, man,—I have it here;" and he tapped his forehead with great glee. "Faith, you're the sort to meet of a frosty morning, when a man wants his breakfast; and I'm sorry that I have neither money nor credit to get a bottle of whiskey, that we might take our *morning* together."

"Well, but let us hear the wishes," said the old man; "my time is short, and I cannot stay much longer."

"Do you see this sledge hammer?" said Bill; "I wish, in the first place, that whoever takes it up in their hands may never be able to lay it down till I give them lave; and that whoever begins to sledge with it may never stop sledging till it's my pleasure to release him."

"Secondly;—I have an arm-chair, and I wish that whoever sits down in it may never rise out of it till they have my consent."

"And thirdly—that whatever money I put into my purse, nobody may have power to take it out of it but myself!"

"You devil's rip!" says the old man in a passion, shaking his staff across Bill's nose, "why did you not ask something that would serve you both here and hereafter? Sure it's as common as the market cross, that there's not a vagabone in his Majesty's dominions stands more in need of both."

"Oh! by the elevens," said Bill, "I forgot that altogether! Maybe you'd be civil enough to let me change one of them? The sorra a purtier wish ever was made than I'll make, if you'll give me another chance."

"Get out, you reprobate," said the old fellow, still in a passion. "Your day of grace is past. Little you knew who was speaking to you all this time. I'm St. Peter, you blackguard, and I gave you an opportunity of doing something for yourself and your family; but you neglected it, and now your fate is cast, you dirty bogtrotting profligate. Sure it's well known what you are! Aren't you a byword in every body's mouth, you and your scold of a wife? By the Pope's toe! if

ever you show your nose to me above stairs, I'll send you in a different direction."

He then gave Bill a rap of his cudgel over the head, and laid him at his length beside the bellows, kicked a broken coal-scuttle out of his way, and left the forge in a fury.

When Billy recovered himself from the effects of the blow, and began to think on what had happened, he could have quartered himself with vexation for not asking great wealth as one of the wishes at least; but now the die was cast on him, and he could only make the most of the three he pitched upon.

He now bethought him how he might turn the wishes to the best account, and here his cunning came to his aid. He began by sending for his wealthiest neighbours on pretence of business; and when he got them under his roof, he offered them the arm chair to sit down in. He now had them safe, nor could all the art of man relieve them except worthy Bill was willing. Bill's plan was to make the best bargain he could before he released his prisoners; and let him alone for knowing how to make their purses bleed. There wasn't a wealthy man in the country he did not fleece. The parson of the parish bled heavily; so did the priest, and a rich attorney who had retired from practice swore that the court of Chancery itself was paradise compared to Bill's chair.

This was all very good for a time. The fame of his chair, however, soon spread; so did that of his sledge. In a short time neither man, woman, nor child, would darken his door; all avoided him and his fixtures as they would a spring-gun or man-trap. Bill, so long as he fleeced his neighbours, never wrought a hand's turn; so that when his money was out, he found himself as badly off as ever, except that he was not able to drink and feed so heartily as usual. In addition to all this, his character was fifty times worse than before; for it was the general belief that he had dealings with the devil. Nothing now could exceed his misery, distress, and ill temper. The wife and he and their children all fought among one another like devils; every body hated them, cursed them, and avoided them. The people thought they were acquainted with more than Christian people ought to know; for the family, they said, was very like one that the devil drove. All this of course came

to Bill's ears, and it vexed him very much.

One day he was walking about the fields, thinking of how he could raise the wind once more; the day was dark, and he found himself, before he stopped, in the bottom of a lonely glen covered by great bushes that grew on each side. "Well," thought he, when every other means of raising money failed him, "it's reported that I'm in league with the devil, and as it's a folly to have the name of the connexion without the profit, I'm ready to make a bargain with him any day;" "so," said he, raising his voice, "Nick, you sinner, if you be convenient and willing, why stand out here; show your best leg,—here's your man."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a dark sober-looking old gentleman, not unlike a lawyer, walked up to him. Bill looked at the foot and saw the hoof.

"Morrow, Nick," says Bill.

"Morrow, Bill," says Nick. "Well, Bill, what's the news?"

"Devil a much myself hears of late," says Bill, "is there anything *fresh* below?"

"I can't exactly say, Bill; I spend little of my time down now; the Whigs are in office and my hands are consequently too full of business here to pay much attention to anything else."

"A fine place this, sir," says Bill, "to take a constitutional walk in; when I want an appetite I often come this way myself,—hem! *High* feeding is very bad without exercise."

"High feeding! Come, come, Bill, you know you didn't taste a morsel these four-and-twenty hours."

"You know that's a bounce, Nick. I eat a breakfast this morning that would put a stone of flesh on you, if you only smelt at it."

"Bill, you're not remarkable for truth."

"I hope you'll still say so, Nick. You're too well known to gain credit; and between you and me, I'd rather have your ill word than your good one."

"You have never deserved any but a good word from me, Bill," replied the other. "You're the first swindler on the face of the earth."

"You must go *down stairs*,—must lave the earth to myself before you say so, Nicky."

"No matter; this is not to the purpose. What's that you were muttering to yourself awhile ago? If you want to come to the brunt, here I'm for you."

"Nick," said Bill, "you're complate; you want nothing barring a pair of Brian O'Lynn's breeches."

Bill, in fact, was bent on making his companion open the bargain, because he had often heard, that in that case, with proper care on his own part, he might defeat him in the long run. The other, however, was his match.

"What was the nature of Brian's garment," enquired Nick.

"Why, according to the song," said Bill—

"Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he got a sheep's skin for to make him a pair;
With the fleshy side out, and the woolly side in,
They'll be pleasant and cool, says Bryan O'Lynn."

"A cool pair would sarve you, Nick."

"You're mighty waggish to-day, mister Duffy."

"And good right I have," said Bill; "I'm a man snug and well to do in the world; have lots of money, plenty of good eating and drinking, and what more need a man wish for?"

"True," said the other; "in the mean time it's rather odd that so respectable a man should not have six inches of unbroken cloth in his apparel. You are as naked a tatterdemalion as I ever laid my eyes on; in full dress for a party of scarecrows, William."

"That's my own fancy, Nicky; I don't work at my trade like a gentleman. This is my forge dress, you know."

"Well, but what did you summon me here for?" said the other; "you may as well speak out I tell you; for my good friend, unless *you* do I shan't. Smell that."

"I smell more than that," said Bill; and by the way, I'll thank you to give me the windy side of you—all sulphur I say. There, that's what I call an improvement in my condition. But as you *are* so stiff," says Bill, "why, the short and the long of it is—that—hem—you see I'm—tut—sure you know I have a thriving trade of my own, and that if I like I needn't be at a loss; but in the mane time I'm rather in a kind of a so, so—don't you *take*?"

And Bill winked knowingly, hoping to trick him into the first proposal.

"You must speak above board, my friend," says the other; "I'm a man of few words, blunt and honest. If you have any thing to say, be plain. Don't think I can be losing my time with such a pitiful rascal as you are."

"Why, you precious old rip," says Bill, "dont think your *low* breeding will pass among dacent people here? However, I believe I may as well speak out; for I see you know how the wind sits, although you did not consider *that* a while ago;" and Bill put his finger and thumb to his nose. "I want money, then, and am ready to come into terms. What have you to say to that, Nicky?"

"Let me see—let me look at you," says his companion, turning him about. "Now, Bill, in the first place, are you not as finished a scarecrow as ever stood upon two legs?"

"I play second fiddle to you there again," said Bill.

"There you stand with the black-guard's coat of arms quartered under your eye and—"

"Dont make little of *blackguards*," said Bill, "nor spake disparagingly of *your own* crest."

"Why, what would you bring, you brazen rascal, if you were fairly put up at auction?"

"Faith, I'd bring more bidders than you would," said Bill, "if you were to go off at auction to-morrow. I tell you they should bid *downwards* to come to your value, Nicholas. We have no coin *small* enough to purchase you."

"Well, no matter," said Nick, "if you are willing to be mine at the expiration of seven years, I will give you more money than ever the rascally breed of you was worth."

"Done!" said Bill; "but no desparagement to my family, in the mean time; so down with the hard cash, and dont be a *nager*."

The money was accordingly paid down; but as nobody was present, except the giver and receiver, the amount of what Bill got was never known.

"Wont you give me a luck-penny?" said the old gentleman."

"Tut," said Billy, "so prosperous an old fellow as you cannot want it; however the devil's luck to you, with all my heart! and it's rubbing grease to a fat pig to say so. Be off now, or I'll commit suicide on you. Your absence is a cordial to most people, you infernal old profligate. You have injured my morals even for the short time you have been with me; for I don't find myself so virtuous as I was."

"Is that your gratitude, Billy?"

"Is it gratitude *you* speak of, man? I wonder you dont blush when you name it. However, when you come again, if you bring a third eye in your head, you will see what I mane, Nicholas, ahagur."

The old gentleman, as Bill spoke, hopped across the ditch on his way to *Downing-street*, where of late 'tis thought he possesses much influence.

Bill now began by degrees to show off; but still wrought a little at his trade to blindfold the neighbours. In a very short time, however, he became a great man. So long indeed as he was a *poor* rascal no decent person would speak to him; even the proud serving-men at the "*Big House*" would turn up their noses at him. And he well deserved to be made little of by others, because he was mean enough to make little of himself. But when it was seen and known that he had oceans of money, it was wonderful to think, although he was *now* a greater blackguard than ever, how those who despised him before, began to come round him and court his company. Bill, however, had neither sense nor spirit to make those sunshiny friends know their distance; not he—instead of that he was proud to be seen in decent company, and so long as the money lasted, it was, "hail fellow well met," between himself and every fair-faced *spunger* who had a horse under him, a decent coat to his back, and a good appetite to eat his dinners. With riches and all, Bill was the same man still; but, somehow or other, there is a great difference between a rich profligate and a poor one, and Bill found it so to his cost in *both* cases.

Before half the seven years was passed Bill had his carriage, and his equipages; was hand and glove with my lord this, and my lord that; kept hounds and hunters; was the first sportsman at the Curragh; patronized every boxing ruffian he could pick up; and betted night and day on cards, dice, and horses. Bill, in short, *should* be a blood, and except he did all this, he could not presume to mingle with the fashionable bloods of his time.

Its an old proverb, however, that "what is got over the devil's back is sure to go off under it;" and in Bill's case this proved true. In short, the devil himself could not supply him with money so fast as he made it fly;

it was "come easy, go easy," with Bill, and so sign was on it, before he came within two years of his time he found his purse empty.

And now came the value of his summer friends to be known. When it was discovered that the cash was no longer flush with him—that stud, and carriage, and hounds were going to the hammer—whish! off they went, friends, relations, pot-companions, dinner-eaters, black-legs and all, like a flock of crows that had smelt gunpowder. Down Bill soon went, week after week, and day after day, until at last, he was obliged to put on the leather apron, and take to the hammer again; and not only that, for as no experience could make him wise, he once more began his tap-room brawls, his quarrels with Judy, and took to his "high feeding" at the dry potatoes and salt. Now, too, came the cutting tongues of all who knew him, like razors upon him. Those that he scorned because they were poor and himself rich, now paid him back his own with interest; and those that he measured himself with, because they were rich, and who only countenanced him in consequence of his wealth, gave him the hardest word in their cheeks. The devil mend him! He deserved it all, and more if he had got it.

"What could be expected from a low upstart like him?" one would say; "sure only *I* saw other decent people keeping his company, *I* would never have crossed his threshold; but people must do as the world does." "Yes, indeed!" another would observe, "set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil. Bill Duffy, indeed! His wealth became him, I'm sure! Why it was like a gold ring in a pig's nose, or top boots on a beggarman!"

"Oh, the common spendthrift!" a third would say, "sure every one that saw how he went on, knew he would go to the devil at last!" And so on.

Bill, however, who was a hardened sinner, never fretted himself down an ounce of flesh by what was said to him, or of him. Not he; he cursed, and fought, and swore, and schemed away as usual; taking in every one he could, and surely none could match him at villainy of all sorts and sizes.

At last the seven years became expired, and Bill was one morning sitting in his forge, sober and hungry, the wife cursing him, and the childher squalling, as before; he was thinking how he might defraud some honest

neighbour out of a breakfast to stop their mouths and his own too, when who walks into him but old Nick, to demand his bargain.

"Morrow, Bill!" says he with a sneer.

"The devil welcome you!" says Bill; "but you have a fresh memory."

"A bargain's a bargain between two honest men, any day," says Satan; "when I speak of *honest* men, I mean *yourself* and *me*, Bill;" and he put his tongue in his cheek to make game of the unfortunate rogue he had come for.

"Nick, my worthy fellow," said Bill, "have bowels; you wouldn't do a shabby thing; you wouldn't disgrace your own character by putting more weight upon a falling man. You know what it is to get a *come down* yourself, my worthy; so just keep your toe in your pump, and walk off with yourself somewhere else. A *cool* walk will sarve you better than my company, Nicholas."

"Bill, it's no use in shirking;" said his friend, "your swindling tricks may enable you to cheat others, but you wont cheat *me*, I guess. You want nothing to make you perfect in your way but to travel; and travel you shall under my guidance, Billy. No, no—I'm not to be swindled, my good fellow. I have rather a—better opinion of myself, Mr. D. than to think that you could outwit one Nicholas Clutie, Esq.—ehem!"

"You may sneer, you sinner," replied Bill; "but I tell you for your comfort, that I have outwitted men who could buy and sell you to your face. Despair, you villain, when I tell you that *no attorney* could stand before me."

Satan's countenance got blank when he heard this; he wriggled and fidgetted about, and appeared to be not quite comfortable.

"In that case, then," says he, "the sooner I *deceive* you the better; so turn out for the *low countries*."

"Is it come to that in earnest?" said Bill, "and are you going to act the rascal at the long run?"

"'Pon honour, Bill."

"Have patience, then, you sinner, till I finish this horse-shoe—it's the last of a set I'm finishing for one of your friend, the attorney's horses. And here, Nick, I hate idleness, you know it's the mother of mischief, take this sledge-hammer, and give a dozen strokes or so, till I get it out of hands,

and then here's with you, since it must be so."

He then gave the bellows a puff that blew half a peck of dust in Club-foot's face, whipped out the red-hot iron, and set Satan sledging away for the bare life.

"Faith," says Bill to him, when the shoe was finished, "it's a thousand pities ever the sledge should be out of your hand; the great *Parra Gow* was a child to you at sledging, you're such an able tyke. Now just exercise yourself till I bid the wife and childher good-bye, and then I'm off."

Out went Bill, of course, without the slightest notion of coming back; no more than Nick had that the sledge hammer would stick to him like a blister. He waited, however, until Bill had full time to return, then made due allowance for the nature of their parting; but after a little further delay, and no sign of Bill, he began to feel misgivings. "I fear," said he, "the fellow is bent on giving me the slip; but wait—although his contrivances overreach others, I am resolved they shan't overreach *me*. So now for a chase."

He strove to pitch the sledge-hammer away as he spoke; but it wouldn't do; he tried again; but it still demurred. He then looked at it, pulled one hand, then another, tossed it against the anvil-block, struck the bellows, cracked the walls, got his feet round the head of it, pulled, puffed, cursed, and swore, till there wasn't a puff of breath in his body. He now danced like a madman up and down the forge, lashed himself with his tail, fizzed and fumed, and knocked his horns against this thing and that, till he wrought himself into a foam; but all that wouldn't do. The sledge had a regard for him, and would by no means leave him by himself in so dangerous a state. He then got into a fresh fury, and began to sledge at the anvil with a hope that by opening his hands, as he sent away the blow, it might fly out of them. This was just what Bill wanted. He was now compelled to sledge on without stopping until it was Bill's pleasure to release him; and so we leave him, sledging away at the bare anvil, as if it was for a wager, while we look after the worthy who outwitted him.

In the mean time, Bill broke cover, and took to the country at large; wrought a little journey-work wherever he could get it, and in this way

went from one place to another, till in the course of a month, he walked back very coolly into his own forge, to see how things went on in his absence. There he found Satan in a rage, the perspiration pouring from him in torrents, hammering with might and main upon the naked anvil. Bill calmly leaned his back against the wall, placed his hat upon the side of his head, put his hands into his breeches pockets, and began to whistle *Shaun Gow's* horn-pipe. At length he says in a very quiet and goodhumoured way—

"Morrow, Nick!"

"Oh!" says Nick, still hammering away—"Oh! you double-distilled villain (hech!), may the most refined, ornamental (hech!), double-rectified, super-extra, and original (hech!) collection of curses that ever was gathered (hech!) into a single nosegay of ill fortune (hech!), shine in the button-hole of your conscience (hech!) while your name is Bill Duffy! I denounce you (hech!) as a double-milled villain, a finished, hot-pressed knave (hech!), in comparison of whom all the other knaves I ever knew (hech!), attorneys included, are honest men. I brand you (hech!) as the pearl of cheats, a tip-top take-in (hech!) I denounce you, I say again, for the villanous treatment (hech!) I have received at your hands in this most untoward (hech!) and unfortunate transaction between us; for (hech!) unfortunate, in every sense, is he that has any thing to do with (hech!) such a prime and finished impostor."

"You're very warm, Nicky," says Bill; "what puts you into a passion, you old sinner. Sure if it's your own will and pleasure to take exercise at my anvil, I'm not to be abused for it. Upon my credit, Nicky, you ought to blush for using such blackguard language, so unbecoming your grave character. You cannot say that it was I set you a hammering at the empty anvil, you profligate. However, as you are so industrious, I simply say it would be a thousand pities to take you from it. Nick, I love industry in my heart, and I always encourage it; so work away; its not often you spend your time so creditably. I'm afraid if you weren't at that you'd be worse employed."

"Bill, have bowels," said the operative; "you wouldn't go to lay more weight on a falling man, you know; you wouldn't disgrace your character by such a piece of iniquity as keeping an inoffensive gentleman, advanced in

years, at such an unbecoming and rascally job as this. Generosity's your top virtue, Bill; not but that you have many other excellent ones, as well as that among which, as you say yourself, I reckon industry; but still it is in generosity you *shine*. Come, Bill, honour bright, and release me."

"Name the terms, you profligate."

"You're above terms, William; a generous fellow like you never thinks of terms."

"Good bye, old gentleman!" said Bill, very coolly; "I'll drop in to see you once a month."

"No, no, Bill, you infern—a—a— you excellent, worthy, delightful fellow, not so fast; not so fast. Come, name your terms, you—my dear Bill, name your terms."

"Seven years more."

"I agree; but —"

"And the same supply of cash as before, down on the nail here."

"Very good; very good. You're rather simple, Bill; rather soft, I must confess. Well, no matter. I shall yet turn the tab—a—hem! You are an exceedingly simple fellow, Bill; still there will come a day, my dear Bill—there will come —"

"Do you grumble, you vagrant? Another word, and I double the terms."

"Mum, William—mum; *tace* is Latin for a candle."

"Seven years more of grace, and the same measure of the needful that I got before. Ay or no?"

"Of grace, Bill!! Ay! ay! ay! There's the cash. I accept the terms. Oh blood! the rascal—of grace!! Bill!"

"Well, now drop the hammer, and vanish."

"Before I go, Bill, I'll show you what it is to be generous. There's a third more of the hard cash. I know of none who will make so good a use of it, except old P—, who, when his father left him the sum of nothing, said he would leave that part of the legacy to be divided among the poor. Do you know another reason why I give you this?"

"No; but I won't be long so, while you're to the fore."

"It is simply that you may sink your connection with me, Billy. The fact is, I have a character to support; and if it was generally known that I—a—a— had any particular knowledge of you, it would be rather a stain upon me. You are, William, some centu-

ries before the age in wickedness, and therefore, at present, it would be discreditable in me to be known as your intimate. I have my reasons for this, that's all; I say I have my reasons."

"Very good," says Billy, delighted, in the first place, with the additional cash; "you wish it to be thought that the devil's not as black as he's painted; but what would you think to take this sledge, while you stay, and give me a — ch! why in such a hurry?" he added, seeing that Satan withdrew in double quick time.

"Hollo! Nicholas!" he shouted, "come back; you forgot something!" and when the old gentleman looked behind him, Billy shook the hammer at him, on which he vanished altogether.

Billy now got into his old courses; and what shows the kind of people the world is made of, he also took up with his old company. When they saw that he had the money once more, and was sowing it about him in all directions, they immediately began to find excuses for his former extravagance.

"Say what you will," said one, "Bill Duffy's a spirited fellow, and bleeds like a prince."

"He's as hospitable a man in his own house, or out of it, as ever lived," said another.

"His only fault is," observed a third, "that he is, if any thing, too generous, and doesn't know the value of money; his fault's on the right side, however."

"He has the spunk in him," said a fourth; "keeps a capital table, prime wines, and a standing welcome for his friends."

"Why," said a fifth, "if he doesn't enjoy his money while he lives, he won't when he's dead; so more power to him, and a wider throat to his purse."

Indeed the very persons who were cramming themselves at his expense despised him at heart. They knew very well, however, how to take him on the weak side. Praise his generosity, and he would do any thing; call him a man of spirit, and you might fleece him to his face. Sometimes he would toss a purse of guineas to this knave, another to that flatterer, a third to a bully, and a fourth to some broken-down rake—and all to convince them that *he* was a sterling friend—a man of mettle and liberality. But never was he known to help a virtuous and struggling family—to as-

sist the widow or the fatherless, or to do any other act that was *truly* useful. It is to be supposed the reason of this was, that as he spent it, as most of the world do, in the service of the devil, by whose aid he got it, he was prevented from turning it to a good account. Between you and me, dear reader, there are more persons acting after Bill's fashion in the same world than you dream about. Bill had now more practice at spending money than before, and although he had received a greater sum, yet he contrived to get through it in a shorter time. The kind of pleasure he drew from his dissipation was like the pleasure of quenching one's thirst in a dream—that is to say, no pleasure at all. In the dream a man drinks and drinks; but his thirst is never satisfied. So it was with Bill; he spent and spent, but never enjoyed what he spent. All his former follies were taken up again—all his former crimes repeated; then new follies and new crimes were added to the list. And so he went on as long as his money lasted.

When it was out, his friends played him the same rascally game once more. No sooner did his poverty become plain, than the knaves began to be troubled with small fits of modesty, such as an unwillingness to come to his place when there was no longer any thing to be got there. A kind of virgin bashfulness prevented them from speaking to him when they saw him getting out on the wrong side of his clothes. Many of them would turn away from him in the prettiest and most delicate manner when they thought he wanted to borrow money from them—all for fear of putting him to the blush by asking it. Others again, when they saw him coming towards their houses about dinner hour, would become so confused, from mere gratitude, as to think themselves in another place; and their servants, seized, as it were, with the same feeling, would tell Bill that their masters were "not at home."

At length, after travelling the same villainous round as before, Bill was compelled to betake himself, as the last remedy, to the forge; in other words, he found that there is, after all, nothing in this world that a man can rely on so firmly and surely as his own

industry. Bill, however, wanted the organ of common sense; for his experience, and it was sharp enough to leave an impression, run off him like water off a duck.

He took to his employment sorely against his grain; but he had now no choice. He must either work or starve, and starvation is like a great doctor, nobody tries it till every other remedy fails them. Bill had been twice rich; twice a gentleman among blackguards, but always a blackguard among gentlemen*; for no wealth or acquaintance with decent society could rub the rust of his native vulgarity off him. He was now a common blinking sot in his forge; a drunken bully in the taproom, cursing and brow-beating every one as well as his wife; boasting of how much money he had spent in his day; swaggering about the high doings he carried on; telling stories about himself and Lord This at the Curragh; the dinners he gave—how much they cost him, and attempting to extort credit upon the strength of his former wealth. He was too ignorant, however, to know that he was publishing his own disgrace, and that it was a mean-spirited thing to be proud of what ought to make him blush through a deal board nine inches thick.

He was one morning industriously engaged in a quarrel with his wife, who, with a three-legged stool in her hand, appeared to mistake his head for his own anvil; he, in the mean time, paid his addresses to her with his leather apron, when who steps in to jog his memory about the little agreement that was between them, but old Nick. The wife, it seems, in spite of all her exertions to the contrary, was getting the worst of it; and Sir Nicholas, willing to appear a gentleman of great gallantry, thought he could not do less than take up the lady's quarrel, particularly as Bill had laid her in a sleeping posture. Now Satan thought this too bad; and as he felt himself under many obligations to the sex, he determined to defend one of them on the present occasion; so as Judy rose, he turned upon the husband, and floored him by a clever facer.

"You unmanly villain," said he, "is this the way you treat your wife? 'Pon honour, Bill, I'll chastise you on the spot. I could not stand by a spec-

* It is almost unnecessary for us to acknowledge the little theft manifest in the above travestie.

tator of such ungentlemanly conduct without giving up all claim to gallant—

Whack! the word was divided in his mouth by the blow of a churn-staff from Judy, who no sooner saw Bill struck, than she nailed Satan who "fell" once more.

"What, you villian, that's for striking my husband like a murderer behind his back," said Judy, and she suited the action to the word, "that's for interfering between man and wife. Would you murder the poor man before my face? eh? If he bates me, you shabby dog you, who has a better right? I'm sure its nothing out of your pocket. Must you have your finger in every pie?"

This was anything but *idle* talk; for at every word she gave him a remembrance, hot and heavy. Nicholas backed, danced, and hopped; she advanced, still drubbing him with great perseverance, till at length he fell into the redoubtable arm chair, which stood exactly behind him. Bill, who had been putting in two blows for Judy's one, seeing that his enemy was safe, now got between the devil and his wife, *a situation that few will be disposed to envy him.*

"Tenderness, Judy," said the husband, "I hate cruelty. Go put the tongs in the fire, and make them red hot. Nicholas, you have a nose," said he.

Satan began to rise, but was rather surprised to find that he could not budge.

"Nicholas," says Bill, "how is your pulse? you don't look well; that is to say, you look worse than usual."

The other attempted to rise, but found it a mistake.

"I'll thank you to come along," said Bill, "I have a fancy to travel under your guidance, and we'll take the *Low Countries* in our way, wont we? Get to your legs, you sinner; you know a bargain's a bargain between two *honest men*, Nicholas; meaning *yourself* and *me*. Judy, are the tongs hot? The devil's nose is waiting for them; its out of all patience."

Satan's face was worth looking at, as he turned his eyes from the husband to the wife, and then fastened them on the tongs, now nearly at a furnace heat in the fire, conscious at the same time that he could not move out of the chair.

"Billy," said he, "you wont forget
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that I rewarded your generosity the last time I saw you, in the way of business."

"Faith, Nicholas, it fails me to remember any generosity I ever showed you. Don't be womanish. I simply want to see what kind of stuff your nose is made of, and whether it will stretch like a rogue's conscience. If it does, we will flatter it up the *chimly* with the red hot tongs, and when this old hat is fixed on the top of it, let us alone for a weather cock."

"Billy," said Satan, "I say again, considering my years, would you treat an aged gentleman so vilely? Bill, I always considered you a gentlemanly sort of person, upon my soul I did; and from one gentleman to another, William, this is not the thing. Consider my years, William; I'm advanced in life, and my age alone ought to protect me."

"Your age did not protect *me*, Nicky, when you gave me the facer awhile ago; the last time you were at my sledge you gave no sign of either age or weakness. In villainy you're old enough, you sinner."

"Then have a *fellow-feeling*, Mr. Duffy; you know *we* ought not to dispute, William. Come, come, drop the matter, and I give you the next seven years."

"We know all that," says Billy opening the red hot tongs very coolly

"Mr. Duffy," said Satan, "if you cannot remember my friendship to yourself, don't forget how often I stood your father's friend, your grandfather's friend, and the friend of all your relations up to the tenth generation. I intended, also, to stand by your children after you, so long as the name of Duffy, and a respectable one it is, might last."

"Don't be blushing, Nick," says Bill, "you are too modest; that was ever your failing, keep up your head, there's money bid for you. I'll give you such a nose, my good friend, that you will have to keep an outrider before you, to carry the end of it on his shoulder."

"Mr. Duffy, I pledge my honour to raise your children in the world as high as they can go; no matter whether they desire it or not."

"That's very kind of you," says the other, "and I'll do as much for your nose."

He gripped it as he spoke, and the old boy immediately sung out; Bill, pulled, and the nose went with him like

a piece of warm wax. He then transferred the tongs to Judy, got a ladder, resumed the tongs, ascended the chimney, and tugged stoutly at the nose until he got it five feet above the roof.—He then fixed the hat upon the top of it, and came down.

"There's a weathercock," said Billy, "I defy Ireland to show such a beauty. Faith, Nick, it would make the purtiest steeple for a church, in all Europe, and the old hat fits it to a shaving."

In this state, with his nose twisted up the chimney, Satan sat for some time, experiencing the novelty of what might be termed a peculiar sensation. At last the worthy husband and wife began to relent:

"I think," said Bill, "that we have made the most of the nose, as well as the joke; I believe, Judy, it's long enough."

"What is?" says Judy.

"Why, the joke," said the husband.

"Faith, and I think so is the nose," said Judy.

"What do you say yourself, Satan?" said Bill.

"Nothing at all, William," said the other; "but that—ha! ha!—it's a good joke—an excellent joke, and a goodly nose, too, as it *stands*. You were always a gentlemanly man, Bill, and did things with a grace; still, if I might give an opinion on such a trifle—

"It's no trifle at all," says Bill, "if you spake of the nose."

"Very well, it is not," says the other; "still, if I might venture an opinion, with great submission to you, Bill—upon so important a subject—he had one eye up the chimney, and the other cocked at Bill, as he spoke—"I think, William dear, Mr. William, or rather, William Duffy, Esq. and gentleman—I think, with every respect and deference to you and your very respectable and interesting wife, Mrs. Duffy—I agree, I say, with each of you, and am decidedly of opinion, that if you could shorten both the joke and the nose without further violence, you would lay me under very heavy obligations, which I shall be ready to acknowledge and *repay*, as I ought."

"Come," said Bill, "shell out once more, and be off for seven years. As much as you came down with the last time, and vanish."

The words were scarcely spoken, when the money was at his feet, and Satan invisible. Nothing could surpass the mirth of Bill and his wife, at

the result of this adventure. They laughed till they fell down on the floor.

It is useless to go over the same ground again. Bill was still incorrigible. The money went as the devil's money always goes. Bill caroused and squandered, but could never turn a penny of it to a good purpose. In this way year after year went, till the seventh was closed, and Bill's hour came. He was now, and had been for some time past, as miserable a knave as ever. Not a shilling had he, nor a shilling's worth, with the exception of his forge, his cabin, and a few articles of crazy furniture. In this state he was standing in his forge as before, straining his ingenuity how to make out a breakfast, when Satan came to look after him.

The old gentleman was sorely puzzled how to get at him. He kept skulking and sneaking about the forge for some time, till he saw that Bill hadn't a cross to bless himself with. He immediately changed himself into a guinea, and lay in an open place where he knew Bill would see him; "If," said he, "I get once into his possession, I can manage him."

The honest smith took the bait, for it was well gilded, he clutched the guinea, put it into his purse, and closed it up.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the devil out of the purse, "you're caught, Bill; I've secured you at last, you knave you. Why don't you despair, you villain, when you think of what's before you?"

"Why you unlucky old dog," said Bill, "is it there you are?" will you always drive your head into every loophole that's set for you? Faith, Nick achora, I never had you bagged till now."

Satan then began to swell and tug and struggle with a view of getting out of the purse, but in vain. He found himself fast, and perceived that he was once more in Bill's power.

"Mr. Duffy," said he, "we understand each other. I'll give the seven years additional and the cash on the nail."

"Be aisey, Nicholas. You know the weight of the hammer, that's enough. It's not a whipping with feathers you're going to get, any how. Just be aisey."

"Mr. Duffy, I grant I'm not your match. Release me, and I double the cash. I was merely trying your temper when I took the shape of a guinea."

"Faith and I'll try yours before you lave it, I've a notion."

He immediately commenced with the sledge, and Satan sang out with a considerable want of firmness.

"Am I heavy enough?" said Bill.

"Lighter, lighter William, if you love me. I haven't been well, latterly, Mr. Duffy—I have been delicate—my health, in short, is in a very precarious state, Mr. Duffy."

"I can believe *that*," said Bill, "and it will be more so before I have done with you. Am I doing it right?"

"Beautifully, William; but a little of the heaviest; strike me light, Bill, my head's tender, oh!"

"Heads or tails, my old boy," exclaimed the other; "I don't care which; it's all the same to me what side of you is up—but here goes to help the impression—hach!"

"Bill," said Nicholas, "is this gentlemanly treatment in your own respectable shop? Do you think, if you dropped into my little place, that I'd act this rascally part towards you? Have you no compunction?"

"I know," replied Bill, sledging away with vehemence, "that you're notorious for giving your friends a *warm* welcome. Devil an ould youth more so; but you must be daling in bad coin, must you? However, good or bad, you're in for a sweat now, you sinner. Am I doin' it purty?"

"Lovely, William—but, if possible, a little more delicate."

"Oh, how delicate you are! May be a cup o' tay would sarve you, or a little small gruel to compose your stomach."

"Mr. Duffy," said the gentleman in the purse, "hold your hand, and let us understand one another. I have a proposal to make,"

"Hear the sinner, anyhow," said the wife.

"Name your own sum," said Satan, "only set me free."

"No, the sorrow may take the toe you'll budge till you let Bill off," said the wife; "hould him hard, Bill, barrin' he sets *you* clear of your engagement."

"There it is, my posey," said Bill; "that's the condition. If you don't give *me* up, here's at you once more—and you must double the cash you gave the last time, too. So, if you're of that opinion, say *ay*—leave the cash, and be off."

"Oh, murder!" groaned the old one,

"am I to be done by an Irish spalpeen! I who was never done before."

"Keep a mannerly tongue in your head, Nick," said Bill; "if you're not done by this time you must be the devil's *tough morsel*, for I'm sure you're long enough *at the fire*, you villain. Do you agree to the terms?"

"Ay, ay," replied the other, "let me out—and I hope I have done with you."

The money again immediately appeared in a glittering heap before Bill, upon which he exclaimed—

"The *ay* has it, you dog. Take to your pumps now, and fair weather after you, you vagrant: but Nicholas—Nick—here—here—"

The other looked back and saw Bill, with a broad grin upon him, shaking the purse at him—"Nicholas, come back," said he, "I'm short a guinea."

The other shook his fist in return, and shouted out, looking over his shoulder as he spoke, but not stopping—

"Oh you superlative villain, keep from me—I wish to have done with you—and all I hope is that I'll never meet you either here or hereafter." So saying he disappeared.

It would be useless to stop now merely to inform our readers that Bill was beyond improvement. In short, he once more took to his old habits, and lived on exactly in the same manner as before. He had two sons, one as great a blackguard as himself, and who was also named after him; the other was a well-conducted, virtuous young man, called James, who left his father, and having relied upon his own industry and honest perseverance in life, arrived afterwards to great wealth, and built the town called Bally James Duff, which is so called from its founder until this day.

Bill, at length, in spite of all his wealth, was obliged, as he himself said, "to travel,"—in other words, he fell asleep one day, and forgot to awaken; or, in still plainer terms, he died.

Now, it is usual, when a man dies, to close the history of his life and adventures at once; but with our hero this cannot be the case. The moment Bill departed, he very naturally bent his steps towards the gate kept by St. Peter, as being, in his opinion, likely to lead him towards the snuggest birth he could readily make out. On arriving he gave a very humble kind of a knock, and St. Peter appeared.

"God save your Reverence!" said Bill, very submissively.

"God save you kindly!" said the saint; "are you for the snuggery inside?"

"Sure your reverence knows I wouldn't come here if I was'nt. Turn the key, sir, if you please, and don't be keepin' me waitin', for troth I'm hardly able to mark the ground with fatigue, and I have a great dale of pleasant news that I'll tell you within. Sure Dan O'Connell—"

"Where's your pass, first?"

"Here it is," replied Bill, "signed by my parish priest; and a purty penny it cost me."

"Whew!" whistled the saint, "is that your dependance? that scrape?"

"Faith, your reverence," said Bill, "it's no forgery, anyway, but written with his own holy hand—be the same a token he tould me that himself and your reverence were as great as two pickpockets."

St. Peter looked sharply at him—

"What's your name?" said he.

"Billy Duffy, please your reverence."

"Oh, then, you unfortunate scamp," exclaimed the saint, in great wrath, "can it be possible, that after having outwitted the devil three times, you'd let yourself be outwitted by a priest at last. Forgery! Why you old reprobate, that pass is the grossest forgery that ever was committed. All very well to get the money from you below, but it's no go here, Bill." He added—"And so you paid your priest for a piece of stuff that's worth nothing more at this gate than so much waste paper. When your priest himself comes here, you sinner, he'll sing as small, and find as much to do to keep himself safe as any of you will."

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed Bill, "am I *bit* this way—be this and be that, in one sense, then, what Father M'Cudgel said was true, at any rate—for sure enough the man that bit Bill Duffy ought to be a match for the devil any day."

"Begone out of that," said St. Peter, slapping the gate in his face—"if I could do any thing for you, I would. I don't forget the day you warmed my nose at your forge; but you've put it out of my power—so move; M'Cudgel's pass has dished you."

Bill then turned his steps very disconsolately towards purgatory; but it so happened that he was too wicked

even for this blessed bed of comfort—for after finding that his pass was looked upon as a forgery there also, he got orders to pass on—being agreeably assured that he must "go further and fare worse."

He was now so cold and fatigued that he cared little where he went, provided only, as he said himself, "he could rest his bones, and get an air of the fire." Accordingly, after arriving at the third and last gate, he knocked, as before, and was told he would get *instant* admittance the moment he gave his name, in order that they might find out his berth from the registry, taking it for granted that he had been booked for them, as is usual in such cases.

"I think your master is acquainted with me," said Billy.

"If he were not, you'd not come here," said the porter; "there are no friendly visits made to us. What's your name?"

"Billy Duffy," he replied.

The porter and several of his companions gave a yell of terror, such as Bill had never heard before, and immediately every bolt was bolted, every chain drawn tight across the gate, and every available weight and bar placed against it, as if those who were inside dreaded a siege.

"Off, instantly," said the porter, "and let his Majesty know that the rascal he dreads so much is here at the gate."

In fact such a racket and tumult were never heard as the very mention of Billy Duffy created among them.

"Oh," said Bill, "with his eye to the bars of the gate, 'I doubt I have got a bad name,' and he shook his head like an innocent man who did not deserve it."

In the mean time, his old acquaintance came running towards the gate with such haste and consternation, that his tail was several times nearly tripping up his heels.

"Don't admit that rascal!" he shouted—"bar the gate—make every chain, and lock, and bolt, fast—I won't be safe—none of us will be safe—and I won't stay here, nor none of us need stay here, if he gets in—my bones are sore yet after him. No, no—begone you villain—you'll get no entrance here—I know you too well."

Bill could not help giving a broad malicious grin at Satan, and putting his nose through the bars, he exclaimed—

"Ha! you ould dog, I have you afraid of me at last, have I?"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when his foe, who stood inside, instantly tweaked him by the nose, and Bill felt as if he had been gripped by the same red hot tongs with which he himself had formerly tweaked the nose of Nicholas.

"Well," said he, "that's not the way *I* treated *you* once upon a time. Thro' you're ondecet—but you know what it is to get tinker's reckoning—to be paid in advance—so I owe you nothing for *that*, Nicholas."

Bill then departed, but soon found that in consequence of the inflammable materials which strong drink had thrown into his nose, that organ immediately took fire, and, indeed, to tell the truth, kept burning night and day,

winter and summer, without ever once going out, from that hour to this.

Such was the sad fate of Billy Duffy, who has been walking, without stop or stay, from place to place ever since; and in consequence of the flame on his nose, and his beard being tangled like a wisp of hay, he has been christened by the country folk Will o' the Wisp, while, as it were, to show the mischief of his disposition, the circulating knave, knowing that he must seek the coldest bogs and quagmires in order to cool his nose, seizes upon that opportunity of misleading the unthinking and tipsy night travellers from their way, just that he may have the satisfaction of still taking in as many as possible.

THE DEATH OF ELI.

"Eli sat upon a seat by the way side watching, for his heart trembled for the Ark of God."—1st Sam. iv. 13.

I.

The combat's rage is heard afar,
And the thunder peal of the distant war
From Eben-ezer's Rock,
As fiercely upon Aphec's height
Meet Israel and Philistia's might,
In the deadly battle shock.

II.

They have brought his priestly chain of pride,
They have placed it by the highway side
In Shiloh's lofty gate;
And trembling there in anxious fear
He sits, the venerable Seer
Of ninety years and eight.

III.

The film of age is on his eye,
Its snows upon his head,
And he lists the step of each passer by,
And he questions him in dread.

IV.

Yet 'tis not of his children twain,
In peril on yon battle plain
Amid the bloody fray;
His heart is with the sacred Ark
And trembles as forebodings dark
Arise in sad array.

V.

In Shiloh's streets is heard a wail,
Yon frightened fugitive so pale
The messenger of woe;
He has told his saddening tale of ills,
Of Israel scatter'd on the hills
Before the conquering foe.

VI.

He has spoken of faithful hearts and bold
 Laid low on that fatal plain ;
 But, woe of woes, he has falt'ring told
 How the Ark of God is ta'en.

VII.

The old man calmly heard him tell
 How Hophni and Phineas fell,
 Without a sigh or tear.
 Full well the wretched parent knew
 Eternal Justice claim'd her due,
 As spoke the youthful Seer.

VIII.

But the Ark of God in godless hands,
 And borne away to pagan lands
 Came to his soul like lead !
 There is death in that groan,
 He has dropp'd from his throne,
 The vital spark has fled.

IX.

Old Man, when rage the fiends of ill,
 When guileful men high places fill,
 And wield the rod of pow'r,
 When e'en the wearer of the crown
 But half withholds the royal frown—
 In that disastrous hour.

X.

Old Man, I would our hearts were found,
 When thus the tempest gathers round
 And threats Religion's Bark,
 Like thine an anxious love to feel,
 And burn resolved with holy zeal
 To guard the sacred Ark.

XI.

Ark of our hope—our country's stay,
 Palladium of the free,
 Forbid it Heav'n the foe should lay
 Unhallow'd hand on Thee.

Fitzstewart.

Bann-side.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Psalter, or Psalms of David, in English Verse, Oxford. 1839.

THE most instructive metrical translation of the Psalms is also the most poetical—it is that of Bishop Mant. The volume before us contains passages of exceeding beauty and tenderness—but the more sublime parts are, we think, altogether destroyed. We incline to think, that in some passages, unrhymed verse in the measures of Thalaba, or with occasional rhymes interposed, as in Samson Agonistes, would best serve the purposes of a translator who sought to give any thing of the effect of eastern poetry. In this volume the effort is, to produce a volume which may be substituted in churches for the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, or that of Tate and Brady. We transcribe a few lines :—

" My Shepherd is the Lord ; I know
No care or craving need :
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead.

" He leads me where the waters glide—
The waters soft and still,
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

" He brings me in the righteous path,
Even for his Name's dear sake.
What if in vale and shade of death
My dreary way I take ?

" I fear no ill, for thou, O God,
With me for ever art ;
Thy shepherd's staff, thy guiding rod
'Tis they console my heart.

" For me thy board is richly spread
In sight of all my foes ;
Fresh oil of thine embalms my head,
My cup of grace o'erflows.

" O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me,
And I within my Father's gate
For long bright years shall be."

Sacred and Moral Songs. By Eliza Leslie. Dublin : 1839.

A very pleasing collection. Original words of exceeding beauty are, in some cases, united to well-known and admired music. In others, both the words and the music are original. The collection consists of—1st. The Rainbow,—original words, to the well-known air of " Life let us cherish." 2d. Jane Taylor's lines of " Twinkle twinkle, little star," to the *French* air of " A vous diraije. 3d. Dr. Watts's

" How doth the little busy bee !" to the *Italian* air—" Sul Margine." 4th. A Christmas Hymn ; the words and music of which are both original. And 5th. Watts's Cradle Hymn, arranged to a very sweet English air.—We transcribe the words of " The Rainbow :"—

" Tell me, sister, tell me why
Just between the showers of rain
A lovely bow is seen on high,
And then it fades away again ?
Before I count the colours gay,
Green, red, and blue, and rose, and gray,
Swift it vanishes away,
And now 'tis gone! It will not stay.
Tell me, sister, tell me true,
Who hung the bow in heaven's deep blue ?

II.

" About two thousand years ago,
When all were bad—but one was good ;
The Lord looked down and saw 'twas so,
He therefore sent a raging flood—
A flood that swept away the world,
Save Noah, safe within the ark,
For whom the rainbow was unfurled,
To glad the heavens for weeks so dark ;
That we might know as well as he
That never more a flood should be.

III.

" Dearest sister ! I would love
Such a good and gracious Lord ;
And he lives in heaven above,
And I cannot read his word !
Besides, I know not what to say
Sometimes when I wish to pray :
And he lives so far and high
Above the rainbow in the sky !
Dearest sister ! is he mild ?
For I'm a sinful little child.

IV.

" Mother says, he loves us all,
Great and little, large and small :
And was once a little child,
Gentle, gracious, meek and mild !
Then, when he became a man,
And mothers with their infants ran,
He took them up—and blessed them there,
And said he'd make of such his care.
Sister, see ! the beauteous bow
Smiles in promise o'er us now !"

The Hearts of Steel. An Irish Historical Tale of the Last Century. Dublin. Tegg & Co.

This is the second of a series of stories illustrative of Irish insurrections, for the last two hundred and fifty years. We do not think the delineation of Irish character very successful, nor the story very interesting.

Blindness; or the Second Sense Restored and Lost. A Poem. By Andrew Park. London. 1839.

SOME short poems, published in this volume, are, we think, greatly superior to the poem of "Blindness." The following sonnet is not an unfavourable specimen of the author's style:—

"There is a little spot on God's fair earth,
To which our longing memory ever clings;
Where, in our youthful days of love and mirth,
Sweet feeling thrilled the bosom's tenderest strings.

Where'er we roam, reflection ever flings
Its fond arms round it, and will linger there:
And fancy often hovers high on wings,
To gaze upon it, deeming it most fair!
No charm, however novel, can compare
With this green spot, so cherished in the heart:
Nor beauty, be it e'er so bright and rare,
Such sacred pleasures to the soul impart.
Speak out my heart! though thou hast loved to
roam,

Hasst thou e'er once forgot thy sacred, natal
Home?"

Sabbath Musings and Everyday Scenes. London.
R. B. Seeley & W. Burnside.

THE author of the "Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany" has here favoured us with a very charming little book of devotional meditation. Her musings are all conceived in the true spirit of Christian feeling, as well as of feminine gentleness. That, in addition to this, they evince no ordinary ability or circumscribed range of reading, will be doubted by none who has ever had the good fortune to peruse her "Souvenirs," or even any of her slighter stories, such as "Kate Hennessy," or "The Lost Farm." Like these last-named works, most of the "Musings and Scenes" which compose the volume now under consideration, are purely *Irish* in their character; and this will, we feel sure, be to our readers a great additional recommendation. Thus, we find the first chapter headed, "An Irish Cabin;" the sixth, "Glory be to God!" meditated on, as the familiar phrase of the Irish peasant.—Another chapter relates to the Oriental customs and turns of expression to be met with among the peasantry of Ireland; and the scene of many other chapters is laid in one part or other of our green isle. Indeed, almost every page evinces an intimate acquaintance

with, and a sympathising interest in, the lowly and uninstructed people of our father-land.

We shall only add the closing sentence of the advertisement which precedes the volume, that "all the incidents and anecdotes introduced are literally true;—narrated simply as they occurred, without any attempt to impart an interest by exaggerated colouring or description." And, while we bear testimony to the reality of the scenes described, we can assure our readers, that all who take delight in the effusions of a well-stored and refined mind, accurately and minutely versed in Holy Scripture, and profiting richly in the application of divine knowledge to the love of God and of his creatures, will be amply repaid and gratified by a perusal of this interesting work.

Constantinople, and the Scenery of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor Illustrated, in a series of drawings from nature. By Thomas Allom. With an historical account of Constantinople, and descriptions of the places. By the Rev. Robert Walsh, L.L.D. FINE SEALS. Quarto. Fisher Son & Co. London and Paris.

IN a recent Number of the *University Magazine* we took occasion to draw the attention of our readers to the numbers of the abovementioned publication which had then appeared. Since that time the first series has been completed, and now lies before us; and we are bound to say, that in every respect, a volume more entitled to our commendation it has rarely been our fortune to examine. The engravings are, at least, *equal* in beauty to any work of the kind we have ever seen,—the descriptive matter; by our friend Dr. Walsh, is all we could wish for, and the binding superb.

After the examples formerly given, it is unnecessary for us to illustrate our opinion by further extracts. But we would say, that such a volume as this, so superbly illustrated and sumptuously bound, would form a much more appropriate gift than the glittering trash generally denominated as *annuals*. It is quite equal to the best of them in external appearance, while its intrinsic merit will not be in the least diminished when the revolution of another year shall have consigned the whole race of annuals to oblivion.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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LORD BROUGHAM ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.*

ALREADY it is bitterly felt, by the unprincipled men, to whom, for our sins, the destinies of the nation have, for a season, been delivered, that, by their Church-education scheme, they have burned their fingers. They did not know the people of England. The same criminal indifference, respecting the moral and religious well-being of their fellow-creatures, which they felt themselves, they ascribed to others; and it was not until the indignant reclamation of a people, jealous for the honour of God, was spoken with a voice that "made itself be heard," that they perceived the predicament in which they were placed, and would fain, if they could, retrace their steps, from a position which could no longer be occupied without risking entire destruction.

All this has been made clearly manifest by the recent correspondence between Lord John Russell and the Bishop of Exeter. A pamphlet entitled "Recent Measures for the Promotion of Education in England," bearing upon its margin a printed notice of having been sent from the committee of council on education, and being, moreover, superscribed as "On Her Majesty's Service," contained an extract from the Bishop's speech, introduced for the purpose of inducing the belief that he and Lord Lansdowne were agreed in the opinion that the duty of the state, respecting national education, was *limited* to rendering mere secular instruction available to all

the people. Such, undoubtedly, is the opinion, or at least, such was the statement, of Lord Lansdowne; but no one knows better than that noble Lord, that such was *not* the opinion of the Bishop of Exeter. Accordingly, the right rev. Prelate did not conceive it would be right to suffer himself to be thus slanderously misrepresented, in a document coming from the seat of government, sealed with the impress of the privy seal, and largely disseminated amongst the people. To submit, quietly, to such misrepresentation, would be to countenance the fraud, and be, at least, a passive conspirator against the cause of truth, by neglecting to expose a great delusion. He, therefore, with his accustomed promptitude, addressed Lord John Russell upon the subject; and having ascertained from him the fact, that the committee, of which his Lordship is a member, were responsible for the publication in question, he proceeded to point out the very flagrant manner in which his opinions and sentiments had been falsified; and abundantly established a case in which, indeed, "the perversion of his meaning was so manifest, that, if it had occurred in an anonymous publication, he must have considered it as wilfully fraudulent." He then proceeds to say: "Bearing, however, as it does, the formal and official sanction of the committee on education, I cannot ascribe it to any dishonourable motives, and I willingly impute it to *the most strange and utterly unaccountable misconception.*"

* A Letter on National Education, to the Duke of Bedford, K.G., from Lord Brougham. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1839.

Lord John sings very small in his reply. He fully admits that the writer of the pamphlet mistook the Bishop's meaning. He pays a marked compliment to the great ability of the Bishop's speech; but ventures to insinuate, that the government, poor innocents, have been sadly mistaken by the church party, and "that it has been the *main* object of the committee to extend and encourage the religious instruction of the people, but that while they endeavoured to insist on the instruction of the children of churchmen in the doctrines of the church of England, they have not conceived themselves justified in withholding all public aid for the instruction of those children of the poor, whose parents conscientiously object to their children being taught the Church Catechism, or to be compelled, as the price of their instruction, to attend divine service in any other than their own places of worship." It is not easy to repress the indignation which the perusal of this sneaking, shuffling, paragraph is so well calculated to inspire. Who ever wished to make it compulsory upon the children of the poor to receive instruction only in such a way as must involve a violation of conscience? Can any one believe that Lord John Russell is ignorant of the extent to which conservative statesmen have gone, and were willing to go, in order to meet the scruples of conscientious dissenters;—and, that they only stopped short when, by proceeding farther, they must have compromised the principle of an Established Church? Does any one doubt that this education grant was persisted in only, or chiefly, for the gratification of that malignant system amongst the dissenters and infidels, by whom the government has been supported; who looked upon it as laying the axe to the root of the principle of an establishment, and, in fact, the first instalment towards the destruction of the Church? Of this no one can be ignorant. And yet, as soon as he perceives that the virtuous indignation of England has been aroused, and that he and his guilty colleagues are in danger of being scattered before the winds of its righteous displeasure, he immediately sinks his tone of haughty and insolent defiance, and assuming "the bondsman's key," professes to supplicate for nothing more than such an extension of Christian liberality as his political adversaries were the first to practise, and it

never entered into the contemplation of churchmen to withhold!

In reply to this most whining, and, as we firmly believe, disingenuous, communication, the Bishop takes care to observe, "For my own part, I have no hesitation in avowing, that, in my judgment, it would be wrong to 'withhold all public aid for the instruction of those children of the poor, whose parents conscientiously object to allow their children to be taught the Church Catechism, or to be compelled, as the price of their instruction, to attend divine service in other than their own places of worship.'" And he adds, that he should be rejoiced "to see instituted a conference between the committee of privy council and the bishops, for the purpose of devising measures to carry into effect his Lordship's very just and moderate principle," "and, at the same time, to give to the Church that public recognition of her being the fit guardian and administratrix of national education, with which your Lordship's principles can so well be reconciled."

All this is as it should be. The Bishop, here, has done a double duty. He has first exposed the misrepresentation of his sentiments upon a vital point, contained in a document bearing the stamp of government authority; and he has next rendered it impossible that *Lord John should mystify his own sentiments so as to deceive the public*; which, no doubt, he intended to do, when, in the paragraph above cited, he professed the very moderate view to which the Bishop not only unhesitatingly subscribes, but also proposes a mode of realizing it, to which Lord John, if sincere, should have instantly acceded.

The *main* object of government, in the employment of the education grant, is, according to Lord John, to educate children of churchmen in the principles of the Church of England; and all that he deprecates, is, that he and his colleagues should be blamed for affording means of instruction, out of the public funds, to those children of the poor who would hold conscience to be violated, by adopting the doctrines, or complying with the ordinances, of the established religion. Very well. If that be a *true* statement of the case, the Bishop is perfectly willing to meet him half-way, and to aid in devising a plan, by which, while the rights of the Church are preserved, the rights of conscience shall be respected. But does Lord John come

in to the proposal? Is he willing that the conference should take place, by which the sincerity of his profession would be tested? No such thing. It was for no such purpose it was made. By any such conference it must be discredited. It was made for no other purpose than that of gaining a character for a moderation which he did not feel; and casting, by inference, upon his correspondent, an imputation of illiberality to which he was not fairly subject. Having, as he supposed, the last word, he hoped to improve it into an insinuation of one lie, having been compelled to retract another. But the Bishop was not to be thus *done*. He nailed him to his assertion. He professed his willingness, saving the rights of the Church, to adopt, in its whole extent, the principle for which he contended. But this declaration, by which the Noble Secretary would have been gratified, if he really *meant* what he *said*, and which he should have instantly regarded as the basis of an arrangement, by which all difficulties upon this perplexing subject might, henceforth, be removed, is most coldly and discouragingly put aside, by an observation that, from such a conference as was proposed, no great benefit, in his judgment, was to be expected! Why not? Was it that he feared the Bishop would not agree with *him*, that the instruction of the children of churchmen, in the doctrines of the Church of England, ought to be the *main* object of those who administer the grant? Surely that will not be said. Was it, then, that the Bishop of Exeter would not agree with himself, in making some provision for the education of those who are in dissent from the Church, without compromising the principles upon which it is founded? Most undoubtedly no such imagination can be entertained. Why, then, must the conference prove fruitless? Manifestly, because more would be demanded of churchmen than Lord John's very moderate principles would seem to imply; and the upshot would be, that they must receive *credit* for their zeal and practical liberality, while he would be detected in the glozing profession of a mere make-believe moderation.

We should not have alluded to this subject at present, but for the use that has been made of the correspondence above alluded to, by the government press. This is, indeed, the age of

brazen mendacity. Will it be believed, that the mouthpiece of the treasury has proclaimed, that the Bishop of Exeter has *come in* to the views of government, respecting the employment of the national grant; and that, instead of Lord John Russell singing small to him, he has sung small to Lord John Russell! A more shameless perversion of truth never disgraced the most utterly abandoned of the government menials. The direct contrary is the truth. Fain would Lord John, and his merry men, be, if they could quietly get rid of a scheme, by the adoption of which, for the temporary support of a miserable faction, they have sacrificed the confidence of the people of England. This they did not discover until it was too late. They were fatally committed to the measure, before the consequences to themselves became apparent. But all that men in such deplorable circumstances could do, they have done. They have gradually abandoned one part of their system after another, until at length it has become almost as utterly inefficient for any purposes of mischief, as it was originally destitute of any principle of good. Almost all its venom has been neutralized, and every fang extracted. And the treasury scribe has the shameless effrontery to represent this process of gradual assimilation to a better and a sounder system, not as a departure of the education-mongers from their new-fangled theory, but as a departure of churchmen from the good old principles by which they have been always guided. The blackamoor, by a process of lustration, has become almost white; and this is represented as though the white man had become almost black! So it is that the Whig-radical oracles are ever consistent in wickedness. If we may use the privilege of our country, we would say, they cannot tell truth without telling a lie. But here, their wit as well as their veracity has failed them. Why should churchmen and Conservatives be desirous of adopting a project by which their adversaries have been covered with disgrace, and abandoning a course which its most strenuous opponents are constrained to admit is every day growing more and more in public favour? No. Lord John and his colleagues would drop it if they could; and it will not lightly be believed that the great Conservative party will be hasty to a lopt

that which the most abandoned men would be but too happy if they could now abandon.

We have before us "A Letter on National Education, to the Duke of Bedford, from Lord Brougham;" and truly it is a curious production; but we are not without a strong hope that by it some good will be effected. Pity it is that powers such as he possesses, should not have been under the direction of a sounder judgment; and that true religion, as "the one thing needful," did not take an early abode in his heart. And yet, we would fain believe that he has not been altogether without it. His life is as much distinguished by an erratic benevolence, which contemplated some abstract good, as by a perverse political turbulence, which aimed at the possession of power, or personal distinction; and there is, we think, growing evidence that he has been mellowing in wisdom as he has been mellowing in years; and the hope may well be entertained, that he will yet find a fitting place amongst the most trusted and honoured champions of the Constitution.

In the publication before us, he re-asserts some of the gravest errors that could be entertained on the question of national education; as, for instance, that secular may be advantageously communicated without religious instruction. That, as we humbly conceive, is neither more nor less than to maintain, that the head may be advantageously instructed, while the heart is corrupted and depraved; and that mere secular knowledge must, of itself, lead to those moral convictions by which men may be confirmed in virtue and religion. If this were the case, we do not see the necessity for revelation. But, alas! all experience proves that refinement in knowledge is but refinement in evil, when the cultivation of the head and the cultivation of the heart have not gone on together. For what is the plain fact? The range of passion and of appetite is extended, while no inward principle of control or of regulation is communicated, by which the powerful animal propensities by which we are actuated might be mitigated or restrained. That can only be effectually done by the life and the immortality that has been brought to light by the gospel. And unless due pains be taken to instil into the youthful mind that sense of moral responsibility which Christianity is calculated to inspire,

any secular knowledge of which it may become the receptacle, can, in few cases, be a help, and, in many, may prove a hindrance, to the self-denial and the sober-mindedness, which it is desirable should characterise a good citizen as well as a follower of Jesus.

Let Lord Brougham glance his eye at society, either high or low, and say whether the most profligate are the least instructed? He will find that such is not the case; but, on the contrary, that a very rare degree of refinement is often to be found amongst those who are yet characterised either by a secret contempt, or an open disregard, of true religion. How happens this, if mere secular education be the panacea which he describes? Let him examine the statistics of America, or France, or Germany, or England, as far as they have as yet been carried on, and he will find a melancholy conformity between the inductions of experience and the conclusions of reason. He will find that, wherever a secular, to the exclusion of a religious, education has been adopted, the progress of crime has advanced, *pari passu*, with the progress of knowledge, and men have been only raised above brutes, to be identified with demons. Away, then, with the tempter, whoever he may be, who would again present us with the forbidden fruit, that we might be as gods, knowing good and evil. There is one way, and one way only, by which the fruit of the tree of knowledge may be rendered safe, and that is, when we partake of it in due proportion with the fruit of the tree of life. Then, indeed, it becomes not only pleasant to the taste, but good for food. The heart is purified, while the mind is enriched and enlarged; and while the understanding is rendered intelligently apprehensive of the things of time, the reason and the conscience are exercised about the things of eternity.

Such is the fundamental error by which Lord Brougham's educational views are, to our apprehension, rendered nothing worth. Connected with this, and akin to it, is the second error, that the state is not called upon to provide any system of religious instruction for the people; but that it is to be left to the pastors of every sect to make such provision as may, to them, seem meet, for the spiritual wants of their respective hearers. This, at once, leads to the *voluntary* prin-

ciple; and what *that* would lead to, let those countries witness where it has been adopted. Its natural fruits are, and ever must be, ignorance, hypocrisy, fanaticism, and infidelity.

Mind, we do not deprecate the voluntary principle, in its proper place. On the contrary, we rejoice in those instances, where individuals have been moved by a divine benevolence to be large contributors to endowments for the spiritual instruction of their fellow-creatures. Such is as it ought to be. But the utmost amount of such benevolence must ever constitute but a small, as well as a precarious, portion of that provision which should be made for the moral and religious necessities of a nation; and unless the state does its part, by suitable aids and encouragement, great must be the moral nakedness of the land, and crying the sin of the legislators by whom its highest interests are thus grossly neglected.

We do not write in the idle expectation that our humble labours will meet the eye of Lord Brougham, and still less in the extravagant hope that our reasonings can have any effect upon him. But we do expect that they will fall under the eyes of a large proportion of that middle class, to whom he was instrumental in giving a great increase of political power; and we feel a comfortable persuasion, that upon them an impression has already been made, which will save us from the perilous experiment by which our Church establishment would be endangered. Lord Brougham himself is constrained to admit, that, in the education contest, the victory has been declared against him. Indeed, his chief object in writing the letter before us, was, to reconcile dissenters to that ascendancy of the Church, which is the great bone of contention between them and the members of the establishment, upon the ground that *it neither can nor ought to be any longer resisted*. But we must suffer the noble lord to speak for himself. Upon this part of the subject, his words are words of truth; and his suggestions breathe more of "the wisdom that is from above" than any production of his pen which ever before came under our notice. Truly, for what is here contained, we have forgiven the noble lord a multitude of sins:—

"The Lords have declared, by a majority of one hundred and twelve,

(for it was one hundred and eleven, and Lord Wynford, whom I carried home, had a proxy in his pocket,) against any plan of education in which the Established Church shall not be consulted, that is to say, shall not have some deference paid to its claims beyond those of the different sects—some superiority assigned to it above the level on which all sects are to be kept. This, and certainly nothing more than this, is the amount of that very important decision. All intolerance, all compulsion upon the dissenters, all claim of the church to exclude them directly or indirectly from the benefits of whatever education shall be patronised by the state, all desire to force upon them any observances contrary to their consciences, was most explicitly, and, I believe, most sincerely disavowed by every speaker, lay or spiritual, who bore a part in that celebrated debate. But some recognition of the establishment was regarded as its right; and he must have been a bad observer of the debate who did not draw two conclusions from its temper as well as its result,—the speeches as well as the vote—first, that some such acknowledgment the Church and the Lords are fixed in their determination to have; and, secondly, that both will be satisfied with a very moderate one.

"Then let us be well assured, that no government in this country ever can carry a plan of national education, in which a perfect absolute equality between all sects of religious professors shall be established, according to your principles and mine—according to what I humbly presume to think the only sound and just principles. So far we must make up our minds, looking our position steadily in the face, to admit that we are completely defeated, and defeated without any hope of a favourable reverse of fortune another time. A controversy of thirty years, with all the reason, and almost all the skill, and, until very lately, all the zeal on our side, has ended in an overthrow somewhat more complete than we should, in all probability, have sustained at the commencement of our long and well-fought campaign. Such is the force and effect of an establishment, the growth of ages, pushing its roots into the hearts of the people, entwining its branches with all our other institutions—let us in justice add, adorned with eminent gifts; let us in candour confess, bearing but seldom the harsher fruits of intolerance; for assuredly if the Church of England be a nursing mother to her own children, she is also, generally speaking, a quiet neighbour to those of other families.

"Now there are some amongst us of so hot a zeal, that they will not consent to see how entirely we have been discomfited, nay, are somewhat impatient of being told the truth. Nevertheless, I have always made it a rule to keep the eyes of such worthy and thoughtless persons as wide open as I could to the real state of things, well knowing that the operation, though painful to them, is salutary to the cause they so manfully espouse, prevents them from throwing their pains away in the pursuit of impossibilities, and secures them from the dangers which beset the walk of the blind. But why do I so confidently affirm, that we never can rally with any effect round our beaten colours? Because I can see not the shadow of a chance that the lords spiritual and temporal should be converted to our faith. For, observe, the commons are substantially of nearly the same opinion with the lords. All that the government plan could there obtain was a majority of four, and that on a question where all the minority were strongly of the opinion expressed by their votes; while many of the majority, who agreed with them in their hearts, gave their voices to the government, rather than turn the ministers, including some of themselves, out of their places. *I know myself at least a score of men, who disliked the government plan on its own merits, yet voted for it to keep the government in. I don't know one who voted against it in order to turn them out, and yet approved of the plan.*

"As for any violent attempts to constrain the lords, with such a balance of parties and of opinions in the other house, it is too preposterous to deserve one moment's consideration. Even when the two houses were in decided collision, which they certainly are not now, no man of calm reflection ever dreamt of such a desperate extremity. We all remember the outcry raised in 1835 against our house, of whose conduct upon the Irish, and also upon the English corporation bills, neither you nor I ever can speak, without deep regret and marked disapproval. A kind of crusade against the peers was then undertaken by the supporters of the ministry, I verily believe, to the great annoyance of their patrons; no portion of the country was left unagitated; no part of the Billingsgate vocabulary remained unexhausted; no vows of vengeance, no threats of measures, no notices of direct motions, were spared. Public meetings, which signally failed, however, in England, and only succeeded through curiosity in Scotland, were loudly appealed to against the lords. The press, especially the ministerial por-

tion of the press, maintained a daring fire into the lords. The crown was urged to escape revolution, by 'swamping' the lords. The government were called upon to make their election between their own destruction and that of the lords. The man was marked for vengeance—was proscribed for life—be his opinions ever so liberal, who dared to utter a word in behalf of the lords. As the vacation had been, so was the session that succeeded this clamorous holiday tide. I was then living in this distant retreat; and really, if I had been to trust the newspaper accounts, published under the patronage of the government, and had not received private intimations from time to time, I should have been led to believe that the days of the upper house were numbered. Such meetings! Such unprecedented throngs of people to record their hatred! Such 'tremendous shouts'—resembling those, no doubt, which were, with a degree of falsehood, to my certain knowledge, unprecedented, alleged by the government prints to have since attended certain other public exhibitions! Such 'mighty masses' of people congregated to express their resolution against the aristocracy! Really, but for a slight tincture of truth which now and then found its way into the mixture, and at once clarified the whole—such as the 'unprecedented crowd' of a Middlesex county meeting in a riding-school, and the 'unheard-of numbers flocking to a Westminster meeting,' holden in a room at a coffee-house—one should have supposed that the country was raised as in May 1832, and that secession or annihilation were the only alternatives for our 'order.' Then came the parliamentary clamour, certainly not discouraged by the government. On the contrary, the language held, even in the upper house, and not by the most violent of our friends, was that of an appeal from the lords to the country. As for the commons, there were notices of motions given for a very early day, and the most firm determination was repeatedly expressed to persevere in bringing forward the question of '*Peerage Reform*,' as those very sage and reflecting persons were pleased glibly to phrase it, affecting to have some clear idea on a subject, upon which, I will venture to assert, not one of them had ever been able to form an intelligible notion of any kind. Nay, on one occasion, when such a motion was postponed for a few days, it was with a solemn asseveration of the mover, that 'if he were in life, nothing should induce him to postpone it further.'

"Well; that was in 1836. The residue of the session passed, and nothing

was done, nothing attempted. Three more years have since passed over our heads; no alteration whatever has taken place in the conduct of the lords; indeed the empty vapour, the braggadocio menace, was well calculated rather to confirm than to correct or to deter their lordships. The agitators are still in life, still in full action; and not only has no motion ever been made—not only has nothing ever been uttered in parliament, upon the subject which in 1836 occupied all the supporters of the government—not only has peerage reform gone to the tomb of the repeal, now become a mere ‘local and personal act,’ an Irish money bill, to be used for Irish financial purposes*—but the idea of attempting any thing against the lords has never once been broached, even out of doors; all classes of reformers are reconciled to the idea of going on with two houses; the ministry have declared against any further change, even of the representation in the commons; and their adherents, whilom so violent against the peers, that without peerage reform no extent of commons reform would pacify them for an hour, are now fain to go on abusing the poor consistent radicals, and lauding the ministers who refuse all further reform, even in the representation of the people!

“But this is not all. The whole, or nearly the whole legislative power, is transferred from the lower to the upper house. To the lords’ house it is, and not to their own, that the people turn their faces. On the proceedings in our chamber the eyes of the country are fixed; to the plain decisive judgments of our house, not to the vacillating, uncertain, half-whispered, half-muttered sounds which escape the commons, it is that the people of England give ear. In our house is carried on the business of the government of these realms, notwithstanding all the advantages which a representative capacity, a popular delegation, the power of the purse, the sole privilege of uttering the magical word ‘Money,’ confer upon our sister assembly; and as the miserable impotency of legislation with which she is stricken becomes daily more apparent, or at least the wretched condition of the few rickety productions which she from time to time contrives to bring forth, in the intervals of her constant abortions, is displayed to

excite amazement, while they sue for pity, and are occasionally saved by us from perishing, the impression has now become universal, even in the lower house itself, that the lords, with all their faults, are an absolutely indispensable portion of the constitution, if, indeed, they are not for the present the real lawgivers and rulers of the empire.”

Lord Brougham does not allude to the fact, that the spirit of the parliament, upon this subject, is not before, but behind, the spirit of the country. When the houses of lords and commons differ, if the matter should be of sufficient importance, the obvious expedient is a dissolution. If, upon a dissolution, the people should incline to the judgment of the lower house, either the lords will prudently accommodate themselves to that decision, or the minister, thus supported, will have recourse to a creation of peers. But if the people incline to the judgment of the lords, the matter is, constitutionally, decided the other way, and no excuse is furnished to the minister for advising any stretch of prerogative, by which the free exercise of their functions, as an independent estate of the realm, might be restrained. But upon this subject, our readers will be better pleased to hear Lord Brougham, who, from his ability and his position, may, without presumption, claim the privilege of speaking as one having authority.

“You will naturally ask, why, in such circumstances, I should dwell upon a topic so self-evident as the impossibility of what is usually called ‘swamping’ or ‘sluicing’ the House of Peers. It is only because there are some who hold it possible to effect this purpose, not indeed by a sudden creation, but by gradually making a certain number of new creations; as six at the commencement, or six more at the close of each session. Admit this to be feasible, then ten years would be required to overcome the majority of 112 on our great question. But it is also clear, (and this is a decisive reason against all such operations,) that many more must be created to counteract those whom this experiment would drive from the ministerial benches. Observe how many we

* That this has hitherto been true, no one can pretend to doubt; but certainly the promotion of a pledged repealer to a high office, seems to countenance the belief, that, like the ballot, repeal is now an open question. There is, however, this difference between the two, that very honest men support the former upon principle, whereas no kind of interest is felt for the latter when the yearly supplies are collected.

have made since the Whig reign began. Upwards of fifty—and yet are the ministers still in a small minority, with all the weight of government at their backs.

“But I hold such an expedient, such a desperate expedient, unspeakably criminal. When Lord Grey and I went down to Windsor in May, 1832, and advised our gracious master to create a large number of peers, we felt, deeply felt, the responsibility which we were incurring; deeply felt how little such a measure could be justified unless in the last extremity of affairs; deeply felt how atrocious would be the conduct of him who should attempt to perpetuate his own or his party's power through the subversion of the constitution of his country. When impending revolution stared the government of the state in the face, and the councils of the state were without form and void, and the commerce of the state was within four and twenty hours of barter, and no hands but our own were found able to take the management of public affairs, and the two houses of the legislature were in direct and manifest and open collision; even then we were well aware that the remedy to which we had been most reluctantly driven, was only one degree less bad than the malady it was intended to remove.—We felt that if ever it should be repeated, the constitution was gone. But sooner than resort to such desperate councils in ordinary times, with no collision between the houses, no public opinion to urge us on, under no pressure whatever upon us except the desire of perpetuating our own term of power, and destroying the influence of our adversaries, I venture to say Lord Grey, I know I myself, would have consented to lay our heads upon the block, and suffer ourselves to be torn limb from limb by the same mob that attempted in those days the Duke of Wellington's sacred life! Who is there so perversely blind as not to see that the possession of the House of Lords, which would follow from such a nefarious plan, must lead either to the dominion of a petty oligarchical junto, in spite of king, commons, and country, or to a repetition of the same desperate experiment each time there should be a change of ministry; and then all must confess, that the House of Lords would be abolished, and the whole frame of our mixed monarchy changed. That the present, or any other ministers, are capable of such acts as this, no man can believe. Therefore the determination of the Lords can only be altered by the progress of public opinion.”

Well, from all this it appears, that there remains no hope of converting the commons, and there remains no hope of swamping the lords. Had the noble lord deferred his letter to the present day, the late registrations would have taught him that it was an equally idle expectation to look for any change favourable to his views in the state of public opinion. The truth is, the more the question is examined and understood, the more the decision must be against him. But even without that light to guide him, the noble lord's conjectures are sufficiently shrewd, and his expectations sufficiently moderate, to furnish the data of very sound advice, to those for whose perusal his letter seems to have been chiefly intended. Let them heedfully attend to what follows. The case is understated, and would admit, they must be perfectly conscious, a far stronger representation.

“What have we then to expect from that quarter? I presume that no one who has witnessed the course of the education controversy during the last thirty years can be very sanguine on this score. The dissenters are a numerous and they are a most respectable body of men. But they are a minority in the community at large; they are besides not equally distributed over the surface of the country; they have much to say in some of the large towns, especially those of recent growth; in the counties, their numbers and influence are extremely small; and they are divided among themselves, in so much, that some sects greatly more lean towards the church than towards any combination against her. Even upon a question affecting their pockets, the church rates, it was clear that all their union could not gain a majority sufficient to carry the bill through even the House of Commons. Upon the education question they are exceedingly divided; and one great class, the Methodists, are decidedly and pretty unanimously with the lords and the church. It may be added, that the last general election demonstrated powerfully the influence of the establishment; still more perhaps do some later occurrences in the towns. Even at Manchester the church party have been defeated by a bare majority, with all the influence of the government and of the new corporation.* After making every allowance for the tendency which the ministerial policy on

* This letter was written on the 6th, before the result of the Cambridge election was known in Cumberland. But the Manchester election speaks in stronger language.

constitutional questions, both in the colonies and at home, has inevitably had to weaken the strength and abate the confidence of the popular party, it must be admitted that all these indications show how little chance there is of making head against the influence of the establishment on any point which is deemed essential to its interests, as long as it lasts; and the continuance of that establishment, even if its destruction were a thing to be desired, which neither you nor I could ever for a moment allow, seems just as certain as that of any other branch of our mixed constitution.

"But suppose I am wrong in my predictions, and that there were any reasonable prospect of bringing over the public opinion to our side upon the church's right to interfere with national education, every one must at once admit that this change can only be the work of time, aye, and of a very long time. For it must be an almost universal change of opinion that can so far sway the lords as to make them rescind their late resolution; so that we are to go on for this long course of years, suffering the people to be uneducated, and vice with ignorance to stalk through the land as over their own appointed and exclusive province. Are we prepared to embrace this alternative? Are we willing that not only you and I, but our children, and our children's children, shall flourish and fade, rising up and going down to the grave, while the plague of darkness still wraps the land in clouds, only broken occasionally by the glare of civil broils?"

Thus it appears, that a man whose judgment is certainly second to that of no other individual of his party, considers it a perfectly hopeless case either to bully, or tire out, or swindle, the legislature out of their fixed determination to permit no system of national education which has not religion for its basis, and the management of which is not predominantly vested in the church. Of the fitness of the clergy for such an office, Lord Brougham himself bore a splendid testimony, when he first instituted that inquiry into the state of schools in England, which he justly deemed a requisite preliminary to the proposal of any plan for their improvement. He was thus brought into correspondence with the whole body of the clergy, and obtained a far fuller knowledge of them and their proceedings, than he ever had before; and the result was such a conviction of their worth and usefulness, as prompted a most glowing eulogium upon them,

and led him to acquiesce, in the most cordial manner, in the principle, that they and they alone were the individuals, to whose assiduous and effective superintendence the management of any system of instruction, deserving to be called national, should be mainly entrusted.

Nor has any thing occurred since to diminish the respect in which the clergy should be held. It is true the reform bill has passed, by which power has been conferred upon a class who have always been supposed to be hostile to them. The dissenting interest, as it is called, has been greatly strengthened, and the power of the nobility and gentry materially reduced, by that measure of which the noble lord was one of the framers, and for the carrying of which he did not hesitate to advise the swamping of the House of Lords. But nevertheless, the tried worth of the body of the clergy has sustained them in public opinion against the assault of their malignant rivals; and with the crown against them, and a paltry majority in the House of Commons against them, their credit with the nation is still so great, that a most profligate ministry, with absolute control over all the resources of the monarchy, has been made to feel that it is as much as its existence is worth to proceed to any greater lengths for their overthrow or humiliation.

Indeed, it is self-evident, that, if religion is to be the basis of any system of instruction for the public at large, there is no other body to whom it could be so beneficially entrusted as to the established clergy. They are dispersed over all parts of the kingdom, and under a regimen which makes them amenable to the authorities of the state. They are an educated class, professing sound doctrine, from which, in its essential particulars, a large majority of professing dissenters would not be found very materially to differ. They are connected by birth or marriage with most of the respectable families in the country; and we believe it may be truly said, that the instances are not numerous in which they do not devote themselves with assiduity to their holy calling; making all the gifts of fortune, or education, or connection, or spiritual attainments, subservient to the blessed purpose of promoting peace upon earth, good will amongst men, and glory to God in the highest.

We do not say that all this might not be more perfectly done, for we are far from admitting that our system of ecclesiastical regimen is not susceptible of improvement; nor yet that it might not be more extensively done, for we are well aware that the growth of the establishment has not kept pace with the growth of the nation at large; but that, considering the imperfections, (thank God, easily remediable,) of our church polity, and the limits which the neglect of the state has hitherto imposed upon church extension, (an evil which if it should much longer continue, it can only be from the most criminal national apathy,) these great ends have been accomplished to a great extent, an extent which is quite a pledge of the still greater things that would be done under greater advantages, is what we do maintain; and that the enlightened portion of the public are of the same opinion, is clear, from the respect, and the sympathy, and the veneration, with which they regard the national clergy. Away, then, with the thought of filching the national education out of their hands! And to whom should it otherwise be intrusted? To any body of ecclesiastics equally universally diffused, and exhibiting the uniformity, the regularity, the respectability, the learning, the orthodoxy, the responsibility, of the national clergy? No such thing. Almost in every particular, the reverse of all this. The trust deed which assigned the superintendence of national education to the Established Church, must be torn into shreds, and scattered amongst a motley and scrambling group of secretaries of every denomination, representing every shade of error, and all the caprices, and eccentricities of the human mind, from its scarcely discernible declination from strict orthodoxy, to the rudest and most revolting departure from the gospel. Is this to be endured? Is a great national interest to be thus wantonly sacrificed? Is it to a heterogeneous combination, such as this, an assemblage of antipathies, united only upon a principle of disagreement, that the wise and reflecting people of England will consent to abandon the rising generation, foregoing for ever the advantages of steady, well regulated, uniform, and responsible superintendence? It is unnecessary to ask Lord Brougham the question. We well know that they will not. Nor would Lord Brougham himself consent to it, if he set the

same value upon a religious bringing up, which we do, or, if he was not possessed of a notion, the vainest and the most mistaken that ever abused the human mind. In the following passage the reader will find the remedy by which he would fain correct or prevent the wide-spreading profligacy by which society is disgraced and endangered.

"For do not let it be imagined that ignorance is as harmless now as it was before any men were well informed, or any were misled by half knowledge, and sent on to mislead others; in times when, without any change, 'one generation passed away and another came up,' but the established order of things under which the earth was ruled, seemed as if it abode for ever; when 'France before the ark adored and slept.' Even in those peaceful days we were taught to believe that if the soul be without knowledge, it is not good.' But in our own times, to leave the people uninformed, or half informed, is to leave the edifice of our social system resting upon a quicksand, if its foundation be not rather like the sides of a volcano. Should there, however, be any that deem such apprehensions chimerical, I will come to a very practical view of the matter. I am not inquiring how far the happiness of a rational creature can be secured even in this world, without drawing away his mind from the contemplation of sensual objects, winning over his affections from the taste for gross and grovelling indulgence. On that subject, indeed, I have no kind of doubt; but let us come to the more commonplace topic of the gaol roll, the assize calendar. I pretend to prove that, without waiting for the comparatively slow progress of general improvement by the operation of knowledge universally diffused, six or seven years would not elapse before every prison, and every circuit, and every sessions in the country felt the blessed effects of infant schools, if the state did its duty, and took that effectual, that only effectual mode of preventing crime, instead of vainly trusting to the gibbet, the convict ship, and the hulks, for deterring by the force of example,—that feeble, because misapplied force, which operates only on the mind at a moment when the passions are still, and has no more power to quell their tempest, than the rudder has to guide the ship through a hurricane which has torn every sail to rags. I pretend to prove that, as the malefactors who infest the country are not the growth of your class, your station in society, nor of mine, nor of the middle rank of life, nor even of the more respect-

table portion of the humbler classes, but of a lower class to be found scattered every where, but chiefly in the towns,—a class which always bears a certain calculable proportion to the whole numbers of the people;—so if infant schools were planted for the training of all children between three and seven years of age, so as to impress them with innocent and virtuous habits, their second natures thus super-induced, would make it as impossible to pervert them, as it is to make men and women of the upper classes rush into the highways each time they feel the want of money.

"To this doctrine of mine I know that some have an answer; and one friend, in whose admirable sagacity, perfect knowledge of human nature, and unruffled calm good sense, I have the most implicit confidence, has asked if any training can stifle the passions that grow up with age, or even prevent children while young from listening to the parents that would inculcate dishonest practices? I can only answer, that there is no other reason in the world for persons in the upper classes of society, such as my excellent and much loved friend himself, not giving way to temptation, than the habits which they have acquired from their earliest infancy, of regarding those things as altogether out of the question. That, in other matters, they are frail like their neighbours, and very far indeed from either the prudence which avoids a conflict with the passions, or the fortitude which carries us in safety through such struggles, every hour's experience fully proves. I place, therefore, the most absolute reliance on the certain effects of infant training to create such habits as, in the vast majority of instances, will be found proof against all seduction, and preserve the mind alike from being wrecked by the gusts of passion, and from being undermined and corrupted by the more debasing influence of sordid appetite. But it is by no means necessary that I should show this to be certain. All reason is on my side to prove, that I am probably in the right; all experience is with me as far as the fact can be known by trial. Then, have we not a right to demand that the experiment shall be made upon an adequate scale? Or, has the supreme power in the state a right to delay any longer making the trial? But, above all, shall we delay, dare we delay, so very long as it would take to bring round either the church to the views of the dissenters, or the dissenters to the views of the church, upon the point which is alone in controversy between them, namely, how far there shall be clerical interference with the process of instruction?

"It is certain, that as things now stand,

the two great parties into which the community is unhappily split upon this mighty question, are resolved that we should have no system of education at all,—no national plan for training teachers, and thereby making the schools that stud the country all over, deserve the name they bear,—no national plan for training young children to virtuous habits, and thereby rooting out crimes from the land. And this interdict, under which both parties join in laying their country, is by each pronounced to be necessary for the sacred interests of religion? Of religion! Oh, gracious God! Was ever the name of thy holy ordinances so impiously profaned before? Was ever before, thy best gift to man, his reason, so bewildered by blind bigotry, or savage intolerance, or wild fanaticism—bewildered so as to curse the very light thou hast caused to shine before his steps—bewildered so as not to perceive that any and every religion must flourish best in the tutored mind, and that by whomsoever instructed in secular things, thy word can better be sown in a soil prepared, than in one abandoned through neglect to the execrable influence of the evil spirit?"

Moral habits to be formed in the infant schools, and that without any religious teaching! This, the preservative against the seduction of the world, and the corruptions of the indwelling depravity of man! Alas! alas! the first thought that presents itself to the reflecting mind, upon reading such a recipe for the prevention of human wretchedness, is, how sadly ignorant must this great man as yet be, both of the need and the power of true religion! The conviction is, indeed, inevitable, that if he be a Christian at all, he must be a Socinian. Or, if he have unlearned the speculative errors of the Socinian's creed, he has not yet attained any right perception of the real import of the life-giving gospel.

"All reason is on my side; all experience is on my side!" Indeed! As how, pray? Does reason evince that we may, in the bringing up of the rising generation, dispense with the influence of religion? Does reason evince that there is no occasion whatever for bringing little children to Christ? Does reason evince, that habits, such as must be proof against all seduction, and preserve the mind alike from being wrecked by the gusts of passion, and from being undermined and corrupted by the more debasing influence of sordid appetite, may be produced in the absence of

that divine teaching, the very first lessons of which should inculcate the corruption of human nature, and the absolute necessity of superhuman grace? These are doctrines which, probably, the noble Lord rejects; and religion, in his acceptance of the word, may be a thing much more on a level with human powers than it is supposed to be by more orthodox Christians. We shall only say, at present, that such is not the prevailing belief of the great bulk of the nation at large; including a vast majority of those very dissenters whom his Lordship regards with such tender indulgence. Such, assuredly, is not our belief; and until we are converts to the correctness of his creed, we are not likely to be over much captivated by the plausibility of his theory of early education.

But experience is on his side! What experience? Has the experiment ever been tried? Suppose the noble lord had the option of trying it tomorrow upon a large scale, where would he find neutral teachers; teachers so divested of prejudices, as he might please to call them, in favour of doctrinal peculiarities, and yet of such unblemished characters, that he would feel a confidence in entrusting to them the education of youth, at the most docile period of their existence? The truth is, that no such experiment ever yet was made; nor does it seem within the range of probability that any such experiment could be made; at least, beyond the precincts of Mr. Owen's factory; where, indeed, we believe, it *has* been tried, with a result but little confirmatory of the theory of its sanguine and credulous entertainers.

But there is a dogma, to which the noble lord gives utterance in a tempest and whirlwind of passion, to which, were we opposed to him in debate, we would scarcely venture a reply, but which may be disposed of in a very few words in this calmer mode of discussing the subject. He asks, "must not religion flourish best in the tutored mind," and is it not true, that by whomsoever instructed in secular things, the divine word "can be better sown in a soil prepared, than in one abandoned, through neglect, to the evil spirit?" There is a sense in which this is true; and there is a sense in which it is false. It is true, that there may be a preliminary cultivation of the mind, which may be said "to prepare the way of the Lord;" and there

may be a preliminary cultivation of it, which may operate as an impediment to the reception of the gospel. That mere secular knowledge should necessarily produce a predisposition for the reception of that higher and better knowledge by which the concerns of futurity are revealed to us, is, by no means, either agreeable to experience, or in accordance with reason; and that it may be so conducted as to pre-occupy the faculties, and indurate the moral sense, and render us so insensible to the value of divine things, as that "seeing, we might see, and not perceive, and hearing, we might hear, and not understand," is, Lord Brougham must well know, a truth with which no competent observer of human life can fail to be acquainted. The question, therefore, is, not whether human creatures are to be instructed, but *how* they are to be instructed. We both maintain that secular instruction must be comparatively valueless, unless it leads to divine; and while he maintains, that *any* species of secular instruction has a tendency to favour the reception of what *he* is pleased to call religion; we maintain that that must be, indeed, a peculiar training, which leads to the reception of divine truth, as *we* understand the term, so that the infant race "may grow in wisdom as in stature, and in favour with God and man."

But, while the noble lord contends for his own opinions, nothing can be more praiseworthy, or, indeed, more noble, than the manner he recommends, that they should no longer be pertinaciously adhered to by those of his friends and adherents by whom they have been adopted; but that they should be sacrificed, as a peace offering, upon the altar of national concord, for the purpose of procuring the greatest blessing that could be conferred upon the country.

"If we have really done any thing, which I more than doubt, that little will assuredly be compared, not, perhaps, with the much more which we have left undone, but certainly with the much more which we could have done had we chosen more strenuously to exert ourselves; and it is quite undeniable, that our hearts will be laid bare before an eye which none can deceive, when the true reason will appear why our work has been neglected. Let us, then, while it is called to-day, search those hearts, to know whether at the bottom of our resistance to a scheme of education differing from our own, there be

not lurking a love of victory, a disinclination to be worsted in the conflict we have been so many years maintaining. Let us, too, be well assured, that it is not enough to mean well ; we must do good,—all the good we can. Benevolence must bear the sweet fruit of beneficence, else it is but a barren stick, painted to resemble a pretty plant, and dignified with a fine name. Good intentions will pass current at but a low rate of exchange in that great mart whither we are all hastening. Good intentions, indeed ! There must be good works. As for good intentions it was said long ago that hell is paved with them,—where the fiends dance over the fragments that they exult in having made us scatter. Impossible things will certainly not be demanded at our hands ; but neither will such excuses be received as men pass off upon others and upon themselves, to palliate their supineness, and ward off the blow aimed at their self-conceit. It behoves us, then, to chasten our hearts, and to extirpate from them every weed of spiritual pride that chokes up the growth of true, because effectual, benevolence. The time for worldly fallacies will soon be past and gone ; the time when party usurped the name of patriotism, unbelief of toleration, self-willed, obstinate bigotry of scrupulous conscience. Even in this world, men will not always take our own words for the motives that govern our actions ; or believe that we are only animated with the love of religious liberty, when we are in truth seeking the victory of our own sect, and the overthrow of an opposite persuasion. Do we really and honestly desire to see the people universally taught ? That is the question. If we do, then we shall show it not by crying ‘teach ! teach !’ but by supporting whatever plan for teaching is attainable in the circumstances of our present situation, provided no violence is done to any of those great principles which we have no right to abandon. But if, with the words of wisdom and benevolence on our lips, we refuse a scheme of general education merely because it sins against our own pre-conceived opinions upon some matter not essential ; if we reject it merely because it gives a rival sect the preference ; if we turn away from it merely because its adoption would be a defeat of our own party.—then we plainly show that victory, not beneficence, is our object, and that though we may be well enough disposed to teach the poor, we are much more anxious to defeat an adversary or outstrip a rival.

“ But it will be said, why should not the Established Church listen to all this doctrine, and show her zeal for education by waving her claims ? No one feels the force of the appeal more strongly than I

do ; none has more constantly urged it than myself, and none pressed it more earnestly than myself upon the late great discussion. Upon this subject I can have no doubts at all. Thus my plan embraces religious instruction ; the bible is ordered to be taught in every school of every description, founded, or extended, or visited, or in any way holpen under the proposed act. But if the scriptural teaching were objected to, rather than the people should not be taught, I should infinitely prefer a merely secular education to none at all ; and prefer it with a view to religious instruction itself ; nay, even if no religious instruction were to follow ; because who can doubt that it is far better the people should be taught something good than not taught at all ? Therefore I am clearly of opinion, that the church is altogether wrong, even with a view to the attainment of its own objects, the bringing up children in church principles ; and that she is far more likely to spread her own doctrines and discipline, by encouraging mere secular instruction, without any intermixture of spiritual, than by leaving children wholly untaught. But I have maintained this doctrine in vain ; and we plainly see that the church and the legislature are firmly resolved to reject it. Then I turn to the friends of education among the dissenters ; and to them, I now, through you, a liberal churchman, and the dissenter’s tried friend, make this my last appeal.

“ First of all, we are to conclude that the question is decided against us, and that the only alternative which remains is a church school bill, or no national education at all. Being thoroughly convinced, both by private communications, and by the whole turn of the debate, that no one will ever dream of proposing any clerical interference which can violate the sacred rights of conscience, but that whatever schools are planted, must be open to all classes of the community, without the exaction of any religious observances, a compulsory attendance at any religious tuition contrary to the principles of the parents, I am not prepared to embrace the alternative of refusing all national education, rather than allow some preference, some interference to the church, where I perceive such preference, such interference to be harmless.

“ But next,—I conceive that a reason why we should give up our principles of perfect religious equality, sound as they are, and why the dissenters should join in the surrender, is to be plainly drawn from the fact of the church being in possession : she is established by law ; she refuses to adopt our scheme ; if the question is who shall yield to the other, it seems no dis-

honour for us to yield, the other party being already master of the field.

"Again,—I have no great fear of this increasing influence of the church, I mean, any undue influence at which she may be supposed to aim. Assuredly if she is wrong in her doctrines—if she affects a power she is not justly entitled to—the better the people are taught, the more chance there is of them both emancipating themselves from the trammels of false doctrine, and shaking off the weight of undue political influence. Let the people be taught, say I. I care little, in comparison, who is to teach them. Let the grand machine of national education be framed and set to work, and I should even view without alarm the tendency of its first movements towards giving help to the power of the clergy. How? Just as my friend James Watt, when he has constructed some noble steam engine, which is to bear the trade of England, and with her trade, the lights of science and helps of art, into the heart of a distant continent, views without discomposure the piston-rod swerve from the perpendicular, well assured that the contrary flexure of the circles, his illustrious father's exquisite invention, has provided a speedy adjustment; and sees with still less apprehension the divergency of the balls, aware that the yet more refined provision of the same great mind has rendered that very centrifugal force the cause of its own counteraction, and prepared a remedy in exact proportion to the disturbance,—just so should I see unmoved the supposed tendency of a national school bill to increase clerical ascendancy, being quite sure that the very act of spreading knowledge, which seems to increase the disturbing influence, must, in exact proportion to its own operation, control its evil effects upon our social system.

"Such is my confidence in our principles. I will not allow what I am so far from believing, that there exists any doubt upon the sovereign virtue—the supreme efficacy, of the great remedy—the universal medicine—which we would administer to cure all the worst ills under which the politic body labours. They who are so apprehensive of a sect they disapprove interfering with the education of the people, confess by their fears that knowledge has not those qualities which their mouth-praises ascribe to it. They shrink from the trial of their principles, after professing that they will stand any test. They would have their pupils shun the combat, after pretending that they had trained them to fight. They treat knowledge as monks do virtue, when they are so fearful of going wrong that they avoid all chance of doing right,—have but one way of

avoiding defeat, which is by not combatting,—and, burying themselves in the cloister, confess that they are unable to resist and overcome the temptations of the world. Such narrow, such selfish virtue in them is not more preposterous than the timid conduct of some educators. Why will they not trust in the powers of knowledge to destroy all fetters,—its elastic resistance to all compression,—its essential incompatibility with all undue submission,—its resistless force to raise up the prostrate understanding, and keep it alive and erect? Let the priests of the sect I most widely differ from,—let the Romish zealots,—let the Jesuits themselves,—but teach secular learning, on a large, as they once did ably on a small scale,—and I will defy them for any length of time to bow down the human intellect, either to the glaring absurdities of their faith, or to the slavish submission which in temporal matters they too often would inculcate. You can no more nourish the mind with 'the food that is convenient for it,' and stunt its powers of self-liberation, than you can feed the body and prevent it from waxing strong.

"But I hear of some worthy and high-spirited dissenters objecting to any victory which they think the church might apparently gain, and objecting upon the point of honour. On such a matter I know how feeble all arguments must ever prove, because it is one on which men will only feel and never reason. Else I should say, that the division on the archbishop's motion was the final defeat of our extreme doctrine, and that after fighting so stoutly as we have done for so many long years, we can never be disgraced, or even discredited, by submitting to inevitable necessity. But I should also remind the same objectors of the occasions on which they have suffered infinitely worse things to be done against their principles, and never uttered a whisper of opposition before the event, nay, nor of discontent afterwards.

"Once more let us view our present position, without shrinking from the sight. The question is, and the only question,—I repeat it again and again,—shall we have a system of national education, or shall we not? Shall we meet our clerical adversaries half-way, that some plan of public instruction adequate to the wants of the community may be carried into execution? Or shall we churlishly stand on our own ground, and leave the people to thirst after knowledge, and to thirst in vain? Do we really wish for the improvement of our species, as our first object, or do we only desire the general good of

our fellow-creatures, so far as the pursuit of it may afford the means of obtaining a victory for our sect? In a word, is contention, and triumph, and the humbling of our adversaries, our real purpose—our primary occupation; and the extirpation of vice, the diffusion of happiness, the promotion of true religion, only a secondary object; conveniently talked of—little cared for—the cover and cloak of our spiritual pride, our worldly contentedness, not the end and aim of our endeavours—or at least a thing which we are willing enough to seek if we can gain it for nothing, but a thing for which we will make no sacrifice that wounds our vanity, or clashes with our self-seeking, or galls our self-importance? That is the real question on which it now behoves all friends of education anxiously to search their hearts, and to answer as they will hereafter make answer before Him from whose eyes the innermost recesses of those hearts, now hidden, cannot for an instant lie veiled!

In all this, mixed with some error, there is much honesty, and much wisdom. That the malignant portion of the dissenters should be influenced by it, is what neither we, nor any one who knows them, can believe; but that the pious and conscientious dissenters—those who really love light rather than darkness, and would rather see the child of their love nursed by a rival, than sacrificed in a conflict to secure it for themselves—that *they* will be very generally influenced by the advice so ably given them by the noble lord, is, we think, not at all improbable.

The Methodists have, generally, evinced a respectful and deferential demeanour towards the establishment, for which they cannot be too much applauded. It is our belief, that had it been what it ought to be at the period of their origin, they never would have separated from it. It was when a cold formalism was slowly creeping upon its vitals, benumbing piety, and threatening to extinguish true religion, that the ardent disciples of John Wesley broke through those restraints of ecclesiastical regimen by which they were confined, and betook themselves to those irregular ministrations, which, to their excited minds, appeared more in accordance with the spirit of the gospel. In all this there was, no doubt, much of error and extravagance; but there was, also, much of religious sincerity, much of holy zeal, much of a hungering and thirsting after right-

teousness, which could not be satisfied by the miserable husks of a mere heathen morality, which was too often, in those days, presented to them as a substitute for the true bread which came down from heaven. They saw, or they fancied that they saw, the ministers of the establishment leaving the living and life-giving fountains, and hewing out unto themselves cisterns which could hold no water; and their attachment to preachers of a different stamp was wholly owing to the persuasion which had been wrought within them, that these had the words of eternal life.

But now it is matter of universal acknowledgment that a change greatly for the better has taken place amongst the ministers of our church, which should be a source of fervent thanksgiving to its faithful and awakened members. The most ardent piety cannot now complain of a want of sympathy with its more seraphic ardours, on the part of those who are appointed to lead the devotions of the people; and it is confessed, even by adversaries, that our establishment now contains burning and shining lights, such as would, in the very purest times, have adorned the doctrine of Christ our Saviour. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the Methodists begin to look favourably at it again; and that they are averse to all those demonstrations of hostility, prompted by sectarian rancour, by which other denominations of dissenters are distinguished.

When we consider some of the causes which have led to dissent, we are disposed to regard it with great indulgence. Of these, undoubtedly, the most efficient have been those which narrowed the means, and abated the efficiency, of the establishment, and thus rendered it unable to overtake the wants of a rapidly increasing population. In such cases, the intervention of dissent has been the only means by which the name of Christianity has been made known to hundreds of thousands, who must otherwise have lived without the fear of God, and perished without the hope of salvation. But this is a state of things which no Christian legislature can suffer much longer to continue, without a gross abandonment of its bounden duty. "It must needs be that offences will come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." These are the words of one who could not err. And may

they not be amplified in their application, and made to bear upon the condition of states which make no effectual provision for the preaching of the gospel? Assuredly, we cannot look upon our own country, favoured as it has been by so many of the choicest blessings, without feeling that as yet it has made no suitable returns for the gracious care with which it has been regarded. Will any man, professing to be a Christian, deliberately affirm that it is not our duty to train up the rising generation in the way they should go? And will any man, professing to be an honest and competent observer, venture to affirm that that duty is half performed? We state boldly, that it is the duty of the state to enable the clergy to open the doors of their churches to *the entire population*. We affirm, that if the church was properly administered, and if its means were co-extensive with the moral and religious wants of the people, wherever churches were built they would be filled; the circle of light would be gradually gaining upon the circle of darkness; and the heart of the believer would be made glad, by the perceptible and progressive increase of "that righteousness that exalteth a nation." Is not this desirable? Is it not practicable? Is it not expedient? Why, then, is it not done? We leave out of consideration at present the wicked policy of an imbecile and profligate government, who feel that to encourage the growth of true religion, upon Church of England principles, would be to seal their own doom. The master whom *they* serve, and by whose aid alone they stand, would not suffer them to be consenting parties to the overthrow of *his* kingdom. Satan, we may be well assured, will not thus be "divided against himself." But we

turn to the people of this great empire, and ask them, will they any longer suffer, and, by suffering, *become consenting parties to*, this great sin in the sight of heaven, by which myriads of their fellow-men are condemned, in this enlightened country, to live without God in the world; or, abandoned to incompetent teachers, by whom they are only led more astray, and who, even when they mean well, only "darken counsel by words without knowledge?"

It is, we repeat, in the hands of the people, the *Protestant people* of this great empire, whether this state of things is any longer to continue. Or whether, having the love of God in their hearts, and the fear of God before their eyes, they will, at length, resolutely set about the only real and radical reform; that reform which would bring vital Christianity to bear upon the moral evils of the country, and by drying up the sources of crime, contribute to its thorough amelioration and its lasting improvement?

No one who looks below the surface of things, and is, at the same time, a believer in the gospel, as it is understood by ninety-nine out of every hundred professing Christians, can be deceived for a moment by Lord Brougham's hallucination. "Infant schools!" When we read the words, we involuntarily gave utterance to Major Dalgetty's ejaculation, "bows and arrows!" by which it was proposed to counteract the efficacy of the firearms by which he and his party were assailed. "Bows and arrows," exclaimed the major, "gracious God! bows and arrows!" Alas! my lord, with all your knowledge, you yet know but little of "the one thing needful." You might advantageously sit at the knees of Cowper's old woman with her Bible,* and derive a lesson of wisdom

- "Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins, all her little store;
Content, tho' mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding—and no wit;
Receives no praise; but tho' her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent,) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, *her Bible true*,
• A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

"Oh, happy peasant!—oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward;

from her converse, which would be more valuable than the cart-loads of learning by which you have been bewildered. It is not such a milk-and-water regimen, as you propose, which can rectify the erring judgment, and purify the corrupted nature, of unregenerate man. Were not our first parents brought up in an infant school, and one of which your lordship will scarcely venture to disparage the teacher? And yet, what was the result? Let the Bible answer. What have been the consequences? Let history tell. Does not the philosopher sigh over the ruin which has been made? Does he not involuntarily exclaim, alas! poor human nature. And yet, my lord, this is the remedy to which you would trust for reclaiming man from his depravity, after its proved inefficacy, even before he was perverted, for keeping him in the right way! Ah, my lord, little did we, or the public, suspect, before your publication of the present letter, that you had so little of the wisdom of the serpent, and so much of the simplicity of the dove!

No; the true Christian must be well aware, that for his success in the warfare which he is called upon to wage, it is necessary that he should take unto himself the whole armour of righteousness. What that is none can be ignorant, who studies the subject as it deserves. Do we reject infant schools from amongst the means by which it is desirable to promote the improvement of the people? By no means. We consider them, in their proper place, most valuable; but then, *we would keep them in their proper place.* They are beyond all price as nurseries for the parochial schools, as these are beyond all price as preparing the rising generation to profit by parochial ministrations. It is only by a course of instruction commencing in infancy, and continued unintermittedly to advanced life, "that the man of God can be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works;" and to stop short at any one stage, before the whole is complete, would be merely hatching wild eggs; it would be doing little more than "making clean the outside

of the cup or the platter;" if, indeed, in many instances, it would not be realizing that awful condition illustrated by the scriptural similitude of the house that was swept and garnished, and thereby only rendered fitter for unhallowed occupancy than it was before.

If, therefore, public tranquillity is to be restored; if the evil spirit is to be expelled from the hearts of our cruelly neglected population; if chartism, and anti-unionism, and radicalism, and incendiarism, and infidelity, are to be rooted out of the land, and righteousness and peace planted in, there is but one way in which all this can be effectually accomplished, and that is, by boldly looking our evils in the face, and resolving, henceforth, to exert ourselves sedulously in the discharge of our duty towards God and towards man, according to the whole extent of our Christian obligations. It is not by a crusade against negro slavery; it is not by sending missionaries to the east and to the west; it is not by interfering in the concerns of other states, for the promotion of constitutional freedom; it is not by any, or by all, of these projects of extended speculative philanthropy, that England can hope to avert the evil day that is rapidly approaching, when her sins may bring down upon her the avenging wrath of God. No. It is in vain that she has sent her sparkles of light to twinkle in the African desert, if she has been careless and negligent, while the enemy was sowing infidelity broadcast over her land. The question will be, what has she been doing at home? How has she provided supplies of the bread of life for her own perishing population? Alas! has she not been sowing the wind; and does she not, even already, begin to reap the whirlwind? May God, in his mercy, even now, at the eleventh hour, change her heart, and both teach her her duty, and enable her sincerely to do it.

But, the dissenting interest;—We have never, in this publication, spoken in any other terms than those of respect of conscientious dissenters. The reasons are, however, both obvious and indisputable, which evince that they are precisely that body with which the go-

He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers."

COWPER.

vernment should have nothing to do. They ought to be left entirely to themselves. Our rulers should neither meddle nor make with them. When they have free permission to profess their own doctrines, and observe their own usages and ceremonies, without molestation or interruption, they have all which they ought to desire, they have all which the very wisest and best of them ever professed to desire, and they have all which can possibly be conceded, without compromising the very principle upon which a church establishment is founded. We say, therefore, let them alone. The state does its duty when it "forbids them not." It would overstep its duty, if it said, in effect, to the people, "Go after them, and follow them." That would be to record its solemn judgment of the indifference of all religious belief, and abandon its bounden duty of promoting, to the utmost of its power, "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Shall we be asked Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Doubtless, the nation has asked itself that question; and the answer has been, "Christianity, as expounded by the Church of England." At least, such an answer must be presumed to have been given to such a question, until the laws and usages by which the Church has been established, have been repealed, and some other form of Christianity substituted as the national standard. But, until then, the governing authorities of the country are bound to act as though it were "the truth;" and to take every fair means of enlarging its extent, and increasing its influence. Should it appear to be deficient in any of the great properties which, in such an institute,

should be required, let the deficiency be supplied; or erroneous, in matters of eternal moment, let the errors be corrected. We do not blasphemously arrogate to ourselves the infallibility which would proscribe improvement. But as long as it is the acknowledged exponent of Christianity as it is understood by the state, so long should it be the *alone* instrument which the state employs for the moralization of the people. We do not admire the feeling which led Sarah to persecute Hagar; but neither could we approve of the feeling which would bring back Hagar for the purpose of insulting Sarah. Again we say, "let the dissenters alone, but cherish the Church." That is the institute providentially provided for the instruction in godliness of the nation at large. Let it, at least, have fair play. Let it be augmented where occasion requires, and aided and encouraged as it ought; and it will soon appear whether it is or is not efficient for the purposes for which it was intended. But if it be suffered to grow paralytic, through neglect, or made a sacrifice to sectarian rancour; if it be discountenanced and flouted by the state; and open encouragement be given to the traitors within and the enemies without, by whom it is assailed and betrayed; if the protection which it receives be "a heavy blow, and great discouragement," whenever it suits a profligate ministry to lift up their heel against it; if it is not difficult to prognosticate in what all this must end, nor can any thing short of a special interference of divine providence, avert the ruin which such a course of policy must, sooner or later, bring upon the kingdom.

We cannot close this paper without reminding the Irish clergy of the debt of gratitude which they owe to the Dean of Ardagh, for that beautiful and interesting educational establishment which has lately made its appearance in our neighbourhood, the school for the sons of the Irish clergy. It is amazing what one good and zealous man can do, when he sets himself resolutely to the accomplishment of any important object. Witness the Deaf and Dumb Institution, which owed its existence to Charles Herbert Orpen, a gentleman who, we verily believe, would in no other country be suffered to take his departure, after having accomplished, almost single-handed, the endowment of an establishment which is an honour to the land, without bearing with him some solid token of the good will of his fellow-citizens. And in the present case, assuredly, Dean Murray has conferred a boon on the clergy, the most valuable, in their present circumstances, that could be bestowed, and by which, notwithstanding the blight upon their incomes, they may still be enabled to give to their children the education of gentlemen. The establishment at Lucan we have visited, and with its arrangements and management we were well pleased. If the Dean be only aided by the opulent in putting it upon a permanent foundation, much will be done to break the force of those measures of spoliation and oppression by which the clergy have been ground down, and in so many instances compelled either

to sacrifice the life assurance by which their families were to be provided for after their death, or see them grown up without any suitable education. In this emergency it has pleased God to raise up for them one of their brethren, to whose Christian zeal and love it is owing, that the evil of their condition has been mitigated, and the bitterest pangs which could be caused by the oppression with which they have been visited, have passed away. We do, we confess, envy the good man the glow of delight which he must experience when he contemplates his finished work, and sees so many of the children of his friends and fellow-labourers in the vineyard of the Lord congregated in that happy asylum, where they enjoy so many advantages, and are undergoing a training and discipline by which every faculty which they possess must be cultivated to the utmost, and where they may "grow in wisdom as in stature, and in favour with God and with man."

We believe that, to complete this institution, there is still a considerable deficiency of funds; and we have written the above chiefly in the hope that it may meet the eyes of those to whom, in pecuniary blessings, the Lord has been gracious, and who cannot surely employ this better than by assisting in the good work of which so promising a commencement has been already made.

TO MARY.

A boon from heaven my Mary seems,
To him whose heart is all her own—
She lives, the angel of his dreams,
The empress of his bosom's throne.

Oh, lovely is that face of her's,
Fair as the sunrise-tinted snows,
Sweet as the balmy breeze that stirs
The leaves around some folded rose.

Beneath my Mary's fairy tread
The scattered violets love to spring;
And round her blooming path is shed
Incense from every zephyr's wing.

My Mary's smile is like that star,
The first that meets your wandering eye,
Before Night rolls her ebon car
Through the dim portals of the sky.

Like music in its softest flight
O'er moonlit waves, come Mary's words;
And all her thoughts have wings of light,
And rise as airily as birds.

In Poetry's exhaustless mine
She lays the richest treasures bare;
And she can make Earth's pebbles shine
Like diamonds in the common air.

I cannot sing her beauteous charms
Upon a lyre so frail as mine;
But could I win her to these arms,
That lyre would utter strains divine.

Oh! she is far above compare;
Seek through the world, you may not find
A heart so pure, a form so fair,
Illumined by so clear a mind!

PARK BENJAMIN.

New-York.

[We have much pleasure in giving insertion to these lines from our transatlantic friend.]

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. III.—GEORGE PETRIE, R.H.A., M.R.I.A.

Author of "An Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland."

HERE we have one of the most interesting men of the age, surrounded by an elegant lumber of books, old armour, musical instruments, and drawings, characteristic of his varied accomplishments as a painter, musician, antiquary, and man of letters. It is no fictitious arrangement resorted to by the artist, for the purpose of indicating such and such pursuits; for, if our sketch could only be so extended as to embrace the walls of the apartment, these objects in the foreground would appear but a part, and a very insignificant part, of the rare and precious collection which surrounds George Petrie when seated at his study table. Mr. Petrie's collection of Irish antiquities is, in fact, the most curious and interesting, of its kind, in the world; not but that there are some more extensive, and perhaps intrinsically more valuable—but there is none which contains so many pieces of antiquity identified with owners recognised in history. It is this that gives its true value to an antique—to know to whom it has belonged—by whom it has been used, handled, worn—and if, in addition to this, the party to whom we can so refer it should appear to have been a distinguished character in former ages, then, indeed, the value of the relic rises in a ratio which may be almost said to be illimitable. Imagine, if it were possible to identify the sword of Julius Cæsar, what an inestimably precious thing it would be! Other swords as old may be in existence—indeed we are sure there are some much older in the collection of which we are now speaking—but, to see, to handle, to poise the very weapon that the conqueror of the world wore by his side that day he crossed the Rubicon—it carries us back through time and history more effectually than the reading of all the annals of the middle and Augustan ages—it makes all the eighteen hundred years from thence till now our own—in a word, it makes antiquity tangible, and brings the heroic ages to our doors. And so it is with a greater number of pieces in this, than in any other Irish collection that has ever yet been formed. If the picture could be extended as we have just now suggested, so as to embrace the whole circuit of the walls, those contemplative eyes which now confront the reader would rest directly on an object no way inferior in interest to even Cæsar's sword—we mean the very bell whose sounds proclaimed the first advent of Christianity among us—Patrick's, Saint Patrick's own very veritable bell—carried by him, rung by him, bequeathed by him to his successors—handled by the very fingers that wrote the Epistle to Coroticus—heard with dismay by arch-Druid and Pagan high-priest from Tara to Croagh Patrick—listened to, with reverent hearts, in after times, by Columba, by Brigid, and by Colman—and handed down among bishops and coarbs from father to son, with concurrent evidences of its authenticity from the 5th century to the present day.* What a host of associations rise upon us as we contemplate such an object—the rites of Baaltine—the sacrifices of Crom Cruaith—the faith and discipline of the early Irish church—her lost independence—her obscured brilliancy—her restoration and reform—and her perilous struggles in our own time. If this bronze-tongued herald could articulate, what a tale it could tell of purity corrupted—of liberty compromised—of popular affections seduced and run to waste. What questions it could solve—what disputes it could settle—what harmony and concord it could produce among eight jarring and antagonist millions! We know not whether Mr. Petrie takes the same view of Irish ecclesiastical history that we do; but, view it as he may, it is no

* The evidences are collected in a paper read by Mr. Petrie at the Royal Irish Academy, last session, but not yet printed. After the proofs had been given, and the antiquity and genuineness of the bell established, it was placed upon the table. "And now, Mr. President," said the owner, "the Academy have an opportunity of hearing the very sounds which heralded the advent of Christianity to the Isle of Saints." So saying, he struck the bell, which has a peculiarly sweet and silvery tone. The effect was electrical.





ader that with his eyes fixed on such an object, his countenance should have
 ight that air of contemplative sadness which sits on it in the sketch before us,
 Or perhaps we err, and the eyes of our amiable friend rest not upon the
 , but upon that beautifully enamelled crozier that hangs immediately above

And to whom did this belong? To Cormack the son of Cullinan, the king
 bishop of the 9th century, the founder of that sacred and magnificent acropolis
 ich still superbly crowns the rock of Cashel, and still attests the excellence
 splendour of Irish architecture three centuries before the usurpations of
 rian and Alexander. Or perhaps again we err, and it is not on Cormack's
 zier, but on the "staff of Murus," (that other episcopal baton, covered with
 coating of copper filigree, once richly gilt, but now tarnished with the rust
 corrosion of twelve centuries,) that his gaze is fixed, while his thoughts are
 y with the times, when the royal descendants of Con of the Hundred fights,
 d to ratify their treaties on this very relic, within their cyclopean citadel of
 leach. Or, it may be, we are again in error, and it is not on any of these that
 looks are resting, but on that battered and corroded mass of silver which lies
 mediately beside the bell. It is a seal—a great seal—the great seal of a
 narch, and that monarch—who was he? Henry the Second, king of England,
 ke of Normandy and Aquitaine, Earl of Anjou, and Lord and Conqueror
 Ireland. It is, in fact, the very matrix in which the wax that portioned out
 country among her Anglo-Norman conquerors, received its authenticating
 m and impression. It is fresh from the hands of the De Laceys and De
 ureys. It is the only original great seal of England in existence, with the
 eption of the two now borne in the bags of the respective chancellors; for it
 he practice, in order to prevent forgeries, to destroy the matrix of each royal
 immediately on the decease of the sovereign—yet this one, the most inte-
 ting of them all—for from it, as from a parent womb, have the titles to all the
 at estates in Ireland issued—this one, we say, has escaped the common fate, and
 v forms, perhaps, the most remarkable piece of antiquity remaining at this
 e connected with the crown of the first kingdom in the world. It were vain,
 him the limits at our disposal, to attempt a larger notice of the multitude of
 ects of historic interest here brought together—seals and rings of princes,
 ots, and feudal lords—broaches, bodkins, beads, amulets—the bronze celts,
 Punic-shaped swords of the Firbolg—the stone hatchets, and flint arrow
 ds of the Aborigines, and the inexplicable relics of Druidic, or perhaps, of
 danite superstition. To enumerate them would require a whole chapter; to
 culate on their respective ages, and on the evidences they furnish of the suc-
 sive epochs of our history, would take many volumes.

The habitual contemplation of such objects, would be sufficient to imbue
 n the most stolid with some touch of historic enthusiasm; but on the ar-
 t, and at the same time, reflective mind of Petrie, their presence has ope-
 d so powerfully, that the elucidation of our national antiquities has now
 ome the main business and occupation of his life. Even when a youth, the
 oric muse smiled on him when wandering among the ruins of Glendaloch
 Clonmacnoise, in the pursuit of his professional avocations as a painter.
 re, and in scenes such as these, while transferring the stately forms of ecclesi-
 cal architecture to his portfolio, he first learned to distinguish the styles of
 cessive ages, and to seek in written authorities for the names and actions of
 men who had raised these admirable monuments of their art and piety. Here,
 among the tombs of princes and ecclesiastics, he early trained himself to de-
 ber the Irish character, and from the form and disposition of the letters, to
 mate the comparative antiquity of the inscriptions. We have heard him
 , that the first really difficult inscription he ever mastered—and what a de-
 it it must have been to him!—was that on the tombstone of a cotemporary
 friend of the great Alfred, who lies interred near the round tower in the
 ve-yard at Clonmacnoise. Here, too, he learned to know and love the peo-
 a knowledge not inferior to that of the acts and monuments of their ances-
 , and without which no amount of abstract information can ever enable
 a man of genius, to give his country the full benefit of his talents.
 th a strong musical taste, and a soul alive to romance, he soon began to store
 portfolio with native melodies and local traditions, as well as with the ré-
 sentations of scenery and ancient art. Now, too, while the pursuit was as yet
 e thought of by others, he commenced forming his collection of antiquities,
 a success which has ultimately brought so many competitors into the field,

that at this time there remain very few pieces of antiquity in the country, outside the cabinets of the curious. And this is as it ought to be, for they are thus safe for the present; and, as such collections must sooner or later come into the market, they are thus also safe for the future NATIONAL MUSEUM, in which we trust we shall yet see the great majority of them deposited.

With a mind stored with lay and story, and already heated to historic labour, Petrie still continued to paint, producing from time to time water-colour drawings of Irish scenery, of a character so pure and true to nature, as at once placed him at the head of the school of landscape painters in this country. With the reputation thus acquired, this probably would have been the most profitable occupation to which he could have devoted his time; but the noble love of letters burned too fervently within him to slacken for such considerations; and about the year 1832, he partially abandoned the pencil, on undertaking the editorship, in conjunction with the Rev. Cæsar Otway, of the *Dublin Penny Journal*. We have often lamented that works of sterling merit should be disfigured by this paltry word on their title-pages; and in no case do we conceive it is more to be regretted than in that of the first, and part of the second, volumes of this admirable publication. Still we must respect the motive which induced the conductors to select a title the most likely, at the time, to recommend their book to the mass of the people, among whom it really did an infinity of good. In the year 1833, Mr. Petrie and his friend resigned the editorship; and although Mr. P. D. Hardy, into whose hands it afterwards came, did his best, and deserves every credit for his exertions in conducting the work to a fourth volume, yet the style and matter fell so palpably short of their former character, that the journal gradually declined, and finally expired in 1837. In the mean time, Mr. Petrie's Essay on the Round Towers had obtained the prize offered by the Royal Irish Academy; and, being generally admitted to have set the much vexed question respecting their use and origin at rest, placed him, *per saltum*, at the head of the Irish antiquarians of the day. Those who had been accustomed to the fanatical scepticism of Ledwich on the one hand, and the superstitious credulity of Vallancey on the other, were delighted to find in this new candidate for historic honours, a great degree of caution united to a due recognition of our native authorities, which were now, we might almost say, for the first time adduced as the proper basis of such inquiries. The publication of O'Conor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*, by the Duke of Buckingham, up to the year 1827, had, doubtless, given a great advantage to inquirers of the new school; but in this and the other essays of Mr. Petrie, which have since obtained similar honours, not only were the Annals of O'Conor brought into requisition, but facts and evidences were largely adduced from the manuscript books of Ballymote, Lecan, Clonmacnoise, the Book of Invasions, the *Diinnsenchas*, &c. &c., which had hitherto been almost wholly sealed up and shut out from consultation. The Essay on the Round Towers has not yet been printed, owing, we believe, to the delay attendant on the execution of the numerous wood-cuts necessary for its illustration; but we have heard that these illustrations are themselves so conclusive as to the Christian origin and ecclesiastical uses of the towers, as to have been sufficient alone to satisfy the English Antiquaries who were here at the meeting of the British Association.

But however important the subject of the Round Towers may be, it derives much of its interest from the mere agitation that it has undergone; and its elucidation could hardly, under any circumstances, have afforded results so valuable as those of another essay by Mr. Petrie, on the Military Antiquities of Ireland, which has also obtained the prize of the Academy. Before the production of this most valuable paper, it had never been suspected that works of Cyclopean architecture existed in Ireland; but now, by the labours of Mr. Petrie, that chain of dry-stone monuments, which in Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and Spain, mark the progress of a peculiar race in the most remote ages, has been extended into this island, and promises ere long to arrive at its final and concluding link, uniting a period and a people which have hitherto been out of the pale of authentic history, with known events and ascertained cotemporaries.

Mr. Petrie was now to enter on a more extended and useful field of historic labour. One of the conductors of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland—we allude to Lieutenant Larcom, a man of surprising energy and ability—observing the vast mass of statistical material that had already been accumulated in the course of prosecuting inquiries essential to the map alone, conceived the idea of em-

playing this in the preparation of a comprehensive memoir, which might at once illustrate the map, by describing the natural history of each district, and exhibit the progress and condition of society in all parts of Ireland, by statistical and historical details. The design was favourably received by the government; and in the distribution of the new labour, which it now became necessary to provide for, Mr. Petrie undertook the conduct of the historical and antiquarian sections. The first volume of the memoir has been published, and the interest excited by it has extended to all parts of Europe; for, from the causes which we are about to mention, Ireland is now more and more regarded by men of learning as the field in which antiquarian investigation promises results the most available towards a settlement of certain controverted questions which still perplex the early history of Europe. This subject is of such importance that we must crave our readers' indulgence while we explain it somewhat more at large. The earliest dawn of history discovers a Cimmerian and Celtic family in occupation of central Europe, from the Black Sea to the Atlantic, pressed on the east by a Scythic, on the south by a Pelasgic and Etruscan, on the south-west by an Iberian, and on the north by a Gothic, race of invaders. Now whether these Cimmerii and Celtæ were of the same family, and whether the physical characteristics of the western dark-haired Celtæ have been derived from an Iberian source or are radically Celtic, and whether the physical characteristics of the eastern light-haired Cimmerii (the Galatæ) have been derived from a Gothic source, or are in like manner those of the original European nation—then again whether these Goths were of original Scandinavian, or of secondary Scandinavian and originally Asiatic origin—whether they were the Scythæ of Herodotus, or the Getæ of Procopius, and whether the present inhabitants of central Europe be more the descendants of these Goths or of those Celtæ and Cimmerii—or whether, after all, these nations be not one and the same—are a few, and but a few, of the questions connected with this subject, on which men of learning, both here and on the Continent, are peculiarly fond of reading and theorizing. The number, the learning, and the earnestness of the writers who have, from the time of Scaliger and Cluverius to the present day, kept these questions in agitation in all parts of the world, demonstrate the amazing interest which such investigations possess for civilized man, wherever he is found. Now, the only data on which such speculations can be properly instituted are the written testimonies of history and the evidences to be collected from a patient examination of such traces as each particular people can be ascertained to have left behind them in their works of art and architecture, in their language, and the names imposed by them on places which they have inhabited, or in the physical characteristics of their descendants. But throughout all western Europe, where the scent should be expected to lie strongest, the footsteps of Roman dominion have so trampled and confounded every national characteristic, that the search has to be prosecuted on the very slenderest materials, and the conclusions, consequently, are unstable and contradictory. In Great Britain, also, the very richness of the country in Roman remains is only commensurate with its barrenness in Belgic or British or Cymric monuments. Ireland alone, of the whole field, is the only spot in which the traces of pure trans-Alpine antiquity have not been obliterated by the Roman footsteps. Here, within a comparatively small and convenient area, the Iberian, the Cimmerian, the Belgian, and the Goth, have successively left their characteristic traces, as well in topographical nomenclature and monuments on the surface of the country, as in physical characteristics and dialect amongst the people. The unpublished historical aids available in Ireland are, we feel persuaded, sufficient in skilful hands to furnish a clue by which all these indications may at length be referred with certainty to their proper epochs and races. If this were once accomplished, continental inquiry would speed onward with the utmost rapidity and ease; for, though the vestiges which have escaped the obliterating tramp of the Roman legionary in Spain, Gaul, and Britain, be at present quite inadequate to the support of any firm induction, yet, if their prototypes, among the strongly-marked and frequent traces which abound *here*, outside the theatre of Roman conquest, were once clearly ascertained and identified with their proper eras and authors, the slightest similar indication on the Continent would become a certain datum capable of sustaining as great a weight of inference as the most perfect and undisputed monument of the same class here. This, we say, is now forcibly felt throughout Europe; the eyes of the learned in Paris, in Vienna, in Berlin, in Cop

are eagerly fixed on the progress of the Ordnance Memoir ; and it must be allowed to be a great reward, even for such labour as Mr. Petrie has undergone, to know that on the successful prosecution of his department of the work depends in a great measure the settlement of the early history of Europe.*

Portions of the Memoir have from time to time been communicated to the Academy, and have been invariably received with that approbation due to important additions to the history of the country. The last of these was an Essay on the Antiquities of Tara Hill, which we hope ere long to have an opportunity of noticing more at large.

In the midst of these grave pursuits, the fine arts have not been forgotten. Next to Edward Bunting, we believe there is no man who has done so much to preserve our native music ; for, though his name has never appeared in connection with them, yet we believe we are safe in saying that to him we are indebted for the preservation of many of the finest melodies that have been made familiar to the world by Moore and Lover. Neither has the pencil been altogether abandoned ; the easel may still be seen occasionally in his study, and, if we be not deceived, our next exhibition will show that a recent tour into Joyce Country has not been without its proper fruits.

The characteristics of Mr. Petrie's style, both as a painter and a writer, are accuracy and purity. A drawing by him, near one by Turner, would unquestionably look somewhat cold, just as a chapter of his writing, after one of Pinkerton's, would sound quiet and scholastic ; but neither would the drawing be less true to nature, nor the argument to sound logic, on that account. It may appear strange that the works of one whom we have described as so intensely enthusiastic should exhibit such a severe adherence to legitimate effects in painting and to strictly admissible conclusions in argument ; yet so it is ; and it is to this, which we conceive a happy combination of caution and ardour, that we look as the surest guarantee of lasting works both from the pencil and the pen of Mr. Petrie.

So far we have seen the subject of our sketch busied in the solitary occupations of the studio, or toiling over the wide wastes of antiquity, where a fact is as rare and as precious as a blade of grass in the sandy desert. It is now our pleasant task to speak of him in the social circle, where, we are sure, as many kind hearts are ready to give him a welcome as ever warmed towards any other member of the community. In spite of all our disadvantages, we still have here in Dublin, much delightful society. Our University, our Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, our Bar and Church, all furnish us large a quota of intellectual and accomplished men, as could be drawn from similar Institutions anywhere else in the world—men, too, full of a warmth of heart, and with a capacity for innocent delights, of which Irish souls alone are susceptible in such a measure. Among these charming re-unions which, in spite of the howling of the political tempest without, still cheer the quiet retreats of intelligence, of taste, and of good-feeling among us, there is none who contributes more to the common enjoyment, or to whom the enjoyment of others affords an honest delight, than George Petrie. Long may the charm of his gentle, enthusiastic countenance, be present among us ; and long may those happy circles which have so often glowed with the fervour of his sentiment, and sparkled with the harmless flashes of his wit, continue the undisturbed retreats of elegant and rational enjoyment !

* There was a rumour, at one time, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was opposed to the prosecution of the Memoir, on account of the paltry sum it costs the government. We trust, for the credit of the country, and for the sake of the republic of letters, that there is no truth in the report.

THE LAST HEIR OF FERNEY—A LEGEND.

It was a wild and gloomy night when I set out from the little town of Kingscourt, on the borders of the county Cavan, to continue my journey through a part of the country of which I knew nothing, except from the information afforded me by my host at the inn. There was nothing very encouraging in his description of the ways through which I was to travel; and, had circumstances permitted, I would most willingly have yielded to the solicitations of himself and his worthy helpmate, and taken up my quarters for the night at the White Cross. The old road from Kingscourt to Carrickmacross, is a delightful illustration of the principle on which roads were formerly made, running right ahead over hill and valley, and consequently broken up by innumerable channels, each of which, on the night that I was destined to travel it, was the bed of a little brawling torrent. My horse was weary and so was I, for we had already travelled a long way; and it is no disparagement to either to acknowledge, that we were in frequent danger, and one of us, at least, in almost constant apprehension of breaking our necks over the half buried rocks with which the road was studded, or of tumbling *promiscuously* into some of the bog holes or quarries, which I could just perceive lay along on either side of our way. I had proceeded between two and three miles, when, as I was riding slowly, down a particularly steep and broken part of the road, I overtook a young lad who was making his way on foot, with his cap pulled over his eyes, to afford some protection against the rain that was beating sharply in his face.

"A rough night, sir," said the boy, looking up, as he heard the sound of my horse's feet; but it was evident from his tone and entire bearing, that he thought a great deal less than I did of the difficulties of our journey. As he was an active pedestrian, and as I was obliged to ride leisurely, owing to the darkness of the night, and the other circumstances I have mentioned, we kept together, and I soon found my young friend a very agreeable *compagnon de voyage*. There was a degree of frankness and intelligence about him, which, with his intimate acquaintance with the country, and the habits of the people, rendered his conversation, even

under such unfavourably circumstances, exceedingly agreeable. He was the son, he told me, of a gentleman who lived a few miles farther on; and he never asked me, but seemed to consider it an understood matter, that I should make his father's house my quarters for that night. As we travelled on, discoursing on the various subjects which the surrounding, though unseen, objects, suggested to my companion, we came to a stream that ran right across the road, and which being swollen by the late heavy rains, presented, in my mind, rather a formidable obstruction to a traveller on foot. I could observe, that at one side of the road there was a plank thrown across it; but the boy would neither take the trouble of going so far out of his way, nor of mounting my horse, as I had already frequently requested him to do; but walked on knee-deep through the water, perfectly insensible to any inconvenience.

"It was here," he said, when we had crossed the stream, "that M'Mahon killed the Sassenagh."

"Killed a Sassenagh!" said I: "that was ill done of M'Mahon. What did he kill him for?"

"Why, sir," replied the lad, "he couldn't very well help it. It was a disagreeable alternative; but if you like, I'll tell you all about it when we get home—it's too long a story to tell you now; particularly," he added, "as the rain is coming on worse than ever, I'm afraid."

And so it was. It had subsided a little for a time, but was now coming down in a wild and heavy torrent. The boy urged me to spur on quickly, as the road was, in this part, tolerably level, and there was a public-house about a quarter of a mile farther on, where he proposed to overtake me. But I did not think that this would have been very civil on my part; and besides, a little rain more or less, was a matter of small importance in our drenched condition. We soon reached the public-house, however. My companion led the way, and I followed him into the large hospitable-looking kitchen, where we found a number of countrymen sitting round a splendid turf fire, and enjoying a warm drop, which certainly the severity of the night seemed to warrant.

"Come, boys!—out of the way with

you," cried my companion; and the men, who did not require to be reminded of the attention due to a strange gentleman, instantly rose and made room for us at the hearth.

"Why, then, Masther George," said one of the men, when we were seated round the fire, with all the "appliances and means" of comfort, "were you far on your travels to-night?"

"Not very," replied the boy drily.

"Away by Magheroon side, I dar say?" rejoined the other with roguish gravity.

The boy coloured, and casting an angry glance at the man, addressed himself to me, as if to conceal the embarrassment which this observation evidently excited. I could not help smiling as well as the rest, for I saw at once the nature of the allusion; and then I could hardly help feeling a little sad, when I thought how soon a few years would have passed away, and how that boy's heart and imagination might be altered then. It was only fair, however, to turn the conversation from so delicate a subject; and as the rain was still pouring down in torrents, I reminded him of his promise, and requested him to favour me with the history to which he alluded as we crossed the stream.

"Oh, then," said the man who had spoken before, "it's himself can do that in style, your honour; he can tell you that surely, and all the ould stories that ever happened from the reign of Oliver Cromwell, or a thousand years afore it."

"And no wondher for him," said another, "sure isn't it the height of his glory to be sittin' over the brusna, discoursin' some ould wife or another the length of a winter's night."

"Tut!" said the former, "he has more stories, ten to one, than all the ould wives in Ferney. Bedad, myself thinks he make the half of them out of his own head."

"Well, boys, have you done?" said the lad, who had sat very patiently listening to this dissertation on his legendary acquirements. "I'm sure the gentleman must be highly entertained by your discourse."

After some bantering and wit on the part of the men, who seemed to treat my young friend with a sort of respectful familiarity, he commenced his narrative.

"You must know, sir—or you do know, I mean, that one Hugh Roe M'Mahon succeeded his brother, as

Chief of Ferney, at the time that Elizabeth was queen of England. He was not only the natural heir of his brother, but he had a grant of the county from the English government; for the late chieftain had surrendered it to the queen, and been reinstated in his honours and possessions under the broad seal of England. Well, sir, on his brother's death, this Hugh thought he should go up to Dublin to have his title recognized; and so he did; but it turned out to be the most unfortunate journey he ever made, except indeed the journey back. He got plenty of hard usage at the castle, and very little satisfaction of any kind, till at last the Lord Deputy, one Sir William Fitzwilliams, spoke him wonderful fair, and said he would go down with him to Monaghan, and settle him in his inheritance himself. Of course, M'Mahon thought all was right, and expressed his great obligations to Sir William, and off they set to Monaghan; when the first thing the worthy Lord Deputy did, was to clap the baron into irons; and the next thing, after a sort of a sham trial, was to hang him up like a dog before his own door. That was the end of the M'Mahons, as chieftains and men of power. Their country was confiscated of course, and their descendants left to wander the world, or depend, as it might be, on the charity of their own vassals. However, sir, it happened that after the wars of the Revolution, as they call it, there was a widow lady living in an humble little cottage, but most beautifully situated, just about a mile, I think, from were we are sitting at this moment. Her husband was the lineal descendant of the chieftains of Monaghan, but he had been killed in the wars, fighting for King James, and he left this lady and one boy poorly enough provided, as you may suppose.

The old castle of the M'Mahons was at this time in the possession of one Colonel Vaughan, who before the revolution had been the brother officer and most intimate friend of Major M'Mahon; indeed they were so attached to each other, that there was a mutual understanding between them, that Vaughan's eldest daughter should become the wife of young M'Mahon. However, when the war broke out, Vaughan sided with the English party; but still, when all was over, he entertained a warm regard for the memory of his friend; and though the obstacles to the contem-

plated marriage seemed almost insurmountable, for young M'Mahon was of course a Catholic, and under the ban of the new laws; yet the colonel had him constantly at his house, and was even in hopes that he could, in the course of time, be induced to change his religion for the sake of the lady, and of the property of his ancestors, which he would in that case inherit with her. Vaughan had another daughter, and that was his whole family; but as they grew up there was not their equal for beauty in the whole country round. The eldest, however, was by far the loveliest. She had the heavenliest eyes, they say, that ever shone in a woman's head; and when poor M'Mahon would see her moving through the lighted ball-room, with her dark hair rolling down in rich waves like, to her waist, a sadness used to come over him, when he would think, that notwithstanding her own love and her father's regard for him, it was little better than a wild dream to think that he could ever possess the hand of his beautiful Sassenagh.

"Well, sir, there was a cousin of M'Mahon's, one Neal Nugent, and from the time they were both children they were more like brothers than cousins, though their dispositions were, in all respects, the very opposite. One was a proud, high-spirited fellow, loyal in his heart to the cause and religion for which his father perished; but Nugent, though he was brave, too, thought it a hardship to give up every thing for the sake of religion, and he shut out from all chance of gaining either riches or honour, because he happened to be born a Catholic. He often hinted to M'Mahon, that he'd be a fool to forfeit such a splendid alliance for any scruples he might have about the affairs of the other world; and his advice might have been more dangerous, only it was plain that it was for her rich domains and not for the lady herself that he would have had his cousin sell his faith. He was an ambitious young fellow, this Nugent; and he was a clever fellow, too; and so, when he was about eighteen years of age, he told his cousin that he was determined he would be a slave no longer, wasting away his youth and intellect among the hills of Ferney, but that he would make a name for himself in the world, and become one of the lords of the land, where he was now trampled on and despised. The end of it was, sir, that he turned Pro-

testant, got into the army, and, sure enough, he did seem in the way of rising fast to honour and distinction. In the meantime, M'Mahon was still received at the castle in the character of Ellen's lover; but their intercourse became every day more painful and embarrassing. The colonel still entertained the hope that the young baron, as he called him, would yield to what might be almost considered as the necessity of his fate, and remove the only obstacle that seemed to stand in the way of his worldly happiness; but Ellen knew him better, and she knew that not even for her would he abandon the religion of his fathers. At last the colonel thought it was time that there should be a full understanding on the subject; and one day he asked M'Mahon when he intended to conform, for that he saw no necessity for delaying the marriage any longer. This was a severe trial to poor M'Mahon: but he was prepared for it, and he told the colonel that conform he never would; and that if he must relinquish the hand of his daughter, he hoped he might soon enjoy in another world the happiness that was lost to him for ever in this. The colonel was vexed and disappointed; but he had to acknowledge, that though he had deceived himself, M'Mahon had never deceived him, nor by word or act given encouragement to the false hopes he had entertained; and though he was as proud a man as ever buckled on a sword, the tears fell from his eyes, as he wrung the hand of his young friend, and saw him ride out from the castle, which he never entered but once again. It was a lonely castle now to poor Ellen Vaughan. Her lover had often told her that it must come to this; for that although he was suffered to live in peace, he was, in all other respects, little better than a common outlaw; but yet, as they had known and loved each other so long, ever since their childhood in fact, he could never bear the thought of losing her; and he sometimes tried to persuade himself, that by entering into a foreign service, he might attain such rank as would compensate in some degree for the loss of her inheritance, which she must have sacrificed by marrying him. It was this vague hope that prevented him breaking off their intercourse long before; and he might have carried it into effect, only that his mother had no friend in the world but himself, and he could not, of course, abandon her;

and now it was too late to think of entering on such a career. It was not long after this last interview with Colonel Vaughan, that Nugent happened to be quartered down in this part of the country. He had now been three or four years in the army, and a fine looking young fellow he was; but he was one that didn't care very much for old times or old friendships; and when he found that it was all over between Ellen and his cousin, he thought he might do worse than propose for the heiress himself. He was now in high favour with the government, and had every prospect of rising in the world, so after a while the colonel consented to give him his daughter; and while the poor girl's heart was regularly breaking, she had to receive the addresses of a new lover, who knew at the time how she was devoted to his rival. At last the day was fixed for their marriage. Ellen and M'Mahon had never met from the day, of his fatal interview with her father; and when they parted that day it was with the firm belief that they would never meet again. The night before the morning appointed for her unhappy marriage, the poor lady was sitting alone in her chamber. It was just such a night as this, wild and desolate; and there poor Ellen was sitting in a kind of abstracted reverie, "looking with idle grief on her white hands," when the door gently opened, and lifting her eyes, she saw her lover, wan and ghastly as a ghost, standing before her. She never shrieked nor spoke, but her lips turned as pale as ashes, and she kept gazing at him with her large dark eyes, as if she thought it really was his ghost come to claim her promised hand. At last M'Mahon came forward, and told her he was come to take his leave of her for ever; but then as they talked of old times, and thought of the future, all their feelings yielded to the love they had cherished through life; and Ellen that night left her father's castle to wander with her lover wherever fate might guide them. M'Mahon had left his horse in a grove at a little distance; and the servant, by whose means he had gained admission, joined them there in a few minutes with the lady's palfrey; and off they rode through storm and darkness as hard as their horses could lay a hoof to the earth. Their flight, however, was almost immediately discovered. Instantly the retainers were up and

mounted, scouring the country in all directions; for no information could be procured as to the course which the fugitives had taken. It happened that Nugent was at the castle at the very time, arranging some matters with the colonel; and he had with him a very intimate friend who was to be his groomsmen on the following morning—an officer of high family, and connected with some of the greatest people in the country. He and Nugent were, of course, among the most active of the pursuers, but they took different routes; and as this gentleman was riding along the wild road that you and I travelled to-night, he heard the tramp of horses a little way before him; and so he pressed on, and got almost within pistol-shot of M'Mahon, as he and the lady reached the stream you remember crossing. He had taken the precaution of slinging a bugle-horn across his shoulder, and when he first got sight of the fugitives he winded this to collect any of the pursuers that might be within hearing; and as he gained on M'Mahon, he called on him to surrender, or that he would fire. There was no time for parley then. They could hear at a distance the tramp of steeds dashing along the road. M'Mahon was on one side of the stream, and his pursuer just entering it on the other, when he wheeled round, and drawing a pistol from his belt, shot him dead. On M'Mahon and his lady rode; but where they rode to none could ever tell, for he knew all the wild by-ways of the country, and he soon had his beautiful prize safe beyond the reach of his enemies. It was a night of hard riding; and when the horsemen gathered in before dawn of day to the castle, it was with the sorrowful tidings of the lady's loss and the death of a young and honourable gentleman. The circumstances of that night broke the old Colonel's heart. He never heard more of the being he had loved and prized above the world, nor of the unfortunate companion of her fate. M'Mahon was outlawed of course; but though all possible measures were taken for his discovery and apprehension, both by the relatives of the young officer and the Sassenagh gentlemen of the country generally, who felt highly indignant at the idea of a papist having the audacity to carry off a lady of rank and fortune, their efforts were all unavailing; no trace could be discovered of the fate or fortunes of

that ill-starred pair. Vaughan, as I told you, had another daughter, younger than Ellen; and though without any of the romance or high sentiment of her sister, she was a girl of very singular beauty. She was now, of course, the heiress of her father's possessions; and in a little time Nugent, as was natural, transferred his affection to her; and in a little time more they were married; and soon after that the colonel died, and Nugent became lord of that noble castle, while the lady that should have graced it, had no home but the wild retreat of the outlaw. Nugent now became a man of great power and influence in the country. He was appointed to the commission of the peace, and made himself very active in the suppression of those rapacious bands that were at this time very formidable, and in some parts kept the gentlemen of the country in a state of constant apprehension and alarm. After some years the country became more tranquil; and these marauders disappeared at last altogether. However, sir, death's the end of all things. *Pulsat æquo pede*—as Horace says. In the course of time Nugent was gathered to his fathers; and his son occupied the same position in the country, and earned for himself the same character of a useful and energetic magistrate, which his father had formerly maintained. He had abundant opportunities for displaying his zeal. About fifty years after the occurrences I have told you of, there was a robber in this country, one of the most daring and celebrated characters that ever took to the hills. He was formidable not only from his own extraordinary prowess and the number of his band, but from the great attachment which the people entertained for him, and the protection which it was supposed they frequently afforded him. You know, sir, that in those wild times, and such a wild country as this was then, a robber might well be a very popular character, and M'Mahon was particularly so; for he acted here as a sort of self-constituted arbiter between the rich and poor; and though he made sad havoc among the possessions of the great, he saved many a wretched family from want and ruin. This country, you must know, is full of M'Mahons, and the gentry knew nothing of this man but that he was a very notorious and desperate outlaw; but there was a secret concerning him among the people, and

it is probable that their knowledge of his origin and history increased the influence he possessed among them. There is a wild district off to the west here, which was at this time very thinly inhabited. You might travel for miles and miles without meeting a house or an acre of cultivated land; and it was at a place called The Rocks, a beautiful spot it is, in the heart of this wild region, that the banditti had their retreat. It was a regular little community. The robbers lived there, with their wives and children, beyond the reach of the law, and enjoying an abundance of every thing the country could afford. They drove the cattle, levied money, and did every thing, in fact, as if their leader's family were still the lords of Ferney. Nugent was one of those that suffered most from their incursions; and as active as he was for their suppression, and no man could be more so, they baffled him in all his efforts. M'Mahon had constant intelligence of whatever concerned his safety. He was always aware of Nugent's movements, and seemed to care as little for him and his dragoons as he would for a party of village-school boys. They went on in this way for years. M'Mahon, in fact, held the country; and with the trifling aid which could be afforded them by government, the magistrates found it was impossible to think of dislodging him. They agreed, at last, that they had nothing for it, but to try and make some sort of terms with him, and prevent him, by fair means, from harrying the country in the way he was doing. Now, sir, this is the truth, I assure you, though you seem to doubt it."

I certainly did suspect my historian of romancing a little; but I was afterwards convinced, from other sources, of the accuracy of his narrative, in this point at least, which being of comparatively recent occurrence, could have none of the mists of tradition about it.

"Well, sir," he continued, "Nugent managed, some how or other, to communicate with the outlaw, and gave him his word of honour, that if he would afford him an interview at any convenient time and place, no advantage should be taken, but that he should be suffered to come and go in perfect safety. M'Mahon, who was getting old, and probably weary of the wild life he had led, agreed to this proposal, but declined appointing either time or place; for, I suppose, he thought it would be only prudent not to rely

too much on the faith of an enemy. He merely said, he would have the honour of waiting on his worship as soon as he had settled matters with a few worthy gentlemen whose rent had been for some time in arrears. Nugent thought this rather an insolent sort of a reply; but he had to put up with it, and to wait for whatever time might suit the robber's convenience. My grandfather," continued the boy, "who was then living where we live at present, happened, though a Catholic, to be on terms of intimacy with most of the other gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and one evening as Nugent and one or two others were dining at his house, they began the old subject of the terrible state the country was in, and wondering whether it was possible that this formidable banditti could ever be destroyed. It was winter, and the night was very dark and stormy, and they were talking on in this fashion, when they heard a horseman riding up to the door—a loud double knock followed, and presently a stranger was ushered into the room—a fine military-looking man, with long silvery hair, and a cloak of the old Irish fashion wrapped round him. He saluted my grandfather with an air of frank courtesy, and then turning round, said, he believed he had the honour of addressing Mr. Nugent, of Castle Marron. Mr. Nugent looked a little surprised at this, for he had never seen the stranger before, neither had any of the others, and they wondered how he knew Nugent, for that he was a stranger they thought was evident—such a distinguished looking person could not possibly have been living in their neighbourhood unknown. My grandfather, of course, welcomed him with all hospitality, but he refused to partake of any thing till he had declared the object of his visit. He said he had come according to appointment; and then it was hardly necessary for him to declare his name, for throwing back his cloak, as if without any design, he displayed a belt studded with pistols, and a rich heavy sword that hung almost to his heel. I dare say there was hardly one present who did not feel a little nervous in the presence of the outlaw; but my grandfather perceived at once, why he had chosen his house as the scene of conference. 'This is a wild night, sir,' he said, 'and rather an unseasonable time to intrude on your hospitality; but I have sometimes reasons for preferring night to day—not

in this case, however—I would not presume to question the good faith of so near a relative as Mr. Nugent.

"The other looked at him in amazement.

"'Eh!' said he. 'I really was not aware, sir, that I had the honour of being connected with such a distinguished individual.'

"'Were you not, indeed?' said the robber, drily.—'I'm not sure that there is any very great honour in the connexion either one way or other. However, sir,' he added, 'you have the misfortune—and, I dare say, that expresses your meaning better—of being very nearly related to the man whom you have spent a great deal of useless time in hunting like a wild beast through the country.'

"The robber's brow darkened as he said this; but the truth of his story flashed on the minds of all present when he drew a miniature from his bosom, richly set in diamonds, and, handing it to Nugent, asked him had he ever seen a face resembling that? The other looked at the portrait, and, though he had never seen the original, he had seen often enough, in his own castle, where it hung covered with black crape, and apart from all the other family portraits, the likeness of the same sad and lovely countenance.

"'My God!' he exclaimed, 'who are you, M'Mahon, or what claim have you to this?'

"'Merely,' replied the outlaw, 'the claim that a son has to the only relic of a broken-hearted mother. Are you astonished at this? I'm an outlaw, to be sure, and am standing here among your worships with a price on my head; but did you never hear before of the son of the elder-born being driven out from among man, while his castles and domains were the lordship of another?'

"The gentlemen weresoonaconvincd that the robber was really the son of those unfortunate lovers whose fate had been involved in mystery from the fatal night of their elopement; and it was even observed that his dark and weather-worn countenance bore a strong resemblance to the beautiful image that he wore. They had a great deal of conversation then of a rather friendly kind, for they seemed for the time to forget the character of their visitor in the misfortunes of himself and his family; but though M'Mahon spoke with carelessness and freedom of the circumstances of his own life, he evinced a degree of reserve and uneasiness when—

ever any allusion was made to the history of his unhappy parents. It appeared, however, that they had succeeded on the night they left the castle in reaching the dwelling of an old priest, who was living away in some wild and secret part of the mountains, and there they were married. What became of them then he either didn't know or didn't wish to communicate; but, at all events, they both died very young; and he, after a great many adventures, while he was yet a child fell in among an army of the rapparees, who were at that time very formidable. He was only about ten or twelve years of age when the rapparees were suppressed in this part of the country, chiefly by the active measures of his uncle, John Nugent. The small party to whom young M'Mahon remained attached, after wandering through the greater part of the south and west of Ireland, returned towards the north under his leadership, and this was the origin of the powerful banditti that now kept the country in awe.

"So here I am," said M'Mahon. "The last lord of Ferney trusted in the honor of a Lord Deputy, and was hanged for his pains; and yet I have trusted myself in your power to-night, for I know that under this roof, at least, no act of perfidy can be committed."

"He was cautious enough, however, for when one of the gentlemen happened to rise from his seat, he fixed his eyes upon him, evidently determined that no man should leave the room. He was right in this, to be sure, for it was only Nugent that was on honour with him, and there were troops at hand that could have been turned out in an instant. Well, when they had found out who M'Mahon was, this made them still more anxious to have matters brought to some kind of settlement; but the robber was higher in his notions than they had calculated on, and a great deal of angry recrimination passed between them."

"Come, now," said the outlaw, "I am the scourge of the country, you say, and you are one of the people's preservers. I ask you, Nugent would you mount your horse to-night, and ride from one end of this barony to the other without arms or attendants, and rely for safety on the forbearance or affection of the people?"

"No, faith," said Nugent, "not while your ruffians are abroad."

"No, nor if my ruffians, as you call them, were lying dead in their wild

haunts, the only shelter the world affords them. I have plundered the great gentlemen of the country, but I never yet left a cabin tenantless or a family without a home; and, robber as I am, my name has been uttered in the prayers of many a broken heart."

"Well, they went on this way, reproaching each other as the authors of all the misery that it was acknowledged existed in the country, and by this means they only increased the difficulties of a compromise. M'Mahon was well enough disposed to abandon his lawless courses, and pass the remainder of his days in peace and retirement; but his principal object was to provide for the safety of his followers. At last it was settled that he and the most notorious of his band should leave the country, and that the others, having delivered up their arms and dispersed, should be suffered to pursue, unmolested, any honest course of life. M'Mahon, on his part, promised most faithfully that he would suspend all hostile operations until the government should have been applied to, to ratify these conditions, and thus the interview terminated. The parties wished each other good night, and the robber mounted his horse, and was soon far on his way to rejoin his own wild associates. The next morning Nugent was informed that a wounded prisoner had just been brought into his castle. He went down, and, to his astonishment, there was the old outlaw lying on the floor, in one of the strong rooms, apparently at the point of death. Though in this state, he was heavily ironed, and a couple of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, were standing over him. He raised his eyes as Nugent entered the room, and his brow, which was pallid before, grew suddenly as dark as night."

"You perjured villain!" he muttered through his ground teeth, and half rising on his arm; but his eyes rolled vacantly, and he immediately fell back in a swoon. Nugent ordered the bolts to be knocked off, and proper care to be taken of the prisoner, and then he inquired into the circumstances of the case."

"It appeared that as M'Mahon drew near the Rocks, on his return home the previous night, he witnessed what he at once regarded as a most flagrant violation of faith. His retreat had been stormed; but the battle, which was now raging at its highest, showed him how desperately it was still defended. He dashed on, and a wild cheer wel-

comed him to the fray; and there he fought, while his men fell round him, till at last he fell himself, covered with wounds. He was the more desperate, as he thought Nugent had broken faith with him; but this was not the case. A fellow of his own, who had fallen under his displeasure, after trying in vain to spread disaffection in the band, had adopted another course, and offered to a magistrate of the neighbourhood to betray camp and garrison into his hands. This magistrate happened not to be on good terms with Nugent, and whether he was ignorant of the negotiation he had on foot, or wished to anticipate him in freeing the country of the banditti, he immediately came into the fellow's proposals. The retreat was surprised, and almost every one of the robbers killed in defending it. M'Mahon died that night in the castle of his ancestors, but not till he had been informed of all the circumstances connected with his downfall, and had asked Nugent's forgiveness for the wrong his suspicions had done him. Nugent was a proud but a generous hearted fellow, and in the noble form and countenance of the robber he seemed only to contemplate the ruin of a fallen kinsman. Different as their lives and fortunes had been, they were the children of the two most beautiful beings, and one the most unfortunate, that ever graced those ancient halls; and Nugent remembered this, and forgot, for the time, all distinction in their present rank, as he stood by the couch of the dying outlaw. And that, sir," continued the boy, "is the history, as far as it is known, of the last heir of Ferney."

"Ah, but the ballad, masther George!" said one of the party, when I had expressed my thanks to the young annalist, whose manner of narrating it, together with the circumstances of time and place, gave an interest to this legend much greater than it now appears to possess. "Make him give us the ballad, your honour. It's worth the whole story, ten times over."

Hereupon ensued a debate of some duration, for the boy laughed at the idea of a gentleman listening to an old country ballad, though it appeared that he himself had all the old ballads that were ever known in that country off by heart.

"Why," said I, "have you a ballad about the robber M'Mahon?"

"Sure we have, your honour," replied Barney. "You see, sir, the way it is, we're wondherful poets in this counthry. The sorra hap'orth can happen out o' the common but we must make a song about it; and so a schoolmasther, that was in these parts once, made this ballad on the M'Mahon."

"Was he a good poet, the schoolmaster?"

"O, certainly he was," said the man, "the greatest ever known in Ferney. When your honour hears the ballad, you'll know if it's a lie I'm tellin' you."

"Oh, then," said I, "let us have the ballad, by all means;" and the boy's opinion concerning the merits of the production being overborne by the unanimous votes of the others, he at length complied, and favoured us with the following brilliant effusion:—

THE ROBBER OF FERNEY.

The glory of M'Mahon and
His outlaws dark and bold,
Come, gather round me, while I sing,
In rhyming verses old.

Come, gather round me, gentles all,
Of high and low degree;
The outlaw's woful fate I'll sing,
With true fidelity.

From lords of ancient pedigree
And noble blood he came,
Whose names will live for ever in
The mighty roll of fame:

And till Ferney's hills shall crumble, or
The harp no more be strung,
His deeds will be recorded, and
His wild achievements sung.

The robber in his rocky hold
From dawn of morning lay,
And wearily and drearily
The noontide passed away.

The sun went down, and darkness fell
In silence on the earth ;
And now from out their wild retreat
The robber band came forth.

That night by many a castle old,
And many a haunted glen,
M'Mahon and his outlaws rode,
All wild and ruthless men.

Before them Lath-an-albany,
In midnight beauty lay—
Ah, woe is me from all its fields
The robber swept his prey.

And thus the country far and near
M'Mahon held in awe ;
And through this ancient barony
The robber's word was law.

In castle hall it chilled the sound
Of revelry and mirth ;
But it lighted up with gladness still
The lonely widow's hearth.

The robber bold within his hold
From dawn of morning lies,
And gazes on the sinking sun
With weary heart and eyes ;

Till through the dark and starless night,
By tower and ruin gray,
And far from all his faithful band,
He held his lonely way.

Alone among his enemies
The outlawed chieftain stood,
With haughty eye and fearless heart,
And broadsword keen and good :

But his wild career is over ;
The castles of the land
Henceforth will need nor watch nor ward
Against the outlaw's band.

And now upon his homeward track
With heavy heart he goes—
No more, in wild and midnight raid,
To burst upon his foes ;

No more to lead his faithful band
Through Ferney's valleys old ;
No more, within his mountain lair,
Carousal brave to hold.

* * * * *

Alas ! alas ! the light that guides
Both horse and rider on,
From many a kindling roof-tree bursts ;
And many a dying groan

And many an agonizing shriek
 Ring through the lurid air—
 Oh ! fearful is the carnage wrought
 Within the robber's lair.

* * * * *

There's silence in the castle where
 The last M'Mahon lies ;
 His heart is dull—the light of life
 Has faded from his eyes ;

But who can tell what dreams of woe—
 What visions of the dead—
 What fond and broken-hearted forms
 Surround the outlaw's bed ?

Or who can tell what influence
 Such blessed dreams impart,
 Or why they still come thronging round
 The dying sinner's heart ?

Whate'er they be, the simple faith
 Is rational and good ;
 They come in that last hour to lead
 The wandering soul to God.

"There's the ballad for you now, sir," said the boy, as he concluded, "and what do you think of it ?"

I gave as favourable an opinion as I well could of this specimen of native minstrelsy, which, though not very remarkable for originality, either in thought or expression, I considered rather creditable than otherwise to a country poet. The storm had now considerably abated, and as the night, moreover, was pretty well advanced, our party broke up. My young friend found no great difficulty in inducing me to accompany him to his father's

house ; and there I was obliged, willing enough, I must acknowledge, to prolong my stay for some days, during which I visited the scenes of M'Mahon's achievements, and the other celebrated places of the country.

On further acquaintance, I found this house a rich repository of legendary lore, derived, however, from more abundant sources than the local traditions of the country, as will appear from the story which I shall next have the honour of submitting to the readers of the *University Magazine*.

PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS.*

"By an acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the *FORTUNE OF PHYSICIANS*." So said Doctor Johnson; and, acting upon the suggestion thus thrown out, we have been presented with the volumes whose title stands at the head of this paper. How far they fulfil the intention of him who originally conceived the plan of the work, it is now our business to consider.

Whether we regard him as the man of science, cultivating, as the daily business of his life, the highest order of mental pursuits—or look upon him more nearly in his immediate relation to society, the physician has ever appeared to us a most interesting character. Denied by the wisdom, or, if you will, the prejudices, of the "rulers of the earth," those high rewards so lavishly bestowed on all other professions, his comparatively humble career would have little to compensate the arduous hours of his toil and labour, were it not that in the estimation of the world he lives in, he finds a rich harvest of grateful acknowledgment for kindness, and that hold upon the affections and sympathies of his fellow-men, which he alone can have, whose duties have so often exhibited him as the confidant, the friend, the benefactor. In that little space, bounded upon one side by health, and by death upon the other, his narrow walk is placed.—Forgotten in the exciting struggle of political ascendancy—neglected in the gayer hours of pleasure—lost amid the thousand distractions of the world—we rarely think of him upon whose sympathies, at any sudden emergency, we may have to lean for support, and upon whose scientific skill we may have to trust, under God, for our lives. And yet to him—the stranger of an hour previous—we hesitate not to lay bare the cherished secret of our lives—the pain—the suffering—the shame itself, that we dared not reveal to a brother—to him, without a blush, we confess the fear of death, the longing for life, to acknowledge which is to

make the hearer your master. When, for a moment, we consider the number of rare and excellent gifts which should unite in the first-rate physician, we are neither astonished at the influence they wield in society, nor surprised that their number should be so limited. When we think, independently of the more immediate objects of his research, of the number of tributary sciences he must study—the stock of information he must possess upon so wide a range of topics—the extent of his reading—the depth of his reflection—his systematic observance of fact—his judgment—his patience—his quickness—his consideration—his promptitude—his tact—his knowledge of the world—not that mere conventional knowledge of a sect or party which the man of fashion boasts of, but that deep and subtle insight into the springs and motives of human action which enable him to read the heart as he counts its pulsations—with the logical acumen of the chemist—the patient minuteness of the botanist—he must be eloquent to exhort as the divine—artful to cross-examine as the lawyer—and, with all these gifts, his success were more than doubtful did he not possess advantages of manner and address, which mixing in the best society can alone confer.

Such are some of the characteristic traits which distinguish the physician; and well and wisely did the great moralist remark, that to trace the lives of such men were a work well worth its labour. He who to-day is the confidant of his king, and to-morrow leans over the sick bed of the starving tenant of a garret, must needs see life in various aspects; and it would be to deny him powers that his very position demands, not to confess, that to him more of the romance of life is presented than to any other man. So truly is this the case, that we would fearlessly ask any great practising physician if the scenes so powerfully recorded in a late work of fiction do not fall far short in pathos and tragic result of many of those he has witnessed in the course of his professional career.

* *Physic and Physicians*. a Medical Sketch Book, exhibiting the Public and Private Life of the most celebrated Medical Men of former days; with Memoirs of eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons. 2 vols. London: Longman, Orme, and Co. 1839.

To illustrate the lives of such men were no common task ; and, however thankful we may feel for the intention, we cannot fully concede our approbation to the manner of the volumes before us.

After informing us in his preface that four hundred volumes have been ransacked for his facts, he proceeds to say that the preliminary chapter was written to demonstrate the antiquity of medicine, and defend its professors from certain calumnies which have been levelled against them by ignorant and unprincipled men. So far the object of our author was a good one ; but as we never met any one who doubted the antiquity of medicine, much less heard of any calumnies on that score arising, we conceive that, considered in this light, the pains were superfluous. Passing from this, he proceeds to that often-repeated remark of the want of religion among medical men ; and here, indeed, he makes the singular blunder of confounding atheism with the tendency to materialism.—“It is not very apparent that the study of medicine in its several departments has any direct or remarkable tendency to render men irreligious and immoral beyond the ordinary influence of many other studies.” Without stopping to inquire whether the ordinary influence of any other studies has any such tendency, we should certainly say not. The medical man is, more than any other, confronted by facts whose tendency is directly the opposite. That recognition of the Creator in his works is to him the daily study of his life ; those powerful arguments which natural theology, as it is called, possess, are to him more available, for the experience of his profession teems with them ; and even where, with the unmedical world, the realm of proof ends, to him a new chapter is opened ; for it is not only in the mechanism of a joint, or the handywork of a complex organ, that he seeks for evidence of divine wisdom, but in the phenomena of diseases a new, and, if possible, more convincing series of facts are developed, which defy doubt and enforce conviction.

To the evidences of design alone, his belief is not limited ; for while with other men he witnesses the proofs of this—the wisdom—he is also called upon by the study of his art, to recognize a still higher attribute—the providence of God. To explain our meaning more clearly : there is scarcely an accident in our lives, however slight—scarcely

a malady to which flesh is heir, so trivial, that would not, in its consequences, involve our very existence itself, was there not inherent in our bodies some antagonising power to disease and death, by which our preservation is accomplished. This sanatory process, which, under the various exigencies of disease becomes antiseptic, limiting, assuaging, alleviating, and even creative, is the great attribute by which the work of his hands is distinguished from the frail and wasting efforts of human ingenuity. Without this, the slightest rupture of a blood-vessel, the smallest effusion of fluid, the most trivial fracture of a bone, would be followed by the most distressing, if not fatal, consequences ; and by this, not only these but the more wasting and calamitous features of disease are opposed and remedied. The stupendous power and complex mechanism of a steam-engine might strike the uninformed observer as a more wonderful evidence of design than the simple structure of the knee or the elbow. But let a cylinder give way—let the piston break—let even a mere pinion be injured, and the proud triumph of human ingenuity becomes inert as the unwrought ore of which it is composed. But not so in the organized tissues of animal and vegetable existence. No sooner is the injury inflicted than a reparative process is set up, and where the shock of the accident ends, the first step of the cure commences. Take the case of a fractured bone : to provide for the regeneration of the lost substance, a state of perfect rest and quietude is indispensable, and this is enforced upon us by the pain and suffering connected with every chance motion of the part. Without this, the opposed surfaces of bone, continually changing their position, would offer an impossible barrier to union ; and thus, what we should otherwise regard as an infliction, is but another evidence of that wise power that “saves us from ourselves.” With the immobility of the part, the regeneration begins, and from the fractured extremities the gelatinous mass is effused, which assuming organization as it advances, fills up the lost space, and cements the injured surfaces together ; but even when this has taken place, and strength and stability have been once more restored, the functions of creative life do not cease ; for a new process, well called by Hunter, modelling absorption, is called into play, by which any super-

abundant and excessive quantity of bony matter is absorbed, and the symmetry of the part is restored with its strength. These phenomena, perhaps, after all, the most simple and least complicated which the history of disease can present us with, cannot fail to strike the thinking observer as evidences of the wisdom and goodness of him by whom we have been so "wonderfully made." If, then, unbelief be a characteristic of that profession to which such evidences are daily and hourly presenting themselves, we must certainly seek for its causes elsewhere; for as far as regards the immediate objects of a physician's study, there is every thing to strengthen, and nothing to oppose conviction. But we think with our author, that such is not the case; and so much are we impressed with the fact, that were we called upon to enumerate from memory the most distinguished and enlightened members of that profession, we should be at the same moment recording the names of those most remarkable for the purity of their lives and the sincerity of their religious belief.

To the question of how far the medical discoveries of the age have contributed to the welfare of society, the author very properly answers by a reference to the bills of mortality, which prove that—

"Comparing the value of life as it is now calculated, to what it was an hundred years ago, it has absolutely doubled. The most fatally malignant diseases have become comparatively mild in the hands of modern physicians. The entire half of our population, were at one time destroyed by one disease alone—the small-pox; the mortality of which, at the present time, is but partial. Typhus fever was once accustomed to visit this country in annual epidemics, and to slay one out of every three whom it attacked; whereas, in the present day, it is seldom seen as an epidemic, and its average mortality does not amount to one in sixteen. Measles, scarlet-fever, hooping-cough, and consumption, are now no longer regarded with the extreme terror in which they were once viewed. From the year 1799 to 1808, the mortality of consumption

amounted to about 27 per cent. of those who became ill; from 1808 to 1813, it diminished to 23 per cent.; and from 1813 to 1822, it still farther decreased to 22 per cent."

While we fearlessly assert that the application of lithotripsy alone has conferred a greater boon upon suffering humanity than all the other inventions of the age.*

Upon the eccentricities of medical men, the author has given a rather amusing chapter of those medical Joe Millers, so widely "repandu" in society. We have failed in our search for an extract from this portion of the work, by discovering that the only anecdotes worth recording were already well known and oft-repeated ones. Those of Abernethy unite both evils, for they are as common as they are pointless. Indeed, whether we have been ourselves dosed "ad nauseam" by the mock wit brutalities of this person or not, we honestly confess that we have ever held him as cheap as a physician, as insipid as a sayer of good things. Abernethy's character as a wit, however, was for the most part acquired in the lecture-room; and very little experience of such an arena enables us to predict, that the smallest offering of the jocose is ever most gratefully acknowledged there.

The proverb of "little Latin for a priest" might well be coupled with little wit for a medical lecturer. Our very heart sinks at the remembrance of the scholastic jests in anatomy and surgery, to which we were doomed to listen each winter for five years of our student's existence. Of one little professor of Ophthalmic surgery we have a mournful memory to this day. Though happily removed from ear-shot of his piercing and shrill voice, and far from the scenes of his trite witticisms, yet so clear is our recollection of his pointless jests, and stingless severity, that we shudder at it even to this hour.

In the chapter upon the "early struggles" of eminent medical men, there is much to commend. No better examples for imitation can be held out to the younger members of the pro-

* While upon this subject, we cannot pass without remarking the perfection to which a Dublin Surgeon, Mr. L'Estrange, has brought the instrument for this operation. By his apparatus every possible objection to the lithotrite, as at first used, is completely got over; and while a greater degree of safety is secured to the patient, such a facility is afforded to the operator, that any commonly dexterous surgeon can now accomplish what before was a work requiring great practice and manual precision.

fession, than those selected by our author.

"Dr. Baillie was one of those whose success was greatly to be attributed to professional knowledge adorned with every private virtue. Minute anatomical knowledge had been too much disregarded by physicians of his day, and conceived necessary for those only who practised surgery. Dr. Baillie's comprehensive knowledge of anatomy, therefore, gave him immense superiority over those who were competing with him. Whenever more than the ordinary scientific precision was wanted, his opinion was resorted to; and the advantages which his anatomical skill afforded him, soon established his reputation among the better informed in his profession, as well as secured to him the confidence of the public. However unaccountable it may appear, yet it is not less true, that many physicians then in London were of opinion that his pre-eminence in anatomical knowledge, instead of establishing his fame as a practitioner, would be the means not only of impeding, but absolutely of frustrating his prosperity; and he was in consequence repeatedly advised to relinquish his anatomical pursuits.

"The celebrated Monro's success in life has been attributed to his habit of noting down cases; and we owe the works of the celebrated Dr. Parry, which exhibit a pure science seldom found in modern medical writings, to a similar practice. He says—'The great book of nature, which is alike open to all, and is incapable of deceiving, I have hourly read, and I trust not wholly in vain. During the first twelve or fourteen years of my professional life, I recorded almost every case which occurred to me, either in private practice or in the chief conduct of an extensive charity. When afterwards the multiplication of common examples seemed to me an unnecessary waste of inestimable time, which might be much more profitably employed, I contented myself with the more useful task of recording chiefly such cases, or, on occasions, such particular circumstances only of cases, as led to the establishment of principles. This I have done generally on the spot, or rarely deferred beyond the day of observation, always rejecting what, on repeated varied inquiry, I have not been able to verify.'"

We should be glad that our approval could extend farther; but, unfortunately, the spirit of the latter portion of this chapter is very different indeed.

"To succeed in the medical profession requires, on the part of the practitioner, in far the great majority of cases, a degree of chicanery and trickery, from which men of honourable and gentlemanly feelings naturally recoil.

"The 'tricks of the trade' are as numerous in medicine as in law; and he who has recourse to them the most, is the most successful man."

Here we are at complete issue with our author. There are doubtless cases where trick and charlatanism have succeeded in preference to true knowledge and scientific acquirements, but these cases, so far from being as he asserts, the great majority, are, on the contrary, the mere exceptions. We can readily conceive, in a profession whose followers are tested by individual successes, that a very inferior man may, from a happy casualty, obtain great momentary repute; but that unsupported by stronger claims upon the world, and unassisted by really sound views of his subject, he can for any length of time maintain an eminent position among medical men, we cannot believe.

As to the prejudices of the world regarding the habitudes of physicians, we go to the full extent with the work before us. Too much cannot be said upon the illiberality and unfairness of this feeling, and to such, and not, as he supposes, to any deficiency in manner, and want of worldly tact, may be attributed, in a great measure, the little of success which John Hunter experienced as a practising physician. Any taste for the fine arts, any leanings to literature, any knowledge of the more graceful accomplishments which render man's social hours lighter to himself, and more agreeable to his friends, are forbidden to the physician, under the heavy penalty of the world's displeasure. The sick man, or what is the same, "the Malade imaginaire," pays for the sympathy of his doctor, with pretty much the same notion of a bargain as he buys his sugar from his grocer. In the miserable guinea, often tendered with reluctance, he barter the egotism of self-complaining tediousness, for the encouraging smiles and bland assurances of his luckless physician. This, after all were fair enough, did it end here; but, alas, such is only the first step of his bondage, and nothing is too severe, nothing too illiberal to be said of the doctor, when the

hours of a painful and laborious day passed, should he either unbend in the lighter amusements of the world, or avail himself of the recreations which, to over-worked minds are almost a necessity of existence. No, no—we never can forgive the man who has listened to our narrative of gouty suffering or dyspeptic ill-temper, if he be seen the same evening enjoying himself at the opera, or the next morning breathing the free air of the hunting field.

In this respect the world nearly resembles the celebrated Mr. Pickwick, who cannot conceal his disgust at the duplicity of his lawyer, who actually saluted Sergeant Busfuz, and "asked him how he did." The sick man thinks I have bought him with a price; he is mine. It is not his skill, though he should have spent years in acquiring it—it is not his talent, though it should be pre-eminent—it is not his quickness and manual dexterity, though both be conspicuous. No—these I must have—but also I claim his sympathy for my suffering—his patience for my tediousness—his interest in my egotism. In a word, he is mine, hand and foot, to weep over my woes, to lament over my misfortunes, to comfort my weariness; and, worse than all, to enter into the ten thousand absurd and foolish suggestions which sickness and credulity fabricate, till the happy hour arrives for both, and the patient is pronounced cured, and the medical slave is manumitted. If this be supposed a strong view of the case, ask any of your medical friends if it be not a true one. We do not deny that the picture has a reverse. The warmest friendship, the most enduring gratitude, are in many cases the result of a medical man's intimacies; and we should say, no physician has ever gone through life, without feeling that to the exercise of his calling, he is indebted for the strongest and most lasting attachments he has found in the world.

The chapter on medical poets is of necessity a short one. Goldsmith's name alone stands conspicuous; for though Garth and Darwin have their beauties, yet we should never think of associating their names with those whose memories are linked to immortal verse.

"The man who can bring to the study of medicine a mind, patient and unwearied in the search after phenomena, and a disposition not to generalize too hastily, is likely to prove himself a suc-

cessful practitioner; but he, whose poetic and active imagination compels him to arrive at premature conclusions, after an insufficient consideration of data, is likely to be the very reverse of successful, when summoned to the bed-side of a patient.

"The poet is engaged in tracing resemblances between objects; and he who is engaged in the exercise of his judgment, in the search after truth, is mainly employed in discovering differences, in separating error from truth, and what is false from what is meretricious.

"Considered, then, as a question of organization, the man with a highly poetic temperament is not the best calculated to shine as a medical philosopher. On the same principle Locke maintains that a person with highly developed powers of wit, must necessarily be defective in judgment. The physiological explanation of the fact is this—one mental faculty is exercised to excess, and that energy which ought to be more generally distributed through the brain, the material instrument of mind, is concentrated to one portion of the sentient organ."

However the absorbing duties of a severe profession may accord with the distractions of lighter literature, they certainly but ill admit of any devotion to the muses who accept no divided allegiance. Hence it is that the medical men who have written poetry are much less remembered as physicians than poets, even though in the latter walk their success may not have been pre-eminent. The observations upon quackery we shall not discuss. The chapter on a similar subject by Millingen, in his "Curiosities of Medical Experience," is much more full, and contains an interesting account of that arch-humbler, homœopathy, of which our present author knows actually nothing. In the same way we should pass over the chapter which follows, entitled "How to get a Practice," were it not that our attention was particularly directed to it by an observation in the preface—"This chapter must be read in the spirit in which it is written. It is a satire," &c. Acting upon the injunction, we read the chapter through; but not feeling that the spirit moved us, we re-read it, hoping at length that some light might break upon our benighted imagination, and enable us to see where all around was "dark as Erebus;" but still we could perceive nothing, save that the author, following up the early error of his volume, persists in asserting that true knowledge and accurate information on the

subject of his profession is a very inferior passport to the 'world's favour when compared with trick, intrigue, and dishonesty. This we deny—utterly, plainly deny. We repeat what we have already said upon this subject—that instances do exist where inferior men have succeeded, aided by a happy conjunction of circumstances, arising from accidental acquaintance, powerful connection, or great talents in other walks. But such, after all, are the drops in the ocean—and never are, never can be in the ordinary train of events. We assert that "THE GREAT NAMES IN EVERY GREAT CITY IN EUROPE ARE THOSE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PROFESSORS OF THIS ART." We do not mean that no others are worthy of enjoying reputation and rank, but that they who stand prominently forward before the public, as acknowledged favourites, are, in every case, worthy the fame they enjoy, and have based the proud position they occupy upon a very different foundation from the charlatanism and knavery alluded to by our author.

If the chapter be a satire, then we can only say of it, as our illustrious countryman Tom Steel remarked of a stranger, who for some months inhabited his native city of Ennis, and was suspected by the curious of the neighbourhood to be a lord in disguise—"If so," quoth Tom, "he is the best disguised lord I ever met with." So say we of this chapter. So far from ridiculing the ridiculous pretensions it advances as passports to success, it appears not only to sanction but advise them.

"A physician should never affect ignorance of the cause of a complaint; he should place it in the pancreas, or pineal gland, if he has no other local habitation ready at the moment. He must also be always ready with an answer to every question that a lady puts to him; the chance is, that she will be satisfied with it; he must not care whether there be, or be not, a possible solution of it. A lady once asked her apothecary from what substance castor-oil was made; he, (more *au-fait* with the slang of the ring than with the science of botany, a hat or beaver being by the fancy termed a *castor*.) unembarrassed, said that it was made from the *beaver*! The lady was satisfied, and, no doubt, considered her medical adviser a quick and sensible gentleman. A patient was one day very anxious to know how long she should be ill; 'Madam,' replied the physician,

'that depends upon the duration of the disease.' 'I am much obliged to you, doctor, for your information,' was the patient's wise answer. Never readily acquiesce in anything your patient or the nurse should say. Old women are extremely fond of putting puzzling questions to the doctor; and, if he be not able or willing to explain the *modus operandi* of the medicines he may be exhibiting, or the nature of the ailment under which his patient may be labouring, ten to one but that the nurse attempts a solution of the mystery. 'My doctor,' we recollect hearing an elderly lady observe, 'always assents to whatever I say: I think he must be a great fool.' A physician should never omit to take his fee, unless he makes a practice of refusing the fees of clergymen; it is astonishing how the *aurum solidum* quickens his faculties. It is the laudable practice of many physicians of the present day to refuse fees while attending medical men. A celebrated Bath physician, upon not finding himself better for his own prescriptions, said, laughingly, to a friend one day, 'Come, I think I will give myself a fee; I am sure I shall do better then.' The doctor put his hand with great solemnity into his pocket, and passed over a guinea to the other. This had the desired effect. The same physician, on receiving the last fee he took in this world, a few days before his death, said, holding it up with streaming eyes to a friend who was near him, '*Ultimus Romanorum*, my good friend.'

"Once having obtained 'a name,' the medical practitioner, unless very deficient in a knowledge of his profession, may set the whole world at defiance. The very circumstance of his being engaged in extensive practice, will render him more qualified to discharge the duties which devolve upon him—

'Give ev'n a dunce the employment he desires,
And he soon finds the talent it requires;
A business, with an income at its heels,
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.'
Couper."

We do not really know whether to express more disgust at the vulgarity or pity for the total ignorance of the following:—

"It is a very fortunate circumstance for a physician to have a wife with powers of speech equal to that said to have been possessed by Alexander the Great. If she calls at a house to make a visit of ceremony or friendship, she must enlarge on her husband's numerous engagements, and superior abilities. This species of manœuvring is frequently suc-

cessful in large watering-places, where invalids resort for change of air and scene."

The chapter concludes with an assurance, that "no man of a properly constituted mind, could possibly have recourse to such illegitimate means of advancing himself in the world."

Here, then, at last, is the "one satiric touch," or at least that which gives the whole character of satire to the foregoing farrago of nonsense. Might it not have been as well, under all circumstances, to have omitted the enumeration of the arts which are deemed unworthy and unbecoming; or was it judged a skilful legislation to enumerate all the possible offences in the statute book, gilding them at the time with every plausible pretext, and finally observe, thou shalt not do this. But we forget, "this chapter is a satire"—so be it then, and such is not, therefore, the Tale of a Tub, nor Gulliver's Travels—"and must be read in the spirit in which it is written." Now this is really too hard a condition, and, considering how patiently we have endured all hitherto, a rather unfair demand upon our dulness, which may not prove as inexhaustible as required.

The second volume opens with an account of the Old College of Physicians, founded by Linaere in 1578.

"Prior to that event, the state of medical science was very low in England. It was only remarkable for ingenious hypothesis, unsupported by the evidence of facts, and for a credulous faith in astrological influence, equally visionary. The sweating sickness raged in London with great violence previous to the year 1518. The infected died within three hours after the appearance of the disease, and no effectual remedy was discovered. The administration of justice was suspended during its continuance, and the court removed from place to place with precipitation and fear.

"Half the people in some parts of the country were swept away, and the principal trade carried on was in coffins and shrouds; but even that, in the progress the plague, was generally abandoned. In London, vast sepulchral pits were prepared every morning, into which the victims were thrown promiscuously. The only sounds in the city during the day, were the doleful monotony of unceasing knells, and the lamentations of the tainted, deserted by their friends, crying from the windows to the passengers to pray for

them. The door of almost every house was marked with a red cross, the sign that the destroying angel had been there; and all night, as the loaded wheels of the death-waggons rolled along, a continual cry was heard of 'Bring out your dead.' To discover a remedy, or some mode of averting the recurrence of this terrible calamity, the king, at the suggestion of Dr. Linaere, was induced to establish the College of Physicians: among others mentioned in the charter, as the advisers of this beneficial institution, Cardinal Wolsey's name is particularly mentioned."

This portion of the work contains some very interesting biographical detail, and much curious anecdote. The following is from Nichol's Recollections of George II. :—

"Walpole says, that Lady Sandon's influence over Queen Caroline arose from her being possessed of the secret of her majesty's being afflicted with *hernia umbilicus*. This, from motives of delicacy, she had communicated to the mistress of the robes, Lady Sandon: she was even so imprudent as to conceal her disease from the medical men, who treated her for gout of the stomach. When the danger became imminent, concealment was impossible.

"Dr. Sands, an accoucheur, suggested that a cure might be effected by the injection of warm water. Dr. Mead entered a most positive protest against the experiment. Sir Edward Hulse was the only court physician who approved of the operation. At the time when the operation was performed, every wish to keep her majesty's malady a secret must have been abandoned; for the courtiers, both male and female, were assembled in the anti-chamber, waiting anxiously the event.

"The intestine was burst in the operation, and Dr. Sands and Sir Edward Hulse saw that the Queen must inevitably die of a mortification within a few hours. The only question which then remained for the two physicians to consider was, how they might get out of the palace before the unfortunate issue was known. They determined to say that the operation had succeeded. As soon as the two physicians came out of the Queen's chamber, and announced their success, the old Duke of Newcastle, who was among those who waited in the anti-chamber, ran up to Dr. Sands and hugged him, exclaiming, 'You dear creature, the nation can never sufficiently reward you for having saved the life of the most valuable woman in the world!' The doctor struggled to get away, ap-

prehensive that some of the ladies, who had gone in to the queen after the physicians had left her, might come out and disclose the truth."

The account of Fothergill is well written, and most interesting.

"Dr. Fothergill commenced the practice of his profession in 1740, in a house situated in White-heart Court, Lombard-street, where he continued the greater part of his life, and acquired and established both his fame and fortune.

"Dr. Fothergill was as distinguished for his charity, as for his medical skill. A physician of eminence, who had long been on a friendly footing with him, being under difficulties, and having a wife and several children to support, mentioned his distress to him, when, to his great satisfaction, Dr. Fothergill presented him with a draft upon his banker for £1000. Since his death it appears from his memoranda, that for the last twenty-five years his fees averaged £6700 per annum. Fothergill entertained high notions respecting the dignity of the profession he followed. Nothing (says Dr. Lettsom) hurt his feelings more, than an estimate of the medical profession, formed upon lucrative advantages. He was ever averse to speak of his pecuniary emoluments. 'My only wish,' he declared, 'was to do what little business might fall to my share, as well as possible, and to banish all thoughts of practising physic as a money-getting trade, with the same solicitude as I would the suggestions of vice or intemperance.' In a letter written several years afterwards, when he was in the receipt of a large professional income, he writes, 'I endeavour to follow my business, because it is my duty, rather than my interest; *the last is inseparable from a just discharge of duty*; but I have ever wished to look at the profits in the last place, and this wish has attended me ever since my beginning.' Again, he says, 'I wished most fervently, and I endeavour after it still, to do the business that occurred, with all the diligence I could, as a *present duty*, and endeavoured to repress any rising idea of *its consequences*—such a circumscribed unaspiring temper of mind, doing every thing with diligence, humility, and as in the sight of the God of healing, frees the mind from much unavailing distress and consequential disappointment.'

"We have already stated that charity was a predominant feature in Dr. Fothergill's character. It is stated that during the summer he retired to Lea Hall, in Cheshire. He devoted one day in every week to attendance at Middlewich, the

nearest market town, and gave his gratuitous advice to the poor. He assisted the clergy, not merely with his advice, but, on numerous occasions with his purse. On one occasion he was reproved by a friend for his refusal of a fee from a person who had attained a high rank in the church. 'I had rather (replied the doctor) return the fee of a gentleman whose rank I am not perfectly acquainted with, than run the risk of taking it from a man who ought, perhaps, to be the object of my bounty.' When he paid his last visit to patients in decayed circumstances, it was not unusual with him, under the appearance of feeling the pulse, to slip into their hand a sum of money, or a bank-note. In one instance this mode of donation is said to have conveyed £150. To the modest or proud poverty which shuns the light of observation, he was the delicate and zealous visitor; in order to preclude the necessity of acknowledgment, which is often painful to such minds, he would endeavour to invent some motive for his bounty, and hence afford to the receiver the pretensions of a claim, while the liberal donor appeared to be only discharging a debt."

The character given of this eminent physician by Cuming is very beautiful.

"He possessed a greater purity of manners, more self-government, and a more absolute command of his passions than any man I ever knew, who was constantly engaged in business, and a continued intercourse with the world. After saying thus much, I may be allowed to remark, that there was in his manner a *perpendicularity*, a certain *formality*, and *solemnity*, which checked, in some measure, the approach of strangers. He generally wore, indeed, on his countenance a smile—it was a smile of benignity and philanthropy, and to his patients it was a *hope-inspiring smile*.

'Seldom he laugh'd, and laugh'd in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be mov'd to laugh at any thing.'

"But all this I attribute to his having been initiated from his birth, and educated in the most rigid maxims of the religious society to which he belonged, of the propriety of which he was thoroughly convinced, and most strictly tenacious. Had he been a member of any other religious sect, this formality in his manner would not have appeared, the benevolence of his heart would have unfurled his features, relaxed them into a careless cordiality of aspect, and softened the rigour of austere virtues.

No man, I believe, that mixed with the world ever passed through life with fewer relaxations from duty, for the enjoyment of what is usually denominated pleasure. I could have wished him to have been less tenacious of some discriminating peculiarities, which in my opinion are indifferent; but he possessed a great degree of self-diffidence."

How strikingly do these few but graphic traits remind us of one who some time since passed away from amongst us, and who more than his equal in professional eminence resembled Fothergill most remarkably in temper and deportment.

In the chapter on literary and scientific medical men, we have the neglect with which the scientific members of the profession have been ever treated, well and ably put forward.

"It is lamentable to think how little encouragement is offered to medical men, in this country, to pursue with ardour their researches into the dominions of science.

"In England the members of the medical profession are compelled to devote nearly the whole of their attention to the practical part of medicine. Very few men commence the study of physic with a view of attempting to enlarge its scientific boundaries. Lucrative practice is the natural and great aim of most who enter the profession. A distinguished writer has observed, 'That the profession of medicine labours under peculiar disadvantages. The very multiplication of the opportunities of knowledge, so harasses and fatigues the feelings by the *practice* of the art, as often to afford little leisure or inclination to cultivate and extend the science.'

"Again, it must be borne in mind that the arts which, from the constitution of society, are deemed necessary for getting into practice, are totally at variance with the spirit of inquiry which would tend to promote the interests of medicine; whilst those who disdain these arts have no alternative, but must either enrol themselves in the already over-stocked ranks of medical teachers, or abandon the list altogether. This was the case with the late Dr. Wollaston, whose splendid talents were lost to medicine, because he could find no abiding place in it, suited to the peculiarities of his genius, disposition, and circumstances. He wanted bread in early life, and would gladly have entered upon the regular career of his profession, could he have done so by fair and honourable, straight-forward, and unbending methods; but he met with repeated

disappointments, which filled him with disgust, and induced him to form an unalterable resolution never to prescribe more. His attention was thenceforth turned wholly to natural science, forsaking what might then have been supposed a far more likely road to wealth, than that in which he amassed an ample fortune; nor was the case very different with the late Dr. Young, the most profound scholar and philosopher of the age in which we live. It is known that with all his indefatigable industry and zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, his means resulting from his professional practice and other sources, did not suffice him; much of his valuable time was wasted in anonymous authorship; and it was not until within the last ten years of his life that he enjoyed any thing like a competence, and that in the scanty emoluments afforded him by government as one of the secretaries of the Royal Society, and the then existing board of longitude.

"Such being the state of things in this country, we need not be surprised at Mr. Herschel's question, when speaking of the progress made in the science of chemistry by English philosophers: 'Who can tell us here,' says he, 'any thing about the sulphosalts? or of the laws of isomorphism? Who among us has verified Thenard's experiments on the oxygenated acids; or Oersted's and Berzelius's on the radicals of the earth; or Balard's and Serullas' on the combinations of brome?'

"They manage these things better in France. In that country the sciences and scientific men are encouraged and made comfortable: liberal allowance is provided for every member of the academies; and it is calculated that not less than one hundred thousands pounds is annually expended in pensions to men of science, of whose services, in various ways, ministers avail themselves. In France, titles of nobility and crowns of honour and merit are abundantly bestowed, and with the happiest effect. The late Dupuytren had the dignity of baron conferred upon him; and the same honour was paid to Larrey. The present king conferred the legion of honour upon Biett, Lallemand, Andral, and Chomel; thus demonstrating at once his respect for the science, and the professors of medicine."

So truly is this the case, that were it not an invidious task, we could cite the names of men, discoverers in the highest walks of those sciences upon which the healing art is founded, pursuing with toil and labour, and at considerable cost, the objects of their study, and deriving less of reward

either in fame or money than a third rate country practitioner or a town apothecary. The public, you will say, have no way either of testing the abilities, or rewarding the talents of this class of men. True, perfectly true; but the government has—and not only has the power, but it is a part of its duty—a duty that is gladly and proudly exercised in every country of the continent. Look at the professorships nobly endowed in France; look at the rewards conferred upon Blumenbach, Meckel, Tiedemann, Graefe, Langanbeck, and others in Germany. The man who abroad devotes his time and talents to the laborious pursuit of science in his cabinet, in preference to the more healthful and inspiring duties of a practising physician, is not, by adopting the severer career, neglecting the more profitable. His government is able and willing to reward his services, and they never go unrequited. Not so with us, for all the benefits to accrue to one's children, and all the worldly advantages and consideration to one's self, better far to be the humblest apothecary that ever bestrode a ten pound hackney, "arising for his half-crown fee," than the enlightened discoverer of a subtle analysis or the inventor of a remedy which may confer lasting blessings upon mankind.

The remaining portion of the work is for the most part occupied by short biographical sketches of eminent living physicians and surgeons—many of them sufficiently interesting, and all written in a fair and candid spirit, equally removed from any attempt at unveiling the decorum of private life, or any evidence of gratifying individual preferences. Having trespassed so far already in these remarks, we shall only select one sketch for our extract, and that rather from the unhappy share of public attention and notoriety to which the individual has been for some time past exposed, than from any intrinsic merits he may lay claim to:—

"Sir James Clark enjoys the high honour of being principal physician to Queen Victoria. This eminent man is the son of a highly respectable gentleman who farmed a large estate in the county of Banffshire, where the subject of this sketch was born. After receiving the elements of education in his native town, Sir James was sent to Edinburgh, where he studied under the first medical profes-

sors attached to that celebrated school of medicine. He was remarkable, during his residence in this city, for his assiduity, and the unremitting attention which he paid to the medical classes; and the advancement he made in a knowledge of his profession did credit to his industry and talent. After graduating, he obtained the appointment of travelling physician to a nobleman, with whom he, in the year 1817, visited different parts of the continent, and finally, in 1819, settled at Rome. It was during his early residence there, that he manifested that great skill in the treatment of consumptive diseases, which has rendered his name so justly eminent as a 'lung doctor.' He brought himself into notice by his having cured several cases of pulmonary disease, which had baffled the skill of the faculty resident in England, and he was consequently consulted by numerous patients, who had resorted to Italy in the hope of being benefitted by its salubrious climate and change of air. In a short period Sir J. Clark, then Dr. Clark, became so eminent for his success in the management of these cases, that many patients, particularly among the English nobility, visited Rome for the purpose of placing themselves under his professional care. In consequence of his unparalleled success in curing consumption, and other affections of the lungs, many of the most distinguished of the English nobility and gentry, signed a requisition requesting Sir James to leave Rome, where he was occupied in large practice, and to settle in London; promising, if he complied with their wishes, to do their utmost to bring him into immediate practice. Urged by their solicitations, he was induced, much against his own feelings, and the expressed wishes of a numerous class of patients, by whom he was much beloved, to start for England; and having arrived in this country, he commenced practice in London, relying upon the support of those who had induced him to embark in the career of a London physician.

"Prior to the demise of the late king, Sir J. Clark was physician to the Duchess of Kent. When the Princess Victoria ascended the throne, Sir J. Clark was requested by her majesty to make out a list of the physicians and surgeons, ordinary and extraordinary to the court, and submit it to her for approval. He accordingly obeyed the command of her majesty. Though Sir H. Hallford had been principal physician to William IV., and was Lord Melbourne's private physician, his name stood second or third on the list; and Sir J. Clark, because of his professional connection with the

Duchess of Kent, thought himself justified in placing his own name first. Sir H. Halford considering, from the position which he had held for so long a time in the medical profession, as well as from the circumstance of his being President of the College of Physicians, that he was fully entitled to be nominated as the queen's principal physician, had an interview with Lord Melbourne on the subject, who promised to mention the matter to her majesty, as well as to Sir James Clark. He accordingly did so, and Sir J. Clark's reply was, that he had no personal feeling in the matter—that he had a high respect for Sir H. Halford's eminent professional talents, and he had no objection to his name being placed at the head of the list, and if that was agreed to, his name should stand at the bottom. The subject was brought under the notice of her majesty, both by the prime minister and by Sir J. Clark; and the queen expressed her resolute determination to have her wishes complied with. She observed, 'As I am now queen, I expect that my views and private feelings should be consulted. Sir J. Clark has always been my physician, and shall remain so, in spite of every opposition, from whatever quarter it may originate.'

"Finding that it was useless further to oppose the queen, Sir H. Halford withdrew his claim—Lord Melbourne bowed submission to the royal mandate—and Sir J. Clark was officially gazetted as the principal physician to the court.

"The late painful transaction connected with Lady Flora Hastings, has brought Sir James Clark's name prominently before the public, he having been much censured for the part which he has been represented to have taken in that delicate business. It is not our intention to vindicate the course which her majesty, and those connected with her, thought proper to adopt with reference to the lady in question; but we do think that the public, and particularly the press, has been a little too precipitate in passing judgment on the Queen's physician. The statement already published, it must be remembered, is but of an *ex parte* nature, and should consequently be viewed with suspicion. That Lady Flora has clearly and nobly vindicated her character cannot for one moment be questioned. The breath of calumny cannot affect her in the estimation of her family, her friends, or the public, whatever painful emotions the circumstance alluded to may excite in her own mind.

"Suspensions of a singular nature were afloat in the palace for some time before any communication was made to Sir J.

Clark. When he was requested to notice the circumstance, he properly cautioned the parties to be guarded in what they said, as there were many diseases productive of such appearances, which were calculated to mislead those unacquainted with medical matters. When the subject was mentioned to her majesty, she considered that it was incumbent on her to notice it; and accordingly commanded Sir James Clark to communicate to Lady Flora her majesty's suspicion that she had been—to use the Queen's own language—'privately married.' Lady Flora indignantly repelled the insinuation she at once saw was conveyed in such courtly phraseology; and the result of the delicate investigation that ensued, proved the utter groundlessness of the report which gave rise to her majesty's surmise. The particulars of this unpleasant affair have acquired a publicity which, for the sake of all parties, it would have been more discreet to have suppressed; and to which we should not here allude, were it not to express our opinion that no blame can be justly imputed to Sir J. Clark for the part he took in the transaction; and, had it not been his anxious wish to avoid doing any thing to compromise the queen, he would, long ere this, have vindicated himself from the aspersions levelled against his character."

Had the writer of these volumes confined himself to a strictly biographical notice of the Court Physician, we should certainly have passed him by as we have done other and better men, in this chapter, but having, as he has done, ventured upon something like a defence of Sir James Clarke's conduct in the "late disgraceful affair," we cannot permit ourselves, by treating it with silence, to appear to concur in any of the observations made upon this business. "Save me from my friends," might well be Sir James' exclamation on reading it, for, even his own unfortunate attempt at exculpation included, a more miserable defence could scarcely be conceived. In his zeal for his friend, he has unfortunately proved too much; far more indeed than poor Sir James himself could ever have dreamed of. "When he was requested to notice the circumstance"—that of Lady Flora's increased size—"he very properly cautioned the parties to be guarded in what they said, as there were many diseases productive of such appearances which were calculated to mislead those unacquainted with medical matters."—Now this is the very thing Sir James

Clarke *did not do*. Not only did he omit this very plain and palpable line of duty, but he absolutely adopted its opposite, assuming all the suppositions of the "ladies" as true, and totally forgetting that "there were many diseases productive of such appearances as are calculated to mislead those unacquainted with medical matters," he took, most philosophically, the very least probable view of his patient's case; the one least supported by symptoms, the most repugnant to the well known character of Lady Flora, and finally, that which to a man of honour and character would only occur when every other possible supposition had been carefully canvassed and rejected.

The fatal dilemma that presses upon Sir James has no outlet of escape: Either that, as a medical man, he betrayed gross ignorance of his art, in rashly assuming as certain, a most dubious and difficult case, or what we suspect he would be very far from preferring, that knowing the real state of mat-

ters he pandered to the base and unmanly scandals that were propagated in the palace to gratify the lovers of mischief and court intrigue, and now that the matter is over, attempts a lame and miserable defence—it being "his anxious wish"—we quote the words of the volume before us—"to avoid doing anything to compromise the Queen, or he would, long ere this, have vindicated himself from the aspersions levelled against his character."

Call you this backing your friends? Of ourselves we can only say, that we should prefer any neglect, any indifference, any lukewarmness, almost any enmity itself, to the cruel infliction of such friendship.

We have done—"Physic and Physicians" so attractive to us from its title, has sadly disappointed our expectations; and we can only say, that however thankful for the intention of the author, we have much to regret in the manner of his volumes.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. XLVII.—A SURPRISE.

It was late upon the following day ere I awoke from the long deep sleep that closed my labours in Strasbourg. In the confusion of my waking thoughts, I imagined myself still before a crowded and enthusiastic audience—the glare of the foot-lights—the crash of the orchestra—the shouts of "*L'Auteur*," "*L'Auteur*," were all before me, and so completely possessed me, that, as the waiter entered with hot water, I could not resist the impulse to pull off my night-cap with one hand, and press the other to my heart in the usual theatrical style of acknowledgments for a most flattering reception. The startled look of the poor fellow, as he neared the door to escape, roused me from my hallucination, and awakened me to the conviction that the suspicion of lunacy might be a still heavier infliction than the personation of Monsieur Meerberger.

With thoughts of this nature, I assumed my steadiest demeanour—ordered my breakfast in the most orthodox fashion—eat it like a man in his senses; and when I threw myself back in the wicker conveniency they called a caleche, and bade adieu

to Kehl, the whole fraternity of the inn would have given me a certificate of sanity before any court in Europe.

"Now for Munich," said I, as we rattled along down the steep street of the little town. "Now for Munich, with all the speed that first of postmasters and slowest of men, the Prince of Tour and Taxes, will afford us."

The future engrossed all my thoughts—and puzzling as my late adventures had been to account for, I never for a moment reverted to the past. "Is she to be mine?" was the ever-rising question in my mind. The thousand difficulties that had crossed my path might long since have terminated a pursuit where there was so little of promise, did I not cherish the idea in my heart that I was fated to succeed. Sheridan answered the ribald sneers of his first auditory, by saying, "Laugh on; but I have it in me, and by — it shall come out." So I whispered to myself—Go on, Harry. Luck has been hitherto against you, it is true; but you have yet one throw of the dice, and something seems to say, a fortunate one in store; and, if so—but I cannot trust myself with such anti-

pations. I am well aware how little the world sympathises with the man whose fortunes are the sport of his temperament—that April-day frame of mind is ever the jest and scoff of those harder and sterner natures, who, if never overjoyed by success, are never much depressed by failure. That I have been cast in the former mould, these Confessions have, alas! plainly proved; but that I regret it, I fear also, for my character for sound judgment, I must answer "No."

"Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light for ever flying,"

is, doubtless, very pretty poetry, but very poor philosophy. For myself—and some glimpses of sunshine this fair world has afforded me, fleeting and passing enough, in all conscience—and yet I am not so ungrateful as to repine at my happiness, because it was not permanent—as I am thankful for those bright hours of "Love's young dream," which, if nothing more, are at least delightful souvenirs. They form the golden thread in the tangled web of our existence, ever appearing amid the darker surface around, and throwing a fair halo of brilliancy on what, without it, were cold, bleak, and barren. No, no—

"The light that lies
In woman's eyes,"

were it twice as fleeting—as it is ten times more brilliant—than the forked lightning, irradiates the dark gloom within us for many a long day after it has ceased to shine upon us. As in boyhood it is the humanizing influence that tempers the fierce and unruly passions of our nature, so in manhood it forms the goal to which all our better and higher aspirations tend, telling us there is something more worthy than gold, and a more lofty pinnacle of ambition than the praise and envy of our fellow-men; and we may rest assured, that when this feeling dies within us, that all the ideal of life dies with it, and nothing remains save the dull reality of our daily cares and occupations. "I have lived and have loved," saith Schiller; and if it were not that there seems some tautology in the phrase, I should say, such is my own motto. If Lady Jane but prove true—if I have really succeeded—if in a word —. But why speculate upon such chances?

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what pretensions have I?—what reasons to look for such a prize? Alas! and alas! were I to catechise myself too closely, I fear that my horse's heads would face towards Calais, and that I should turn my back upon the only prospect of happiness I can picture to myself in this world. In reflections such as these, the hours rolled over, and it was already late at night when we reached the little village of Merchem. While fresh horses were being got ready, I seized the occasion to partake of the *table d'hôte* supper of the inn, at the door of which the diligence was drawn up. Aroud the long, and not over-scrupulously clean table, sat the usual assemblage of a German "*Eilwagen*"—smoking, dressing salad, knitting, and occasionally picking their teeth with their forks, until the soup should make its appearance. Taking my place amid this motly assemblage of mustachioed shopkeepers and voluminously-petticoated frows, I sat calculating how long human patience could endure such companionship, when my attention was aroused by hearing a person near me narrate to his friend the circumstances of my *debut* at Strasbourg, with certain marginal notes of his own, that not a little surprised me.

"And so it turned out not to be Meerberger, after all," said the listener.

"Of course not," replied the other. "Meerberger's passport was stolen from him in the diligence by this English *escroc*, and the consequence was, that our poor countryman was arrested, the other passport being found upon him; while the Englishman, proceeding to Strasbourg, took his benefit at the opera, and walked away with above twelve thousand florins."

"Sappermint," said the other, tossing off his beer. "He must have been a clever fellow, though, to lead the orchestra in the *Franc Macons*."

"That is the most astonishing part of all; for they say in Strasbourg that his performance upon the violin was far finer than Paganini's; but there seems some secret in it after all; for Madame Baptiste swears that he is Meerberger; and in fact the matter is far from being cleared up—nor can it be till he is apprehended."

"Which shall not be for some time to come," said I to myself, as, slipping noiselessly from the room, I regained my "*caleche*," and in ten minutes more was proceeding on my journey. So much for correct information, thought I. One thing, however, is certain—to

the chance interchange of passports I owe my safety, with the additional satisfaction that my little German acquaintance is reaping a pleasant retribution for all his worry and annoyance of me in the *coupé*.

Only he who has toiled over the weary miles of a long journey—exclusively occupied with one thought—one overpowering feeling—can adequately commiserate my impatient anxiety as the days rolled slowly over on the long tiresome road that leads from the Rhine to the south of Germany.

The morning was breaking on the fourth day of my journey, as the tall spires of Munich rose to my view, amid the dull and arid desert of sand that city is placed in. At last! was my exclamation, as the postillion tapped at the window with his whip, and then pointed towards the city. At last! Oh! what would be the extacy of my feelings now, could I exchange the torturing anxieties of suspense for the glorious certainty my heart throbs for; now my journey is nearing its end, to see me claim as my own what I now barely aspire to, in the sanguine hope of a heart that *will* not despair. But cheer up, Harry—it is a noble stake you play for, and it is ever the bold gambler that wins. Scarcely was this reflection made half aloud, when a sudden shock threw me from my seat. I fell towards the door, which, bursting open, launched me out upon the road, at the same moment that the broken axle-tree of the caleche had upset it on the opposite side, carrying one horse along with it, and leaving the other, with the postillion on his back, kicking and plunging with all his might. After assisting the frightened fellow to dismount, and having cut the traces of the restive animal, I then perceived that in the *melee* I had not escaped scatheless. I could barely stand; and, on passing my hand upon my instep, perceived I had sprained my ankle in the fall. The day was only breaking—no one was in sight—so that after a few minutes' consideration, the best thing to do, appeared to get the other horse upon his legs, and despatching the postillion to Munich, then about three leagues distant, for a carriage, wait patiently on the roadside for his return. No sooner was the resolve made than carried into execution; and in less than a quarter of an hour from the moment of the accident, I was seated upon the bank, watching the retiring figure of the postillion, as

he disappeared down a hill on his way to Munich. When the momentary burst of impatience was over, I could not help congratulating myself that I was so far fortunate in reaching the end of my journey ere the mischance befell me. Had it occurred at Stuttgart, I really think that it would have half driven me distracted.

I was not long in my present situation till a number of peasants, with broad-brimmed hats, and many buttoned coats, passed on their way to work. They all saluted me respectfully; but although they saw the broken carriage, and might well guess at the nature of my accident, yet not one ever thought of proffering his services, or even indulging curiosity, by way of inquiry. "How thoroughly German," thought I; "these people are the Turks of Europe, stupefied with tobacco and 'starkes bier.' They have no thought for any thing but themselves and their own immediate occupations." Perceiving, at length, one whose better dress and more intelligent look bespoke a rank above the common, I made the effort with such "platt deutsch" as I could muster, to ask if there were any house near, where I could remain till the postillion's return? and learned, greatly to my gratification, that by taking the path which led through a grove of pine trees near me, I should find a chateau; but who was the proprietor he knew not; indeed the people were only newly come, and he believed were foreigners—English he thought. Oh, how my heart jumped as I said, "can they be the Callonbys? are they many in family? are there ladies—young ladies among them?" He knew not. Having hastily arranged with my new friend to watch the carriage till my return, I took the path he showed me, and, smarting with pain at every step, hurried along as best I could towards the chateau. I had not walked many minutes, when a break in the wood gave me a view of the old mansion, and at once dispelled the illusion that was momentarily gaining upon me. "They could not be the Callonbys." The house was old; and though it had once been a fine and handsome structure, exhibited now abundant traces of decay; the rich cornices which supported the roof had fallen in many places, and lay in fragments upon the terrace beneath; the portico of the door was half tumbling; and the architraves of the windows were broken and dismantled; the tall and

once richly ornamented chimneys were bereft of all their tracery, and stood bolt upright in all their nakedness; above the high pitched roof. A straggling jet d'eau was vigorously fighting its way amid a mass of creeping shrubs and luxuriant lichens, that had grown around and above a richly carved fountain, and fell in a shower of sparkling dew upon the rank grass and tall weeds around. The gentle murmur was the only sound that broke the stillness of the morning.

A few deities in lead and stone, mutilated and broken, stood like the genii loci, guarding the desolation about them, where an old, superannuated peacock, with drooping, ragged tail, was the only living thing to be seen. All bespoke the wreck of what once was great and noble, and all plainly told me that such could not be the abode of the Callonbys.

Half doubting that the house were inhabited, and half scrupling, if so, to disturb its inmates from their rest, I sat down upon the terrace steps, and fell into a fit of musing on the objects about. That strange propensity of my countrymen to settle down in remote and unfrequented spots upon the Continent, had never struck me so forcibly; for although unquestionably there were evident traces of the former grandeur of the place, yet it was a long past greatness; and in the dilapidated walls, broken statues, weed-grown walls, and dark and tangled pine grove, there were more hints for sadness than I should willingly surround myself by in a residence. The harsh grating of a heavy door behind roused me; I turned and beheld an old man in a species of tarnished and worm-eaten livery, who, holding the door, again gazed at me with a mingled expression of fear and curiosity. Having briefly explained the circumstances which had befallen me, and appealed to the broken caleche upon the road to corroborate a testimony that I perceived needed such aid, the old man invited me to enter, saying that his master and mistress were not risen, but that he would himself give me some breakfast, of which by this time I stood much in want. The room into which I was ushered, corresponded well with the exterior of the house. It was large, bleak, and ill-furnished—the ample, uncurtained windows, the cold, white-panelled walls, the uncarpeted floor, all giving it an air of uninhabitable misery. A few chairs of the Louis-quatorze taste, with blue

velvet linings, faded and worn, a cracked marble table upon legs that once had been gilt; two scarcely detectable portraits of a mail-clad hero, and a scarcely less formidable fair, with a dove upon her wrist, formed the principal articles of furniture in the dismal abode, where so "*triste*" and depressing did every thing appear, that I half regretted the curiosity that had tempted me from the balmy air and cheerful morning without to the gloom and solitude around me.

The old man soon re-appeared with a not despicable cup of "*Café noir*," and a piece of bread as large as a teaspoon, and used by the Germans pretty much in the same way. As the adage of the "*gift horse*" is of tolerably general acceptance, I eat and was thankful, mingling my acknowledgments from time to time with some questions about the owners of the mansion, concerning whom I could not help feeling curious. The ancient servitor, however, knew little or nothing of those he served; his master was the honourable baron; but of his name he was ignorant; his mistress was young; they had not been many months there; they knew no one—had no visitors—he had heard they were English, but did not know it himself; they were "*gute leute*," "*good people*," and that was enough for him. How strange did all this seem, that two people, young, too, should separate themselves from all the attractions and pleasures of the world, and settle down in the dark and dreary solitude, where every association was of melancholy, every object a text for sad reflections. Lost in these thoughts I sat down beside the window, and heeded not the old man as he noiselessly left the room. My thoughts ran on over the strange phases in which life presents itself, and how little, after all, external influences have to do with that peace of mind whose origin is within. The Indian, whose wigwam is beside the cataract, heeds not its thunders, nor feels its sprays as they fall in everlasting dews upon him; the Arab of the desert sees no bleakness in those never-ending plains, upon whose horizon his eye has rested from childhood to age. Who knows but he who inhabits this lonely dwelling may have once shone in the gay world, mixing in its follies, tasting of its fascination; and to think that now—the low murmurs of the pine tops, the gentle rustle of the water through the rank grass, and my own thoughts com-

biuing, overcame me at length, and I slept—how long I know not ; but when I awoke, certain changes about showed me that some length of time had elapsed ; a gay wood fire was burning on the hearth ; an ample breakfast covered the table ; and the broad sheet of the *Times* newspaper was negligently reposing in the deep hollow of an arm-chair. Before I had well thought how to apologise for the cool *insouciance* of my intrusion, the door opened, and a tall, well-built man entered ; his shooting-jacket and gaiters were evidence of his English origin, while a bushy moustache and most ample “Henri quatre” nearly concealed features that still were not quite unknown to me ; he stopped, looked steadily at me, placed a hand on either shoulder, and calling out, “Harry—Harry Lorrequer, by all that’s glorious!” rushed from the room in a transport of laughter.

If my escape from the gallows depended upon my guessing my friend, I should have submitted to the last penalty of the law : never was I so completely nonplussed. Confound him, what does he mean by running away in that fashion. It would serve him right were I to decamp by one of the windows before he comes back ; but, hark ! some one is approaching.

“I tell you I cannot be mistaken,” said the man’s voice from without.

“Oh, impossible !” said a lady-like accent that seemed not heard by me for the first time.

“Judge for yourself—though certainly the last time you saw him may confuse your memory a little.”

“What the devil does he mean by that,” said I, as the door opened, and a very beautiful young woman came forward, who, after a moment’s hesitation, called out—

“True, indeed, it is Mr. Lorrequer, but he seems to have forgotten me.”

The eyes, the lips, the tone of the voice, were all familiar. What ! can it be possible ? Her companion, who had now entered, stood behind her, holding his sides with ill-suppressed mirth ; and at length called out—

“Harry, my boy, you scarcely were more discomposed the last morning we

parted, when the yellow plush——”

“By Jove it is,” said I, as I sprang forward, and seizing my fair friend in my arms, saluted upon both cheeks my quondam flame, Miss Kainworth, now the wife of my old friend Jack Waller, of whom I have made due mention in an early chapter of these Confessions.

Were I given a muster-roll of my acquaintance to say which of them might inhabit this deserted mansion, Jack Waller would certainly have been the last I should have selected—the gay, lively, dashing, high-spirited Jack, fond of society, dress, equipage, living greatly in the world, known to and liked by every body, of universal reputation. Did you want a cavalier to see your wife through a crush at the opera, a second in a duel, a rider for your kicking horse in a stiff steeple-chase, a bow-oar for your boat at a rowing-match, Jack was your man. Such, then, was my surprise at finding him here, that although there were many things I longed to inquire about, my first question was—

“And how came you here ?”

“Life has its vicissitudes,” replied Jack, laughing ; “many stranger things have come to pass than my reformation. But, first of all, let us think of breakfast ; you shall have ample satisfaction for all your curiosity afterwards.”

“Not now, I fear ; I am hurrying on to Munich.”

“Oh ! I perceive ; but you are aware that—your friends are not there.”

“The Callonbys not at Munich !” said I, with a start.

“No ; they have been at Saltzburgh, in the Tyrol, for some weeks ; but don’t fret yourself, they are expected to-morrow in time for the court masquerade ; so that until then at least you are my guest.”

Overjoyed at this information, I turned my attention towards madame, whom I found much improved ; the *embonpoint* of womanhood had still farther increased the charms of one who had always been handsome ; and I could not help acknowledging that my friend Jack was warrantable in any scheme for securing such a prize.

CHAP. XLVIII.—JACK WALLER’S STORY.

THE day passed quickly over with my newly-found friends, whose curiosity to learn my adventures since we parted,

anticipated me in my wish to learn theirs. After an early dinner, however, with a fresh log upon the hearth,

a crusty flask of red hermitage before us, Jack and I found ourselves alone, and at liberty to speak freely together.

"I scarcely could have expected such would be our meeting, Jack," said I, "from the way we last parted."

"Yes, by Jove, Harry; I believe I behaved but shabbily to you in that affair; but the 'Love and War,' you know; and besides we had a distinct agreement drawn up between us."

"All true; and after all you are perhaps less to blame than my own miserable fortune that lies in wait to entrap and disappoint me at every turn in life. Tell me, what do you know of the Callonbys?"

"Nothing personally; we have met them at dinner; a visit passed subsequently between us, '*et voila tout*;' they have been scenery hunting, picture hunting, and all that sort of thing since their arrival, and rarely much in Munich; but how do you stand there?—to be, or not to be—eh?"

"That is the very question of all others I would fain solve; and yet am in most complete ignorance of all about it; but the time approaches which must decide all. I have neither temper nor patience for further contemplation of it; so here goes; success to the enterprise."

"Or," said Jack, tossing off his glass at the moment, "or, as they would say in Ireland, 'your health and inclinations, if they be virtuous.'"

"And now, Jack, tell me something of your own fortunes since the day you passed me in the post-chaise and four."

"The story is soon told. You remember that when I carried off Mary, I had no intention of leaving England whatever: my object was, after making her my wife, to open negotiations with the old colonel, and after the approved routine of penitential letters, imploring forgiveness, and setting forth happiness only wanting his sanction to make it heaven itself, to have thrown ourselves at his feet, '*selon les regles*,' sobbed, blubbered, blew our noses, and dressed for dinner, very comfortable inmates of that particularly snug residence, 'Hydrabad Cottage.' Now, Mary, who behaved with great courage for a couple of days, after that got low-spirited and depressed; the desertion of her father, as she called it, weighed upon her mind, and all my endeavours to rally and comfort her were fruitless and unavailing. Each day, however, I expected to hear something of, or

from the colonel, that would put an end to this feeling of suspense; but no—three weeks rolled on, and although I took care that he knew of our address, we never received any communication. You are aware that when I married, I knew Mary had, or was to have, a large fortune; and that I myself had not more than enough in the world to pay the common expenses of our wedding tour. My calculation was this—the reconciliation will possibly, what with delays of post, distance, and deliberation, take a month—say, five weeks—now, at forty pounds per week, that makes exactly two hundred pounds—such being the precise limit of my exchequer, when, blessed with a wife, a man, and a maid, three imperials, a cap-case, and a poodle, I arrived at 'The Royal Hotel,' in Edinburgh. Had I been Lord Francis Egerton, with his hundred thousand a-year, looking for a new 'distraction' at any price; or, still more—were I a London shopkeeper, spending a Sunday in Boulogne-sur-Mer, and trying to find out something expensive, as he had only one day to stay, I could not have more industriously sought out opportunities for extravagance, and each day contrived to find out some two or three acquaintances to bring home to dinner. And, as I affected to have been married for a long time, Mary felt less *gêne* among strangers, and we got on famously. Still the silence of the colonel weighed upon her mind, and although she partook of none of my anxieties from that source, being perfectly ignorant of the state of my finances, she dwelt so constantly upon this subject, that I at length yielded to her repeated solicitations, and permitted her to write to her father. Her letter was a most proper one; combining a dutiful regret for leaving her home, with the hope that her choice had been such as to excuse her rashness, or, at least, palliate her fault. It went to say, that her father's acknowledgment of her was all she needed or cared for, to complete her happiness, and asking for his permission to seek it in person. This was the substance of the letter, which, upon the whole, satisfied me, and I waited anxiously for the reply. At the end of five days the answer arrived. It was thus:—

"DEAR MARY,—You have chosen your own path in life, and having done so, I have neither the right nor inclination to interfere with your decision; I shall neither receive you nor the

person you have made your husband ; and to prevent any further disappointment, inform you, that as I leave this to-morrow, any future letters you might think proper to address, will not reach me.—Your's very faithful,

C. KAMWORTH.

“ ‘Hydrabad Cottage.’ ”

“ This was a tremendous coup, and not in the least anticipated by either of us ; upon me the effect was stunning, knowing, as I did, that our fast diminishing finances were nearly expended. Mary, on the other hand, who neither knew nor thought of the exchequer, rallied at once from her depression, and after a hearty fit of crying, dried her eyes, and putting her arm round my neck, said—

“ ‘ Well, Jack, I must only love you the more, since papa will not share any of my affection.’ ”

“ ‘ I wish he would his purse though,’ muttered I, as I pressed her in my arms, and strove to seem perfectly happy.

“ I shall not prolong my story by dwelling upon the agitation this letter cost me ; however, I had yet a hundred pounds left, and an aunt in Harley-street, with whom I had always been a favourite. This thought, the only rallying one I possessed, saved me for the time ; and as fretting was never my forte, I never let Mary perceive that any thing had gone wrong, and managed so well in this respect, that my good spirits raised her's, and we set out for London one fine sunshiny morning, as happy a looking couple as ever travelled the north road.

“ When we arrived at the ‘Clarendon,’ my first care was to get into a cab, and drive to Harley-street. I rung the bell ; and not waiting to ask if my aunt was at home, I dashed up stairs to the drawing-room ; in I bolted, and instead of the precise old Lady Lilford, sitting at her embroidery, with her fat poodle beside her, beheld a strapping-looking fellow, with a black moustache, making fierce love to a young lady on the sofa beside him.

“ ‘ Why, how is this—I really—there must be some mistake here.’ In my heart I knew that such doings in my good aunt's dwelling were impossible.

“ ‘ I should suspect there is, sir,’ drawled out he of the moustache, as he took a very cool survey of me, through his glass.

“ ‘ Is Lady Lilford at home, may I

ask,’ said I, in a very apologetic tone of voice.

“ ‘ I haven't the honour of her ladyship's acquaintance,’ replied he in a lisp, evidently enjoying my perplexity, which was every moment becoming more evident.

“ ‘ But this is her house,’ said I, ‘ at least—’ ”

“ ‘ Lady Lilford is at Paris, sir,’ said the young lady, who now spoke for the first time. ‘ Papa has taken the house for the season, and that may perhaps account for your mistake.’ ”

“ What I muttered by way of apology for my intrusion, I know not ; but I stammered—the young lady blushed—the beau chuckled, and turned to the window, and when I found myself in the street, I scarcely knew whether to laugh at my blunder, or curse my disappointment.

“ The next morning I called upon my aunt's lawyer, and having obtained her address in Paris, sauntered to the ‘Junior Club,’ to write her a letter before post-hour. As I scanned over the morning papers, I could not help smiling at the flaming paragraph which announced my marriage to the only daughter and heiress of the Millionaire, Colonel Kamworth. Not well knowing how to open the correspondence with my worthy relative, I folded the paper containing the news, and addressed it to ‘Lady Lilford, Hotel de Bristol, Paris.’ ”

“ When I arrived at the ‘Clarendon,’ I found my wife and her maid surrounded by cases and band-boxes ; laces, satins and velvets were displayed on all sides, while an emissary from ‘Storr and Mortimer’ was arranging a grand review of jewellery on a side table, one half of which would have ruined the Rajah of Mysore to purchase. My advice was immediately called into requisition ; and pressed into service, I had nothing left for it, but to canvass, criticise, and praise, between times, which I did, with a good grace, considering that I anticipated the ‘Fleet’ for every flounce of Valenciennes lace ; and could not help associating a rich diamond *aigrette*, with hard labour for life, and the climate of New South Wales—the utter abstraction I was in, led to some awkward *contre-temps* ; and as my wife's enthusiasm for her purchases increased, so did my reverie gain ground.

“ ‘ Is it not beautiful, Jack?—how

delicately worked—it must have taken a long time to do it.

“‘Seven years,’ I muttered, as my thoughts ran upon a very different topic.

“‘Oh, no—not so much,’ said she laughing; ‘and it must be such a hard thing to do.’

“‘Not half so hard as carding wool, or pounding oyster shells.’

“‘How absurd you are. Well, I’ll take this, it will look so well in—’

“‘Botany Bay,’ said I, with a sigh that set all the party laughing, which at last roused me, and enabled me to join in the joke.

“As at length one half of the room became filled with millinery, and the other glittered with jewels and bijouterie, my wife grew weary with her exertions, and we found ourselves alone.

“When I told her that my aunt had taken up her residence in Paris, it immediately occurred to her, how pleasant it would be to go there too; and although I concurred in the opinion for very different reasons, it was at length decided we should do so; and the only difficulty now existed as to the means—for though the daily papers teem with ‘four ways to go from London to Paris,’ they all resolved themselves into one, and that one, unfortunately to me, the most difficult and impracticable—by money.

“There was, however, one last resource open—the sale of my commission. I will not dwell upon what it cost me to resolve upon this; the determination was a painful one, but it was soon come to, and before five o’clock that day, Cox and Greenwood had got their instructions to sell out for me, and had advanced a thousand pounds of the purchase. Our bill settled—the waiters bowing to the ground—(it is your ruined man that is always most liberal)—the post-horses harnessed, and impatient for the road, I took my place beside my wife, while my valet held a parasol over the soubrette in the rumble, all in the approved fashion of those who have an unlimited credit with Coutts and Drummond; the whips cracked, the leaders capered, and with a patronizing bow to the proprietor of the ‘Clarendon,’ away we rattled to Dover.

“After the usual routine of sickness, fatigue, and poisonous cookery, we reached Paris on the fifth day, and put up at the ‘Hotel de Londres,’ Place Vendome.

“To have an adequate idea of the state of my feelings as I trod the splendid apartments of this princely hotel, surrounded by every luxury that wealth can procure, or taste suggest, you must imagine the condition of a man who is regaled with a sumptuous banquet on the eve of his execution. The inevitable termination to all my present splendour, was never for a moment absent from my thoughts, and the secrecy with which I was obliged to conceal my feelings, formed one of the greatest sources of my misery. The coup, when it does come, will be sad enough, and poor Mary may as well have the comfort of the deception as long as it lasts, without suffering as I do. Such was the reasoning by which I met every resolve to break to her the real state of our finances, and such the frame of mind in which I spent my days at Paris—the only really unhappy ones I can ever charge my memory with.

“We had scarcely got settled in the hotel, when my aunt, who inhabited the opposite side of the ‘Place,’ came over to see us, and wish us joy. She had seen the paragraph in the *Post*, and like all other people, with plenty of money, fully approved a match like mine.

“She was delighted with Mary, and despite the natural reserve of the old maiden lady, became actually cordial, and invited us to dine with her that day, and every succeeding one we might feel disposed to do so. So far so well, thought I, as I offered her my arm to see her home; but if she knew of what value even this small attention is to us, am I quite so sure she would offer it?—however, no time is to be lost; I cannot live in this state of hourly agitation; I must make some one the confidante of my sorrows, and none so fit as she who can relieve as well as advise upon them. Although such was my determination, yet somehow I could not pluck up courage for the effort. My aunt’s congratulations upon my good luck, made me shrink from the avowal; and while she ran on upon the beauty and grace of my wife, topics I fully concurred in, I also chimed in with her satisfaction at the prudential and proper motives which led to the match. Twenty times I was on the eve of interrupting her, and saying, ‘But, madam, I am a beggar—my wife has not a shilling—I have absolutely nothing—her

father disowns us—my commission is sold, and in three weeks the 'Hotel de Londres' and the 'Palace Royale' will be some hundred pounds the richer, and I without the fare of a cab, to drive me to the Seine to drown myself.

"Such were my thoughts; but whenever I endeavoured to speak them, some confounded fulness in my throat nearly choked me; my temples throbbed, my hands trembled, and whether it was shame, or the sickness of despair, I cannot say; but the words would not come, and all that I could get out was some flattery of my wife's beauty, or some vapid eulogy upon my own cleverness in securing such a prize. To give you, in one brief sentence, an idea of my state, Harry—know then, that though loving Mary with all my heart and soul, as I felt she deserved to be loved, fifty times a day I would have given my life itself that you had been the successful man, on the morning I carried her off, and that Jack Waller was once more a bachelor, to see the only woman he ever loved, the wife of another.

"But this is growing tedious, Harry; I must get over the ground faster. Two months passed over at Paris, during which we continued to live at the 'Londres,' giving dinners, soirees, dejeuners, with the prettiest equipage in the 'Champs Elysees,' we were quite the mode; my wife, which is rare enough for an Englishwoman, knew how to dress herself. Our evening parties were the most recherche things going, and if I were capable of partaking of any pleasure in the eclat, I had my share, having won all the pigeon-matches in the Bois de Boulegard, and beat Lord Henry Seymour himself in a steeple chase. The continual round of occupation in which pleasure involves a man, is certainly its greatest attraction—reflection is impossible—the present is too full to admit any of the past, and very little of the future; and even I, with all my terrors awaiting me, began to feel a half indifference to the result in the manifold cares of my then existence. To this state of fatalism, for such it was becoming, had I arrived, when the vision was dispelled in a moment, by a visit from my aunt, who came to say, that some business requiring her immediate presence in London, she was to set out that evening, but hoped to find us in Paris on her return. I was

thunderstruck at the news, for, although as yet I had obtained no manner of assistance from the old lady, yet I felt that her very presence was a kind of security to us, and that in every sudden emergency, she was there to apply to. My money was nearly expended; the second and last instalment of my commission was all that remained, and much of even that I owed to trades-people. I now resolved to speak out—the worst must be known, thought I, in a few days—and now or never be it. So saying, I drew my aunt's arm within my own, and telling her that I wished a few minutes' conversation alone, led her to one of the less frequented walks in the Tuilleries gardens. When we had got sufficiently far to be removed from all listeners, I began then—my dearest aunt, what I have suffered in concealing from you so long, the subject of my present confession, will plead as my excuse in not making you sooner my confidante.' When I had got thus far, the agitation of my aunt was such, that I could not venture to say more for a minute or two. At length she said, in a kind of hurried whisper, 'go on;' and although then I would have given all I possessed in the world to have continued, I could not speak a word.

"Dear John, what is it—any thing about Mary—for heaven's sake speak.'

"Yes, dearest aunt, it is about Mary, and entirely about Mary.'

"Ah, dear me, I feared it long since; but then, John, consider she is very handsome—very much admired—and—'

"That makes it all the heavier, my dear aunt; the prouder her present position, the more severely will she feel the reverse.'

"Oh, but surely, John, your fears must exaggerate the danger.'

"Nothing of the kind—I have not words to tell you.'

"Oh dear, oh dear; don't say so," said the old lady blushing, 'for though I have often remarked a kind of gay, flirting manner she has with men, I am sure she means nothing by it—she is so young, and so—'

"I stopped, stepped forward, and looking straight in my aunt's face, broke out into a fit of laughter, that she, mistaking for hysterical from its violence, nearly fainted upon the spot.

"As soon as I could sufficiently recover gravity to explain to my aunt her mistake, I endeavoured to do so; but

so ludicrous was the *contre temps*, and so ashamed the old lady for her gratuitous suspicions, that she would not listen to a word, and begged me to return to her hotel. Such an unexpected turn to my communication routed all my plans, and after a very awkward silence of some minutes on both sides, I mumbled something about our expensive habits of life, costly equipage, number of horses, &c., and hinted at the propriety of retrenchment.

"Mary rides beautifully," said my aunt, drily.

"Yes; but my dear aunt, it was not exactly of that I was going to speak, for, in fact—"

"Oh, John," said she interrupting, "I know your delicacy too well to suspect; but, in fact, I have myself perceived what you allude to, and wished very much to have some conversation with you on the subject."

"Thank God," said I to myself, "at length, we understand each other—and the ice is broken at last."

"Indeed, I think I have anticipated your wish in the matter; but as time presses, and I must look after all my packing, I shall say good by for a few weeks, and in the evening Jepsou, who stays here, will bring you *what I mean*, over to your hotel; once more, then, good by."

"Good by, my dearest, kindest friend," said I, taking a most tender adieu of the old lady. "What an excellent creature she is," said I, half aloud, as I turned towards home—"how considerate, how truly kind—to spare me too all the pain of explanation. Now I begin to breathe once more. If there be a flask of Johannisberg in the '*Londres*,' I'll drink your health this day, and so shall Mary;" so saying, I entered the hotel with a lighter heart, and a firmer step than ever it had been my fortune to do hitherto.

"We shall miss the old lady, I'm sure, Mary, she is so kind."

"Oh! indeed she is; but then, John, she is *such* a prude."

"Now I could not help recurring in my mind to some of the conversation in the Tuilleries garden, and did not feel exactly at ease."

"Such a prude, and so very old-fashioned in her notions."

"Yes, Mary," said I, with more gravity than she was prepared for, "she is a prude; but I am not certain that in foreign society, where less liberties are tolerated than in our country, if such a bearing be not wiser."

What I was going to plunge into, heaven knows, for the waiter entered at the moment, and presenting me with a large and carefully sealed package, said, '*de la part de mi ladi Lilfore*,'—"but stay, here comes, if I am not mistaken, a better eulogy upon my dear aunt, than any I can pronounce."

"How heavy it is," said I to myself, balancing the parcel in my hand. "There is no answer," said I aloud to the waiter, who stood as if expecting one.

"The servant wishes to have some acknowledgment in writing, sir, that it has been delivered into your own hands."

"Send him here then," said I.

"Jepsou entered,—'well, George, your parcel is all right, and here is a Napoleon to drink my health.'"

"Scarcely had the servants left the room, when Mary, whose curiosity was fully roused, rushed over, and tried to get the packet from me; after a short struggle, I yielded, and she flew to the end of the room, and tearing open the seals, several papers fell to the ground; before I could have time to snatch them up, she had read some lines written on the envelope, and turning towards me, threw her arms around my neck, and said, 'yes, Jack, she is, indeed, all you have said; look here,' I turned and read—with what feeling I leave to you to guess—the following:—

"DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE,—the enclosed will convey to you, with my warmest wishes for your happiness, a ticket on the Francfort Lottery, of which I inclose the scheme. I also take the opportunity of saying that I have purchased the Hungarian pony for Mary—which we spoke of this morning. It is at Johnston's stable, and will be delivered on sending for it."

"Think of that, Jack, the Borghese pony, with the silky tail; mine—Oh! what a dear good old soul; it was the very thing of all others I longed for, for they told me the princess had refused every offer for it."

"While Mary ran on in this strain, I sat mute and stupified; the sudden reverse my hopes had sustained, deprived me, for a moment, of all thought, and it was several minutes before I could rightly take in the full extent of my misfortunes."

"How that crazy old maid, for such, alas, I called her to myself now, could have so blundered all my meaning—how she could have so palpably have mistaken, I could not conceive; what a remedy for a man overwhelmed with

debt—a ticket in a German lottery, and a cream-coloured pony, as if my whole life had not been one continued lottery, with every day a blank; and as to horses, I had eleven in my stables already. Perhaps she thought twelve would read better in my schedule, when I, next week, surrendered as insolvent.

“Unable to bear the delight, the childish delight of Mary, on her new acquisition, I rushed out of the house, and wandered for several hours in the Boulevards. At last I summoned up courage to tell my wife. I once more turned towards home, and entered her dressing-room, where she was having her hair dressed for a ball at the Embassy. My resolution failed me—not now, thought I—to-morrow will do as well—one night more of happiness for her, and then—I looked on with pleasure and pride, as ornament after ornament, brilliant with diamonds and emeralds, shone in her hair, and upon her arms, still heightened her beauty, and lit up with a dazzling brilliancy her lovely figure. But it must come—and whenever the hour arrives—the reverse will be fully as bitter; besides I am able now—and when I may again be so, who can tell—now then be it, said I, as I told the waiting-maid to retire; and taking a chair beside my wife, put my arm round her.

“‘There John dearest, take care; don’t you see you’ll crush all that great affair of Malines lace, that Rosetta has been breaking her heart to manage this half hour.’

“‘Et puis,’ said I.

“‘Et puis. I could not go to the ball, naughty boy. I am bent on great conquest to-night; so pray don’t mar such good intentions.’

“‘And you should be greatly disappointed were you not to go.’

“‘Of course I should; but what do you mean; is there any reason why I should not? You are silent, John—speak—oh, speak—has any thing occurred to my—’

“‘No, no, dearest—nothing that I know has occurred to the Colonel.’

“‘Well then, who is it? Oh tell me at once.’

“‘Oh my dear, there is no one in the case but ourselves;’ so saying, despite the injunction about the lace, I drew her towards me, and in a few words, but as clearly as I was able, explained all our circumstances—my endeavour to better them—my hopes—

my fears—and now my bitter disappointment, if not despair.’

“The first shock over, Mary showed not only more courage, but more sound sense than I could have believed. All the frivolity of her former character vanished at the first touch of adversity; just, as of old, Harry, we left the tinsel of our gay jackets behind, when active service called upon us for something more sterling. She advised, counseled, and encouraged me by turns; and in half an hour the most poignant regret I had was, in not having sooner made her my confidante, and checked the progress of our enormous expenditure somewhat earlier.

“I shall not now detain you much longer. In three weeks we sold our carriages and horses, our pictures, (we had begun this among our other extravagances,) and our china followed; and under the plea of health set out for Baden; not one among our Paris acquaintances ever suspecting the real reason of our departure, and never attributing any monied difficulties to us—for we paid our debts.

“The same day we left Paris, I dispatched a letter to my aunt, explaining fully all about us, and suggesting that as I had now left the army for ever, perhaps she would interest some of her friends—and she has powerful ones—to do something for me.

“After some little loitering in the Rhine, we fixed upon Heese Cassel for our residence. It was very quiet—very cheap. The country around picturesque, and last but not least, there was not an Englishman in the neighbourhood. The second week after our arrival brought us letters from my aunt. She had settled four hundred a year upon us for the present, and sent the first year in advance; promised us a visit as soon as we were ready to receive her; and pledged herself not to forget when an opportunity of serving me should offer.

“From that moment to this,” said Jack, “all has gone well with us. We have, it is true, not many luxuries, but we have no wants, and better still, no debts. The dear old aunt is always making us some little present or other; and somehow I have a kind of feeling that better luck is still in store; but faith, Harry, as long as I have a happy home, and a warm fireside, for a friend when he drops in upon me, I scarcely can say that better luck need be wished for.”

"There is only one point, Jack, you have not enlightened me upon; how came you here? You are some hundred miles from Hesse, in your present chateau."

"Oh! by Jove, that was a great omission in my narrative; but come, this will explain it; see here"—so saying, he drew from a little drawer a large lithographic print of a magnificent castellated building, with towers and bastions, keep, moat, and even draw-bridge, and the walls bristled with cannon, and an eagled banner floated proudly above them.

"What in the name of the Sphynxes is this?"

"There, said Jack, is the Schloss von Eberhausen; or, if you like it in English, Eberhausen Castle, as it was the year of the deluge; for the present mansion that we are now sipping our wine in bears no very close resemblance to it. But to make the mystery clear, this was the great prize in the Francfort lottery, the ticket of which my aunt's first note contained, and which we were fortunate enough to win. We

have only been here a few weeks, and though the affair looks somewhat meagre, we have hopes that in a little time, and with some pains, much may be done to make it habitable. There is a capital *chasse* of some hundred acres; plenty of wood and innumerable rights, seignorial, manorial, &c., which, fortunately for my neighbours, I neither understand, nor care for; and we are therefore, the best friends in the world. Among others I am styled the *graf* or count."

"Well, then, Monsieur Le Comte, do you intend favouring me with your company at coffee this evening; for already it is ten o'clock; and considering my former claim upon Mr. Lorrequer, you have let me enjoy very little of his society."

We now adjourned to the drawing-room, where we gossipped away till past midnight; and I retired to my room, meditating over Jack's adventures, and praying in my heart, that despite all his mischances, my own might end as happily.

PAWN-BROKING IN IRELAND.

MR. BARRINGTON'S SUGGESTIONS.—CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF LIMERICK.

A WORK like ours, undertaking to present its readers with a living picture of all events of public moment occurring in the land from whence it proceeds, would inadequately discharge its functions, if it did not sometimes call attention to other matters than the sickening details of popular crime and ministerial connivance, which form the necessary materials of every true statement of Irish politics. It is with no small pleasure that we turn from the dreary and revolting subjects, with which we are too often forced to employ our pen, to enjoy for a few moments with our readers, the refreshing privilege of contemplating one of the most remarkable and singularly useful institutions which a spirit of improvement, of benevolence, and true patriotism have for many years succeeded in establishing in Ireland. It is true that the charitable pawn office erected by Matthew Barrington in the city of Limerick, is but a small and isolated local institution; but we observe in it the beginning of a complete and noble revolution in the system whereby our charitable establishments are now supported, and we regard the

success of the sagacious experiment with an interest proportioned to the grandeur of the results which are likely to flow from it. The abuses which have long abounded in the trade of pawn-broking in Ireland, and the disastrous consequences to which even its strictly legal exercise too often leads, have for years furnished the press of this country with great and ample matter of complaint. At the petition of Matthew Barrington, Esq. in the year 1838, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the state of pawn-broking in Ireland; the evidence accumulated by which, exhibits a mass of abuse and mal-operation, which cries aloud for corrective legislation. It is not our purpose, however, to speculate upon the immediate alterations which will probably be effected in the conduct of the trade, but to notice briefly the valuable suggestions of Mr. Barrington, which, if adopted and carried out, will eventually overturn and utterly destroy the present fabric, with all its crooked passages and dark recesses, and erect in its stead a system of perfect symmetry, beauty, and usefulness.

We have before us "an address to the inhabitants of Limerick, by Matthew Barrington, Esq., on the opening of the *Mont de Piété*, a charitable pawn office for the support of Barrington's hospital in that city." The title of this pamphlet sufficiently expresses its subject, and that upon which we purpose for a few minutes to dwell. In the course of its perusal we have tested the accuracy of Mr. Barrington's calculations, by frequent reference to the minutes of the evidence taken before the select committee of the House of Commons; and the consequence is, that we have been compelled to admit as incontrovertible the truth of statements which at first sight appeared so extraordinary and so startling, as to transcend all belief. In the year 1831 the "city of Limerick infirmary" was opened, and by the act of Geo. IV. entitled "an act for the management and direction of the hospital founded by Joseph Barrington and his sons, in the city of Limerick," its governors are incorporated as the governors of Barrington's hospital and city of Limerick infirmary. The extensive usefulness of this institution is best proved by the following brief report:—

"Since its opening, on the 5th Nov. 1831, there were admitted, Interns, 1288.
 Discharged cured . . . 876
 Relieved 284
 Died 89
 Incurable 6
 Remaining under treatment 33

—1,288

"Externs prescribed for, relieved and supplied with medicine in the infirmary, 43,640.

"During the prevalence of cholera in 1833, the governors having allowed the hospital to be used for persons afflicted with that disease, 1,537 were admitted, of whom 986 were discharged cured, and above 1,000 externs were relieved."

Mr. M. Barrington's address proceeds to say—

"I trust that the public are now fully aware of the very great benefit which the hospital has conferred upon the poor of Limerick, since its opening in the year 1831, especially during the prevalence of cholera in 1833; but little do they know the extent to which applications for admission are daily increasing, and how frequently the governors are obliged (from the insufficiency of the funds at their disposal) to refuse admission to deserving objects.

"The difficulties which the governors have had to encounter in procuring adequate funds for its support, though aided by donations, some subscriptions, and collections in the churches and chapels of this city and its liberties, and their anxiety to extend its benefits by adding to the number of intern patients, (for which there is ample accommodation,) have led me to inquire by what means similar establishments have been supported in other parts of Europe.

"The result of these inquiries satisfactorily proves the utility of the *Monts de Piété*, and that the principal hospitals in France, Italy, Germany, and other parts of the Continent are sustained out of their profits."

Mr. Barrington then enters upon an historical inquiry into the origin and progress of these institutions—an investigation by no means devoid of interest. To Italy, it appears, belongs the honour of their first establishment, and in the course of the fifteenth century they had obtained a permanent footing in nearly all the principal cities of that country. Other nations soon perceived the advantages of these loan funds, which, having taken root in the south, gradually spread towards the north of Europe, and in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were received into Germany, Holland and France.

As the arrangements of the *Mont de Piété* established in Bordeaux, closely resemble those adopted for the regulation of his own institution by Mr. Barrington, we here insert them along with his observations.

"The *Monts de Piété* were soon established in every part of France, and the regulations for raising the capital at Bourdeaux are worthy of attention, for by the Ordinance of 1804 & 6, it is provided that—

"The capital of the establishment is to be £24,000, to be raised by shares or loans; eight per cent. interest to be paid to lenders, and the property of the hospitals to become security to them: this capital to be divided into single shares of £160, which may be sub-divided into half shares. The shareholder's certificate shall be transferable by endorsement, but all transfers must be registered at the *Mont de Piété*. Shareholders may, at the end of three years, withdraw the amount of their shares, on giving three months' notice. The profits are to be divided into two equal shares—one to belong to the hospitals, the other to the shareholders. The portion belonging to the

hospitals to be applied first to the completing the necessary number of shares, until the subscribed sum shall thus have been made to amount to the above sum of £24,000; it is next to be applied to the payment of such shareholders as may wish to withdraw; then to the purchase of the shares of the other holders, who shall be bound to receive back their subscribed principal sums, according to the order of their shares, which shall be determined by lot: thus eventually the whole of the shares will belong to the hospitals.

“ Trustees of charities may lend the funds of their establishments, and receive eight per cent. as above; but they shall be bound to receive back their principal, when all private shareholders shall have been paid off.

“ The same regulations applied to the guardians of the estates of minors, the committee of lunatics, and the treasurers of municipal and other corporations.

“ Persons wishing to leave monies at the *Mont de Piété* for safe keeping, shall receive transferable tokens of credit, and such interest as may be agreed upon between the owners and the governors of the establishment, &c. &c.

“ This institution had the effect of banishing pauperism from Bourdeaux and its neighbourhood.

“ Within a few years the shares of the subscribers of the original fund (all of whom received eight per cent. per annum) were bought up by the fructification of the funds, which, pending the whole of this period, supported all the necessary charities at Bourdeaux.

“ From the same fund, with the assistance of some donations, the hospital in that city, said to be the finest in Europe, has been lately completed and endowed.

“ All former pawnbrokers' establishments were superseded, and the funds of the new institutions are lent on pledges, or personal security, to humble persons, but only to those of good character and industrious habits. The interest of the money paid by borrowers (deducting the expenses of management) is applied to the benefit of the community at large, in charities and public works.”

Mr. Barrington goes on to comment generally upon the operations of these excellent institutions:—

“ It may not be uninteresting to observe the effect of these institutions:—By them Frederick the Great reclaimed Silesia. Most of the great public buildings in Europe—hospitals, aqueducts, bridges, &c.—have been completed out of their

surplus profits. In Tuscany and Bavaria their condition is most flourishing, and in the Low Countries they exist to the number of at least one hundred and sixteen. In a word, it is by the agency of such institutions that the hospitals on the continent are chiefly supported.”

“ And now, with regard to the British dominions, we shall find that these are the only countries of Europe in which lending money on pledges is allowed for private advantage exclusively, and in which the profits are not applied to some charitable or public purpose; and although various efforts have been from time to time made by the legislature to regulate the rate of interest, still it is found impossible to prevent the most dreadful excess in the charges. I admit pawnbroking to be an evil, but knowing, at the same time, that it is one which cannot be avoided, I propose (what is the next best thing to its suppression) to apply the profits of the trade to charitable and useful purposes.”

He then proceeds to lay before his readers a succinct account of the several failures of the attempts made by the legislature of England to introduce the system; but this we omit, in order at once to arrive at the most interesting, and by far the most curious part of the tract—one which, as our readers will soon perceive, contains a statement of facts, nothing short of *astounding*:—

“ Having stated to you the history of the lending-houses, let me add a word on the present system of pawnbroking. It cannot have escaped your observation how frequently the distress and improvidence of the poor compel them to have recourse to pawnbrokers, and that the advances they thus receive are made at a rate of interest ruinously usurious. It may be said that the rate of interest is regulated by law, as by the 26th Geo. III. c. 43, (Irish statute,) pawnbrokers are allowed to take £25 per cent. per annum, besides the allowance for duplicate tickets. This is on the supposition that the pledge is not redeemed before the expiration of a month; but the practice is otherwise, as the most distressed persons frequently redeem the pledges within the week. It is a common habit to deposit some article of apparel on the Monday morning, which is redeemed on Saturday night, to enable the individual to make a decent appearance on the Sabbath. But as the lowest charge of interest by that act (and the amendment

thereof, 28th Geo. III. c. 29) is for a month, and as it is the habit to redeem in a week, the charge, including the price of the duplicate, (without calculating compound interest, or the interest on a shilling where only a fractional part is given, and for which interest is charged as if the entire shilling had been lent,) will amount in the cases of those in the greatest

want, to £650 per cent. per annum, and for every £100 lent by the pawn-brokers in shilling loans, redeemed in the week, at compound interest, it will amount to the almost incredible sum of £45,690 7s. 0½d.!!!!* per cent. per annum, which is paid by the poorest and most wretched class.

* One shilling lent and received in the week by a Pawnbroker, pays the same as if for a month, viz. :—

	per Week.	per Month.	per Year.
One Shilling pays per Week ½d. interest and 1d. for Duplicate, is . .	£ s. d. 0 0 1½	£ s. d. 0 0 6	£ s. d. 0 6 6
One Pound lent in shillings pays 10d. interest, and 1s. 8d. for Duplicates, is,	0 2 6	0 10 0	6 10 0
One Hundred Pounds lent in shillings pays £4 3s. 4d. interest, & £8 6s. 8d. Duplicates, is	12 10 0	50 0 0	650 0 0

CALCULATION OF £100, LENT AS ABOVE, FOR FIFTY-TWO WEEKS, VIZ. :

Weeks.	Principal in hand each week, viz. :—	Makes Interest, &c., Receivable.	Weeks.	Principal in hand each week, viz. :—	Makes Interest, &c., Receivable.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1	100 0 0	12 10 0	27	2137 15 11½	267 4 5½
2	112 10 0	14 1 3	28	2405 0 5	300 12 6½
3	126 11 3	15 16 4½	29	2705 12 11½	338 4 1½
4	142 7 7½	17 15 11½	30	3043 17 1	380 9 7½
5	160 3 7½	20 0 5½	31	3424 6 8½	428 0 10
6	180 4 1½	22 10 6	32	3852 7 6½	481 10 11½
7	202 14 7½	25 6 9½	33	4333 18 5½	541 14 9½
8	228 1 5½	28 10 2½	34	4875 13 3½	609 9 1½
9	256 11 7½	32 1 5½	35	5485 2 5	685 12 9½
10	288 13 1	36 1 7½	36	6170 15 2½	771 6 10½
11	324 14 8½	40 11 10	37	6942 2 1½	867 15 3
12	365 6 0½	45 13 3½	38	7809 17 4½	976 4 8
13	410 19 10½	51 7 5½	39	8786 2 0½	1098 5 3
14	462 7 4	57 15 11	40	9884 7 3½	1235 10 10½
15	520 3 3	65 0 4½	41	11119 18 2	1389 19 9½
16	585 3 7½	73 2 11½	42	12509 17 11	1563 14 8½
17	658 6 7½	82 5 9½	43	14073 12 8	1759 4 1
18	740 12 5	92 11 6½	44	15832 16 9	1979 2 1
19	833 3 11½	104 2 11½	45	17811 18 10	2226 9 10½
20	937 6 11½	117 3 4½	46	20038 8 8	2504 16 1
21	1054 10 3½	131 16 3½	47	22553 4 9½	2817 18 1
22	1186 6 6	148 5 9½	48	25361 2 10½	3170 2 10½
23	1334 12 4½	166 16 6½	49	28531 5 8½	3566 8 2½
24	1501 8 11	187 13 6½	50	32097 13 11	4013 4 2½
25	1689 2 5½	211 2 9½	51	36109 18 1½	4513 14 9½
26	1900 5 3½	237 10 7½	52	40618 12 11	5076 14 1½

Thus, One Hundred Pounds lent in *Shillings* and received Weekly, would, at compound interest, in one year, amount to the sum of £45,690 7s. 0½d.

"Here it will not be irrelevant to look to the state of the charities in Ireland, and their means of support, with a view to the establishment of charitable loan or pawn-offices throughout the country.

"There is no record kept of the number of medical charities in Ireland; but I find from Surgeon Phelan's excellent book on the subject, and from other sources, that they may be thus enumerated:—

Dublin Hospitals, (exclusive of several lying-in hospitals and ophthalmic institutions lately established)	7
County and other infirmaries*	38
Fever hospitals, including three in Dublin	64
Dispensaries	528
District lunatic asylums, including the Cork asylum	11
Total	648

"The annual expenditure may thus be estimated:—

Dublin hospitals	£28,701
County and other infirmaries	26,426
Fever hospitals	13,607
Dispensaries	60,000
District lunatic asylums	22,965
To this may be added, for the medical business of work-houses, and lunatic asylums connected with them	10,000
Total	£161,699

I do not include the institutions *entirely* supported by subscriptions, as some lying-in and ophthalmic institutions, for which may be added £14,000.

"The sources from which this expenditure is supplied are:—

Government grants to county and city infirmaries	£2,653
Parliamentary grants to Dublin hospitals	14,374
County presentments	82,839
Subscriptions and donations	39,078
Petit sessions and other fines	1,742
Produce of property belonging to several hospitals†	23,225
Total	£163,911

"I have endeavoured to ascertain the number of pawnbrokers in Ireland, and allowing their profits to average £900 a-year each, (which I am informed by persons in that trade to be a moderate calculation, as in the large cities great fortunes are realised,) and averaging the number from the books of the Marshal of Dublin, where the returns are required by law to be made, and on the calculation of those not returned, and those who have several offices, the lowest number may be calculated at 700 pawnbrokers, which, at £900 each, is £630,000

Deduct present expenses of all the charitable establishments of Ireland—hospitals, infirmaries, poor-houses, dispensaries, lunatic asylums, &c.	163,911
	£467,911

Leaves a surplus of near half a million, which may be applied in extending the benefits of these useful institutions, and establishing convalescent hospitals, besides saving to the public a large annual grant, to the counties and towns a heavy tax, and relieving from the unequal burthen of their subscriptions the charitable persons by whom (though not always the most wealthy) those establishments are at present chiefly supported.

"But if to this surplus be added the amount of all fines, penalties, forfeited recognizances, &c. which are now almost unproductive in this country, (and which, on the continent, are applied to the support of the poor,) the amount, if properly collected, may fairly be estimated at £32,089, making the whole £500,000. After supporting, as is seen, all the medical charities, this sum would go far in preventing the necessity of poor laws, by supporting the aged and infirm, and affording employment to a large portion of the labouring population of the country.

"Such an institution, the permanent utility of which has been experienced on the Continent, is proposed to be founded in this city, under the guidance and direction of the governors of 'Barrington's hospital,' to be called the 'Charitable Loan-Bank,' and the necessary buildings for which have been already prepared.

"It is further proposed that the required capital shall be raised by debentures, varying in amount from five to one

* In the "Meath Hospital and County of Dublin Infirmary," and in "Barrington's Hospital and City of Limerick Infirmary," the Surgeons and Physicians act gratuitously, and the government grant is applied to the general support of these institutions. In all other county and city infirmaries the grant is paid to the surgeons.

† The capital now in government security under the management of the commissioners of charitable bequests, exceeds 106,000.

hundred pounds each, bearing interest at six per cent.

"That the profits of the establishment shall, in the first instance, (after defraying the expenses) be applied in paying the interest of the capital lent, and the surplus profits to be divided in equal shares, *one* in paying off the debentures, and the *other*, (and when the debentures are paid, the *whole*.) in the maintenance and extending the benefits of the hospital, the funds of which would be thus so much increased, that the governors could enlarge the sphere of its utility, not only in giving relief and comfort to the sick and indigent, but in assisting them after their recovery or during their convalescence. It cannot have escaped the observation of those who attend a public hospital, that there occur many circumstances of distress to be relieved, besides the cause for which patients are admitted. Many persons are obliged to relinquish their trades, having consumed what they possessed in the hope of relief, and run into difficulties from which they are unable to extricate themselves; and how frequently does it happen that they are unavoidably dismissed from the hospital in a weak and infirm state, to return (perhaps to a large and wretched family) without the means of support, or strength to seek employment, and often without a home; and thus frequently causing a relapse, or establishing a diseased and weak constitution. No small proportion of our commonest, and eventually most fatal diseases, are caused by the insufficient nutriment of convalescents. Dropsies, scrofulous diseases, and scurvy, are all imputable to the same pre-disposing cause. The benefits which may be insured, by more wholesome diet of the sick and convalescent are incalculable.

"These are not speculative refinements, but truths drawn from experience and reality, and it is obvious that they must be felt with accumulated severity by such as have families dependent on

them for support. Is not then the power of affording relief to such objects most desirable.

"By the means proposed, benevolent persons will assist in a work of charity, without any injury to themselves, as the rate of interest is greater than they could receive in the public funds; the profits of such an establishment will ensure ample security, and being merely lenders of the sums for which they take debentures, they incur no responsibility, nor have they any share in an establishment conducted under the direction of the governors of the hospital, who are a corporate body, and not individually responsible. Tradesmen and other persons may take debentures of even five pounds, and receive nearly double the amount of interest now received in the Savings' Bank, and be at all times enabled to raise money on such debentures, as they will be received as pledges, and money lent thereon.

"The advantages of this establishment will be:—

"1st. The raising a capital by small debentures at a certain interest, and lending it on a greater interest, and applying the profits to the purposes of charity.

"2dly. Receiving the debentures in pawn, thus giving to the depositors an advantage which they do not possess in the savings' bank.

"3dly. Lending money at interest to poor persons of unimpeachable character and industrious habits, on personal security, as is done by the loan-banks.

"4thly. Lending money on goods, as is now done by the ordinary pawn-brokers,

"5thly. In case of deserving objects, to restore the article, such as implements of trade pawned in the hour of *real* want, without interest or charge.

"6thly. Using every precaution against receiving stolen goods in pawn."

We subjoin the following general report:—

MONT DE PIETÉ, LIMERICK, OPENED MARCH 17, 1837.

General Report, May 31, 1838, from the commencement, 1837, March 17th.

PAWN ACCOUNT.

DATE.	Pledges in Store.	Total Received Pledges.	Pledges Grand Total.	Pledges Released.	Pledges Remain.
	1838.			Total.	Gr. Total.
Brought forward from Dec. 1837.		77,179		58,804	18,375
1838—January...	18,375	6,755	25,130	5,432	19,698
February..	19,698	6,157	25,855	5,965	19,890
March.....	19,890	7,431	27,321	7,405	19,916
April	19,916	8,856	28,772	7,887	20,885
May 31....	20,885	10,317	31,202	8,796	22,406
Total Number of Pledges received from 13th March '37, to May '38, inclusive, } Total Released,.....		116,625 94,289		94,289	
Total Remaining in Store,			22,406		

Capital employed, 31st May, 1838.....£5,350 3 10½
Deduct do. December 31st, 1837.....4,461 9 7½
Increase of Capital in Five Months.....£888 14 3

CASH ACCOUNT.

On Pawns.	Lent this Day.		TOTAL.		Released.		Profit by Interest.		Remaining.
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	
			14,130	1 6½			9,668	11 10½	
4,461 9 7½			1,159	2 0	5,620	11 4½	951	14 3½	7½
4,668 17 4½			1,017	0 11½	5,685	18 3	998	2 0½	0½
4,687 16 3			1,380	7 5	6,068	3 8	1,317	5 0	6½
4,750 18 7½			1,645	15 11	6,396	14 6½	1,367	6 6	10½
5,029 8 0½			1,897	16 4½	6,927	4 5½	1,577	0 6½	9
Lent on Pawns, £21,230 4 2½			Received for Pawns released		£15,880 0 8½		£736 10 2½		2½
PROFIT, May 31st, 1838.									
Deduct Profit, 1837, December 31st, (as above).....									335 2 7½
In Five Months, increased Profit.....									£401 7 7

Very seldom more than £5 have been borrowed on pledge; only 112 persons have borrowed even that sum. The great majority of borrowers have been under 10s.

"Thus, it appears, that the considerable sum of 1736*l.* 10*s.* 2½*d.* has been actually realised by this infant institution, out of a capital which only now has reached to the amount of 15,350*l.* 3*s.* 10¾*d.* being gradually subscribed by the gentry, or deposited by humble persons, as the occasion required, for the laudable purpose of accommodating the industrious classes at half the expense to which they have heretofore been accustomed."

We cannot conclude this brief and inadequate notice, without offering the tribute of our cordial admiration and respect to that true and exalted patriotism which neither dissolves in tears nor evaporates in sighs, but seeks, by acts of practical and singularly judicious benevolence, to *remove* the ills and

sufferings which it deploras. It were faint praise to say that Mr. Barrington has conferred upon his *native city* a great and a lasting benefit: he has done more—he has planted there the germ of a system which, sooner or later, *must* extend itself over the whole of *Ireland*—making the necessities of the poor subservient to their relief, and diffusing blessings wherever it appears. As Mr. Barrington deserves all praise, he merits all confidence. He is no romantic patriot—he desires to relieve the miseries of his countrymen before he declaims upon their abstract theoretic political rights; he labours for the recovery of his country—her true, independent, trustworthy friend—and, unlike the venal empyric who lives by her diseases, he claims no other reward than the success of his plans of benevolence, and the approval of an honest heart.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

NO. IV.—THE THREE WIDOWS OF FRANKFORT.

MANY years ago, whilst travelling on the continent, I was attacked by a slow fever, which, after clinging to me for some time, and baffling all my efforts to shake it off, fairly got the better of me, and laid me on a bed of sickness at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The inn at which I put up was clean and orderly; but an inn, in its best estate, is a desolate and uncomfortable halting-place for an invalid, and as soon as I was sufficiently recovered for the exertion, I applied myself to find private lodgings, as my medical attendant declared that it would be still some weeks before I could safely travel.

The apartments I engaged were in the house of a tobacconist named Openheim, who kept a small shop in the town, and had his private dwelling in a narrow street, near the outskirts. I was so pleased with the neatness of the dwelling and the quietness of the situation, that I unhesitatingly engaged the rooms for the whole term of my intended stay.

The family with whom I sojourned consisted of a father, mother, and three daughters,—the eldest of whom, named Gertrude, was twenty-five years of age; the next, Amelia, twenty; and the youngest, a little girl of twelve or thirteen, called Roschen: she resided, principally, with a distant relative, who kept a sort of school at some distance, and, at the time of my arrival, was absent. The two elder sisters were smart, merry, dressy young women, not remarkable for beauty, but still sufficiently pretty to be belles on a small scale, and flirts on a large one, whenever they found opportunity. This latter quality, indeed, had deprived Gertrude of no less than seven lovers,—six of whom being neglected, in succession, for each other, were finally revenged by the seventh, who neglected *her*. But, at the time my story commences, Gertrude was in possession of an eighth, and he no less a person than a banker, from Cologne,—twenty years older than herself, it is true, and not particularly handsome, but supposed to be possessed of no inconsiderable share of that unfailing beautifier—gold. Perhaps Gertrude might not have found Herr Steinbach quite so charming as she upheld him to be, had he been unprovided with that marvellous cosmetic. But she was poor; and his choice was a disinterested one, at least, which was enough, in itself, to win him some share of favour.

The Openheims were possessed of very limited means, but they seemed, on the whole, a happy family. They were forced to let their first floor, indeed,

and the daughters took in fine needle-work, but they sang their old German songs over their tasks, with such cheerful, happy voices, that it did one's heart good to listen to them.

German manners are simpler and less formal than ours, and almost without effort either on their part or my own, I became domesticated with them as part of the family. My sitting-room, commanding a view of the street, was, for far the greater part of the day, untenanted. Theirs, on the ground floor, at the back of the house, overlooking a pleasant, old-fashioned garden, was infinitely more agreeable, especially when those two merry maidens were its inmates. There they laughed at my bad German, and corrected my pronunciation, and sung ballads for my amusement with all the good-humour and simplicity imaginable. Then, they had a pet bulfinch, which was mightily taken with my whistling of the Irish melodies, which he would sometimes echo with a truth that was really surprising: and if it was evening, and we looked into the garden, ten to one there sate old Carl Openheim in the arbour, with his pipe in his mouth, and by his side, filling up the rest of the narrow bench, might be seen his wife, the roundest, neatest little housewife that ever existed, in her small, close cap, and her knitting in her hand. Then, towards twilight, we often heard the heavy step of Herr Steinbach, followed by the entrance of his somewhat burly person,—when I considered it only prudent to beat a retreat to my own apartment, which, (it is no wonder,) seemed rather solitary.

So six weeks passed away, and, at the end of that time Amelia, having taken me aside for the purpose, informed me, with much blushing and giggling, that the ensuing Monday was fixed for the celebration of her sister's marriage, and that she was commissioned to give me a formal invitation to be present.

"All our relations and friends are invited," said she, "even my little sister, Roschen, is coming from school on purpose, for it is the first wedding in our family, and as it is a far better match than any of us could reasonably have looked for, my parents wish to do Herr Steinbach and my sister all possible honour."

I gladly accepted the invitation, and looked forward to the ensuing Monday with much pleasant anticipation.

Here I must just observe, that though Gertrude Openheim was about to marry a man much older than herself, plain enough, and very rich, there was nothing like a *sacrifice* in the whole proceeding. Her parents were, undoubtedly, much pleased that she should marry so respectably, but they loved her too dearly to attempt any restraint on her feelings or actions, in so important a matter. She had accepted Herr Steinbach of her own free will; her previous flirtations had left no very deep impression on her affections, and, amidst all her gaiety and good-humour, she possessed worldly wisdom to be quite alive to the advantages resulting from a marriage so much beyond her expectations. Herr Steinbach's offer she considered as a perfect god-send, which it would have been worse than foolish to refuse.

Fraulein Gertrude had chanced upon a party, given by a distant relative of Herr Steinbach's, who resided in Frankfort. The fête took place in honour of her wealthy relation's arrival, and, though its giver stood a little higher in the scale of Frankfort society than the Openheims, she was not insensible of the value of attractive belles, on such an occasion, and invited the smart daughters of the tobaccoist accordingly. Here Herr Steinbach met Gertrude, was much struck with her appearance and her gaiety,—inquired who she was,—was introduced,—and, forthwith, became her devoted admirer. They had been engaged a few months, and, for the last six weeks of the period, the somewhat elderly lover had managed to let his business detain him in Frankfort, and at length observed, it was not worth while to return home till after the wedding. So Gertrude, who, to tell the truth, was not yet tired of parading herself amongst her young friends as the betrothed of the rich banker, and who, we may suppose, was not in any violent hurry to convert into a mere husband, a lover of whom she felt tolerably certain, was obliged to "name the day," and accelerate her preparations as much as might be. Saturday,—the last day but one before the important Monday arrived,—I was, as usual, admitted as visitor to the cheerful work-room, where chairs and tables were now strewn with the hundred articles of female finery deemed indispensable for a bride's wardrobe. I was much diverted at the make and appearance of sundry of the decorations, which might have caused a London milliner to lift up her hands and eyes in

astonishment ; and we were all talking and laughing, in the highest glee, when the door softly opened, and there stood before us a creature so lovely, that I could not suppress a slight exclamation of admiring surprise.

This was a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, as might be conjectured from the little, childish outline of her figure, which had evidently neither attained its full height or its entire perfection of shape ; but a year or two older, if the intelligence expressed in her countenance could be trusted. Her eyes were intensely dark, at once soft and penetrating ; her forehead so pure and smooth, that it had more the appearance of polished ivory than of living flesh ; but the cheek, with its deep but changeful crimson,—the soft, rich red lips—the dark ringlets, which trembled in the light air that played through the opened windows, all told, plainly enough, that no vision stood before us, but a lovely human bud, that should expand into a scarcely more lovely flower. She was dressed simply, in a dark travelling pelisse, of the plainest fashion, and one hand held a large straw-bonnet, of which she had just disencumbered her head, while the other was lifted up, as if her first burst of gladness had been checked by the sight of a stranger. All this was impressed on me in a few moments, for the sisters flew towards her, delighted, and half smothered her with caresses.

“ Roschen ! dear, dear little Roschen ! when did you come ? How was it we did not hear you ? and, where is my aunt ? Dearest, we have been so longing for you,—and now you must come and stay at home, to comfort our parents for the loss of Gertrude ; my darling, darling child ! ”

The moment I looked upon Roschen Openheim, I felt that there stood before me a creature as superior to those around her as the diamond to all other gems,—that this was one of the unaccountable instances in which nature places in an ungenial soil a plant of the rarest and most refined beauty. The elder sisters were merry, good-natured girls, but Roschen was a great deal more. Even in that early spring of girlhood, there was the stamp of *mind* on her countenance—of that pure and high intellect which casts so undefinable a glory over the perishable body that enshrines it. The familiar intercourse of weeks had produced kindly feelings in my heart towards Gertrude and Amelia ; the silent gazing of an hour inspired me with intense and undying interest in *her*. I once said, in the bitterness of my heart, it had been well if she had made a less lasting impression on my mind, but I have lived to recall that saying.

The day of the wedding rose bright and cloudless, as a wedding day ought to be. The volatile Gertrude, and Amelia, the no less volatile bride'smaid, for once looked subdued and composed when all around them was mirth, joy, and gratulation. Herr Steinbach behaved with all due decorum, and received his wife from the hands of her father with an air of tender protection, and solemn gratitude, that was really touching. The ceremony was over, the wedding-feast was eaten, and the happy pair, accompanied by Amelia, set off for Cologne, amidst the blessings and prayers of relatives and friends.

There was one present on that day, who, though she attracted little notice from others, in the general bustle and excitement of the occasion, had withdrawn my attention repeatedly from the scene that was enacting before me, and won my thoughts to dwell upon her with an indescribable fascination. That one was Roschen. Amidst the mirth that surrounded her she evidently was absent and dispirited. Her dejection partook in no degree of the demureness of her elder sisters ; it was not an assumption of the behaviour deemed proper to the occasion, but perfectly involuntary. I drew her aside, unobserved, and inquired what ailed her. Her eyes filled with tears :

“ I do not know,” she said ; “ I never was in this way before ; I have heard people talk of a *presentiment*,—I think this must be one.”

“ Dear child,” I replied, “ of what kind is this *presentiment* ? Surely it is not respecting your sister's marriage with Herr Steinbach ? ”

“ Alas ! ” she replied sadly, “ I almost wish it were,—it might be accounted for then, for it is natural to mistrust one's hopes, when they run in the track of one's wishes for a person so dear. No. It is not *that*, but—” She cast her eyes on the ground, and a deeper crimson suffused her cheek.

“ Surely something distresses you on your own account, Roschen ? You are not well, little pet, or somebody has been unkind to you.”

“ No one,” she answered. “ I had better tell the truth. Last night I dreamed a strange dream.”

"Well, and so did I, Roschen; and so, I dare say, did half this company, if they only remembered it. But, come, what was this wonderful dream?"

"I dreamed it was my—my wedding-day, instead of Gertrude's; and he who stood beside me,—my husband, you know,—was very, very dear to me; oh, so dear, that I love him even yet, though he was only part of my dream!"

"Surely, prettiest," said I, smiling, "you are not weeping for the love of a lover who has no existence but in your own imagination?"

"I know not," replied the little maiden; "I only know, that I never had such a feeling towards any living creature; and I feel as if I were changed in my very soul since I laid my head on my pillow last night. But this was not nearly all my dream. I thought—must I tell you all?—I thought we had left the church, when we were married, and we went forth, we two, alone, to walk, and he was talking to me in a low, sweet voice. I remember not a word he said, save that it was something very dear; but the sound of his voice lingers in my ear still;—and we went on, hand in hand, through fields and pleasant gardens, till we came to the side of a beautiful river. Then the scene suddenly changed, and we were on the sea-shore, where the great waves rolled up to our very feet, and presently I saw that *he* was not by my side, but was struggling amongst the waves. He cried aloud for help, but there was none at hand, and I saw him swept away; and in my agony I awoke."

"And what then?"

"Nothing more. I tell you I awakened; and I never had a dream before that gave me such a mixed sensation of happiness and misery."

"And pray, Roschen, do you know any one at all like this visionary lover? Do you think you would know him again?"

"I never saw any one at all like him; and yet I seemed to have known him for years: indeed, his face is fast fading from my memory, but his voice, I think I shall never forget."

"Indeed, my child, the sooner you forget the whole dream the better. See, they are going to dance. I wish you had a younger partner than myself; but as there does not seem to be one at liberty at present, come with me, and let us see if a waltz will not help to lay this spectre bridegroom!"

Roschen looked up in my face almost upbraidingly, whilst the tears filled her large, dark eyes. She evidently felt annoyed at the jesting manner in which I seemed inclined to treat her communication; but she said no more, and we joined the dancers. She grew more cheerful in the course of the day; but when she was not talking or dancing, I perceived the same expression of melancholy pervading her face, and felt that she was still brooding over her ominous dream.

My after sojourn in Frankfort was too short to admit of my completing what I much wished to possess—a portrait of this lovely child; but I have, still, a coloured sketch, which conveys to me as perfect an image of what she was *then*, as the most elaborate picture could do. Long before I parted from Roschen, however, we had become fast friends. Had she been a few years older, it might have been otherwise; but between a man of thirty-five, and a girl of thirteen, free intercourse might safely be allowed; and her rich imagination, poetical temperament, and clear intellect, made her a far more delightful and instructive companion than most full-grown and full-educated women. Nor could I bear that this fair creature, so affectionate, and gifted, and beautiful, should be to me but as a lovely vision, seen with delight for a little time, and then lost for ever. It was sad to think that I should see her no more, and that she would forget me. I requested that she might write to me; and my petition was granted, as it was made on the grounds of the great interest I felt in the whole family, and my wish to improve myself in German composition. Some portions of her letters, received at different periods, I will translate as nearly as I can render them. They will help me to tell some part of my tale, and perhaps better than I could do it, in language entirely my own:—

"Frankfort, Aug. 18.

"Your letter, dear friend, was received with many welcomes, and pleased us much by the announcement of your safe arrival in England. I can imagine your delight at once more be-

holding your father-land. I have never yet left mine; but I believe that I should better fathom the depths of my love for it, had I been absent from it for a time. My sister Amelia has just returned from Cologne, where she left

Gertrude well and in high spirits. She says that she was happier during this visit than ever she was before, and I am afraid is not so well contented with our little home on her return as I could wish her to be. If I ask her what made her so happy, she immediately tells me of the crowds of people with whom Gertrude visits; of the fine dresses she wears, and the gay equipage she commands. I cannot understand the connection between happiness and these things—how they alone can fill the soul with contentment. If I must say the truth, I do not think all these fine possessions would have reconciled me to the thought of passing my life with Herr Steinbach—not that he is unkind or gloomy, by any means; but I do not see how he and a young person like Gertrude can think alike, or feel alike. But this may be only my ignorance: I am but a young foolish girl, and so Amelia often tells me when I talk to her in this strain. Yesterday I was present at a little fete given by one who was once my school companion, on her birth-day. All the other ladies were very merry, Amelia amongst the rest, and they amused themselves with singing and dancing to a much later hour than we usually remain up when at home. I felt unaccountably melancholy, just as I did at Gertrude's wedding, when you may remember I was so saddened by a dream of the previous night. It is very strange, but it always seems that, when I am partaking of any gaiety, that dream returns upon my mind, and I hear the same wordless voice echoing through my very heart that I seemed to hear then. The young ladies saw my dejection, and rallied me much upon it, saying they supposed I was beginning to think about some lover, which brought all the blood burning into my cheeks, and at this they laughed the more. I have never trusted that dream to any but you, and I would not tell it to another for the world."

The following was written a few months after:—

"It is an old but true saying that this world is full of changes. A week ago we were all called upon to rejoice in the prospect of Amelia's marriage, and to-day we have been saddened by the news of the death of Gertrude's new-born baby. But joy after all is our predominant feeling, for our sorrow of course is principally for poor Gertrude's disappointment. I must tell you about Amelia's betrothment. Her

Lover is not a countryman of our own, which is some little drawback on our pleasure; but he is so amiable and lively, and so much attached to Amelia, that we cannot disapprove of her choice. She met with him in Cologne, but she only mentioned him slightly to us to us as 'a Monsieur Alphonse Leroux, who visited Herr Steinbach.' It now appears that Monsieur Leroux was constantly at her side while she staid with our sister, and that he has been as constantly in her thoughts ever since she returned. I shall never forget how abashed she looked when she heard his voice inquiring for her! Surely there is nothing we recognise so soon as a voice!

"Amelia is to be married next month, and she too will go away to Cologne, where Mons. Leroux's business obliges him to reside. I shall naturally be grieved for the loss of my sister, but she seems so happy in the prospect that I am reconciled. They say I must accompany her to Cologne. I had far rather not, for every day endears my home more and more to me; but I suppose I must comply."

— "Cologne, Feb. 18.

"Amelia is married, and has been so for more than a week, and here am I at Cologne. I cannot say *enjoying* myself much. My greatest pleasure has been seeing Gertrude again; but even that has not not been unmingled with pain, for she looks pale, thin, and worn. She says she has nothing to complain of, but that she is obliged to go out so often, and receive so much company on account of her husband's business, that it is seriously injuring her health. Her eyes, too, which never were very strong, look weak and slightly inflamed. She says she can neither sow or read small print with any comfort. Amelia and Alphonse seem extremely pleased with each other. He is so very polite to her, and so full of pretty speeches and little complimentary actions, that it is impossible she should not feel obliged to him; and yet it seems to me that there is a great deal of trifling between them which cannot last for ever; and I doubt if their's is, after all, an attachment that can live without such sugar plums.—But they are happy and pleased at present, and it is wrong and foolish to anticipate evil.

"I shall return to Frankfort by the middle of April. My father regrets much that I cannot be there to-morrow,

to keep my fifteenth birth-day, as he always wishes me to be at home on that day whenever I can, and I have never missed it before. I shall enter my fifteenth year in less than twenty-four hours from this time. I am going on fast to be a woman now. I fancy that I have never been so much of a child as the children about me. When I was at school I never amused myself amongst the other girls, except we played at telling stories; then, indeed, they allowed that I excelled them all; and I used to delight in inventing the strangest things to make them wonder! I am afraid I am not quite like other people. My mother says I am but a poor housewife, and that she fears I shall never marry so well as either Gertrude or Amelia, for that young men in these times think of something else besides a pretty face. I do not mind this, however; I do not envy either of my sisters, and I do not think it will trouble me if nobody ever proposes for me. Whenever a thought on the subject crosses my mind, I think of all I felt and suffered in that unforgotten dream, and I shrink from the thought of a love that could be different from what I experienced then.

"I had a letter from home yesterday. My father desires that, when I write to you, I will tell you that the friend you speak of will be welcome in his house; that he remembers you with much regard, and will be pleased to show attention to any one you esteem. I hope he will not arrive at Frankfort till I return there, for I should like much to see one who has lately seen you."

The allusion to this friend of mine will require explanation, inasmuch as he is neither more or less than the hero of my story. Roschen little imagined that Frank Middleton had but one errand to Frankfort, and that to see her fair self!

Francis Middleton was the only child of a country gentleman of good family and tolerable fortune. He was many years younger than myself, yet we were close friends, and the circumstance of his possessing a fine natural talent for painting, joined to an enthusiastic love of all that is beautiful in art or nature, served to render our intercourse more frequent than it might have been in an ordinary case. Indeed a day seldom passed during my periodical sojourn in town, without bringing Frank from his chambers in the Temple to my studio, and there he chanced to cast

his eye on the sketch of Roschen's lovely head. He did not rest till I told him all I knew of the fair original, and again and again he turned the conversation to the subject of my "little German rose-bud." Our communings about her were neither short nor unfrequent, for I had fully as much pleasure in talking of her as he in listening, and the extracts which I read him from her letters had always to be repeated a second or even a third time. I little thought what effect these conversations were producing on the mind of my enthusiastic young friend, or that the image of Roschen had obtained such ascendancy over his imagination that his feelings for her, all unknown as she was, already amounted to a positive passion. My astonishment, therefore, may be conceived, when, without any preface, he announced his intention of proceeding to Frankfort, and seeking out the beautiful reality of the shadow which haunted him continually. I vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting a scheme so vague and romantic. I represented the disappointment that might await him; that Roschen's beauty might not have fulfilled its early promise; that in manners she might be different from what he might expect to find her—in short, I proved to a demonstration that his plan was at best a foolish and a fanciful one. My objections were all met by a solemn declaration that, come what might, to Frankfort he would go; that if Roschen were in the land of the living see her he would; and that if she corresponded with the idea he had formed of her, he would woo, and, if possible, win her. At any rate, he said, if she were not such as he had imagined her, his delusion would be dispelled, and the fierce fever which was preying on his very heart would be allayed: he should look on the past as a dream, and try to shake off its influence for ever. Finding that argument availed nothing towards dispossessing him of his resolution, or infatuation, whichever it may be called, I agreed to give him a letter to her family, recommending him as an inmate on the terms on which I had been received by them; and to this Roschen alluded in her letter, as I had written before-hand to know if my friend could be accommodated in their house for a short time. I had no misgiving as to Frank's conduct. I knew him to be perfectly well-principled and honourable, and I did not fear that Roschen would ever have cause to re-

pent the acquaintance she would thus make.

"His health, really materially injured by the excited state of his feelings, and the facilities afforded for sketching by a continental tour, were pleas to which his indulgent father yielded at once, and he left England, with his parent's blessing, a tolerably well-filled purse, and a heart full of the hopes and ardour of youth, to undertake his wild adventure. Before he had been a week in Frankfort he wrote to me, and the progress of his fortunes will be best told by the following passage from his letter :—

"I have seen Roschen, and that is equivalent to saying that *I love her*, with all the devotion of which a human heart is capable. It was the embodying of my vision when she entered the room where I sat, and it seemed to me that her form and features were perfectly familiar to me. Your account of your first sight of her seemed transferred to my own experience ; I cannot think she is changed from what she was at thirteen, though I dare say she may be taller and more formed. Her hair (do you remember her beautiful black hair ?—yet, how could you ever forget it !) was parted smoothly from her forehead, and fell in profuse waving tresses on her shoulders. I never beheld a face so perfect both in form and expression, and better, far better, is the lovely spirit within.

"There was one singular circumstance attending our first interview. When she entered the room it was some seconds before I could overcome my emotion so much as to speak to her. But presently, as I was addressing some observation to her father, she started at the sound of my voice, and turned full towards me with such a searching eager look as I shall never forget, her face being first deadly pale, and then suddenly suffused with an intense blush. When I afterwards asked the reason of her emotion, she replied, 'that she thought she had known my voice ;' and my question seemed to agitate and distress her so much that I have not yet found courage to enquire farther on the subject. Pray heaven that that young and innocent heart be not already occupied !"

Frank had no real cause for jealousy. The most substantial rival he had to contend with was the dreamy phantom whose memory through nearly two years, and those years when thoughts and impressions come and go in quick

succession, had clung unvaryingly to her imagination. It was the voice so long treasured in the echoes of her heart, that now for the first time in the living world had struck upon her sense ; what marvel if she were agitated ? Yet here I beg most distinctly to disclaim any intention of throwing an air of German mysticism and *diablerie* over my story, for I utterly renounce the idea that there was any thing supernatural in the dream that had troubled the fancy of the young and imaginative girl. That there was strange *coincidence* between some of its features and after events, I am willing to allow, but nothing more.

I did not hear again from either of my correspondents for several weeks, and then I received a joint letter from them—Frank's share of it glowing with joyful exultation ; Roschen's a mixture of bashfulness and candour, just what I should have expected from her under the circumstances.

"I cannot conceal from my dear friend," it began, "that Frank's love for me has made me very happy—too happy, perhaps, for this uncertain world—nor do I forget that you, under God's guidance, have been the cause of my present state of prosperity. My heart was drawn to you from the first day of our meeting, and yet I never trembled at growing fonder and fonder of you every day : I never shunned to look into your eyes, nor blushed if you touched my hand. Ah ! it was not so when I began to love Frank ! I surely loved *you* as *his* forerunner : there was gratitude awakening in my heart for the blessing that you were to be the means of procuring for me, even though I was not then apprised of it. Do you recollect *the dream*—the mystical voice, that left an everlasting echo, in my heart ready to respond to the one tone that it could have distinguished amidst ten thousand ? Alas ! that dream had a dark side, which too often overshadows my memory, and I sit and weep lest *that* too must be fulfilled !"

Three months more passed, and another epistle from Roschen reached me by the hands of no less a messenger than Frank Middleton himself. He had been suddenly recalled to England by the information he received of his father's dangerous illness, and Roschen's letter, sealed with black, bore tidings of sorrow and death. She wrote thus :—

"We cannot long have joy unmixed with sorrow in this changeful world,

dear friend. The leaves are already dropping from our household tree: my sister Amelia is a widow. Poor Alphonse Leroux was seized with a fever on the third of this month, and died after six days' illness. Our grief is indescribable, and the loss to Amelia will indeed be a heavy one; for besides the grief of parting from so kind and attentive a husband, she is left almost penniless. Monsieur Leroux doubtless intended to make a proper provision for her when his business should have increased; but they lived up to their income during the first year of their marriage, so that beyond a trifle there will be nothing left for Amelia after all debts are paid. She will go to my sister Steinbach for a while, and then return to us; most likely she will come with Gertrude to my marriage, which, if God returns my betrothed to me in safety, will probably take place in six or seven months. Poor Frank! He, too, is called to suffer, for he does not expect to find his father alive when he reaches England. I regret bitterly now that I did not more urgently entreat him to inform his father of our attachment in its first stage. It will now, I fear, never have the sanction of a paternal blessing."

Even so it proved. The elder Mr. Middleton lived but a few hours after his son's arrival at home, and died without giving him one sign of recognition. Frank staid no longer than was absolutely necessary for the arrangement of his affairs, but returned to Germany as soon as he possibly could.

His marriage with Roschen, however, was delayed from various causes, for upwards of a twelvemonth after Mr. Middleton's death. At last I received an account of its celebration in a letter written at the request of Roschen by the widowed Madame Leroux; and certainly her epistle displayed more feeling than I had given her credit for in her gayer and younger days.

After a description of the guests, the entertainment, the apparel of the bride, and such like weighty matters, it continued thus:—

"I tried to smile, and to cheer dear Roschen as much as I could, but nevertheless the remembrance of my own marriage, so gay and happy as I was then, and the thought of my present desolate condition, hung heavily on my heart, and I fear I was cheerful with a very poor grace. Indeed when Roschen and I were alone in her chamber, just before she left us for her own

house, I attempted to speak jestingly to her, for I saw she needed to see us all gay and glad to support her under the trial of leaving her early home; but it would not do—the tears would force themselves into my eyes, and then we fell into each others arms, and wept. Gertrude was not with us, as we hoped she would have been. She could not leave her husband, who is far from well in his health; some say the credit of his house does not stand as high as once it did. I fear there will soon be another widow amongst us, sisters."

Her foreboding was no idle one. Herr Steinbach died a few weeks after Roschen's nuptials, and the widowed sisters returned to reside with their parents, who, poor as they were, and becoming daily more infirm, could ill have borne the burden, had not their slender means been aided by the small annuity saved from the wreck of Steinbach's property for the benefit of his widow, and by frequent and freely-given assistance from Frank Middleton.

Seven years passed, and I seldom heard from my friends. Frank disposed of the greatest part of his English estate, and, yielding to his young wife's affection for her native land, resided almost entirely in Germany. Carl Openheim and his wife died within a short time of each other, and one child, a little girl, was added to Frank's family circle. At the end of these seven years Middleton visited England, for the purpose of investing a large sum of money in a more advantageous manner than he could find an opportunity of doing on the continent. Having effected his object, he left London in a small vessel bound for Hamburg, where he had some further business to transact. Five days afterwards the vessel was driven on shore a total wreck, every one on board having, as it was supposed, taken to the boat, and perished with their fragile refuge.

But if I was shocked to the very soul by these dreadful tidings, what was the agony, the overwhelming horror of Roschen, when they reached her? She, whose life appeared bound up in his—she, the beautiful, the gentle, the imaginative being, whose whole soul was a world of love and tenderness, was thus rendered in one moment utterly desolate. The deaths of her sisters' husbands had been heavy bereavements and deeply felt, but all

seemed to understand at once that Roschen's affliction was not to be put in comparison with those.

Sorrow, however passionate, must subside. It is a merciful ordination of a merciful God, that, except in a very few cases, grief, however true and abiding, loses in time its sharpness; and as soon as Roschen was sufficiently calm to attend in some measure to what was passing around her, it was proposed that the three sisters, uniting their incomes—or rather the incomes of Gertrude and Roschen, for poor Amelia had none—should reside together in the house that had been their parents'. This plan was put into execution, and the three sisters, so prosperously wedded to all appearance, and so early dressed in "weeds of woe," were soon called, *par excellence*, "The three widows of Frankfort." Attached to each other as these sisters certainly were, and dear as Roschen's little girl, Franchette, was to all of them, they might, notwithstanding all that had passed, have lived in peace and contentment; but affliction had not yet done with them. The property which should have been Roschen's and her child's, on the death of poor Frank, was withheld from them, at the instance of the heir-at-law; and though there was little doubt that the dispute would finally be decided in favour of the widow and her child, she was meanwhile sorely harassed and distressed by the cessation of the income, on which she depended for subsistence. Her father's property, with the exception of the house they occupied, had gone to satisfy his creditors, and the Widow Steinbach's annuity was quite insufficient for the support of four persons, allowing them the merest necessities of life; but the state of poor Roschen's mind, while suffering under her accumulated trials, will be best depicted by herself:—

"It is hard, dearest friend, to find that I cannot even have quietness in my affliction—I, who, but for my little child, want nothing but to lie down and die in peace. I declare to you that the petty annoyances I have to endure, the sense of oppression and wrong that is perpetually stinging me, the daily necessity of thinking and talking about the paltry embarrassments that press upon me from all sides, are less easy to be borne than the one overwhelming agony, which crushed my heart and desolated me at once and for ever. I had a positive

anticipation of luxury in sitting calmly down with my sorrow for life—sorrow so hoarded and so sacred, that no one should ever venture the attempt to divorce me from it. I had satisfaction in thinking that I might give up all my worldly affairs to the guidance of my sisters, who are better fitted for such superintendence than I am—that I might ponder for ever on the lost one, and every day recall some trait of mind or feature, that I might add it to the image I would enshrine in my memory. I trusted that meditation on *him*, and prayer to God, might occupy much of my time, and that the hours I should spend with my little girl (whom I meant to place at some school near at hand) should be passed in recalling and keeping alive in her mind the remembrance of her father, in expanding the buds of love that were already wreathing round his image in her heart, and which may have been checked by the untimely blight that has fallen on our prospects. Thus I hoped my life would pass away, and that when I laid me down to die, or rather to live once more, rejoining my beloved, I should have known that I left behind me a monument to his memory of my own raising, sheltered in the fair temple of my daughter's heart. But it is otherwise ordained for me. The fatherless and widow are ever deemed fit subjects for oppression, and all that can be done to distress and disturb one is done by my husband's cruel relative. Were it for myself only, I feel I could not support the struggle; but if I yield who shall protect my child, and what must support my sisters? I see another heavy trouble already overshadowing us; my poor sister Gertrude is threatened with blindness, and that of a kind which I am told can never be removed by any skill. To us, who are even now compelled to derive the greatest part of our subsistence from the work of our hands, a severer affliction can scarcely be conceived."

Gertrude's loss of sight soon became total, and she was thus disabled from assisting in the delicate needlework, to which Amelia and Roschen were now obliged to apply with redoubled assiduity, the poor remuneration of their toil scarcely affording them a livelihood. For two years, however, the sisters struggled on, but at the end of that time their prospects seemed even darker than before; their health was impaired by constant toil. Roschen's lawsuit remained still undecided, and

the Widow Steinbach, from an accident, had become lame as well as blind.

Over against their humble dwelling there resided a personage of some note in the neighbourhood, for his eccentric habits and his reported wealth. Herr Schobeln was not a native of Frankfort, but had resided there from his childhood, having been brought up by an aunt, who at her death left him a considerable property, which he was supposed to have increased to an immense amount—how was not exactly known. He carried on no visible trade or profession, but was supposed to be connected with some lucrative business at a distance, ostensibly carried on by others, for he frequently disappeared at irregular times, for uncertain periods of from one to five or six months, and no curiosity, however eager, had yet been satisfied as to where he went or how he employed himself during those absences. He never spoke of having any relative but the aunt with whom his youth had been spent, and who was to the full as reserved and eccentric as himself. None ever appeared as his visitor, and though he was civil to his neighbours, *en passant*, he never invited any one of them to enter his doors. He kept no domestic but one old woman, and she was only employed for a few hours each day, and lodged with her son in the next street. Yet his manners displayed nothing of either gloom or misanthropy; on the contrary, he was peculiarly courteous in the little intercourse he held with his fellow-creatures, and particularly kind to his old attendant, whom he always paid liberally. Moreover, he was remarkably well-looking for his years, tall, well made, and possessed of a high, bold forehead, slightly fringed with silver hair, and an intelligent, open countenance. He had lived in the same house ever since he came, and long before Carl Openheim had purchased the little message now inhabited by the three sisters. The family had always been on good terms with Herr Schobeln—that is to say, they had regularly exchanged salutations when they met, and the solitary had regularly sent them the first salad of the year, raised in the plot of garden which he cultivated with his own hands; in return for which he as regularly received a small basket of their finest pears when the season came round. But they had never exchanged a word

with him beyond a passing "good day," and therefore their surprise may be imagined when, one fine summer's evening, Amelia, who generally acted as portress, opened the door to Herr Schobeln. Still more were they astonished when, in compliance with the polite invitation which Madame Leroux uttered as the sentence that came most readily to hand on the occasion, Herr Schobeln walked in "with stately step and slow," and, after bowing politely to Roschen and Gertrude, seated himself in the arm-chair which had been their father's, with as much ease and friendliness of manner as if he had been on the most intimate terms with them all his life; moreover, the lamp being lighted, they perceived that Herr Schobeln was attired with unusual splendour in a court suit, which he had never been known to display before, save on the occasion of some public rejoicing, or on such festivals as Easter and Christmas. He did not, however, make any attempt at commencing a conversation, until Roschen, conquering her sense of embarrassment as well as she was able, inquired to what fortunate circumstance they were indebted for the honour of a visit from Herr Schobeln? "Pardon me, ladies," replied the guest, "for having caused you some little surprise, I had almost said alarm, by my unlooked-for appearance in your house; and allow me, in as few words as I can, to explain its meaning. For many years I have lived in almost entire solitude, and truly I cannot say I have lived unhappily. I have had my books, my flowers, my household matters to attend to, and I can assure you time has never hung heavily on my hands. Many have wondered at my solitary mode of life, and a thousand strange surmises have been afloat respecting me. I need not tell you that they have all been incorrect, and I am now going to confide to you the true reason of my singularities. My absences from home have occasioned much conjecture; it has been supposed that I was secretly connected with some lucrative trade, which I had sufficient cause to keep secret. I tell you at once that it was not so, and that what wealth I happen to possess is that bequeathed to me by my aunt, considerably increased, I own, by my frugal method of life. In early youth I wished to travel, and I did so. I became attached during my wanderings to a very beautiful Swiss lady, and we were betrothed to each other.

But, during a separation of unusual length, several of my letters to her were lost, or, as I imagine, intercepted, by one who had professed himself my friend, whilst in reality he was my rival. At any rate he prevailed on Blanche to forget her vows, and become his wife. His after conduct to her was most cruel, and that, and the discovery of the perfidious arts he had used to gain her consent to be his, so preyed on her mind, that she became deranged, and that so completely, that she was obliged to be placed in strict confinement. Her husband died a few years afterwards, and I then sought an interview with her, hoping that some glimmering of sense might be restored by my presence. She did not appear to know me at first, but after a time a faint dawn of memory seemed to steal over her mind, and she called me by name, weeping like a child. I weary you, ladies, by this relation; I have no right to intrude it on you, but I have a purpose in doing so."

The sisters all declared they were much honoured by his confidence, and deeply interested in his narrative, and they begged that he would proceed.

"After our interview she was calmer than she had been since her malady first appeared, and in future, in her wildest moments, the very mention of my name appeared to soothe her, and invariably produced a flood of tears, which seemed to relieve her much. My occasional presence, too, seemed productive of benefit, and it was suggested to me by one well skilled in the treatment of cases similar to hers that I should frequently visit her, and remain in her neighbourhood for a longer or shorter period, as our interviews seemed to soothe her or otherwise. I removed her from the asylum where she had hitherto been immured, to the house of a skilful surgeon, who sent for me whenever he deemed my presence might be useful. Till within the last few months I had the satisfaction of feeling that I lessened her sufferings, and was serviceable to the being whom I had loved best on earth. She does not now need my care."

He stopped in some agitation, but resumed in a few moments.

"Thank God, her reason was restored before her death, in all the clearness and strength of her youth. She knew me, and thanked me, and her last act was to place her wasted hand in mine, her last word a blessing on my name. Dear ladies, the being

who occupied my whole thoughts and affections is gone, and the sense of loneliness presses heavily upon me. My heart has been so long used to have an object on which to expend its sympathies, that I am unhappy in the want of it. Why should not we be friends? You have all been sufferers, peculiarly tried, and so have I; there is much of equality in our circumstances, and I have come to you this evening to say what I never said to a family in Frankfort before—'Let us be friends.' Suffer me to visit you sometimes, to take an interest in your affairs, and as far as I am able to render you my assistance."

The three widows were certainly much astonished at Herr Schobeln's manner of introducing himself to their acquaintance; but they were touched and interested by his story, and the earnestness with which the solitary man appealed to them for sympathy. They could not refuse his request, and therefore intimated that they should be happy to receive him when he felt disposed to visit them.

One of the party, however, soon began to feel some little regret that their assent had been so easily given. Scarcely a day went by without some present of fruit or vegetables, or other small matters, being conveyed by the ancient serving-woman of Herr Schobeln to the humble home of his fair neighbours, and very shortly not an evening passed in which his tall person might not be seen occupying the large leathern chair of the deceased tobacconist. Roschen felt somewhat annoyed, despite of the natural kindness of her heart, because their privacy seemed effectually broken up. Amelia, on the contrary, was secretly delighted, for she had thoughts on the subject, which, however, she would not have communicated to Roschen for the world. She did, indeed, venture on a few distant hints of good fortune to arise from this new intimacy, though as to the particular form in which it was to come she preserved an oracular silence; and Roschen was too much wrapt up in her own thoughts to attempt to unravel the mystery, or to regard Herr Schobeln as anything but a very good neighbour, whose visits would be far pleasanter if they were not quite so frequent.

But during Roschen's absences from the sitting-room Amelia felt no such restraint in conversing with the Widow Steinbach. They talked on the sub-

ject of Herr Schobeln's visits, and speculated thereon to their hearts' content. Poor Gertrude, deprived of the power of making her own observations on the state of affairs, always applied to Madame Leroux for the result of her's, and their dialogues were generally carried on in something of the following strain :—

"Well," the Widow Steinbach would say, by way of commencement, Roschen's languid step having died away, and her chamber door having closed on the sufferer—"Well, so you tell me that our neighbour, Schobeln, wore last night a new cinnamon vest, with gold buttons ; is it not rather strange for him to get a new vest ?"

"I never remember such a thing before," Amelia would rejoin ; "he used always to wear a black one, and I never saw him in any other, except the one belonging to his best suit, which he wore the first evening he came, you know."

"It is very strange," said the Widow Steinbach.

"What is strange ?" said Amelia, innocently simpering a little though, and stealing a glance at the mirror, which perhaps she would not have done had her sister been able to observe it.

"I don't mean the new vest only," pursued Gertrude, "but the whole thing ; his coming at all, after knowing us by sight so many years, and now his coming so regularly every night."

"Well, that is strange certainly," assented Amelia.

"But I think I can find a reason for it, strange as it is," continued the Widow Steinbach. "What would you think, Amelia, if he should be coming to look for a wife ?"

"A wife, sister !" said Amelia, with a very good tone of surprise.

"Aye, a wife, Madame Leroux ; why should not he seek a wife as well as another, especially now, he has no more trouble or expense about that mad lady, you know ? Why should not he have found out that a lonely home is not a happy one, and that a kind face and a bright smile by his fireside, and a kind hand to smooth his pillow if he were ill, would be a blessing ? He is rich—we are poor ; why, if he should ask one of us in marriage, should we say to him nay ? It is not of myself I speak ; my infirmities are a sufficient answer to any thought that might arise on that sub-

ject ; but if he offer to marry either you or Roschen, why should you refuse the means of escaping from this life of toil and poverty ?"

The tears of Amelia were by this time flowing fast, but her sister continued—

"You are the best judge yourself to which his inclinations tend ; I should think he would most likely choose you, for Roschen's sorrowful voice alone would put such thoughts about her out of any man's head. It must be you, Amelia, and I trust and believe it will prove so, and therefore already I say, 'God bless you with him !'"

Amelia was much pleased at hearing this opinion expressed by Gertrude.—Herr Schobeln's attention had been hitherto divided so equally amongst the sisters, that she had felt some difficulty in her mind as to which was the favoured fair one. She had a real respect for Herr Schobeln ; she knew he was rich, and she had no objection to become the partner of his fortunes, not indeed with a mere selfish wish for her own exaltation, but to have the pleasure of sharing her comforts with her sisters. Widow Steinbach's speech had confirmed her in her opinion that it was herself and not Roschen whom he sought ; and she already saw herself the mistress of the old house over the way, felt her light step bounding through its large rooms and up its wide staircases, rummaged its chests and odd corners, and heard her own laugh ring through the long-silent apartments, as she brought to light some article of strange fashion or curious workmanship. She already felt in fancy the delight of procuring for her sisters the means which should supply Gertrude with the comforts her infirm state rendered necessary to her, and exempt Roschen from her laborious employments. She lived day by day in a happy dream of the future, only wishing that Herr Schobeln would be a little more explicit at once, that she might commence altering her dresses for the wedding, which she had not yet ventured to do, though she had already turned them over many times, and contrived how they might be remodelled to the best advantage. Why did not Herr Schobeln speak ? He spoke at last, and to Amelia herself *by* herself ; yet his avowal had the effect of a sudden thunderbolt, shattering to atoms the fairy palace of her hopes and anticipations. He spoke, and after a long preamble concerning the disagreeables of solitude and the pleasures of

the married state, he finished his harangue by begging, humbly begging, that Amelia would propose him as a suitor to her sister Roschen! What Amelia said, or how she received the unravelling of his *intentions*, cannot be known, for she never knew exactly herself. She remembered something about pleasure and honour, and endeavouring to meet his wishes, and then flew to the Widow Steinbach to disburden her mind of the astounding intelligence. But Gertrude did not sympathise with her exactly as might have been expected. "They had been mistaken;" that was all—she saw great cause for thankfulness that the wedding and the wealth would still be in the family, for of course Roschen, though no doubt she would be astonished, would never be so mad as to refuse him, if it were only for the sake of little Franchette. She shifted Roschen into the character of bride, which she had hitherto marked out for Amelia, with wonderful facility, observing in conclusion, that at any rate there would be a wedding, and they would all be at it. Very true; but it is a different thing to be the principal person on such an occasion, or a mere looker-on—there is a wide distinction between the importance of a bride and a bridesmaid, and between being the mistress and dispenser of this world's goods, and the humble recipient of them. All this Amelia felt, and a sense of deep disappointment and mortification, together with shame for the self-delusion she had been subject to, did at first possess her mind, though a certain pride swelling at her heart forbade her to say so, and urged her to acquiesce in the view Gertrude took of the matter with the best grace she could. Indeed such was the excellence of her temper and the elasticity of her feelings, that when a few hours after she informed Roschen of the proposal she was commissioned to make, she did it with a smiling countenance, and was really distressed when her sister declared her intention of refusing Herr Schobeln's offer.

Months went by, and not only once but many times, by the agency of her sister, personally and by letter, did Roschen refuse Herr Schobeln. There was, perhaps, a lingering hope in Madame Leroux's heart that the determined coldness of Roschen might lead their neighbour to recollect that his cruel fair one had a sister, neither old nor ugly, who might not be so indifferent

to a similar proposition; but months, as I have said, went by, and Herr Schobeln determined to write once more to his obdurate charmer, and if she still continued unpropitious, to leave the town where he had already been much talked of as the rejected suitor of the beautiful young widow. Roschen received his letter, retired to her chamber, where she remained some hours, and on her return to the room where her sisters were sitting, calmly but coldly announced her intention of accepting Herr Schobeln.

Let no one who reads this tale burst forth with the hacknied quotation—"Frailty, thy name is woman!" Roschen had done nothing rashly—nothing that could possibly subject her to the charge of fickleness or folly. The image of Francis Middleton, the first, the only loved of her heart, was as fresh in her memory as ever; this she had told Herr Schobeln, even while she acceded to his proposal. But he was gone; lost to her for ever in this world—her own health was failing, and, should she die, what would be the fate of her orphan child? who would carry on the struggle for her rights, which her mother had never yet abandoned? Then the Widow Steinbach: how could Amelia, in the event of Roschen's death, both wait upon her and work for her own support? All these things had been considered and re-considered, and thus it was that Roschen had consented to be the wife of Herr Schobeln.

The sisters, who had been apprehensive that, after all, there would be no wedding in the family, were overjoyed at Roschen's decision. Of the sacrifice she was making for others they had no comprehension. They were thankful that she had *changed* her *mind*, and they had no conception of the slow and most painful process by which that change had been effected. Roschen wept bitterly over her unappreciated sacrifice that night, as she knelt beside her sleeping child's couch, and poured out the agony of her soul before her Maker.

There was no occasion for the alteration of old dresses for the bridal, as Amelia had supposed there would be. Herr Schobeln sent the richest stuffs and silks that could be purchased in Frankfort as presents both to the bride elect and her sisters. Every preparation was made on a splendid scale.—The old house, so long the subject of much ungratified curiosity amongst the towns-people, was now filled with work-

men, and the gossips who gained admission were much disappointed to find it was so like other old houses. The wealth which the neighbourhood had so long taken for granted, was now presented to its eyes in the visible forms of rich carpets, curtains, and furniture of every kind.

The arrangements for the wedding feast were made in an equally liberal style by the direction of the bridegroom, and all Frankfort talked of nothing but the change that was taking place in the circumstances of two persons so unlikely to marry as the rich bachelor and the broken-hearted widow, and above all so unlikely to marry each other.

Perhaps even in the early bloom of her beauty Roschen had never looked so lovely as on the morning of her second wedding-day. The rich material and plain fashion of her snow-white dress suited well with the pure and intellectual character of her countenance, and the expensive lace veil which shaded her pale brow lent fresh delicacy to the outline of her features — There was no wildness in her dark eye; no convulsive motion of the lip—all was hushed and composed as the calm depths of her own resolved spirit. She felt grateful to Herr Schobeln for all he had promised—a home for her sisters, protection for her child, unbounded kindness to herself, though she felt in her heart the last would not long be required. Since they had conversed more frequently and confidentially together, the bridegroom's feelings had undergone a change; he loved Roschen more than ever, if it were possible, but his love was blent with a respect that partook of the character of reverence. Indeed on the bridal day she seemed to awe even more than she had charmed him, and he moved and spoke in her presence with a deference that was scarcely lover-like.

The strangely assorted pair stood before the altar, where, ten years before, Roschen's young heart had throbbed so wildly, as her hand was placed in that of Francis Middleton, and the words pronounced which made her his own. She seemed to herself, in the present instance, to be enacting a part in some pageant in which she had no real interest. If this ceremony meant any thing; if she were *really* the bride of another, could she stand there so calm, so self-possessed? It was impossible.

The ceremony began; there was a

little stir at the door amongst the crowd who were passing in to witness it, and then voices were heard as in altercation. The clergyman paused and commanded silence, but still the people struggled, and still angry voices sounded. Suddenly Roschen started and turned round, gazing earnestly towards the door and listening with eager attention. A moment more and the bride sprang from her station at the altar, passed quickly through the crowd, who instinctively fell back to give her way, and was caught in the arms of a tall sunburnt man, in shabby sailor's clothes, whom she and no other knew—knew in an instant to be her own Francis Middleton!

He had been washed over board early on the fatal evening of the wreck, and, clinging to a floating spar, had been picked up by a small outward-bound vessel, and thus escaped the fate which awaited those who took to the boat. This vessel in her turn was doomed to disaster, being taken by a pirate, and all on board her were butchered or made prisoners. He had suffered sickness and slavery and imprisonment, but all had been overcome, and he had just reached Frankfort in time to save Roschen from becoming the wife of another.

"So there will be no wedding after all!" murmured Widow Steinbach, with something of a chagrined expression, when she was hastily informed of these particulars. "Of course I am delighted that Frank is alive and come home to us again, but it is a pity all these preparations have been made for nothing!"

"I would not have you be too sure of that," said Herr Schobeln at her elbow, and he spoke in a cheerful voice, very unlike that of a man who had just experienced so heart rending a disappointment.

Widow Steinbach treasured up the words, though she was too wary to startle Herr Schobeln by asking for an explanation of their meaning; but at the first opportunity she communicated them, with sundry notes and comments of her own, to Madame Leroux.

Again did Amelia's heart beat high with hope, and visions of altered old dresses and splendid new ones flitted before her mind's eye, together with the celebration of nuptials, whereat she herself was a principal personage; and reveries *would* come, and hopes *would* haunt her on the subject, notwithstanding her wise resolves against castle-

building for the future. *This* time, however, her anticipations were realised. She became the wife of Herr Schobeln, and a happy wife too, despite the difference in their ages ; and she reigned mistress of the old house and its handsome modern furniture, and rummaged every cranny and corner from garret to cellar, just as she had pictured to herself that she should, long before. She was not destined to become a mother, but she was of too contented a disposition to fret about the matter ; and her kindness, unconcentrated by that absorbing feeling, maternal affection, flowed out to every creature around her. Herr Schobeln never had cause to repent the return of Frank Middleton, and only won-

dered how it was that Amelia had not been his choice in the first instance.—The Widow Steinbach found a home with her newly married sister, and little Franchette became the recipient of all the spare affections of Amelia's heart, and in process of time the inheritor of a great part of Herr Schobeln's wealth. I have visited Frankfort again within the last few years, and passed some days at the mansion of Herr Schobeln, and the humbler home of Frank and Roschen ; and I can truly say I have seldom enjoyed more heartfelt satisfaction than in witnessing the contentment and prosperity of the three sisters who had formerly been known and pitied as "the three widows of Frankfort."

TO A PHYSICIAN.

Oh ! watched for, longed for, through the heavy hours
 Of pain and weakness. What a gift is thine !
 What a proud science, godlike and benign !
 To pour on withering life sweet Mercy's showers,
 And on the drooping mind's exhausted powers
 Like a revivifying sunbeam shine—
 For thy next smile what sleepless eyelids pine !
 What sinking hearts, to which the summer flowers
 Can breathe no joy ! How many a day
 I heard thy footsteps come and die away,
 And clung unto that sound, as if the Earth,
 With all its tones of melody and mirth,
 To me had nought of interest—nothing worth
 The brief bright moments of thy kindly stay !

E. M. H.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.

NO. XV.—WETZEL'S REMAINS.—SECOND ARTICLE.

THE METEOR OF KASAN.—A TRAGEDY.

The reading public has doubtless long before this decided that we have altogether forgotten our friend Wetzel. To be frank, we will acknowledge that since he and we parted company he has not often intruded on our speculations, and this because of reasons that we shall state. It so happened that about three months back we had the misfortune to sustain a severe attack of intellectual hypochondriasis, the effect of which was to revolutionise for a season all our literary tastes; insomuch that the admiration we had thitherto cherished of the fine land of our dreams, her cloudy philosophy and wizard poetry, was exchanged for a stupid antipathy, worthy the contempt of an Esquimaux. Neither physicians nor metaphysicians were able to comprehend, far less to remove, our malady. Whence it originated we ourselves can hazard no conjecture; for who shall fathom the abysses of the human mind? Enough, that while it lasted it either paralysed or perverted all our faculties,—converting us, even while we fancied ourselves an eagle, by turns into an owl, a raven, and a gander. We attribute our recovery from it, which was gradual, to the combined agencies of gymnastics and toast-water—a sober beverage in the main, though frequently drunk twice a-day for weeks in succession. The majority of our acquaintance have already transmitted us their compliments, congratulations, and cards by the hundred—perhaps we should rather say by the hundred weight—and that in a manner the most flattening to us. Among those worthy individuals we would beg to particularly particularise our world-renowned friend, William Carleton of Richmond Castle, who has fraternally counselled us to make the most of the great change that has overtaken us. We thank this distinguished man from the bottom of our inkstand, and shall endeavour to act upon the injunction, the more especially as any small change that may overtake us stands, we lament

to observe, a very slender chance of being made the most of in such hands as ours.

So far, so fair, in explanation of the past; and now to business. As we are about to close accounts with poor Wetzel, and are anxious that the balance should appear in his favour, we must abandon his minor poems to their fate, for we have already selected all of these that we thought readable. A review of the tragedy before us*, appears better adapted to answer our purposes. With regard to the authorship of this tragedy, it is true, we confess we are somewhat in the dark. No evidence establishing Wetzel's right to that authorship has yet been made public. Many persons even go so far as to attribute it to Baron Auffenberg, and among these is the Baron himself, for he has emblazoned his name on the title-page. Fortunately, however, the inquiry is not of paramount importance. If Wetzel be not the author of the book, somebody else is. It could not have started spontaneously into existence out of a stack of old rags on the road to a paper-mill, reasonable as that theory of universal possibilities may be which led Godwin to imagine that human beings might one day spring from the muzzles of muskets. Wetzel produced it—or—if you will, reader—Chronophotonthologos produced it, or, in default of either of these two, a third person. Who that third person may be it is not at present material to ascertain. At some future period the requisite light will perhaps be thrown upon the points that baffle investigation in this intricate question. In the meanwhile the laurel will shade Wetzel's brow with quite as green a gracefulness as it could confer upon that of the Baron, who has his *Prophet von Florenz* to keep him in celebrity, independent of a version of *The Warden of Galway*, which he has recently put off upon the Carlsruhers as an original sin of his own.

The scene of the tragedy is Russia,

* Das Nordlicht von Kasan; Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen. Von Joseph Frhrn v. Auffenberg. Carlsruhe; Müller, 1839.

and the story is founded upon the Tartar revolt of 1774, when the impostor Pugatsheff, under the title of Peter III. placed himself at the head of a large army, with the intention of marching against the Empress Catherine and depriving her of the crown. The following are the characters of the drama:—

THE CZAR.

SOPHIA NIKOSOROFF, *his Consort.*

DEMETRIUS NIKOSOROFF, *her Father.*

GURKA, *Sister of Demetrius.*

PETRONELLA, *Waiting-woman to Sophia.*

A KAPIDAN-ISPRAFFNIK*

IVANNA, *his Daughter.*

GOROOD, *a Major*

FEODOR WERESHIN, *a Captain* } *of Artillery in the service of the Czar.*

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN, *Patriarch of the Roskolniks.*

ALEXIS PETROWITZ FOMA, *a Roskolnick Priest.*

MICHELSON, *the Russian General.*

MICHAELA JAGUNOFF, *Hetman of the Volga Cossacks.*

IVAN PERSILSHEV, *a Don Cossack.*

JUVALANKA, *Chief of the Baskirians.*

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS. NOGAY AND KASANKA TARTARS. DON AND VOLGA COSSACKS. KIRGHEES. BASHKIRIANS. TCHEREMISSES. TCHUVASHES. KALMUCKS. WOTIAKS, &c.

Time of Action, 1775.

Place—KASAN† AND THE SHORES OF THE VOLGA.

The opening of the piece represents Feodor Wereshin and Gorood in conversation on the subject of the war.

ACT I.—SC. I.

An ante-room in one of the houses of a ruined Tartar village. Feodor Wereshin is seated at a table examining a map.

*Feodor—*Ay! here it is. Why, a fly's wing might cover it!

And this is Orenburg! Well,—that we have.

Now, let us see—

(The sound of approaching footsteps is heard.)

Hey-day!—some courier.—

(Enter Gorood in haste.)

*Gorood—*Kasán is ours!

Feodor (calmly)—

Indeed! That's fortunate.

*Gorood—*Thy manner scarcely says as much, methinks.

Cheer up! I have gladder tidings yet to tell.

Potemkin has evacuated Malmish;

And—his route lying open to the west—

The Czar to-day makes his triumphal entry!

*Feodor—*The Czar may well be proud.

Gorood—

He is so, Captain.

*Feodor—*Let him be so.

Gorood—

And should not *we* be proud?

*Feodor (ironically)—*O, yes! we both participate in his conquests.

He storms Kasán:—we guard a beggared hamlet.

We have ground for exultation, truly!

* Constable of Police.

† A town in Eastern Russia, containing about 70,000 inhabitants. It was formerly the capital of a Tartar kingdom, but was conquered by Ivan the Terrible in 1552.

- Gorood*— Captain!
I doubt some busy devil stirs thy mind ;
Thou hast a deeper source of discontent
Than that thou avowest. Thou distrustest—
- Feodor*— Hold !
Speak not the name !
- Gorood*— He honors thee—and me.
I know it.
- Feodor*— I suppose it.
- Gorood*— Canst thou doubt it ?
- Feodor*—Deeds are the test of feelings.
- Gorood*— Be it so !
The Czar is not an ingrate : he designs us
To lead the vanguard through the heart of Russia.
The artillery—*thy* artillery—even Ivanna,*
Is destined to announce to assembled thousands
The victories and glory of the Conqueror.
Nor is this all : the same deep-mouthed engines,
So silent while Kasán held out against us,
Will thunder before Moscow's walls anon.
Does this appease thee ?
- Feodor (gloomily)*— No !
- Gorood (gaily)*— Unconscionable !
What wouldst thou have ?
- Feodor*— Gorood,—my heart is heavy.
There is a load on it !—This Czar—But no !
- (*Agitated*) I must not speak—thou shouldst not list—these walls
Have echoes.
- Gorood*— Calm thyself :—thou knowest—I know—
All Russia knows, alas ! the Czar's fierce vengeance
Upon his foes—fiercest where foes are traitors—
But thou, thou art no traitor.
- Feodor*— Not as yet.
- Gorood*—Ha !—But no,—no ! Thou canst not mean to leave us ?
- Feodor*—Subdue thy fiery nature a brief space
And hearken to me :—body and soul and life,
And all I have or am or hope to be,
Are staked in my engagement with the Czar.
The banner that I bear shall be my winding sheet
Or e'er I stain it !—But, Gorood !—my heart
Is human, and it bleeds at that it witnesses !
Can it be calm when such enormous cruelties
As this wild-minded man—this monster—pardon
The enthusiasm of Truth and Feeling !—practices
Are things of hourly prominence ? Are we not
Already the abhorrence of the Earth
Because of him ? The Generous—the Humane—
The Good turn from us with affright and loathing,
While we, the objects of their detestation,
The slaves of the Destroyer, tremble at
A nod, a glance, a word, a breath of his.
We walk the Highway of Unbearable Terror
With the axe and gallows in perspective—we !
The honorable blood of Muscovy !
Death waits on every insignificant fault,

* The Captain would appear to have christened his ordnance by this name.

And lighter punishments are praised as clemencies !
 The venerable clergy of our Church
 Are wanderers for their bread, or—worse—expiring
 In dungeons, upon crosses, over fires,
 Martyrs to principles that saints bequeathed us.
 Then—the Roskolnik hordes, who name themselves
 The Old Religionists—the Staroverzes—
 These wax in strength, and nightly, like a hurricane,
 Their harrassing swarms burst from the woods upon us.
 Their Patriarch—by some esteemed a saint—
 By more a sorcerer—appears, 'tis whispered,
 By the dark Volga, amid sheeted lightnings,
 Dividing its wild waves with his white crozier,
 And uttering withering words above the thunder,
 While Foma, the fierce priest, the Czar's close friend,
 Is seen descending from the Mountains with
 His Torch of Desolation, which dissolves
 Before him, as he marches, the piled snows
 Our sires believed eternal. All this bodes
 Disaster and destruction to our cause !
 It is the dark, wide shadow from our glory ;
 It guarantees a curse upon our conquests ;
 It stamps with shame the very name of Czar !

Gorood—Then, thou repentest of thine oath ?

Feodor—One tie,
 One mighty tie binds me to him and his,
 He is my sovereign,—my legitimate lord,—
 And Catherine holds her throne by usurpation,
 Else had I perished ere I joined his standard.
 Oh ! I remember, and with festering heart,
 How Envy persecuted us in Moscow,
 Dashing our triumphs with humiliation—
 I shall not soon forget what wrong was wrought us,
 What ignominy waited on our glory,
 What foul affronts we swallowed with our bread,
 How every upstart had his tale of calumny
 To whisper in the Empress' ear against us.
 Yet, were we faithful ! We were aye sustained
 By the proud consciousness of duty—we
 Served our liege Empress and were satisfied.
 Only when that stupendous tale which now
 Rings through broad Europe burst upon our souls,
 When Rumour, all-uncontradicted, told
 That Peter, the Third Czar of Muscovy,
 So long imagined sepulchred, still lived,
 And occupied the Jaik in Tartary,
 Surrounded by a mighty army,—when
 This marvellous intelligence first broke
 Like thunder on the dull ear of the world
 With proof that left doubt criminal—then—then only
 We failed in our allegiance to the Throne !
 Catherine thenceforward held her crown by force !
 The awful beauty of legitimacy
 No longer decorated her :—we left her.
 Thou knowest the rest—we bent the knee before
 The Man of Blood.

Gorood—The Czar's immaculate name
 Forbids, if not discussion, coarse contumely.
 Thou shouldst feel this. Excuse me.

Feodor (*confidently*)—Thou and I,
 Gorood, have been, through good and ill, firm friends
 We have dared all perils to preserve our honor,

And will not now play traitor by each other ;
I have said enough.

Gorood—

Almost too much, methinks.

The dialogue continues some time longer, but is at length interrupted by the entrance of a Tartar girl, who brings a letter to Feodor from Ivanna, his betrothed. By this it appears that the Czar has imprisoned Ivanna's father for refusing the oath of allegiance to him ; and she implores her lover to rescue the prisoner, if possible. While Feodor is reading the cannon is heard, announcing the approach of the Czar to Kasán ; upon which the friends separate, after some arrangements unnecessary to be detailed.

Scene the next introduces us to the Czarina Sophia, in her gorgeous pavilion before Kasán. Her aunt Gurka occupies a seat beside her. From the dialogue that follows we learn that the Czarina married her husband without the knowledge of her father, a noble of high birth but ruined fortune, who

was absent in the East during the wooing and wedding. She harbours a vague and apparently unreasonable apprehension of her father's wrath on his now hourly-expected return, principally on account of Gurka, who was mainly instrumental in the success of the Czar's suit. While they converse the cannon and trumpets are heard, as before ; whereupon *exeunt* both ladies to make preparations for greeting the victor.

The closing scene of the Act represents a square in Kasán, with a vacant throne in the centre. The nobles and burghers are present to do homage to the Czar. A splendid cavalcade of Kirghese and Kalmucks occupies the back-ground. Gloom, nevertheless, sits on every countenance. Silence prevails. At length Foma, the Roskolnik priest, comes forward.

Foma—Nobles and burghesses of fair Kasán !

This day your Czar ascends the Throne of Russia.

He comes, the Conqueror, with his thousand cohorts,
Resistless in his grand and terrible majesty.

Bow your base foreheads to the stones of earth

Directly his far shadow becomes visible !

In self-abasement lies your only safety—

For he will crush the Proud to powder ! Woe

To you and yours should you reject the yoke !

His wrath shall blast you in your hour of confidence—

Swift abolition shall o'ertake your dignities ;

Your daughters shall be beggars through the streets,

Your sons cut off in the young bloom of boyhood ;

Your city shall be wasted by the sword

And metamorphosed to a solitude,

Until the thick blue thistles and tall grass

Shall even hide the multitudinous graves

Whose rank corruption shall reek up to heaven,

But call no vengeance down, save more and fiercer

On the rebellious and refractory remnant

Of the survivors ! Noblemen and burghesses,

I have planted for you the broad tree of warning—

May that tree not bear poisonous fruit !

Amen !

A Noble (aloud)—

The Czar's fast friend hath spoken !

A Burgher (in a low voice)—

The Czar's friend ?

Woe then to us, our children, and our country !

The Czar now enters with all the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," bells ringing, cannon firing, bands of music playing, and so forth ; and accompanied by cavalcades of Tcheremisses, Tehuvashes, Wotiaks, Bashkirians, and all the other Tartars he has caught by his promises. He is

enthroned, Sophia by his side, and from the throne graciously narrates the story of his life and adventures to the multitude. It proves rather tedious, but the substance is that he was never murdered at all, and could not have been, because, if we may take his word for it,—

To plunge into the unrefunding crypts
Of ghastliest hell for all eternity
Were easy by comparison with the task
Of butchering on his bed the unconscious sleeper
Whose awful brows a diadem encircles !

There was, however, at this period a man in Moscow whom nobody knew, but amazingly like the Czar in figure and features, and this man was made the scapegoat on the occasion. The assassins kept their places, and Catherine ascended the throne all the same ; the Czar being forced to fly for his life. He travelled, like Ulysses, through many countries—

" Mores hominum multorum vidit."

Twelve years thus passed on ; and, like Beppo, he grew anxious to return home. He observes that he would have abandoned his vagabond mode of life much sooner, but that the time was not ripe for his projects.—At this moment a bell tolls dismally.

Czar (agitated)—Ha ! What is that ?

(*A voice among the crowd*)—

O, woe !

Czar (yet more agitated)—

What bell is that ?

Why knells it thus ?

(*All are silent.*)

No answer ! What means this ?

A Noble (trembling)—Sire !—that bell—is—the death-bell of Saint Nicholas !
Which never tolls but—when—but—when—

Czar—

Say on !

Noble—But when State-criminals are—doomed to die !

The Czar, unaccountably upset by this intelligence, commands that strict search be made for the ringers. Word, however, is brought him that there are no ringers ; whereupon he very naturally concludes that he is the sport of sorcery, and expresses his settled conviction to that effect. At this juncture the Don Cossack Ivan Persilshev gallops into the square, proclaiming the unexpected approach of Michelson, the Empress's Field-Marshal, with a vast hostile force. The announcement, of course, spoils all appetite for

further festivities ; the Czar and his cavalry, after a speech, which the former makes and the latter cheer, are off to the camp ; and so closes the first Act.

In Act II. we are again in the battered Tartar village. A battle has been fought and Kasan is in ashes. The Czarina and her aunt are conversing on the affair, when the room-door opens, and Demetrius Nikosoroff, the Czarina's father, suddenly startles them by his appearance.

Sophia—O, Heaven ! my father !

Demetrius—

My beloved child !

(*They embrace.*)

Sophia (weeping)—Oh, father !

Demetrius—

My Sophia, weep not thus !

To thee all is forgiven ! Look in my eyes !
Seest thou reproach in their affectionate gaze ?
I blame not thee : the reckoning I exact

(*With a severe tone, and looking at Gurka*)

Shall be from her to whose trust I confided
A jewel dearer than my vanished fortune,
And who restores it to me paled and tarnished !

Gurka—Oh ! spare me ! Oh, Demetrius ! Brother ! spare me !

Demetrius—Brother ! The word is thy salvation. Yes !

We have slept upon the bosom of one mother—
One father on his death-couch linked our hands—
Did I requite thee as thy treachery merits

I must forget that mother and that father,
As outraged feeling now would bid me do,
And in the blood of my degenerate sister
Wash out the dark stain on our fallen house!

*(He slowly unsheathes a dagger, attached to his girdle,
and holds it uplifted over her. She trembles from
head to foot, and sobs convulsively. After a pause
Demetrius returns the weapon to his girdle.)*

Hence, moral murd'ress of thy kin! Pass hence!
(Exit Gurka, sobbing, and with deprecating gestures.)

A confidential colloquy ensues between father and daughter. Demetrius acquaints Sophia that he has returned from the East a rich man, and desires to know whether the Czar possesses her heart as well as her hand. Her reply is affirmative:

I love him with the full love of my nature—
I love him passionately as my husband—
I love him reverently as my sovereign.

On which Demetrius groans—

I feared as much : the cure will prove the bitterer.

This excites her alarm, and she solicits an explanation, which he diplomatically evades. After some further talk he tells her that he must see her alone at his own dwelling, and accordingly gives her an opiate to mix in her duenna of an aunt's gruel, that she may not suspect the visit. Follow mutual leave-takings, very tender and tearful on both sides.

Scene changes to the interior of a spacious cave in the rocks, artificially illuminated. To the right is seen a Roskolnik in the habit of an Armenian monk, with a book open before him. From the left advance Foma and the Czar, attended by two Roskolnik priests. The Czar is clad in the long flowing habiliments of the Tartar princes.

One of the Priests—Bide here : we shall return to thee anon.

(The Priests withdraw.)

Czar (looking round)—Is this the temple? Where, then, be the elders?

Foma (pointing towards the Roskolnik)—Hush, sire! A man that kneels communes with God!

The Roskolnik (chanting)—

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæculum in favillâ ;
Dixit David cum Sibylla.

The Day of Wrath—that day of woe—
Shall lay the worlds in ashes low,
As David and the Seers foreshew.

What awe must even archangels feel
When Earth shall make her dread appeal
To God, her Judge for woe or weal!

The marvellous Trumpet's mighty tone
Shall thrill the graves from zone to zone,
And wake the Dead—to face the Throne!

The whole dark Ocean of the Past
Shall answer far that earthquake blast,
Till Death and Nature stand aghast!

The Accusing Record lies unrolled ;
And all Man wrought and thought of old,
All hidden sins and shames are told.

Woe, when the rended veil shall fall !
When Truth, in Heaven's own Judgment-hall,
Lays bare the shrinking souls of All !

(The Czar covers his face with his hands,)

Where then can Crime dare turn in trust ?
What stay remains for sinful Dust
When Fear shall prostrate even the Just ?

O, Great Good God, so long withstood !
I clasp thy Son's Redeeming Blood !
My Fount of Hope is Jesus' blood !

On that Great Day, Just Judge of Men !
Let me not wake for Hell's dark den,
But be, O God, my Saviour then !

The scene again changes to a still more spacious cavern, in form of a chapel, with shrines and sacred paintings. Here are assembled a convocation of the Roskolnik priests, each with a stone altar before him, on which stand a lamp and a crucifix ; while their Patriarch, the Hermit of the Mountain, is seated on a throne in front. He is clad in white robes, is blind, and would seem from his fea-

tures to have passed his hundredth year. The paraphernalia of the chapel are described with prolix minuteness in the drama. The Czar is conducted with much solemnity before the Patriarch. The object of his visit is to ascertain from the Patriarch, to whom popular report ascribes the gift of prophecy, whether his present campaign shall eventuate in success or in defeat.

Czar—All hail ! revered and holy Patriarch,
Called by the many Hermit of the Mountain !
I bend before thy throne a suppliant—
For all who hold the faith in righteousness
Proclaim thee an expounder of the Future ;
And thou art trumpeted afar as one
Whose soul, anticipating its enfranchisement,
Already holds communion with Eternity,
Piercing the mysteries of the Seventh Heaven.

Patriarch—Six Heavens alone are over Earth and Man :
The Seventh exists within him. Wouldst thou ask
Aught of my prayers ?

Czar—Less of thy prayers than of thy prophet power,
Most holy father ! Yet, before my question
Be put in solemn form, let me demand
Whether the title I have given to thee,
Of Hermit of the Mountain, be thy true one.

Patriarch—My true name is engraven upon tablets
Which none shall read save in Eternity !
Mayest call me Guardian of the Volga—which
Sweeps down, thou knowest, from the Valdaian Mountains,
Not far from the great Capital of Tartary,
And forms a junction then with the Kasanka,
In whose proud company it rolls along,
Till, reinforced by threescore giant arms,
It falls, far off, into the Caspian Sea !

Our author's fancy here takes the conceit out of his taste with a vengeance. Never was there a more gratuitous piece of impertinence than the information embodied in the lines we have italicised. It is just as absurd as would seem the language of a broken-hearted man, if he should exclaim, in a voice half-stilled with sobs, "I am the most miserable wretch under the sun—which, according to modern sci-

ence, is a vast body of light, forming the centre of the planetary system, and revolving on an imaginary axis, at the distance of ninety-five millions of miles from our globe!"

The interview progresses, but is destined to close in a manner not at all agreeable to the Czar. The Patriarch requests as an especial favour that the Czar will inform him who the troops are that he relies on in the struggle.

Czar—Dost not thou know? I need not teach Omniscience.

Patriarch—Who is omniscient, save the Great Supreme?

Czar—Then thus I marshal, as it were, before thee,
My faithful followers, of all tribes and climes.

Around my standard gather the Cossacks*
Both of the Don and Volga—dauntless legions!
Whose lances glitter in the sunlight, like
A forestry of steel within my camp!

With these thou mayest associate all who dwell
Throughout the rocky islets of the Dnieper,
Beyond the Cataract—grim-featured warriors,
Whose weapon is the scymitar: these ride
Fleet coal-black steeds, whose trained hoof knows in darkness
The gullies in the mountain, and the fissures
Amid the mazy snows of the ravine,
Where Death lurks nightly for his prey:—none fiercer
Of soul, none stormier in the charge than they!
They sweep down like the elements on the foe;
Their shouts are thunder, their blades lightning—and
I ween a bloody rain sings through that tempest!

I have further on my side the Nogay Tartars,
Who hurl the javelin backward, the spear forward,
Proud most to emulate their sires, the Parthians,
In dextrousness of arm, and quick manœuvring.

The Brown Kasanka Tartars—matchless in
Equestrian exercises—a bold race,
Of ancient fame for martial feats—are with me.

With me are also the Bashkirian tribes,†
Redoubtable on foot and horseback—swift,
Yet sure—volcanic, and yet cool withal.
These combat with the arrow and the axe.

From the far Irtysh to my camp have thronged
The Oriental hordes of the Kirgheese—
Indomitable souls in iron frames,
Whose tent-roof is the sky, whose couch the snow-hill!

The wandering Calmucks and the Volga Wotiaks,
Who pitch their light pavilions in the valley—
Worthy descendants of the Caspian Corsairs!—
Marshal their brave battalions on my side.

* Cossack, properly *Kazák*, is a Tartar word, signifying a man armed for battle.

† The Tartars of Tobolsk, Temuer, and Tara.

All these, with other full as warlike tribes,
From Roumilee and Asia, daily sent me,
Have sworn to call none King and Czar save Me.

These, with whom Europe's hosts are weak to cope,
Obey Me, as the mighty tides the Moon ;
By their assistance, thine, and Heaven's, I hope
To enter Moscow's Gates a Conqueror soon !

Patriarch—So far, so well : I see thou knowest thy men ;
But where, meanwhile, is the great Russian Army ?

Czar—Opposed to me, but only to be vanquished !

Patriarch—Now, then, approach me closelier, that my touch
May test thy lineaments : I see thee not ;
And I must recognize thee for my Czar,
Or e'er I give oracular response.

(*The Czar draws nigh to him, and the Patriarch passes his hand over the Czar's face.*)

Patriarch—FALSE !

Czar (*astounded*)—How ! What say'st thou ?

Patriarch—FALSE !

Czar—False ?

Patriarch—FALSE !

Czar—He raves !

Patriarch—Thou art no Romanoff !

Czar—No Romanoff ?

Patriarch—Thou art no Romanoff ! The Czars' pure blood
Rills not through veins of thine ! Thou art a lie !
Art all a lie and an imposture ! Nought
Is genuine in thee save thy guiltiness,
Thy sacrilegious, blasphemous audacity !
Thou hast profaned the Asylum of the Dead—
Hast robbed the sepulchre and worn the spoil !
Woe unto thee ! No crown for Thee but Infamy !
No throne for Thee but the retributive scaffold !

To this denunciation the Czar replies condemned upon the *ipse dixit* of a
by a furious burst of invective against sorcerer ; and for proof that the Pa-
his denouncer. Turning to Foma, triarch deals in sorcery, he refers to his
he asks him whether he should be physiognomy—

His sightless eye-balls, as thou mayest perceive,
Glare with a dull, dead, hazy, spectral light,
Like gaping graves on which the blue moon shines.

He then invokes the spirits of his an-
cestors to avenge the insult offered him,
but without effect ; and, his harangue
being concluded, the Patriarch and the
priests go through the solemn cere-
mony of anathematizing him by bell,
book, and candle. On the extinction
of the last light the Czar, who is of a
nervous temperament, lapses into a
swoon, and Foma clasps his hands and
groans, and then the members of the
convocation make their way out in the
dark as well as they can ; and the
Second Act finishes.

The tide of contingencies is now upon
the turn with the Czar. A sudden
gloom has fallen upon the pathway of
his existence. He is no more the man
he was. Before his fatal visit to the
Patriarch no man could have been
more prosperous in all his undertakings.
Fortune had woven a triumphal banner
for her minion, of hues brighter than
sunbeams. Now the scene is shifted.
Henceforward his life must be a series
of unsuccessful battles against circum-
stances. In all the architecture of his
future dreams, the scaffold, the scaffold

stands appallingly foremost. Man and Destiny have conspired against him. He must perish. Yet surely he might have anticipated the consequences that lay in ambush to overwhelm so criminal a curiosity as that which would penetrate the secrets of Unborn Time. His foresightless folly is to us mortals a beacon and a warning. Alas, for our peace, when we cease to think the common diurnal circle of our duties sufficiently exciting and diversified! One false step, and lo! the Uncalculating Doomed is precipitated into an abyss of evils from which all the throes of Penitence—all the excellence of Worth—all the resources of Genius, are powerless to deliver him. One error of judgment, and Man, even while to the many he seems unchanged, may be exiled from the domains of light—from the home of his tranquillity, to a land of darkness and horror, "where no order, but eternal confusion reigneth." There the solitary privilege that remains to him is liberty to hopelessly ponder the calamities his imprudence has generated, and to water the dreary sands of the Past with the everflowing fountain of his tears.

Demetrius reveals to his daughter the imposition that has been practised on her. Her husband is by birth a Tartar. His real name is Borovoskitsch. He has no title whatever to the Crown of Russia; and she has been duped into

a marriage with an outlawed rebel. Dreadful is her anguish on ascertaining the truth. We must pass over the vivid and circumstantial description she furnishes of her own sensations. Her father exerts himself to soothe her by beautiful phraseology. By and by she grows calmer; and, Ivanna being about to meet her lover Feodor, by moonlight in a grove at the end of a vale, it is settled by Demetrius, for reasons, that Sophia shall accompany her. On their arrival at the spot, Sophia conceals herself; and Ivanna, whose father, the Kapidan-Ispraffnik, knowing all how and about the Czar's life and adventures, has been imprisoned for denouncing him as an impostor, details to her lover the entire history, to which he listens with surprise and horror. She then produces a ring which the Czar, when a Don Cossack, had sent her father in liquidation of a debt, and is about to give it to Feodor. On the instant Sophia rushes forward declaring that she alone has the right to it, and that by its instrumentality she will obtain justice for all parties. After the requisite astonishment is gone through by Feodor, and the requisite explanation by Ivanna, Sophia obtains the ring; whereupon she hurries home to have a scene with her husband, which is accordingly opened in form as followeth:—

Czar—Where hast thou been?

Sophia—

With friends.

Czar—

What friends?

Sophia—

Firm friends

To Russia and her lawful Monarch. *Czar*!
There is a boon I would entreat of thee;
Release the Kapidan-Ispraffnik whom
Thou holdest bound in fetters for the axe!
He is a man, and therefore may have erred—
He is a brave man, and should be forgiven.

Czar—He is a dangerous man, and must be punished!
There needs just now a terrible example,
To awe the mutinous, and confirm the wavering;
The traitor's head shall roll upon the scaffold!

Sophia—The traitor's head shall roll upon the scaffold.

Czar—What means the echo of my words?

(*She remains mute.*)

Nay,—speak!

Why dost thou eye me with that chill, fixed glance?

Sophia—Behold the talisman that fixes it!

(*She holds up the ring a moment, and then places it in his hand. He surveys it attentively, and then regards her a considerable time with a penetrating gaze.*)

Czar—Who gave thee this?

Sophia—

Man! canst thou dare my answer?

Czar—(*With a scornful laugh*) And what fruit dost thou look to gather from
The exposure of my secrets? Thou and I
Are bound together with a band of iron;
My shame is thine, as my success is thine;
I cannot fall but I crush thee: come what
Come will—the Czar's throne, or the headsman's block—
Life, Death—Weal, Woe—thou sharest in my fate!

Sophia—Never! my hand was given to Peter only!
Who art thou? Speak!

Czar—

Thy husband, haughty woman!

Sophia's reply is in substance the same as before, viz. that when she married she imagined that she bestowed herself upon Peter the Third, and that therefore she cannot be considered the wife of any other man. The argument poses the Czar, whose intellect is not Aristotelian enough to detect its fallacy. We regret his deficiency, for Sophia thus obtains an unfair advantage. A man of the requisite skill and experience in dialectics would have shewn her the nullity of her assumption at once. "True," he would have observed, placing the upper moiety of his dexter forefinger in contact with the palm of his sinister hand, "true, you imagined that you bestowed your hand on Peter. But you did not bestow your hand on Peter; therefore your bestowal of your hand on Peter is purely imaginary; therefore you are married to Peter only in imagination; therefore you are not married to Peter at all. But you admit that you are married. Now, I have shewn you that you are not married to Peter. If, therefore, you admit that you are married, and if I have shewn you that you are not married to Peter, it follows that you are married to me, for there is no question between us of a possible third husband. But you still insist that as you married in the *bonâ fide* belief that you married Peter, Peter, and none other, must be your husband *de jure*. To this I reply, that Peter either is your husband or he is not. If Peter, and none other, be your

husband, then he and I are the same individual, which is an impossibility: if Peter be not your husband, away with casuistical subtleties! Will you finally outrage all reason, and assert that you are the wife *de facto* of Peter? Even to that assertion I have a ready answer. You are a wife *de facto*—good. Now, Peter has ceased to exist; therefore Peter is not your husband; therefore you are not Peter's wife. But if you be not Peter's wife, you are my wife, for you acknowledge yourself a wife *de facto*; and, as I have already remarked, there is no question between us of a third husband. Such, Madam, is my view of the case; and I confess I do not see how you can controvert an iota of the reasoning it comprises. To me it appears as indisputable as the proposition that if two straight lines cut each other—as you propose that we should do—the opposite angles will be mutually equal—like your folly and mine." Possibly the Czar's inherent loftiness of sentiment disdained stooping to the pettiness inseparable, after all, from a mode of remonstrance like this. Moreover, he was a fond husband; his affections were bruised: what wonder that under such circumstances the natural pathos and passion of his character should achieve a conquest over the suggestions of worldly reason? The Czarina having declared her determination to be the death of him, he bursts out—

Czar—Madwoman! So? Thou threatenest Me, forsooth!

Thou threatenest Me with Death! Forgettest thou
That I am master of *thy* destiny?
That legions are obedient to my nod?
Weak creature! I can crush thee as a reed,
And hurl thee headlong into an abyss
Where proud words will not mitigate thy woe,
And thou mayest gnaw thy bitter heart unhoping;

Sophia—My heart has always felt as a Queen's ought:

That knewest Thou, and freely chosest me!
 If he who sprang from rubbish claims a throne,
 Shall I connive at his flagitious fraud?
 No, Baseborn! I am now thy Judge—not Wife!
 And my first duty and my last shall be
 To avenge the outraged Majesty of Russia!

Czar—And is this then thy vaunted love, Ungenerous?
 Was it the Crown, and not the Man, that won thee?

Sophia—Oh! let my heart not break within my bosom!
 Thou hast deceived me :—that, that is enough!
 Love can forgive its object much—oh, *how* much!
 But One offence Love NEVER can forgive—
 Love never, never, can forgive Deception!
 Its life is the warm atmosphere of Trustfulness;
 Once let the withering winds of Doubt but breathe on it,
 And it fails, drooping like the shrivelled lily;
 Its glory is departed, its wealth spent;
 Its garlandless and desecrated sanctuary
 Crumbles to ruin; and of Joy vanished
 Is born the Immortal Memory which is Madness!
 I dreamed not, I, of thy perfidious art!
 I worshipped thee as something half divine!
 I reared thee a Love-Temple in my heart!
 Ah! why wouldst thou thyself destroy its shrine?
 But Heaven has willed its downthrow—it is trod
 In dust, because an Idol was its God!

Czar—Sophia! thou wert once——

Sophia— Before the altar
 Thou gavest me the kiss of a betrayer!
 Thou swindledst me out of my hand and honour!
 By that one hour's inexpiable treachery,
 The worst was done to ruin and degrade me!
 Therefore may Scorn and Suffering be my portion—
 May Heaven abandon me and Earth despise me—
 And Ignominy follow me through Life,
 And endless Penitence be my doom hereafter,
 If I make common cause with thee or thine
 Henceforward! Tell me not of what I have been!
 I want no prompting to go mad—the Past
 Is with Eternity—there let it rest!
 Would that I rested with it, or that thou couldst!
 But both of us have reckonings to make
 With Man as well as God, and thou still more
 With God than Man :—What penance wilt thou do
 Before the Waters close above thy soul?

Czar—None!

He makes, however, a pathetic appeal to her generosity. Can it be that she will belie all her past professions of devotion in his hour of tribulation? He has been excommunicated by the Roskólniks. His troops are beginning to falter in their fidelity. Misgivings of the success of his enterprise disturb his nightly dreams. He is harassed by troubles from within and without. Will

she, who plighted her faith to him through good and ill, desert him at such an awkward juncture? Surely she must feel eternally self-upbraided by the consciousness that her love was unable to withstand so trifling a circumstance as the change of a name! To all this she succinctly answers that she will not be the receiver of plundered property, the receiver being as bad as the thief—

Auf meine innre Kraft will ich mich stützen,
 Doch kein gestohlnes Erdengut besitzen.

I'll go ahead where I can make progression,
But won't keep stolen goods in my possession.

"Was aber liegt am Namen?" But
what's in a name? demands the Czar,
with Juliet.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Sophia thinks differently—

Der Staub bleibt Staub, fliegt er auch himmelhoch.

Dust is but dust, though it be blown sky-high.

The scene in fine terminates, as might
have been predicted, with an open rup-
ture between the parties. The Czar
orders the Czarina under lock and key
—alas! to what purpose? Already the
pale Parcæ have received their behest—

Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former Bounty fee'd.

and proclaimed an impostor besides,
he still for a brief space maintains his
assumed character. Yes—

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Borovoskitch!

———exposed, he lies!
Without a friend.

The Meteor of Kasán, in lieu of ex-
panding into a sun, must explode like
a sky-rocket! "How art thou fallen
from heaven, O Lucifer!" We track
his whereabouts anxiously into the
Fourth Act, and there the painful spec-
tacle of his public exposure strikes sor-
row to our soul. Yet, though

But proofs accumulate—he must suc-
cumb; the Kapidan-Ispraffnik, boon
companion of his youth, has escaped
from prison, and appears before him to
confront and confound him. Shame
upon thee, Ivan Persilshev, Cossack of
the Don, that thou couldst stoop to
bribe a gaoler!

Czar—The Kapidan, the Kapidan-Ispraffnik!
(vehemently) Still harping on the Kapidan-Ispraffnik!
Relinquish your insane remonstrances;
The Czar alone is master of the Czar,
And while he breathes shall rest the master. Hear me!
This Kapidan-Ispraffnik—

The Kap. (coming forward) Stands before thee!

Czar—Ha! Death and Hell!

Persilshev—

Ay! call upon thy friends!

The Kap.—(in a voice of thunder)—Amalka Borovoskitch! Smailoff's son!

(An universal sensation.)

Foma—Nay, then, the game is lost. I must elsewhere.

(Exit Foma.)

The Kap.—Amalka Borovoskitch, son of Smailoff,
Tyrant and rebel, robber and destroyer,
Behold! I stand in thine accursed presence!
The destiny thou hadst prepared for me
God's Providence hath averted—I am free!
Gaze on my features now, Thrice-Infamous!
Knowest thou them not? Protest thou knowest them not!
Protest as much before the Omnipresent!
Thou dardest not! Thou shrinkest! Look at him,
Kirgheese, Bashkirians! Calmucks, eye him now!
See how he cowers beneath exposure! Oh!
The curses of both worlds are on his soul!
I ought to know him well, and his whole pedigree,
For he and I were once bottle-companions.
Yes, soldiers; hear the truth! Your Czar was born
Beside the Don, the son of a Cossack,
Whose name was, &c,

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind:" the revolt from his banner now becomes general; Jagunoff, the Hetman of the Volga Cossacks, setting the example. The appeal of the Czar to this portion of his troops, as soon as they have announced their determination to leave him, is finely characteristic of the man, to whose generosity of feeling and peculiar high-mindedness the dramatist, we regret to observe, has not upon all occasions done equal justice.

Czar—Ay!—go, since you desire to go! I would not
 Detain, with my own will, the meanest soldier
 Who sought to abandon me—But, ere you go,
 Accord me a last favor—Slay your General!
 Pierce with the swords this hand hath given you
 The heart that so confided in your fealty!
 Turn my own lances' points against my bosom!
 Tear open, that my soul may gush through them,
 The wounds that I received for You at Letzky!
 I cast from me with scorn a Life in which
 The Name alone, and not the Man, is valued!
 I am weary of a world whose heartless vaunt
 Is that it stifles Energy, starves Worth,
 Wars with the light of Genius, and would crush
 The Ambition that it fears to understand!
 A world wherein no grand thought or colossal
 Achievement ever yet began to cast
 The shadow of its altitude athwart
 The intellect of Humankind, but lo!
 Some worm gnawed through the base ;—Hate—it might be—
 Or Fear, or Calumny, or Ignorance—
 And the rare superstructure fell for ever!
 Too late I have learned this truth in all its bitterness.
 I had, indeed, conceived that checks would chance—
 But this blow overwhelms me!—I foresaw
 That if the day should come when hard Necessity
 Compelled the doffing of my mask I should
 Behold myself deserted by the trucklers
 To Caste and Power—the pusillanimous herd—
 Who,—their own souls naked of towering sentiment—
 Dread, or still worse, discredit it in others!—
 Who, when a ruddier star than ordinary
 Burns in the firmament, shriek, Lo! a Brand,
 A Comet, to consume the Universe!
 For such I cared and care not: But, that You,
 The tameless Children of the Wilderness,
 Born on the mountains, cradled o'er the torrent,
 Warriors from boyhood, with souls fierce as Fire,
 Stormy as Ocean, fetterless as Air,
 That You should play the recreant—bartering Honor
 For Safety—trucking Glory against Gain—
 Renegades from yourselves—oh! this is marvellous
 And sad! What prospect of regeneration,
 What relic of a hope remains for Earth,
 If nations tremble to be too heroic?
 The Age, in a parturient agony,
 Brings forth a Giant ;—whereupon the Million
 Combine to overthrow it. And *you* join them!
 O! the chained malefactors in the galleys
 Are less of slaves than You, for, come what may,
 Mind can be manacled only by Itself,
 And Will alone debases Misery!—
 I have said enough; Now, pierce the breast I bare!

(*He bares his breast.*)

For all response to this magnanimous harangue the Hetman merely answers, "Das ist nicht unser Amt!" That is not the ticket!—but the Czar alas! is spared only for further discomfitures and disasters. Battle follows battle until, what with desertion and defeat, he is left without a single cohort, and compelled to seek refuge from his enemies in a cavern among the

Ural Mountains. Here his fate, long held at bay, at length overtakes him. A veiled figure appears to him pointing with the finger in a northerly direction. Although sufficiently far north already, as we should fancy, he accepts the omen, and, pursuing the path indicated to him, finds himself accordingly—in the midst of the Imperial Army.

Czar—Betrayed! The Enemy round me! Come then, soul!
Nerve thyself for the final struggle!—Now!—
Ah!—ah!—my arm!—it sinks!—my sword—it drops!
All—all is over!

(*He is seized, disarmed, and bound with cords.*)

Whither do you lead me?

Field-Marshal—To that which thou hast earned—the rebel's death!

(*At this moment Borovoskitsch, looking up, beholds the Veiled Figure standing on a rock to his right in the foreground. The last rays of the setting sun fall upon her dress.*)

Czar—Who art thou, shrouded and mysterious being,
That hast betrayed me to my doom?

(*The Figure slowly unveils. It is the Czarina!*)

Sophia—

Behold Me!

(*Borovoskitsch sinks to the earth with an outcry of horror; and the curtain falls.*)

The length to which our review has extended precludes us from offering any formal comment on this powerful tragedy. As a whole we must be allowed to consider it inferior to *Macbeth*: perhaps it might better bear a comparison with *Richard III.*, especially in its author's judicious adaptation of language to character. Its cardinal fault is in the management of the catastrophe. Auffenetz, Wetzenberg, we mean, would have been

pardoned a slight violation of historical truth here. As it is, we have no sympathies with Sophia Nikosoroff. The loyalty of the subject can never claim precedence of the fidelity of the spouse. If we do not go the length of stigmatizing the Czarina's conduct as monstrous, we must maintain it to have been at least shabby in the extreme—impolitic in her as a public personage, dishonourable to her as a woman, and ungenerous in her as a wife.

A NEW BATCH OF SAINTS FROM THE VATICAN.*

THE just and indignant reclamations of this Protestant empire against the treacherous subserviency of its government to a Popish demagogue; against the disloyal desertion of her ministers from those principles in virtue of which Queen Victoria fills her throne; and against the recent elevation of Papists to the British privy council; are uniformly met by a series of synonymous gabble: "that the age of bigotry is gone; that the philosophic spirit of the 19th century has broken through the barriers which once divided off the various classes of religionists from one another; that the church of Rome has, like other systems, participated in the general improvement of society; that her persecutions and absurdities are now matter of bygone history; and that the Roman Catholic priests of this day are as dissimilar from their bloody predecessors of the 16th century, as it is to be hoped our Protestant divines are from the ferocity of Calvin or John Knox."

Such are the changes which are ceaselessly rung by the "liberal" Protestants of our time; our ears are dinned, even to distraction, with the "mighty progress" and "rapid advances" of the 19th century. We freely admit that *they* have done more within a few short years for the annihilation of religion, the debasement of public virtue, and the destruction of the empire, than either our history can parallel, or we could have conceived within the compass of possibility. Although our conceptions of political and moral progress had been enlarged by the analogies of accelerated movement which the material world now exhibits to our view; yet we are free to acknowledge that the whig-liberals have left even our steam-illuminated imaginations far behind by the rapidity of destructiveness which they have displayed through every corner of our dependencies, from the banks of the St. Lawrence, to the shores of India.

But whilst we readily admit the rapid hurrying forward of events, and

the bewildering changes of the last few years, we as stoutly deny that the Roman Catholic Church has experienced any mutation or melioration whatsoever. Amid the change of times, and the vicissitudes of opinion, her principles, and her spirit, remain identically what they were five centuries ago. We are, in truth, wearied of enunciating and demonstrating this proposition; but the advocates of truth, irksome as is the duty, must persevere to contradict the "oft repeated lie;" the repetition of the poison must be counteracted by the reapplication of the antidote.

That the persecuting tenets of the Romish Church are not mere obsolete dogmas, but living, vigorous, and energetic, within her bosom, has providentially been manifested to the world by a recent and signal example; by the atrocious iniquity of the Austrian government to its Protestant subjects in the Tyrol. Europe yet rings with the tragic story of the Zillerdalers. So recently as the year 1837, we have seen a mild and amiable monarch, urged by the demon of superstition, to violate the clearest legislative enactments, and the most sacred pledges; to deny, in flat contradiction to the law of the land, the miserable measure of liberty which Austria doles out to conscience; and expel from their native valley four hundred unoffending peasants; solely because they desired to worship God in the manner they thought right; and in strict accordance with the mode prescribed by the laws of their country for dissenters from the Romish communion.

So much for Roman Catholic toleration, and liberality, in the 19th century. But, unhappily, it is not needful that we should travel from Ireland to the Tyrol, to discover that the fangs of popery are unextracted. We have had but too many demonstrations around us, that the spirit which was evoked in the massacre of 1641, and the rebellion of 1798, is not dead but sleeping.

* Lives of St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Francis De Girolamo, St. John Joseph of the Cross, St. Pacificus of San Saverino, and St. Veronica Giuliani; whose canonization took place on Trinity Sunday, May 26th, 1839. London. C. Dolman, 1839.
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We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a convincing proof that Roman Catholicism is still the same relentless foe, which it ever was, to the freedom of the human mind ; that its arsenals are still replete with fetters for the reason of mankind ; and that, although for a temporary object, it fans the blaze of Irish liberty and English Chartism, it lacks, not the will, but the power, again to shroud the world in the night of the dark ages.

The work, whose rather formidable title we prefix, contains a biography of five new saints, whose canonization took place at Rome, so recently as the May of this present year. Our readers are, doubtless, aware, that the canonization of a Romish saint is a long, and complicated process. Upon the demise of a worthy, whose life and actions aspire to enrolment among the saints, the prelate, within whose episcopal jurisdiction the favoured individual had been situate, forwards to Rome two documents, the one certifying the reputation of the deceased for sanctity and miraculous gifts, the other testifying that as yet he has received no public honours. As soon as these instruments arrive at Rome, they are laid before the Congregation of Rites ; an ecclesiastical court, instituted by Pope Sixtus V., and composed of a number of cardinals, and various subordinate officers. The *postulators*, or advocates, appointed to conduct the case for the canonization, then petition the Congregation to permit these papers to be opened, and the cause of the canonization to be entered on. An elaborate series of proceedings is then commenced, in comparison of which our chancery suits are rapidity itself ; local examinations respecting the genuineness of the alledged miracles are appointed ; reports, appeals, and decisions, follow each other in a tardy succession, some steps of the process requiring an interval of even ten years. If, however, the final result of these wearisome inquisitions prove favourable to the pretensions of the departed saint, the Congregation of Rites, provided fifty years, at least, have elapsed, decree that he is to be *beatified*. But so cautious does the Romish Church profess herself, lest any should, on light pretensions, be added to the celestial catalogue, that an ordeal of half a century is not sufficient to obtain canonization. It must

be further proved that additional miracles have taken place since the beatification. When this is satisfactorily established, the happy Religious is at length enrolled among the saints, with gorgeous pageantries, and imposing ceremonies, over which the pope, in person, presides. The life and actions of the saint are thus filtered through a complicated machinery of strainers, in order that his genuine miracles may be expurgated of all legendary admixtures ; and to the truth of the remainder the Roman Catholic Church stands irrevocably pledged.

Thus, under a specious pretence of cautious examination, and avoidance of precipitancy, the Roman Catholic Church designedly pretermits the time during which the criteria of miracles might be satisfactorily applied. In the lapse of years, traditionary testimony must be necessarily admitted in lieu of the depositions of eye-witnesses ; and affirmations, which, each year, have gained marvellousness from exaggeration, and confidence from repetition, are, at length, authoritatively pronounced true, when the tide of time has swept away the materials alike of proof and of confutation. By such artifice, in the well-known case of the founder of the Jesuits, miraculous achievements, which during his life had never been attributed to him, and which, even after his death, his earliest biographers do not hint at, became at length, so notorious, and so confidently believed throughout Europe, that the Holy See could not resist the clamours for his canonization ; and sixty years after his decease, the astonished Loyola found himself one day among the saints, for a thaumaturgy of which even he himself had been unconscious ! Thus, when the bodies of the saints have long mouldered in the earth, miracles begin to rise like exhalations from their graves, and their ashes fructify into prodigies !

The work, with some extracts, from which we shall now favour our readers, is an English abridgement of the Italian lives of five saints, who were canonized at Rome on Trinity Sunday last. The original biographies are the composition of the *postulators*, or advocates, who were employed on behalf of the canonization, and record the miracles which have elevated their subjects to the illustrious company of saints.

St. Alphonsus Liguori, the first of

these newly canonized, was born at Marianello, near Naples, in the year 1696; received deacon's orders in 1725; and was eventually raised to the see of Agatha De Goti. He devoted himself to itinerant preaching; was remarkable for his peculiar piety towards the Blessed Virgin; and was favoured with as conspicuous testimonials of her regard.

"His loving patroness, our blessed lady, rewarded his zeal in the cause of charity, by appearing to him in the sight of an immense crowd of people, collected in the church of Foggia. From her countenance a ray of light, like that of the sun, was reflected upon the face of her devout servant, which was seen by all the people, who cried out *a miracle! a miracle!* Alphonsus, in his juridical attestation, deposed, that he, together with the assembled audience, saw the countenance of the Blessed Virgin, resembling that of a girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who turned from side to side, as was witnessed by every one present," p. 12.

"God rewarded his zeal by several prodigies; for, one day, during a mission at Amalfi, a person going to confession at the house where Alphonsus lived, found him there at the very time for beginning the sermon in the church. After he had finished his confession, he went straight to the church; and to his surprise found Alphonsus some way advanced in his sermon," p. 26.

"Whilst he was preaching on the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, he suddenly exclaimed, 'O you are too cold in praying to our blessed lady. I will pray to her for you!' He knelt down in the attitude of prayer, with his eyes raised to heaven, and was seen by all present lifted more than a foot from the ground, and turned towards a statue of the Blessed Virgin near the pulpit. The countenance of our lady darted forth beams of light which shone upon the face of the extatic Alphonsus. This spectacle lasted about five or six minutes, during which the people cried out mercy! mercy! a miracle!" p. 27.

St. Francis De Girolamo, the second on our illustrious list, was born near Taranto, in the kingdom of Naples, December, 17, 1642. His early childhood was adorned by a peculiar tenderness of heart, and to relieve distress was to him the most surpassing delight. "How pleasing to God," says his biographer, "was his liberality, an extraordinary prodigy once mani-

fested. One day his mother caught him (so to speak) in a pious theft, in the act of carrying away, to distribute among the poor, some bread belonging to the household. The matron chid him for his indiscretion, as their circumstances could ill afford a charity so unrestrained, and forbade him to do so any more. The boy answered with a blushing cheek, but an air of superiority, 'look to the cupboard!' whereupon she looked as he desired, and lo! not a loaf was missing," p. 60.

In the year 1675, Francis was ordained, and appointed to the church of Gesu Nuovo, at Naples. His sanctity and asceticism soon became conspicuous by contrast with the pollutions of that voluptuous city; but his peculiar gift seemed to be a magic power of reclaiming erring Magdalenes.

"Once he preached near a house of ill-fame, from which, in the midst of his discourse, a carriage prepared to drive; whereupon the persons in it were requested to wait a few moments, and not interrupt the servant of God; but they contemptuously cried out to the coachman to drive on. 'Blessed Jesus!' exclaimed the saint, holding the crucifix before the horses, 'since these goddesses have no respect for thee, the brute beasts, at least, shall do thee homage.' And in very deed, the animals *sank down on their knees*, and would not stir till the discourse was over," p. 80.

But we must leave the pious quidnupers in the performance of their genuflexions; and pass from the ample collection of Girolamo's miracles now before us, (including some curious specimens of *flying* and *raising the dead*,) to the still more illustrious career of St. John Joseph of the Cross, who was born in the year 1654, in the island of Ischia, a dependency of the kingdom of Naples. He was from his childhood remarkable for the most rigid self-mortification; and especially for a super-stoical indifference to the fair sex. We doubt, however, that his biographer has much enhanced the merit of his mysogyny by the statement of what he calls a "*singular fact*," viz. that "never, during the sixty years of his life was he known to look any one not of his own sex in the face," p. 144.

Nothing but a sincere hope that the exposé may be of real utility, could

induce us to sully our page with so abominable a blasphemy as the following.

"On Christmas night, and other times besides, the infant Jesus descended into his arms, prolonging his stay for several hours." p. 150.

He rivalled St. Alphonsus in his æronautic devotions, and excelled him in ubiquity. •

"His frequent ravishment from the earth, and suspension in air, was a well known occurrence, visible to many who beheld him at mass, and, in a remarkable manner, happened during a procession. Nor was that singular prerogative denied him, which God's saints have sometimes possessed, of *appearing in two places at once*, or of passing with the velocity of blessed spirits from one to another." p. 151.

"Neither were the secrets of hearts hidden from him. A very remarkable instance of his prophetic veracity occurred in the case of three young men to whom, in his own house, he foretold their future destinies. Their names were Gabriel, Antony, and Sabbatto. They all manifested a desire to enter the Alcantarine order. When the first-named opened his intention, our saint cried out, full of compassion, alas! my son, a religious order is not thy vocation, thou hast a gallows-face." p. 152.

Many years after, the saint encountered an armed brigand near Ischia. The unhappy fugitive disburdened his conscience; confessed himself the perpetrator of many murders, for which he was in hourly expectation of a well-merited death; and the saint at length recognized young Gabriel of the "gallows-face."

"Even the elements obeyed him. Rain ceased at his command. *All nature* was obedient and subservient to him. The air bore to him on its wings his stick, which he had left behind him; and the herbs grew super-naturally to minister to his charity." p. 154.

Neither our taste, nor our space, allow us further to multiply extracts. We have done sufficient to give our readers a just idea of the work before us; and if they are anxious to wade through 400 similar pages, they can gratify their curiosity at Mr. Coyne's, of Capel-street, for the trifling sum of four and six-pence.

Such are the edifying narrations which have been but a few months ago transferred from the Romish archives

for the illumination of the British public. Translated from documents which have been approved by the Holy See, published by the accredited organ of the faithful in the English metropolis, ostentatiously paraded in their lists of theological publications, next after the works of Dr. Wiseman, circulated so as already to demand a second edition, the Romish hierarchy may nevertheless represent the work (as well as Dens' Theology) to be a mere private, unsanctioned undertaking; and they who are so inclined may believe them.

We shall doubtless be told that the only safeguard against the advances of Popery must be sought in the literary education of the people, and that to effect this grand object we ought to merge our differences of religion, and that the darkness of Romanism must inevitably be chased away by the illumination of an educated nation. Such is the fashionable canting which sounds in chorus from the Board of Privy Council at Whitehall, and from the Protestant members of the National Board in Marlborough-street. Alas! little do they know the mighty antagonist which fondles their childish simplicity, and smiles at their pretty plans. Little can their petty plummets sound the mighty depths of that mystery of iniquity, which cannot more easily shroud itself in a night of centuries, than it can ignite the intellectual atmosphere, and flash like a meteor through the world.

Notwithstanding all the well-known triumphs of the inductive philosophy it is astonishing how prone some men are, even at the present day, to form their opinions solely upon untested theories. It is taken up by them as an ultimate maxim that the secular education of the people will necessarily tend to lead them away from the Roman Catholic church. They forget that, even in theory, superficial education (and what else at best can be the education of the masses?) can never ensure the triumph of truth in a complicated controversy, when the prejudices of the mind, and the affections of the heart, aid the plausibility which ingenuity can always lend to the cause of error.

But, fortunately, we are not obliged to rely for the confutation of this supposed maxim upon the greater probability of any other theory, but we are enabled to rest our cause upon the surer basis of *experience*. We see that

the boasted progress of secular education, during the few past years, has been attended, *pari passu*, with a growing insolence of Roman Catholic pretension, and an increasing acrimony of Roman Catholic bigotry. We see that Popery and secular education are so far from being necessarily antagonist forces, that a Board of Education presenting an almost Utopian amalgamation of orthodoxy, heresy, and schism, in its practical working forms but a vast machinery for the administration of the strongest preparation of Popery, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear. The press teems with publications, in which the most offensive tenets of Romanism are boastfully avowed, and the most preposterous absurdities maintained with the utmost logical acumen. The mouthpiece of the Irish priesthood, at the decline of his political career, reads lectures in theology to the British nation, and closes his consistent advocacy of civil and religious liberty by declaring that outside the pale of the Roman Catholic church there is no salvation. Reviewers and pamphleteers buckle on the cumbersome armour of the schools; the sophisms of the twelfth century re-appear,

clothed in the drapery of metaphysical nomenclature; and Aquinas revives in the pages of Dr. Wiseman.

The fact is that the Roman Catholic church is but little scared at the amount of intellectual development which is likely to be produced by the even universal dissemination of Gough's Arithmetic, Sharman's Geography, or Whately's Easy Lessons on Political Economy. Neither secular education nor the sharp-shooting of irregular polemics can pierce her sevenfold shield. Her insolent pretensions can alone be met by the living refutation of a catholic and apostolic church. To carry out this statement is beside our present purpose. But the Roman Catholic schism knows full well that there is one antagonist, and only one, who can meet her foot to foot, along the whole field of controversy from the apostolic age to the present hour. She knows, and she maddens with mingled hope and despair at the knowledge, that if once she could prostrate the ramparts of Anglican episcopacy, which still frown disdain upon her multiform and untiring assaults, her dark wings would be soon spread out over the wild chaos of Protestant sectarianism.

Poet's Corner.

Most persons will, we think, agree with the Duke of Milan, that—

“Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy,”

and though the flowers in bloom be fewer now than when our Midsummer Anthology diffused its freshness and fragrance on the sultry air, none will dislike a winter wreath of evergreen garlands to deck the brow of merry Christmas. Our title, to be sure, is trite, but not its import. In Westminster they keep the skeletons, indeed, of dead enchanters; but theirs is a *hortus siccus* only, a dried herbal of preserved specimens of withered flowers, while ours are fresh, with the dew upon them, to brighten the gay and kindle the loving, with thoughts that breathe and words that burn, instead of mortifying with a dreary sense of damp mould and earth worms, and all the base companionship to which the mortal part of even bards must come at last.

“Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: the fire i' the flint
Shews not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have we here?”

Shakspeare.

THE PRINCE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR.

A VISION.

I.

At eve I rested on a turfy knoll
By the seashore, beneath a rocky height,
And all around was tranquil as my soul;
The lord of day bid farewell for the night
To all the gentle waves—a gorgeous sight;

I gazed with pleasure on his latest ray,
 And saw the west in all his robes of light,
 White, gold, and crimson, and the journeying day
 Half down the blue horizon vanishing away.

II.

Then all the world seemed lone ; the storm was still
 The shouts of billows now were heard no more,
 But, like the music of a gushing rill,
 The infant waves were singing on the shore ;
 Like hymning children, learning to adore
 Their Father, God, their song was sweet and low ;
 And in their play they laved the pebbles o'er,
 And tossed the little limpet to and fro,
 The billows sleeping by them till the winds should blow.

III.

The south horizon was a dreary view ;
 The dismal billow was the boundary there,
 And clouds that rose above the mournful blue
 Spread o'er the endless waters everywhere.
 And still the clouds which seemed to awe the air,
 All silent now as if it feared to stir,
 Rose darker, like the midnight of despair,
 And higher still, as if they would deter
 Some proud Armada's host or fearless mariner.

IV.

And in that dark pavilion slept the wind.
 While gazing o'er the ocean far outspread
 The dreamy mood enchained my passive mind.
 I saw the lazy billow raise its head,
 And then sink down as if it sank with dread—
 As if it knew the storm was sleeping near,
 And feared to wake the maniac from his bed.
 I heard a footstep by my startled ear,
 And suddenly I saw an aged man appear !

V.

His hair was white—his ample forehead high ;
 I thought I saw an ever-active ray
 Burning in his intolerable eye,
 As if a fire, which nothing could allay,
 Was in his bosom burning life away.
 I often heard a weary sigh from thence,
 As though his restless spirit seemed to say
 The inward agony was too intense
 For her controul—too fearful for her sufferance.

VI.

And then his features changed : a sudden fear,
 Vague, yet increasing, bound me, as it were
 With chains of ice—for now did he appear
 As if appalled ; his look a withering stare ;
 His face grew bloodless, and his hoary hair
 Rose up erect—his eye so burning, now,
 Like a cold hearth when not a spark is there.
 Again he changed, and his contracting brow
 Told of the agony to which he would not bow.

VII.

We watched to see the far-off storm arise.
Ere long he spoke, still looking o'er the tide ;
" Behold, my son, to yonder distant skies
That ocean flowing, fathomless and wide,
Is unsubdued, and darkening in its pride ;
It scowls on heaven, and laughs at man's controul
And holds as captives millions who have died
Where those insulting waves for ever roll.
Oh, as that ocean is, so is our monarch's soul !"

VIII.

" He comes, he comes," cried he ; " the tempest raves ;"
The wind arose, and walked upon the sea,
And called around him all the darkening waves,
Which rose in wrath, as if he set them free
From all the deeps below—as Anarchy
Calls up around the insurgent multitude
To swell the drunken roar of " Liberty."
Meanwhile the skies assumed a sterner mood,
And waves urged waves to shore, like hosts by hosts pursued.

IX.

I saw the old man watch my startled mind,
And now observed a rainy mist prevail
Far o'er the sea and wandering with the wind :
" Look there," he said ; " the shrouded dead are pale,
For now the rude waves, wakened by the gale,
Disturbed the sea-deeps where they found repose ;
They now, in crowds, tell o'er the fearful tale
Of their wild shipwreck and their many woes,
To waves that only mock, while still the deaf wind blows."

X.

I turned to where he pointed, crying " See ;"
And o'er a mountain, while the old man bowed,
The moon rose red in her full majesty.
Then howled the winds—the shores cried out aloud,
And, like a vast, innumerable crowd,
Which falls before the idol it adores,
The frantic billows rose to grasp the cloud,
And, rolling, tumbled on the deafening shores,
As if the hosts of hell came bursting from her doors.

XI.

And then, retiring, all the waves deplored,
And o'er the sands rolled backward to the main ;
And, like the wail of nations when the sword
Of some resistless tyrant, drawn again,
Is threatening death and centuries of pain—
When freedom leaves the land, and all the brave
Are dead or dying on the battle plain—
Such was their voice, and each receding wave
Was like a dirge sung o'er some mighty monarch's grave.

XII.

The thunder rose, and gave his mandate—then,
As smitten by the arm which he defied,
The falling demon, not to rise again,
A sheet of flame came diving to the tide ;
The shores, the billows seemed as if they cried

Like children, when the stormy thunder rooke,
 And the loud wail was heard as if it sighed,
 Like grief that sighs above the heart is broke,
 Their voices nearly drowned when that dread peal awoke.

XIII.

Again the thunder rose—the lightnings came,
 His fearful ministers ; what light they shed !
 Beneath, the earth seemed throbbing through her frame—
 Our System shattering o'er my reeling head,
 And all the clouds in frantic horror fled
 From that reverberating voice, and they
 Broke from the lightnings flashing fast and red,
 Like rebel crowds dispersing in dismay,
 When vengeance bears upon them on the battle day

XIV.

" If you embrace the high resolve to see
 The God we worship, and the Prince we serve ;
 His power, weak mortal, shall be given to thee—
 But dare not then, oh, dare not then to swerve,
 Though you feel agony in every nerve,
 From thy intention ; if thou dost, a slave
 Thou shalt for ever be, for we reserve
 Such powerless souls not in a silent grave,
 But in those depths of pain from which no time can save."

XV.

So spoke my weird companion where we were
 Alone upon the shore ; but now I thought,
 While something whispered to my soul, " beware,"
 That we went onward till we swiftly walked
 O'er lonely mountains, while the old man talked
 Of strange and distant worlds, and still we saw
 The red round moon before us, and were brought
 Close to her orb ; then overpowering awe
 Came quickly over me, unable to withdraw.

XVI.

Throned in the moon one sat, while clouds fell round
 In sable folds about his gorgeous throne,
 Approaching me, and suddenly I found
 Myself where all the crimson moonlight shone
 On towering rocks and wildernesses lone.
 The wail of winds—the roar of waves, below,
 Came far and feebly, like a dismal moan,
 I felt my senses stunned, as with a blow,
 And horror seized my soul e'er she could fly from woe.

XVII.

'That was the King of Torment ; fearful name !
 Like dark electric clouds, his brows and hair
 Were black and matted, in his eye a flame
 Seemed waving, as if the lightning there
 Flashed forth defiance from his soul's despair ;
 His features wore, with all the awe of death,
 That dusky red the moon's eclipses wear
 When Fear's dark form, while nations dread to breathe,
 Stands in the shadowed moon and awes the world beneath.

XVIII.

Recovering now, I thought I saw a star
Approaching speedily, and waxing bright
As it came near, though still it was afar,
Where all the sky was sunny to the sight,
And blue and mild as if it were not night,
But some elysium shone there free from storm—
And then I saw, like the Aurora's light,
A flashing robe about an angel's form,
While all the air felt soft, deliciously, and warm.

XIX.

And now I gazed on him who stood before,
And he was known! oh, yes! for well I knew
The dead whose memory I still adore—
The long-loved dead whom death, at last, withdrew
From those reluctant arms, when every hue
Of hope was gone, and whom I thought the wave
Had closed for ever from my wistful view.
Yet here he was; and oh, the smile he gave
Might throw the hue of Heaven even on the mouldering grave.

XX.

And all the majesty of earthly thrones,
With all the glories that around them shine—
The flash of gold—the blaze of all the stones
That Nature treasures in her deepest mine;
For which the lord of empires might repine
And dream of still in vain, oh! what were this,
And still far greater glory, to decline
And cast away for glory such as his,
And all the endless ages where that Spirit is.

XXI.

And surely never did the morning break
With such sweet gladness in his golden beam,
On those that wake from sleep, but only wake
To live all day in some delicious dream,
As he brought with him there; for he *did* seem
To bring such light and happiness to me,
That oh, I thought that moment might redeem
For days of pain—for long captivity,
When years and years were spent in longing to be free.

XXII.

As when from far, beneath the glowing sky,
A burning town arrests the traveller's gaze,
It's crimson mantle strikes his startled eye
And wearied heart with horror and amaze;
And o'er the tide of flames—the wrathful blaze—
Pause smoke and ashes, like a sable pall
Which grim Destruction, while she yet surveys
Her burning work, holds ready to let fall
O'er the low ruins, as o'er the dead, to mantle all.

XXIII.

So did the distant moon appear, as now
I felt that I was rushing through the air,
And hurried onward, but I knew not how;
I could not, as I passed along, forbear
To look a moment on the mountain where

I left my aged guide ; can I forget
His look of inexpressible despair ?
It haunts my memory and my pillow yet,
And lives with me as strong as passion or regret.

XXIV.

And now we stood upon the moonlight beach,
And feeling all my fainting spirit rise,
There first I heard the music of his speech,
The mild compassion beaming in his eyes
I still remember while my bosom sighs,
" *They who, above this cold dim world, desire
Our heavenly kingdoms, are The Truly Wise.*"
I woke—methought I heard his voice expire
Like the departing tone of some enchanting lyre.

XXV.

It was a lovely hour ; the mild moon flung
Her golden mantle on the sleeping tide,
And all along the shores the sweet waves sung
Some ocean-song, and where the caves replied
The worn-out west-wind in his slumber sighed ;
The stars were listening from their thrones of light
To hear the wave-song as it rose and died ;
And Hope, while smiling on my soul that night,
Pointed to starry worlds almost too dim for sight.

D. H. S.

Pencil Hill, 1839.

SCOTTISH SONGS, BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

THE LASS'S BEST TOCHER.

Tune, "The Wee Pickle Tow,"

Some folk they will threep that siller is a'
We need through this life and the tuilze o't ;
That wedlock without it is naething ava,
But a cruise that wants the uilze o't :
But gie me a lass that's couthie and leal,
And ane, abune a', that loes me weel,
And your Miss wi' a tocher may gae to the dell,
Or them that care mair for the spuulze o't.

Though gear be a' gude, there's mony mae things
Ane never suld meen to a sairing o't,
The joy and content an eident wife brings
Are no to be had for the wairing o't.
A sark to your back will your rich dame sew,
Or bake you a bannock to cram your mou,
Or darn your hose, or milk your cow ?
Sic wark, gude faith, she'll be spairing o't.

It's no that a woman suld drudge a' her life,
But a birr now and then at the spinning o't,
Is a thing that sits aye unco weel on a wife,
And it lichtens a house wi' the dinning o't.
When a chield maks up to a quean wi' a pose,
Can he look for my lady to feed on brose ?
And sic may be her kitchen afore life's close,
Whate'er may hae been the beginning o't.

A blythe blinking e'e, and a weel-faured face,
 A mou that's wordy the preeing o't,
 A lo'esome shape, wi' a step o' grace,
 To cheer ane's e'e wi' the seeing o't ;
 A mind weel plenished wi' hamely sense,
 And a warm bit heart that thinks nae offence,
 O' these mak a tocher, far, far abune pence,
 Or a' that earth has for the gieing o't.

MY MARY.

Tune, "What will I do gin my hoggie die?"

O say na ye maun gang awa,
 O say na ye maun leave me ;
 For ah, the hour that parts us twa,
 O' peace and hope will rieve me !

When ye to unco wheres are gane,
 How could I thole to tarry,
 Where ilka tree, and ilka stane
 Wad mind me o' my Mary.

I could na gang nearhand you wuds
 That saw us aft caressin',
 And on our heads let fa' their buds,
 In airnest o' their blessin'.

Ilk stane wad mind me how we prest
 Its spreadin' coat o' heather,
 And how we loed the least aye best
 That garr'd us creep thegither.

I canna stay when ye are gane,
 My ain, my winsome dearie ;
 I downa stay to pine my lane,—
 I leeve but when I'm near ye.

Then, Mary, dinna gang awa,
 O say na ye maun leave me,
 For ah, the hours that pairs us twa
 O' life itsel will rieve me !

THE LASS I LEFT BEHIND ME.

TUNE—"Alas that I cam' o'er the muir."*

Alas, that I cam o'er the muir,
 And left my love behind me ;
 I suld hae staid and sae made sure
 That she wad ever mind me.

O why does fate send me frae hame,
 Why pairt its gudes sae blindly,
 That I daur hardly mint the name
 O' her I left behind me !

* Ramsay and others, judging from oral tradition, which deals in sounds only, have imagined the starting word of the old and lost song to this air to be "*The last time I cam o'er the muir.*" The Skene M.S., lately discovered by Mr. Daunev, and published with able comments by him, restores the original reading, adopted in this present attempt. Mr. Daunev gives a fine old set of the air.

Her eyes are like twa beads o' wine,
 Her skin is alabaster,
 And a' about her sae divine
 That woman ne'er surpas't her.

The best and fairest o' the lave
 Could ne'er in fetters bind me,
 But Freedom's sel wad be a slave
 To her I left behind me.

On ane sae lowly born as me,
 Wi' gear sae ill providet ;
 She only cuist a frien'ly e'e,
 When a' the rest deridet :

And o'er the muir she, naething laith
 Conveyed me hame sae kindly
 That O! I maun adore till death
 The lass I left behind me.

Forgettin' gear and rank an' a',
 Her kindness sae did move me,
 That, ere I wist, a kiss I staw,
 And said, sweet lass, I love thee.

She sighed, and till I cam again
 She vowed she aye would mind me,
 But ah, her kin may wed ere then
 The lass I left behind me.

THE MEN-FOLK.

TUNE—"The Sutors o' Selkirk."

O! dule on the creaturs o' men-folk,
 They 'll no tak a tellin' ava,
 Langsyne, I am sure, they micht ken folk
 Are willin' to wed, ane an' a' ;
 I think I may answer for ithers,
 A lass kens fu' weel by hersel,
 And at wedlock gin ony hae swithers,
 It's mair than I ever heard tell.

It's true we maun pit a shy face on't,
 And look as we fain wad haud back,
 Or wooers wad say we were brazeu't,
 And sae mak' an awfu' mistak ;
 But troth the hale maitter is seemin',
 To tell ye nae mair than is true,
 For mornin' and e'en we are dreamin'
 O' some bit lad comin' to woo.

Some women may think it provokin'
 To hear thae things out o' the schule,
 And tho' I am only outspoken,
 May ca' me an even down fule ;
 But men, by my faith, will be asses
 To heed sic wheejeein' ava,
 As sure as the laddies like lasses,
 The lasses like laddies an' a'.

Then come your ways ilka ane forrit,
 And crouselly say out your bit say,
 Lang hingin' the women abhor it,
 And few will be found to say nay

Sae let nae blate callant gang frettin',
 We a' like the conjugal yoke,
 And baith sides suld thank me for lettin'
 This muckle cat out of the poke.

THE LASS WI' THE NIT-BROWN HAIR.

TUNE—"Fy gar rub her ower wi' strae."

O! gin thou wert but here wi' me,
 My lassie wi' the nit-brown hair,
 We wad be blest as twa could be
 That ken they meet to pairt nae mair.
 Nae mailens braw, nor jewels rare,
 Nae kists o' gowd are mine to gie;
 But aye the best, the foremost share,
 O' a' I hae suld fa' to thee.

O! gin thou wert but here wi' me,
 We'd slip awa to yon green dell,
 And big a bower where nane could see,
 And theek it wi' the heather bell;
 And ferns and rashes frae the fell,
 Wi' lucken-gowans frae the lea,
 Suld help to keep the winter snell
 Frae skaithing thee, and me through thee.

I wadna seek the howffs o' men,
 To set my winsome lily there,
 But bear her far frae ilka den,
 Where life is but a name for care:
 She drew her first and halesome air
 Frae burn and wud, and hill and glen,
 And O! 'twad be a sin and mair
 To wyse her now ayont their ken.

When simmer's green cam on the tree,
 We'd streek us in the sun to beek,
 On some warm knowe where we might see
 Our ingle swirlin' up its reek:
 Linties wad sing, and lammies meek
 Wad race afore us on the lea,
 And morn and e'en, frae day to week,
 A' wad be peace round me and thee.

SONG

To the tune of "Awa, Whigs, awa."

Burns.

Away, Whigs, away! away, Whigs, away!
 You're such a set of selfish knaves
 You'll do no good to stay.

Our country must to ruin soon
 By your vile tricks be brought,
 Lost is her charter's ancient boon
 For which our grandsires fought.

Our Queen you as a puppet treat,
 A mask to hide your shame;
 Our England's walls, her gallant fleet,
 You've frittered to a name.

Our laws, in better days of old,
 Above all power revered,
 Are spurned by traitors base and bold
 By your collusion cheered.

Our church is robb'd that you may thrive,
 By "heavy blows" you hope
 To crush her spirit, and contrive
 To sell us to the Pope.

Then Whigs, away! brave Britons rise,
 And guard, ere all be gone,
 The land your sires were wont to prize,
 Her altars, and her throne.

Then away, Whigs, away! away, Whigs, away!
 Your such a set of selfish knaves
 You'll do no good to stay.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Emigration from Ireland to South Australia, by Colonel Torrens, F.R.S. Chairman of the Colonization Commission appointed by her Majesty.

WE have, in our former numbers, referred to the various colonies which at present attract emigrants from the mother country, and among others to South Australia; the little pamphlet, however, at the head of this, deserves particular attention inasmuch as it is written as we take it officially by the head of the department, by Colonel Torrens, who in his individual capacity, is an high authority on subjects of political economy, and whose writings have been very favourably received on those subjects; we are particularly interested in South Australia too, inasmuch as it has been selected as a model school for colonization on liberal and equitable principles, for though Paley long since, and more recently Mr. E. Wakefield, and the Archbishop of Dublin have sought to rouse the legislature to the consideration of the principles to be abjured and retained in constructing a colonial society; strange to say until very lately no effort worthy an enlightened maritime nation has been made. The infancy of colonization is but an attempt to force this principle by means often violent, frequently unjustifiable and always artificial; ancient Rome was a refuge for robbers, and the rape of the Sabine women may be excused perhaps by the genius if not the necessity of the times, but would hardly be a precedent for modern imitation; the labouring and mechanic classes of New South Wales, and many of the rich and higher orders of society there are either assigned convicts or persons called emancipists whose period of transportation had expired—indeed it would appear that this colony other-

wise most favourably situated, has had no power of recovering from the baneful effects of its first origin; scarcely could the second generation rally from the turpitude of the first, before the next general cargo, still going on of convicts, was landed from the mother country, and leavened its rising society deeply and universally.

In the West Indies it was not alone that the importation of slaves, and those of the distinguishing colour of the negroes, was a great evil, but the circumstance that slavery was the inheritance of the children of parents, one of whom might be free, created a collision between the ties of nature and the love of money, in which the latter was but too often triumphant, and led to many and grievous cruelties; we recollect an old naval surgeon who had been in Curaçoa, once telling us that he knew a merchant who had a beautiful daughter by his coloured slave, a woman who fulfilled the duties of a wife without its privileges, yet with tenderness and fidelity, as is the general habit of this most helpless if not innocent race; our merchant made a fortune, and wished to return home, and in disposing of his property actually sold his own daughter and her mother to a friend for £200. It was in vain that the daughter pleaded the education he gave her, and with it a relish for purer prospects; she had too prudent a father to forego for those considerations his hundred pounds; he sold his daughter who was a slave as he did his horse and "*a fortiori*" her mother; such is slavery, "a bitter draught disguise it as you will;" it is not, however, an easy matter if we would avoid the evils of convicts and slavery, to spread upon a new colony

a sufficient number of labourers or mechanics to make a beginning with ; to trust to voluntary emigration before the first objections are over-ruled, and the advantages appreciated, would be to give up the principle altogether ; in South Australia the difficulty was solved by the legislature in this manner ; an act was framed providing that the land be sold and its produce expended solely in giving a free passage to voluntary emigrants, labourers and mechanics of character. In this, however, there is this dilemma ; if the price of land be high, a small but useful capitalist must stay at home ; if it be very low, then needy adventurers vain of having land, however unable to use it, become possessors, but soon as in Canada, sell it for intoxicating liquors, to which their lives and characters are soon sacrificed ; it reminds us in our younger days, when commissions might be had for love or money, of a young boy of 14, an officer in the 88th Regiment, who was sent home from parade, having broken his leg by falling on his sword, which his size and strength prevented his wearing with safety.

We were sorry to see in some of the public prints that (what, indeed, we could not but expect some time or another) discord between the aborigines and the settlers has been attended with fatal effects : three of the latter were murdered by the black natives ; but it is some consolation to know that all the natives nearly hunted out the criminals, by giving such information as led to their apprehension, conviction, and execution. We find that efforts are already made to improve the moral and religious character of the inhabitants, native and colonial, by the establishment of a school which admits all denominations of Christians to such religious instruction as their parents approve, and such secular knowledge as will make them useful citizens. Roads and wharfs and railroads are already in progress ; and the solitude of the forest, that gloomy spirit which ruled over this vast country from the commencement of time, is now reluctantly yielding its sovereignty to numbers, industry, and civilization, with all its chequered groups of hope, and joy, and care, alas ! the constant companions of man wherever he goes. Water, which is the great desideratum in all countries, does not abound in New Holland. South Australia appears, however, to have more than its share ; the Murray is a large river compounded of the Darling and Murrumbidgee and rises in New South

Wales running a course of 1000 miles before it loses itself in lake Alexandrina ; another river, the Flaxman, has been recently discovered 40 miles above Adelaide, running a course towards the east, and therefore probably terminating in the Murray, and smaller streams near Holdfast Bay have been more lately found out ; we were prepared to hear of successful speculations in this colony, but what we read in Col. Torrens' pamphlet exceeds all we could have anticipated. If a man purchases land for £1 an acre, and that on or near his ground a town is in progress, and particularly if a river or harbour be discovered in its vicinity, the ground may, as it has done, rise in value from £1 to £800, or more. Then if a man purchases ground he can rent pasture land to an indefinite extent, on which he can locate sheep which come from New South Wales by land, and are sold in the city of Adelaide, the ewes for about from 30s. to £2 ; sheep delight in extensive pastures, and multiply there prodigiously, and the wool in this climate becomes so soft and silky as to triumph over all competition in the English Market ; capital thus invested yields a return of 70 or 80 per cent. Such prosperity must have some countervailing circumstances.

The excitement of intellectual and crowded society must not be looked for in those distant regions, but then domestic endearments must proportionably strengthen and multiply ; he who spends his day on the wild and interminable wastes of a solitary wilderness amidst the mute inhabitants of the woolly tribe, will relish his evening enjoyments with his own children and wife gazing on a cloudless sky, a tropical sun, and that property on which no creditor can lay his unhallowed hand, with an intensity of pleasure, which mocks the aspirations of the civilized but anxious citizen of the mother country ; he may enjoy "*the Secura quies et nescia fallere vita,*" and while the merry sun beams shine through the drooping flowers spread before him in bounteous profusion on nature's beautiful carpet, he need not sigh for the drawing room at home, for with him the language of Milton will meet a responsive echo, as he says to his partner—

"Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh flower
Calls us, we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how bloom the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh and what the balmy reed
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Melina and other Poems. By Eliza Cook. Illustrated edition, 8vo. Tilt, London: 1840.

ELIZA COOK!—who is Eliza Cook?—we have often exclaimed, as we met with the name appended to some sweet little gem in the corner of a newspaper. At first we imagined she was an American authoress, and that her poems were transferred from the American annuals and magazines to the English newspapers. But no; it would seem from the present volume that Eliza Cook is an Englishwoman; and the preface, which, however, gives no clue to her residence, speaks of the “rapid sale of a large edition and the increasing demand for more.” This is very mysterious. We know a little about books and authors, and *certainly* we never heard of this previous edition; and though we have consulted several of our critical friends, they are all in similar darkness. Be this, however, as it may, we can truly say that this is a truly charming volume, got up by our friend, Mr. Tilt, in the most beautiful style. The numerous vignettes are exquisite little gems, in every respect worthy of the verses; and the volume will be equally welcome to the lovers of poetry and the fine arts.

The Oriental Annual for 1840; containing a series of Tales, Legends, and Historical Romances. By Thomas Bacon, F.S.A., &c. With Engravings by Finden, from Sketches by the Author and Captain Meadows Taylor. London: C. Tilt. 1840.

THIS is one of the most interesting of all the Annuals, devoted to the illustration of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the inhabitants of the vast provinces of British India.

Any thing which would make us better acquainted with the prodigious continent whose destinies are for the present united to those of Britain, must be valuable. We have always considered it a radical defect in our present system of education, that while in all the great schools the pupils are carefully instructed in the language, history, antiquities, literature, and religion of Greece and Rome, they are left totally uninformed both of the history of Ireland and of all our colonies. Thus men grow up enthusiastically attached to the scenery of the classics, and thousands of visitors run to explore every ruin, hill, valley, or fountain alluded to by Homer or Virgil; while scenes no less beautiful, and no less interesting when known, in every part of the British empire, are totally unnoticed. The very names appear harsh and unmusical to those whose ears have been pre-occupied by the

heroes of Homer. Hence a want of sympathy with those various tribes and nations which own the sway of Britain. Nothing appears to us better suited to remove that apathy than the publication of such volumes as that now before us. Admirably written and splendidly embellished, it leads captive the imagination, and gradually interests us in scenes well worthy of our attention. We esteem the drawings contributed by Capt. Meadows Taylor (*the Thug*) extremely valuable, and congratulate the publishers upon the production of a volume in every way worthy of the advanced state of the arts in Britain.

The Evils inseparable from a Mixed Currency, and the Advantages to be secured by introducing an Inconvertible National Paper Circulation, throughout the British Empire and its Dependencies, under proper regulations. An Essay, by William Blacker, Esq. in 8vo.—London: 1839.

THE object of this little pamphlet is to demonstrate the evils of the present system of currency, and to recommend the adoption of an inconvertible government paper currency. He purposes thus to prevent the variations in the value of money, which unquestionably take place under the present system, whether arising from over-speculation or from other circumstances; such as a deficient harvest, causing an increase in the amount of our imports. Another object which he has in view is, to render our currency more independent of the financial operations of other countries. At present, any rival power, by raising a loan in England, and receiving the amount in gold, might almost exhaust the Bank of England and compel it to limit its circulation, and contract its discounts, and derange the whole trade of the country. We have not space to say much upon the merits of this book; but we can assure our readers, that even those who may think the author's project impracticable, will admit that it is the most ingenious and the most feasible that has yet been proposed for the purpose, and that if it fails, no other plan of inconvertible paper money can succeed. His proposal for establishing a uniform currency throughout the colonies of England, is particularly worthy of attention. The whole work is evidently the production of a man of strong common sense, and much acquired information; and we know no way by which a person can acquire a knowledge of the principles of banking and currency, at so slight an expenditure of money and time, as by purchasing and reading this little book.

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